

Boston Public Library



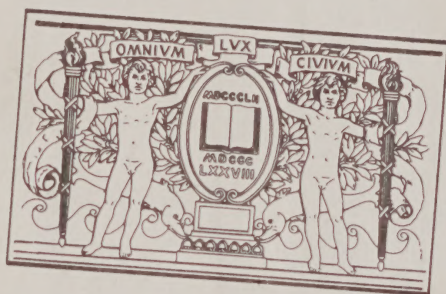
3 9999 10514 135 0

057
288
5.113



Date Oct. 1917.

No 19278



BOSTON
PUBLIC
LIBRARY



PERIODICAL

AP2.A8

THE

863
ATLANTIC MONTHLY

A MAGAZINE OF

Literature, Science, Art, and Politics

VOLUME CXIII
81591



BOSTON AND NEW YORK
THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY COMPANY
The Riverside Press, Cambridge

1914

051
a 88
5.113

COPYRIGHT, 1913 AND 1914,
BY THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY COMPANY.

19278

Oct. 1914

ATLANTIC MONTHLY
OCTOBER 1914

Printed at The Riverside Press, Cambridge, Mass., U. S. A.

CONTENTS

INDEX BY TITLES

Prose

	PAGE		PAGE
Adventures in American Diplomacy, <i>Frederick Trevor Hill</i> :		Exposition of Sleep, An, <i>Frederick Peterson</i>	767
The Affair of X, Y, and Z	533	Fallacy of Ethics, The, <i>H. Fielding-Hall</i> .	471
The Inside History of the Louisiana Purchase	649	Family Portrait, A, <i>John Jay Chapman</i> .	675
Adventures with the Editors, <i>Henry Sydnor Harrison</i>	445	Fashions in Men, <i>Katharine F. Gerould</i> .	478
Alsace-Lorraine; A Study in Conquest, <i>David Starr Jordan</i>	688	Footnote to the Single-Tax Discussion, A, <i>Ellis B. Usher</i>	431
American Democracy and Corporate Reform, <i>Robert R. Reed</i>	257	Foreign Commerce, The Promotion of, <i>Avard Longley Bishop</i>	605
Andalusia, Sunday in, <i>Grant Showerman</i> .	839	Friends and Foes of Love, <i>Richard C. Cabot</i>	112
Athletics and Morals, <i>E. S.</i>	145	From Bend to Burns, <i>Dallas Lore Sharp</i> .	250
Athletics and the College, <i>C. A. Stewart</i> .	153	Genius at School, <i>Edmund Kemper Broadus</i>	280
Athletics and the School, <i>Alfred E. Stearns</i>	148	Golden Bough, The, <i>George Hodges</i> . . .	521
At the Temple Gate, <i>Abraham M. Rihbany</i>	558	Greater Art, The, <i>Laura Spencer Portor</i> .	316
Beyond the Crossroads, <i>George Hodges</i> .	679	Hall-Marked, <i>John Galsworthy</i>	845
Broadening Science of Sanitation, The, <i>George C. Whipple</i>	630	House-Cleaning, <i>Anonymous</i>	708
Buttercup-Night, <i>John Galsworthy</i>	13	Huerta, Victoriano, <i>Louis C. Simonds</i> . .	721
Case against the Single Tax, The, <i>Alvin Saunders Johnson</i>	27	Influence of the Passing of the Public Lands, The, <i>William J. Trimble</i>	755
Challenger, The, <i>Albert Kinross</i>	229	In New York with Nine Cents, <i>Abraham Mitrie Rihbany</i>	236
Civil Service Reform and Common-Sense, <i>Francis E. Leupp</i>	270	In the Mind of the Worker, <i>Randolph S. Bourne</i>	375
Corporate Reform, American Democracy and, <i>Robert R. Reed</i>	257	Italy, The Protestant in, <i>Zephine Humphrey</i>	207
Credo quia Possibile, <i>Henry D. Sedgwick</i> .	786	Ivy of the Negatives, <i>Margaret Lynn</i> . .	815
Cult of the Passing Hour, The, <i>O. W. Firkins</i>	661	Lady of Landor Lane, The, <i>Meredith Nicholson</i>	187
Cultivation of Nonchalance, The, <i>Elliott Park Frost</i>	644	Laissez-Faire in Religion, <i>Bernard Iddings Bell</i>	615
Dancing, The Philosophy of, <i>Havelock Ellis</i>	197	Last Refuge of the Spoilsman, The, <i>An Observer</i>	433
Defense of Joy, A, <i>Robert Haven Schauffler</i>	591	Leopard of the Sea, The, <i>H. G. Dwight</i> .	463
Disorderly States, <i>Henry Jones Ford</i> . .	577	Letters of a Woman Homesteader, <i>Elinore Rupert Stewart</i>	17, 170, 525
Economic Necessity of Trade-Unionism, The, <i>John Mitchell</i>	161	Life's Little Ruses, <i>Lucy Elliot Keeler</i> . .	132
Education of the Girl, The, <i>Mary Leal Harkness</i>	324	Little Sign for Friend, The, <i>Margaret Prescott Montague</i>	597
Education, Popular, <i>Agnes Repplier</i> . . .	1	Marco Baldi, Owner, <i>Gino C. Speranza</i> .	778
Emigration of Mary Anne, The, <i>Amanda Mathews</i>	96	Mills, The, <i>Joseph Husband</i>	836
Experiment in Coöperative Living, An, <i>Randolph S. Bourne</i>	823	Monroe Doctrine and Latin America, The, <i>F. Garcia Calderon</i>	305
		Much Ado about Women, <i>Edward S. Martin</i>	9

Music to Poetry, The Relation of, <i>Alfred Hayes</i>	59	Single-Tax Discussion, A Foot-note to the, <i>Ellis B. Usher</i>	431
New Light, A, <i>Abraham Mitrie Rihbany</i>	40	Skyscraper, <i>Joseph Husband</i>	642
Newspaper Morals, <i>Henry L. Mencken</i>	289	Some Confessions of a 'T.B.', <i>William Garrott Brown</i>	747
Newspaper Morals: A Reply, <i>Ralph Pulitzer</i>	773	Soul of a Girl, The, <i>Charles Johnston</i>	669
Obvious Athlete, The, <i>Edward Harshberger Butler</i>	422	Spirit of the Herd, The, <i>Dallas Lore Sharp</i>	338
Other Side, The, <i>Anonymous</i>	357	Sponge-Spoilers, The, <i>Henry C. Christie</i>	52
Our Instinctive Idiocies, <i>Seymour Deming</i>	585	Street, The, <i>Simeon Strunsky</i>	221
Out from my Kindred, <i>Abraham Mitrie Rihbany</i>	363	Suit Against Science, A, <i>Herbert R. Sass</i>	702
Path of Learning, The, <i>Margaret Lynn</i>	501	Sunday in Andalusia, <i>Grant Showerman</i>	839
Philosophy of Dancing, The, <i>Havelock Ellis</i>	197	Survival of Ability, The, <i>Rollo Ogden</i>	791
Poincaré, Raymond, <i>Ernest Dimnet</i>	102	Tammas, <i>Emma Mauritz Larson</i>	394
Popular Education, <i>Agnes Repplier</i>	1	Third View of the Single Tax, A, <i>Evans Woollen</i>	545
Promotion of Foreign Commerce, The, <i>Avard Longley Bishop</i>	605	Trade-Unionism, The Economic Necessity of, <i>John Mitchell</i>	161
Prophet of the Soul, A, <i>John Burroughs</i>	120	Three Words about the White Man, <i>Jean Kenyon Mackenzie</i>	416
Protestant in Italy, The, <i>Zephine Humphrey</i>	207	Turtlers, The, <i>Henry Christopher Christie</i>	549
Protestant Paradox, <i>Zephine Humphrey</i>	457	Unexpected Reactions of a Traveler in Egypt, The, <i>Jane Addams</i>	178
Public Lands, The Influence of the Passing of the, <i>William J. Trimble</i>	755	Unknown Quantity in the Woman Problem, The, <i>Elisabeth Woodbridge</i>	510
Recent Reflections of a Novel-Reader	490	Valuation of Railways, The, <i>Samuel O. Dunn</i>	403
Redwood Canyon, <i>Henry Seidel Canby</i>	832	Vanishing Actor, The: and After, <i>Annie Nathan Meyer</i>	87
Relation of Music to Poetry, The, <i>Alfred Hayes</i>	59	Wage that Attracts Capital, The, <i>Ray Morris</i>	804
Repeal of Reticence, The, <i>Agnes Repplier</i>	297	Wanted: An American Minister of Marine, <i>Alexander G. McClellan</i>	796
Road that Talked, The, <i>Winifred Kirkland</i>	570	War and the Interests of Labor, <i>Alvin S. Johnson</i>	244
Sanitation, The Broadening Science of, <i>George C. Whipple</i>	630	Wasted Years, The, <i>Fannie H. Eckstorm</i>	384
Second Voice, The, <i>Harriet Lewis Bradley</i>	354	Wealth of Timmy Zimmerman, The, <i>Cornelia A. P. Comer</i>	733
Secret Annals of the Manchu Court, <i>E. Backhouse and J. O. P. Bland</i>	74	Who is Responsible?, <i>George M. Stratton</i>	70
Memoirs of the Boxer Year	487	Woman Homesteader, Letters of a, <i>Elinore Rupert Stewart</i>	17, 170, 525
Semaphore, <i>Joseph Husband</i>	622	Woman Problem, The Unknown Quantity in the, <i>Elisabeth Woodbridge</i>	510
Show, The, <i>Simeon Strunsky</i>	27		
Single Tax, The Case against the, <i>Alvin Saunders Johnson</i>	545		
Single Tax, A Third View of the, <i>Evans Woollen</i>			

Poetry

Clinging Vine, The, <i>Edwin A. Robinson</i>	218	Lost Trail, The, <i>Arthur Ketchum</i>	86
Deserted Pasture, The, <i>Bliss Carman</i>	476	Parisian Dry-Points, <i>Joseph Warren Beach</i>	38
Evening Prayer, <i>Hermann Hagedorn</i>	186	Patience, <i>Amy Lowell</i>	383
Garden, The, <i>Gretchen Warren</i>	660	Quai D'Orsay, <i>Joseph Warren Beach</i>	784
Gorse, The, <i>Wilfred Wilson Gibson</i>	620	Scottish Garden, A, <i>Sarah N. Cleghorn</i>	814
Justice, <i>Reginald Wright Kaufman</i>	557	Wind-Songs, <i>Grace Fallow Norton</i>	331

INDEX BY AUTHORS

<i>Addams, Jane</i>, The Unexpected Reactions of a Traveler in Egypt 178 <i>Anonymous</i> Athletics and Morals 145 The Other Side 357 The Last Refuge of the Spoilsman . . . 433 Recent Reflections of a Novel-Reader . . 490 House-Cleaning 708 <i>Backhouse, E., and Bland, J. O. P.</i> Secret Annals of the Manchu Court: Memoirs of the Boxer Year 74 <i>Beach, Joseph Warren</i> Parisian Dry-Points 38 Quai D'Orsay 784 <i>Bell, Bernard Iddings</i>, Laissez-Faire in Religion 615 <i>Bishop, Avard Longley</i>, The Promotion of Foreign Commerce 605 <i>Bland, J. O. P.</i> (See <i>Backhouse, E.</i>) <i>Bourne, Randolph S.</i> In the Mind of the Worker 375 An Experiment in Coöperative Living . . 823 <i>Bradley, Harriet Lewis</i>, The Second Voice . . 354 <i>Broadus, Edmund Kemper</i>, Genius at School . 280 <i>Brown, William Garrott</i>, Some Confessions of a 'T.B.' 747 <i>Burroughs, John</i>, A Prophet of the Soul . . 120 <i>Butler, Edward Harshberger</i>, The Obvious Athlete 422 <i>Cabot, Richard C.</i>, Friends and Foes of Love . 112 <i>Calderon, F. Garcia</i>, The Monroe Doctrine and Latin America 305 <i>Canby, Henry Seidel</i>, Redwood Canyon . . 832 <i>Carman, Bliss</i>, The Deserted Pasture . . . 476 <i>Chapman, John Jay</i>, A Family Portrait . . 675 <i>Christie, Henry Christopher</i> The Sponge-Spoilers 52 The Turtles 549 <i>Cleghorn, Sarah N.</i>, A Scottish Garden . . 814 <i>Comer, Cornelia A. P.</i>, The Wealth of Timmy Zimmerman 733 <i>Deming, Seymour</i>, Our Instinctive Idiocies . 585 <i>Dimnet, Ernest</i>, Raymond Poincaré . . . 102 <i>Dunn, Samuel O.</i>, The Valuation of Railways 403 <i>Dwight, H. G.</i>, The Leopard of the Sea . . 463 <i>Eckstorm, Fannie Hardy</i>, The Wasted Years . 384 <i>Ellis, Havelock</i>, The Philosophy of Dancing . 197 <i>Fielding-Hall, H.</i>, The Fallacy of Ethics . . 471 <i>Firkins, O. W.</i>, The Cult of the Passing Hour 661	<i>Ford, Henry Jones</i>, Disorderly States . . . 577 <i>Frost, Elliott Park</i>, The Cultivation of Nonchalance 644 <i>Galsworthy, John</i> Buttercup-Night 13 Hall-Marked 845 <i>Gerould, Katharine F.</i> Fashions in Men . . 478 <i>Gibson, Wilfrid Wilson</i>, The Gorse 620 <i>Hagedorn, Hermann</i>, Evening Prayer . . . 186 <i>Harkness, Mary Leal</i>, The Education of the Girl 324 <i>Harrison, Henry Sydnor</i>, Adventures with the Editors 445 <i>Hayes, Alfred</i>, The Relation of Music to Poetry 59 <i>Hill, Frederick Trevor</i> Adventures in American Diplomacy: The Affair of X, Y, and Z 533 The Inside History of the Louisiana Purchase 649 <i>Hodges, George</i> The Golden Bough 521 Beyond the Crossroads 679 <i>Humphrey, Zephine</i> The Protestant in Italy 207 Protestant Paradox 457 <i>Husband, Joseph</i> Semaphore 487 Skyscraper 642 The Mills 836 <i>Johnson, Alvin Saunders</i> The Case against the Single Tax 27 War and the Interests of Labor 344 <i>Johnston, Charles</i>, The Soul of a Girl . . . 669 <i>Jordan, David Starr</i>, Alsace-Lorraine: A Study in Conquest 688 <i>Kauffman, Reginald Wright</i>, Justice . . . 557 <i>Keeler, Lucy Elliot</i>, Life's Little Ruses . . 132 <i>Ketchum, Arthur</i>, The Lost Trail 86 <i>Kinross, Albert</i>, The Challenger 229 <i>Kirkland, Winifred</i>, The Road that Talked . 570 <i>Larson, Emma Mauritz</i>, Tammas 394 <i>Leupp, Francis E.</i>, Civil-Service Reform and Common Sense 270 <i>Lowell, Amy</i>, Patience 383 <i>Lynn, Margaret</i> The Path of Learning 501 Ivy of the Negatives 815 <i>Mackenzie, Jean Kenyon</i>, Three Words about the White Man 416
---	---

<i>Martin, Edward S.</i> , Much Ado about Women	9	<i>Robinson, Edwin Arlington</i> , The Clinging Vine	218
<i>Mathews, Amanda</i> , The Emigration of Mary Anne	96	<i>Sass, Herbert Ravenel</i> , A Suit Against Science	702
<i>McLellan, Alexander G.</i> , Wanted: An American Minister of Marine	796	<i>Schauffler, Robert Haven</i> , A Defense of Joy	591
<i>Mencken, Henry L.</i> , Newspaper Morals	289	<i>Sedgwick, Henry Dwight</i> , Credo Quia Possible	786
<i>Meyer, Annie Nathan</i> , The Vanishing Actor: and After	87	<i>Sharp, Dallas Lore</i> From Bend to Burns	250
<i>Mitchell, John</i> , The Economic Necessity of Trade-Unionism	161	The Spirit of the Herd	338
<i>Montague, Margaret Prescott</i> , The Little Sign for Friend	597	<i>Showerman, Grant</i> , Sunday in Andalusia	839
<i>Morris, Ray</i> , The Wage that Attracts Capital	804	<i>Simonds, Louis C.</i> , Victoriano Huerta	721
<i>Nicholson, Meredith</i> , The Lady of Landor Lane	187	<i>Speranza, Gino C.</i> , Marco Baldi, Owner	778
<i>Norton, Grace Fallow</i> , Wind-Songs	331	<i>Stearns, Alfred E.</i> , Athletics and the School	148
<i>Ogden, Rollo</i> , The Survival of Ability	791	<i>Stewart, C. A.</i> , Athletics and the College	153
<i>Peterson, Frederick</i> , An Exposition of Sleep	767	<i>Stewart, Elinore Rupert</i> , Letters of a Woman Homesteader	17, 170, 525
<i>Portor, Laura Spencer</i> , The Greater Art	316	<i>Stratton, George Malcolm</i> , Who Is Responsible?	70
<i>Pulitzer, Ralph</i> , Newspaper Morals: A Reply	773	<i>Strunsky, Simeon</i> The Street	221
<i>Reed, Robert R.</i> , American Democracy and Corporate Reform	257	The Show	622
<i>Repplier, Agnes</i> Popular Education	1	<i>Trimble, William J.</i> , The Influence of the Passing of the Public Lands	755
The Repeal of Reticence	297	<i>Usher, Ellis B.</i> , A Foot-note to the Single-Tax Discussion	431
<i>Rihbany, Abraham Mitrie</i> A New Light	40	<i>Warren, Gretchen</i> , The Garden	660
In New York with Nine Cents	236	<i>Whipple, George C.</i> , The Broadening Science of Sanitation	630
Out from my Kindred	363	<i>Woodbridge, Elisabeth</i> , The Unknown Quantity in the Woman Problem	510
At The Temple Gate	558	<i>Woollen, Evans</i> , A Third View of the Single Tax	545

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

Amateur Self-Suggestion	284	Knocking at the Door	142
Atlantic Monthly Almanac, The	287	Letter to the Editor, A	288
Barber Shops of Yesterday	573	Our Village Artist	139
Dead on the Field of Battle	853	Pedigree of Militancy, The	719
Drawing the Curtain	426	Question of Stature, A	576
English as She is Edited	430	Returning	137
Ether	713	Servantless Cottage, The	855
Feathers—and a Fine Bird	717	Traveling Like a Gentleman	858
Graduate's Choice, The	851	True Story, A	141
Haunted House, The	714	Wasting Eternity	711
Hospital Window, A	575		
In Defense of the Hen	428		

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

JANUARY, 1914

POPULAR EDUCATION

BY AGNES REPPLIER

THIS is so emphatically the children's age that a good many of us are beginning to thank God we were not born in it. The little girl who said she wished she had lived in the time of Charles the Second, because then 'education was much neglected,' wins our sympathy and esteem. It is a doubtful privilege to have the attention of the civilized world focused upon us both before and after birth. At the First International Eugenics Congress, held in London in the summer of 1912, an Italian delegate made the somewhat discouraging statement that the children of very young parents are more prone than others to theft; that the children of middle-aged parents are apt to be of good conduct but of low intelligence; and that the children of elderly parents are, as a rule, intelligent, but badly behaved. It seems to be a trifle hard to bring the right kind of a child into the world. Twenty-seven is, in this eugenicist's opinion, the best age for parentage; but how bend all the complicated conditions of life to meet an arbitrary date; and how remain twenty-seven long enough to insure satisfactory results? The vast majority of babies will have to put up with being born when their time comes, and make the best of it. This is the first, but by no means the worst, dis-

advantage of compulsory birth; and compulsory birth is the original evil which scientists and philanthropists are equally powerless to avert.

If parents do not know by this time how to bring up their children, it is not for lack of instruction. A few generations ago Solomon was the only writer on child-study who enjoyed any vogue. Now his precepts, the acrid fruits of experience, have been superseded by more genial, but more importunate counsel. Begirt by well-wishers, hemmed in on every side by experts who speak of 'child-material' as if it were raw silk or wood-pulp, how can a little boy born in this enlightened age dodge the educational influences which surround him? It is hard to be dealt with as 'child-material' when one is only an ordinary little boy. To be sure, 'child-material' is never thrashed as little boys were wont to be, it is not required to do what it is told, it enjoys rights and privileges of a very sacred and exalted character; but on the other hand it is never let alone, and to be let alone is sometimes worth all the ministrations of men and angels. The helpless, inarticulate reticence of a child is not an obstacle to be overcome, but a barrier which protects the citadel of childhood from assault.

We can break down this barrier in

our zeal, and if the child will not speak, we can at least compel him to listen. He is powerless to evade any revelations we choose to make, any facts or theories we choose to elucidate. We can teach him sex-hygiene when he is still young enough to believe that rabbits lay eggs. We can turn his work into play, and his play into work, keeping well in mind the educational value of his unconscious activities, and by careful oversight pervert a game of tag into a preparation for the business of life. We can amuse and interest him until he is powerless to amuse and interest himself. We can experiment with him according to the dictates of hundreds of rival authorities. He is in a measure at our mercy, though nature fights hard for him, safeguarding him with ignorance of our mode of thought, and indifference to our point of view. The opinions of twelve-year-old Bobby Smith are of more moment to ten-year-old Tommy Jones than are the opinions of Dr. and Mrs. Jones, albeit Dr. Jones is a professor of psychology, and Mrs. Jones the chairman of a mother's congress. The supreme value of Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson's much-quoted 'Lantern Bearers' lies in its incisive and sympathetic insistence upon the aloofness of the child's world, — an admittedly imperfect world which we are burning to amend, but which closed its doors upon us forever when we grew into knowledge and reason.

My own childhood lies very far away. It occurred in what I cannot help thinking a blissful period of intermission. The educational theories of the Edgeworths (evolved soberly from the educational excesses of Rousseau) had been found a trifle onerous. Parents had not the time to instruct and admonish their children all day long. As a consequence, we enjoyed a little wholesome neglect, and made the most of it. The new era of child-study

and mothers' congresses lay darkling in the future. 'Symbolic education,' 'symbolic play,' were phrases all unknown. The 'revolutionary discoveries' of Karl Groos had not yet overshadowed the innocent diversions of infancy. Nobody drew scientific deductions from jackstones, or balls, or gracehoops, save only when we assailed the wealth of nations by breaking a window-pane. Nobody endeavored to make of 'Puss-in-the-Corner' or 'London Gates' 'a sort of Ariadne clew to the labyrinth of experience,' enabling us 'to master, instead of being mastered by, the infinitude of particular objects and events.' The profundity of such a purpose linked to the triviality of such a pastime would have puzzled our parents as much as it now puzzles me. Nobody was even aware that the impulses which sent us speeding and kicking up our heels like young colts were 'vestigial organs of the soul.' Dr. G. Stanley Hall had not yet invented this happy phrase to elucidate the simplicities of play. How we grasped our 'objective relationship' to our mothers without the help of bird's-nest games, I do not know. Perhaps, in the general absence of experimentation, we had more time in which to solve the artless problems of our lives. Psychologists in those days were frankly indifferent to us. They had yet to discover our enormous value in the realms of conjectural thought.

The education of my childhood was embryonic. The education of to-day is exhaustive. The fact that the school-child of to-day does not seem to know any more than we knew in the dark ages is a side issue with which I have no concern. But as I look back, I can now see plainly that the few things little girls learned were admirably adapted for one purpose, to make us parts of a whole, which whole was the family. I do not mean that there was

any expression to this effect. 'Training for maternity' was an unused phrase, and the short views of life, more common then than now, would have robbed it of its savor. 'Training for citizenship' had, so far as we were concerned, no meaning whatsoever. A little girl was a little girl, not the future mother of the race, or the future savior of the Republic. One thing at a time. Therefore no deep significance was attached to our possession of a doll, no concern was evinced over our future handling of a vote. If we were taught to read aloud with correctness and expression, to write notes with propriety and grace, and to play backgammon and whist as well as our intelligence permitted, it was in order that we should practice these admirable accomplishments for the benefit of the families of which we were useful and occasionally ornamental features.

And what advantage accrued to *us* from an education so narrowed, so illiberal, so manifestly unconcerned with great social and national issues? Well, let us admit that it had at least the qualities of its defects. It was not called training for character, but it was admittedly training for behavior, and the foundations of character are the acquired habits of youth. 'Habit,' said the Duke of Wellington, 'is ten times nature.' There was precision in the simple belief that the child was strengthened mentally by mastering its lessons, and morally by mastering its inclinations. Therefore the old-time teacher sought to spur the pupil on to keen and combative effort, rather than to beguile him into knowledge with cunning games and lantern slides. Therefore the old-time parent set a high value on self-discipline and self-control. A happy childhood did not necessarily mean a childhood free from proudly accepted responsibility. There are few things in life so dear to girl or

boy as the chance to turn to good account the splendid self-confidence of youth.

If Saint Augustine, who was punished when he was a little lad because he loved to play (and playing, he observes, is the business of childhood), could see the glorification of play in twentieth-century schoolrooms, he might enjoy the spectacle, and question the results. Nothing is too profound, nothing too subtle, to be evolved from a game or a toy. We are gravely told that 'the doll with its immense educational power should be carefully introduced into the schools,' and that a ball, tossed to the accompaniment of a song insultingly banal, will enable a child 'to hold fast one high purpose amid all the vicissitudes of time and place.' And when boys and girls outgrow these simple sports, other and more glorious pastimes await them; pastimes which will teach them all they need to know, without effort and without exaction. Listen to Judge Lindsey's glowing description of the schoolroom of the future, where moving pictures will take the place of books and blackboards, where no free child will be 'chained to a desk' (painful phrase!), and where 'progressive educators' will make merry with their pupils all the happy day.

'Mr. Edison is coming to the rescue of Tony,' says Judge Lindsey. (Tony, by-the-way, is a boy who does not like school as it is at present organized.) 'He will take him away from me, and put him in a school that is not a school at all, but just one big game, — just one round of joy, of play, of gladness, of knowledge, of sunshine, warming the cells in Tony's head until they all open up as the flowers do. There will be something moving, something doing at that school all the time, just as there is when Tony goes down to the tracks to see the engines.

'When I tell him about it, Tony shouts "Hooray for Mr. Edison!" right in front of the battery, just as he used to say "to hell wid de cop."'

Now this is an interesting exposition of the purely sentimental view of education. We have been leading up to it for years, ever since Froebel uttered his famous, 'Come, let us live with our children!' and here it is set down in black and white by a man who has the welfare of the young deeply at heart. Judge Lindsey sympathizes with Tony's distaste for study. He points out to us that it is hard for a boy who is 'the leader of a gang' to be laughed at by less enterprising children because he cannot cipher. Yet to some of us it does not seem altogether amiss that Tony should be brought to understand the existence of other standards than those of hoodlumism. Ciphering is dull work (so, at least, I have always found it), and difficult work too; but it is hardly fair to brand it as ignoble. Compared with stealing brass from a freight-car, which is Tony's alternative for school attendance, it even has a dignity of its own; and the perception of this fact may be a salutary if mortifying lesson. Judge Lindsey's picturesque likening of our antiquated school system, which compels children to sit at desks, with the antiquated Chinese custom which bound little girls' feet, lacks discernment. The underlying motives are, in these instances, measurably different, the processes are dissimilar, the results have points of variance.

Nobody doubts that all our Tonys, rich and poor, lawless and law-abiding, would much prefer a school that is not a school at all, 'but just one big game'; nobody doubts that a great deal of desultory information may be acquired from films. But desultory information is not, and never can be, a substitute for education, and habits

of play cannot be trusted to develop habits of work. Our efforts to protect the child from doing what he does not want to do, because he does not want to do it, are kind, but singularly unintelligent. Life is not a vapid thing. 'The world,' says Emerson, 'is a proud place, peopled with men of positive quality.' No pleasure it can give, from the time we are seven until the time we are seventy, is comparable to the pleasure of achievement.

Dr. Münsterberg, observing with dismay the 'pedagogical unrest' which pervades our communities, expresses a naïve surprise that so much sound advice and so much sound instruction should leave the teacher uninspired and unelated. 'The pile of interesting facts which the sciences heap up for the teacher's use grows larger and larger, but the teacher seems to stare at it with growing hopelessness.'

I should think so. A pile of heterogeneous facts — segments of segments of subjects — reduces any sane teacher to hopelessness, because he, at least, is well aware that his pupils cannot possibly absorb or digest a tithe of the material already pressed upon their acceptance. Experience has taught him something which his counsellors never learn, — the need of limit, the 'feasibility of performance.' Hear what one teacher, both sane and experienced, has to say concerning the riot of facts and theories, of art and nature, of science and sentiment, which the school is expected to reduce into an orderly, consistent, and practical system of education.

'It is not enough that the child should be taught to handle skillfully the tools of all learning, — reading, writing, and arithmetic: his sense of form and his æsthetic nature must be developed by drawing; his hand must be trained by manual work; his musical nature must be awakened by song;

he must be brought into harmony with his external environment by means of nature lessons and the study of science; his patriotic impulses must be roused by the study of American history and by flag-drills; temperance must be instilled into him by lessons in physiology, with special reference to the effects of alcohol on the human system; his imagination must be cultivated with the help of Greek and Norse mythology; he must gain some knowledge of the great heroes and events of general history; he must acquire a love for and an appreciation of the best literature through the plentiful reading of masterpieces, while at the same time his mind should be stocked with choice gems of prose and verse which will be a solace to him throughout his later life; it might be well if, by displacing a little arithmetic or geography he could gain some knowledge of the elements of Latin or of a modern language; in some manner there must be roused in him a love for trees, a respect for birds, an antipathy to cigarettes, and an ambition for clean streets; and somewhere, somewhere in this mad chaos he must learn to spell! Do you wonder that teachers in progressive schools confide to us that they fear their pupils are slightly bewildered? Do you wonder that pupils do not gain the habit and the power of concentrated, consecutive work?¹

And this irrational, irrelevant medley, this educational vaudeville, must be absorbed unconsciously by children roused to interest by the sustained enthusiasm of their teachers, whom may Heaven help! If the programme is not full enough, it can be varied by lectures on sex-hygiene, lessons in wood-craft (with reference to boy scouts), and pictures illustrating the domestic habits of the house-fly. These, with plenty

of gymnastics, and a little barefoot dancing for girls, may bring a school measurably near the ideal proposed by Judge Lindsey, — a place where 'there is something moving, something doing all the time,' and which finds its closest counterpart in the rushing of engines on their tracks.

The theory that school work must appeal to a child's fluctuating tastes, must attract a child's involuntary attention, does grievous wrong to the rising generation; yet it is upheld in high places, and forms the subject-matter of many addresses vouchsafed year after year to long-suffering teachers. They should bring to bear the 'energizing force of interest,' they should magnetize their pupils into work. Even Dr. Eliot reminds them with just a hint of reproach that if a child is interested, he will not be disorderly, and this reiterated statement appears to be the crux of the whole difficult situation. Let us boldly suppose that a child is not interested, — and he may conceivably weary even of films, — is it then optional with him to be or not to be disorderly, and what is the effect of his disorder on other children whose tastes may differ from his own?

The Right Reverend Mandell Creighton, who appears to have made more addresses to the teachers of England than any other ecclesiastic of his day, repeatedly warned them that they should not attempt to teach any subject without first making clear to children why this subject should command attention. If they failed to do this, added the bishop triumphantly, the children would not attend. He was of the opinion that little pupils must not only be rationally convinced that what they are asked to do is worth their doing, but that they must enjoy every step of their progress. A teacher who could not make a child feel that it is

¹ *The Existing Relations between School and College*, by Wilson Farrand.

'just as agreeable' to be in school as at play, had not begun his, or her, pedagogical career.

This is a hard saying and a false one. Every normal child prefers play to work, and the precise value of work lies in its call for renunciation. Nor has any knowledge ever been acquired and retained without effort. What heroic pains were taken by Montaigne's father to spare his little son the harsh tasks of the schoolboy! At what trouble and cost to the household was the child taught 'the pure Latin tongue' in infancy, 'without bookes, rules, or grammar, without whipping or whining'! Greek was also imparted to him in kindly fashion 'by way of sport and recreation.' 'We did tosse our declinations and conjugations to and fro, as they doe, who by means of a certaine game at tables learne both Arithmeticke and Geometrie.' Assuredly the elder Montaigne was a man born out of date. In our happier age he would have been a great and honored upholder of educational novelties, experimenting with the schoolrooms of the world. In the sixteenth century he was only a country gentleman experimenting with his son, — a son who bluntly confesses that of the Greek thus pleasantly trifled with, he had 'but small understanding,' and that the Latin which had been his mother tongue was speedily 'corrupted by discontinuance.'

All the boy gained by the most elaborate system ever devised for the saving of labor was that he 'overskipped' the lower forms in school. What he lost was the habit of mastering his 'prescript lessons,' which he seems to have disliked as heartily as any student of Guienne. Neither loss nor gain mattered much to a man of original parts. The principal result of his father's scheme was the lingering of certain Latin words among the simple

folk of Perigord, who, having painfully acquired these strange terms in order to rescue their little master from his schoolbooks, retained and made use of them all their lives.

An emphatic note of protest against our well-meant but enfeebling educational methods was struck by Professor William James in his *Talks to Teachers*, published in 1899. The phrase 'Economy of Effort,' so dear to the kindly hearts of Froebel's followers, had no meaning for Dr. James. The ingenious system by which the child's tasks, as well as the child's responsibilities, are shifted to the shoulders of the teacher, made no appeal to his incisive intelligence. He stoutly asserted that effort is oxygen to the lungs of youth, and that it is sheer nonsense to suppose that every step of education can possibly be made interesting. The child, like the man, must meet his difficulties, and master them. There is no lesson worth learning, no game worth playing, which does not call for endeavor. Rousseau, it will be remembered, would not permit Émile to know what rivalry meant. That harassed child never even ran a race, lest the base spirit of competition should penetrate his nerveless little being. But Professor James, deaf to social sentimentalities, averred that rivalry is the spur of action, and the impelling force of civilization. 'There is a noble and generous kind of rivalry as well as a spiteful and greedy kind,' he wrote truthfully, 'and the noble and generous form is particularly common in childhood. All games owe the zest which they bring with them to the fact that they are rooted in the emulous passion, yet they are the chief means of training in fairness and magnanimity.'

I am aware that it is a dangerous thing to call kindness sentimental; but our feeling that children have a right to happiness, and our sincere effort to

protect them from any approach to pain, have led imperceptibly to the elimination from their lives of many strength-giving influences. A recent volume on *Child Culture* (a phrase every whit as reprehensible as 'child-material') speaks always of naughty children as 'patients,' implying that their unfortunate condition is involuntary, and must be cured from without, not from within. The 'rights of children' include the doubtful privilege of freedom from restraint, and the doubtful boon of shelter from obligation. It seems sweeter and kinder to teach a child high principles and steadfastness of purpose by means of symbolic games than by any open exaction. Unconscious obedience, like indirect taxation, is supposed to be paid without strain. Our feverish fear lest we offend against the helplessness of childhood, our feverish concern lest it should be denied its full measure of content, drive us, burdened as we are with good intentions, past the borderline of wisdom. If we were

Less winning soft, less amiably mild,

we might see more clearly the value of standards.

Last winter I had sent me several numbers of a Los Angeles newspaper. They contained a spirited and sympathetic account of a woman who had been arrested for stealing a child's outfit, and who pleaded in court that she wanted the garments for her daughter, the little girl having refused to go to school, because other children had laughed at her shabby clothes. The effect of this pathetic disclosure was instantaneous and overwhelming. The woman was released, and kind-hearted people hastened to send 'nicely' frocks by the 'wagonload' to the ill-used child. A picture of the heroic mother in a large plumed hat, and another of little Ellen in curls

and hair-ribbons occupied prominent places in the paper. The public mind was set at rest concerning the quality of the goods donated. 'Ellen is going to school to-day,' wrote the jubilant reporter. 'She is going to wear a fluffy new dress with lace and hair-ribbons to match. And if any rude boy so far forgets himself as to tear that wondrous creation, there will be others at home to replace it. Happy, oh, so happy was the little miss, as she shook her curls over the dainty dress to-day. And the mother? Well, a faith in the inherent goodness of mankind has been rekindled in her bosom.'

Now the interesting thing about this journalistic eloquence, and the public sentiment it represented, is that while shabbiness was admittedly a burden too heavy for a child to bear, theft carried with it no shadow of disgrace. Children might jeer at a little girl in a worn frock, but a little girl in 'lace and hair-ribbons' was manifestly above reproach. Her mother's transgression had covered her with glory, not with shame. There seems to be some confusion of standards in such a verdict, some deviation from the paths of rectitude and honor. It is hard for a child to be more poorly dressed than her companions; but to convince her that dishonesty is the best policy and brings its own reward, is but a dubious kindness. Nor is it impossible so to stiffen her moral fibre that her poor dress may be worn, if not with pride, at least with sturdy self-control.

On this point I know whereof I speak, for when I was a little girl, my convent school sheltered a number of Southern children, reduced to poverty by the Civil War, and educated (though of this no one was aware) by the boundless charity of the nuns. These children were shabby, with a pathetic shabbiness which fell far below our very moderate requirements. Their

dressess (in my prehistoric days school uniforms were worn only on Thursdays and Sundays) were strangely antiquated, as though cut down from the garments of mothers and grand-mothers, their shoes were stuffed, their hats were hopeless. But the unquenchable pride with which they bore themselves invested such hardships with distinction. Their poverty was the honorable outcome of war, and this fact, added to their simple and sincere conviction that a girl born below the Mason and Dixon line must necessarily be better than a girl born above it, carried them unscathed through the valley of humiliation. Looking back now with an unbiased mind, I am disposed to consider their claim to superiority unfounded; but at the time their single-mindedness carried conviction. The standards they imposed were preëminently false, but they were less ignoble than the standards imposed by wealth. No little girl or boy born in these peaceful years can know what it means to have the character set in childhood by history, by the vividness of early days lived under strange and violent conditions, by the sufferings, the triumphs, the high and sad emotions of war.

There is a story told by Sir Francis Doyle which illustrates, after the rude fashion of our forebears, the value of endurance as an element of education. Dr. Keate, the terrible head-master of Eton, encountered one winter morning a small boy crying miserably, and

asked him what was the matter. The child replied that he was cold. 'Cold!' roared Keate. 'You must put up with cold, sir! You are not at a girls' school.'

It is a horrid anecdote, and I am kind-hearted enough to wish that Dr. Keate, who was not without his genial moods, had taken the lad to some generous fire (presuming such a thing was to be found), and had warmed his frozen hands and feet. But it so chanced that in that little sniveling boy there lurked a spark of pride and a spark of fun, and both ignited at the rough touch of the master. He probably stopped crying, and he certainly remembered the sharp appeal to manhood; for fifteen years later, with the 3d Dragoons, he charged at the strongly entrenched Sikhs (thirty thousand of the best fighting men of the Khalsa) on the curving banks of the Sutlej. And as the word was given, he turned to his superior officer, a fellow Etonian, who was scanning the stout walls and the belching guns. 'As old Keate would say, this is no girls' school,' he chuckled; and rode to his death on the battlefield of Sobraon, which gave Lahore to England.

Contemplating which incident, and many like it, a distinguished American educator remarked that the direct product of English public schools is a little indifferent Latin verse; the by-products are the young men who run the Indian Empire.

MUCH ADO ABOUT WOMEN

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

WHEN one or another eminent suffragist has turned up in the divorce court, people have been used to think of it as somehow prejudicial to the suffrage cause. The same thought has occurred to them when they have seen or heard of the breaking-up of families, the separation of man and wife and the distribution of the children to relatives or institutions, even without divorce. When that kind of occurrence seemed to be a result of zeal on the part of the wife and mother for the independent and untrammelled life for women, they have put it down as an evidence of failure. But it begins to suggest itself that perhaps they have been making a mistake, and that possibly these social and domestic catastrophes ought to be rated as evidences of success. For they certainly look like evidences of rebellion, and it seems that rebellion, a universal rebellion of all the women, is what the sincere Feminists want and are practicing to bring to pass.

That is what Mr. George told us in his paper on 'Feminist Intentions' in the December number of this magazine. He calls the Feminists 'promoters of sex-war,' and thinks they ought to own up to their true dispositions. He distinguishes sharply between Suffragists and Feminists, disclosing that the Suffragists are only half-way fighters in the war for women's rights, 'content to attain immediate ends,' whereas the Feminists want to change the whole attitude of mankind, as they see it, toward women.

Lord Haldane, in his address the

other day before the American Bar Association, talked about a thing for which he said we have no name, but which the Germans call 'Sittlichkeit.' It is that, he said, which really counts, far more than stated laws, in regulating the relations of human beings, and he defined it as 'the system of habitual or customary conduct, ethical rather than legal, which embraces all those obligations of the citizen which it is "bad form" or "not the thing" to disregard.' 'It is the instinctive sense,' he said, 'of what to do and what not to do in daily life and behavior, that is the source of liberty and ease. And it is this instinctive sense of obligation that is the chief foundation of society.'

It is the 'Sittlichkeit' that Mr. George's Feminists want to change. 'The Suffragists,' he says, 'wish to alter the law, the Feminists wish to alter also the conventions.' But, as a first step, they too think it necessary to alter the laws, and to that end they seek to employ sex-strikes and sex-wars; to get the vote and then band all the women together to such ends as the opening of every occupation to women and the leveling of the wages of women and men. They argue that women are what they are, and know what they know, and behave as they behave, and are paid what they receive, not because they were created so, but because they have never had a fair chance to be otherwise. They propose that woman shall have a fair chance; that she shall have a full, even share of all the education, all the power, all the

good employments, and all the money that is in process of distribution.

To some minds, that may sound ambitious, but it is only what any good and really earnest father wants for his daughters. The habits of a lifetime, which began a generation or more ago, the habit of being a source of maintenance and the need of keeping in hand the means of maintenance, the habit of power and of keeping hold of the sources of power, may make him less than fair perhaps in dividing his acquisitions with his wife; but when it comes to the daughters whom he is going to leave in the world when he quits it, he is all for securing to them as far as he can a full share of all that is worth having. Hardly can sex-selfishness squeeze in between him and his girls. As between them and all males, he is for them. He wants them to lose no good thing that may lawfully be coming to them. He wants no man to bully them, no man to impose upon their generosity, no man to bring them to want, or sorrow, or a hungry heart. A large proportion of the fathers are Feminists at heart when they think of their girls. If they do not become Feminists in political practice it will be because they fail to see enough net profit for the girls in the programme of that party.

It is the other way with mothers. They love their daughters, live with them more closely and intimately than with their sons, train and handle them more. But they are subject in their relations with them to jealousies which their sons do not excite. The daughters as they come to full age may naturally reach out for a share of the power in the woman's kingdom which the mother has ruled, and clashes may result. But a woman's relations with her sons are not exposed to this hazard. Less on her defense with them, she feels in them an unquenchable and

often too generously indulgent interest, and may look with prejudice on propositions the fulfillment of which might seem to leave them in the world with nails pared and teeth drawn, exposed to a ruthless female competition. Mothers want their sons to have a fair show in this life. They may even go so far in maternal self-denial as to want them to marry, and to wish that there may be left in the world some girls willing and suitable to be married. Having themselves tried marriage, they know that it involves some renunciations, and is only imperfectly successful when each of the partners in it lives and works for self and on his own hook. Mothers of sons may be reluctant and critical Feminists. They have taken trouble about their boys and will hardly look with favor on any rash abridgment of their birthright.

This idea, which Mr. George says the Feminists have, that they can get up sex-wars that will change the relations of women and men, is mistaken. The relation between the male and the female goes a long way and has various phases. It begins with a very small male baby drawing nourishment from the breast of a very much interested woman, and it goes on, constantly changing, to an old man piloted across the street by his granddaughter. You can't smash *all* these relations because great economic changes have befallen the world, and a lot of girls have had to find new employments.

Perhaps, after all, when eminent Suffragists or Feminists bring up in the divorce court, it does count for failure in their politics, and not for success. The Feminists may change the *Sittlichkeit* so that women who extricate themselves from marriage bonds will be met with congratulations and applause, but it hardly looks like it. Sympathy when due, and consideration, seem enough. The problems of life have to

be worked out by men and women together. So it has been in the past, so it will be in the future, and it is not likely that women with a demonstrated incapacity to get along with a tolerable man, or men with a demonstrated incapacity to get along with a tolerable woman, are going to be successful leaders in the new adjustment of human relations.

And who could wish the modification of the *Sittlichkeit* about women to go on faster than it is going? It should go no faster than women can be trained to meet the new expectations which are geared to it. Most of the things which Mr. George says the Feminists are after — more education for girls, new employments, more pay, more independence, more freedom of action, half of what there is generally — seem to be prosperously on their way with the applause of the nations. Surely nobody can doubt that the present woman-movement will go along as far as present conditions of human life can stand, and will produce considerable changes.

But what is behind it; what is the cause of it? Feminists?

I don't see that the Feminists are anything more than a natural and somewhat amusing symptom of what is going on. They make the mistake of thinking of man as the master of woman, whereas the real master of both man and woman is Necessity. The world has jolted along as it could. There has been a great deal to do, and men and women, respectively, have done what they had to. Life has been rough; women have needed protection, and have had to pay perhaps overmuch for it, and the tradition that was based on the woman's need of protection seems to have outlasted somewhat the facts on which it rested. The world has come to be a safer place to live in, women are safer in it than they were,

and in a very much better position to strike out, if they choose, for themselves.

The world is also richer than it was, by enormous increases. There is far more to distribute. The women are richer, have more power of money, have a just claim on a larger share of the general wealth than they used to get, and are making their claim good. To the woman of courage, capacity, and training the world seems already a very open field. The pioneering has been done: the paths are broken in all directions and a vast deal of work and money is going into the improvement of the roads. Why, why should these Feminists that Mr. George tells about, want to get up sex-wars, when things are going too fast their way already?

Besides all else, we see just now the phenomenon of great political movements, considerably penetrated by religion, to enlarge the liberties and increase the physical and mental welfare of the great mass of the people. Most of the Feminists seem to know very little about the Christian religion; to have only faint and largely erroneous glimmerings of perception of what it is about, of its pith and genius, and its enormous powers — once rid of fetters — to bring about righteousness and liberty and justice in the world. Somehow the religion of Christ has got loose again in our world with all the gain in liberation and good-will and sanity of procedure which people look for who understand it. It has been conspicuous in recent politics, and even the churches seem considerably stimulated by it.

And so, considering all the forces which are working nowadays for the enlargement and betterment of life for women, Mr. George's Feminists seem like the little boys who run beside the band in a procession. It is all right that

they should run, and even holler (for the band is loud) and be happy. But they are not the procession. That will go on, and the unfeeling band will continue to play even though they are caught and sent home to their mothers and spanked.

Mr. George, looking ahead, sees sex-war, but does not believe it will go to an extreme. 'In common with many other Feminists,' he says, 'I incline to place a good deal of reliance on the ennobling of the nature of the male.' He thinks, too, that women will continue to favor a reasonable permanency in husbands, 'for the association of human beings in couples appears to respond to some deep need.'

Here then is reassurance for folks who need it. All of us who are friends of the male will hope that his nature is going to be abundantly ennobled. If that can be done, and he can be taught to earn better pay at a better job, things will come around all right. The male always needs a lot of attention, and every one should rejoice at every prospect that he is going to get some of it. If he were equal to his employment and responsibilities and did his work properly, none of these female difficulties would get much headway. His great affair is to make liberty possible in the world by keeping order. At his best he gives no occasion to regret that he is so indispensable. At his worst one wants to throw him in with the country when we give it back to the Indians. But indispensable he is, and for the Feminists to make the best of him is an imperative necessity. For their consolation, they may war-rantably reflect that the better he is the less disposed he will be to diminish in any detail the glory or the liberties of women, and the less he will fear their competition in anything that it belongs to him to do.

We ought to be thankful for the Feminists, no matter what we think of the shrill cries of some of them, and the curious hopes of some others. If there is anything the matter it is best to know it. Typhoid germs being hostile to life, it is better to have some cases of typhoid, than not to know that the germs have got into the milk or the drinking water. A large proportion of what Mr. George says the Feminists want, women have either got already or are sure to get. But as to the debatable, and even the preposterous, hopes which they entertain, it is better that they should clamor about them than that their mental disturbance should not be advertised. It takes a great many different kinds of ginger to drive great movements. Government — republican government — is the resultant of many forces driving on different slants and heading one another off. No doubt there are extreme conservatives who counterbalance the extreme Feminists, and talk as much nonsense as they do in opposite lines. The ill-balanced people make a very large proportion of the noise that is made in the world, but the sane people, in the long run, do a fairly large proportion of the steering. Let us hope they will pilot us safely and successfully between the man that was and the woman that is to be.

And as to the modification of the *Sittlichkeit* about women, that is accomplished not by sex-wars, but by daily study in the ordinary course of domestic life. What a husband sees in forty years, maybe, of the good and bad of life for a woman; what a father sees in his daughters and in the conditions of modern life as they affect girls, — those are the things which count in forming or changing the convictions of men about woman's errand in this current world.

BUTTERCUP-NIGHT

BY JOHN GALSWORTHY

WHY is it that in some places there is such a feeling of life being all one; not merely a long picture-show for human eyes, but a single breathing, glowing, growing thing, of which we are no more important a part than the swallows and magpies, the foals and sheep in the meadows, the sycamores and ash trees and flowers in the fields, the rocks and little bright streams, or even than the long fleecy clouds and their soft-shouting drivers, the winds?

True, we register these parts of being, and they — so far as we know — do not register us; yet it is impossible to feel, in such places as I speak of, the busy, dry, complacent sense of being all that matters, which in general we humans have so strongly.

In these rare spots, that are always in the remote country, untouched by the advantages of civilization, one is conscious of an enwrapping web or mist of spirit, the glamorous and wistful wraith of all the vanished shapes that once dwelt there in such close comradeship.

It was Sunday of an early June when I first came on one such, far down in the West country. I had walked with my knapsack twenty miles; and, there being no room at the tiny inn of the very little village, they directed me to a wicket gate, through which by a path leading down a field I would come to a farmhouse where I might find lodging. The moment I got into that field I felt within me a peculiar contentment, and sat down on a rock to let the feeling grow. In an old holly tree rooted to

the bank about fifty yards away, two magpies evidently had a nest, for they were coming and going, avoiding my view as much as possible, yet with a certain stealthy confidence which made one feel that they had long prescriptive right to that dwelling-place.

Around, as far as one could see, there was hardly a yard of level ground; all was hill and hollow, that long ago had been reclaimed from the moor; and against the distant folds of the hills the farmhouse and its thatched barns were just visible, embowered amongst beeches and some dark trees, with a soft bright crown of sunlight over the whole. A gentle wind brought a faint rustling up from those beeches, and from a large lime tree that stood by itself; on this wind some little snowy clouds, very high and fugitive in that blue heaven, were always moving over. But what struck me most were the buttercups. Never was field so lighted up by those tiny lamps, those little bright pieces of flower china out of the Great Pottery. They covered the whole ground, as if the sunlight had fallen bodily from the sky, in tens of millions of gold patines; and the fields below as well, down to what was evidently a stream, were just as thick with the extraordinary warmth and glory of them.

Leaving the rock at last, I went toward the house. It was long and low and rather sad, standing in a garden all mossy grass and buttercups, with a few rhododendrons and flowery shrubs, below a row of fine old Irish

yews. On the stone verandah a gray sheep-dog and a very small golden-haired child were sitting close together, absorbed in each other. A pleasant woman came in answer to my knock, and told me, in a soft, slurring voice, that I might stay the night; and dropping my knapsack, I went out again.

Through an old gate under a stone arch I came on the farmyard, quite deserted save for a couple of ducks moving slowly down a gutter in the sunlight; and noticing the upper half of a stable-door open, I went across, in search of something living. There, in a rough loose-box, on thick straw, lay a black long-tailed mare with the skin and head of a thoroughbred. She was swathed in blankets, and her face, all cut about the cheeks and over the eyes, rested on an ordinary human's pillow, held by a bearded man in shirt-sleeves; while, leaning against the whitewashed walls, sat fully a dozen other men, perfectly silent, very gravely and intently gazing. The mare's eyes were half closed, and what could be seen of them dull and blueish, as though she had been through a long time of pain. Save for her rapid breathing, she lay quite still, but her neck and ears were streaked with sweat, and every now and then her hind-legs quivered spasmodically. Seeing me at the door, she raised her head, uttering a queer half-human noise, but the bearded man at once put his hand on her forehead, and with a 'Woa, my dear — woa, my pretty!' pressed it down again, while with the other hand he plumped up the pillow for her cheek. And, as the mare obediently let fall her head, one of the men said in a low voice, 'I never see anything so like a Christian!' and the others echoed, in chorus, 'Like a Christian — like a Christian!'

It went to one's heart to watch her, and I moved off down the farm lane into an old orchard, where the apple

trees were still in bloom, with bees — very small ones — busy on the blossoms, whose petals were dropping on the dock leaves and buttercups in the long grass. Climbing over the bank at the far end, I found myself in a meadow the like of which — so wild and yet so lush — I think I have never seen. Along one hedge of its meandering length was a mass of pink may-flower; and between two little running streams grew quantities of yellow water-iris — 'daggers,' as they call them; the 'print-frock' orchid too was everywhere in the grass, and always the buttercups. Great stones coated with yellowish moss were strewn among the ash trees and dark hollies; and through a grove of beeches on the far side, such as Corot might have painted, a girl was running, with a youth after her, who jumped down over the bank and vanished. Thrushes, blackbirds, yaffles, cuckoos, and one other very monotonous little bird were in full song; and this, with the sound of the streams and the wind, and the shapes of the rocks and trees, the colors of the flowers, and the warmth of the sun, gave one a feeling of being lost in a very wilderness of nature. Some ponies came slowly from the far end, — tangled, gypsy-headed little creatures, — stared, and went off again at speed. It was just one of those places where any day the Spirit of all Nature might start up in one of those white gaps that separate the trees and rocks. But though I sat a long time waiting — hoping — She did not come.

They were all gone from the stable when I went back up to the farm, except the bearded nurse and one tall fellow, who might have been the 'Dying Gaul' as he crouched there in the straw; and the mare was sleeping — her head between her nurse's knees.

That night I woke at two o'clock to find it almost as bright as day, with

moonlight coming in through the flimsy curtains. And, smitten with the feeling that comes to us creatures of routine so rarely — of what beauty and strangeness we let slip by without ever stretching out hand to grasp it — I got up, dressed, stole downstairs, and out.

Never was such a night of frozen beauty, never such dream-tranquillity. The wind had dropped, and the silence was such that one hardly liked to tread even on the grass. From the lawn and fields there seemed to be a mist rising — in truth, the moonlight caught on the dewy buttercups; and across this ghostly radiance the shadows of the yew trees fell in dense black bars. Suddenly I bethought me of the mare. How was she faring, this marvelous night? Very softly opening the door into the yard, I tiptoed across. A light was burning in her box. And I could hear her making the same half-human noise she had made in the afternoon, as if wondering at her feelings; and instantly the voice of the bearded man talking to her as one might talk to a child: 'Oover, my darlin'; yu've a-been long enough o' that side. Wa-ay, my swate — yu let old Jack turn yu, then!' Then came a scuffling in the straw, a thud, that half-human sigh, and his voice again: 'Putt your 'ead to piller, that's my dandy gel. Old Jack would n' 'urt yu; no more 'n if yu was the Queen!' Then only her quick breathing could be heard, and his cough and mutter, as he settled down once more to his long vigil.

I crept very softly up to the window, but she heard me at once; and at the movement of her head the old fellow sat up, blinking his eyes out of the bush of his grizzled hair and beard. Opening the door, I said, —

'May I come in?'

'Oo ay! Come in, zurr, if yu'm a mind tu.'

I sat down beside him on a sack. And for some time we did not speak, taking each other in. One of his legs was lame, so that he had to keep it stretched out all the time; and awfully tired he looked, gray-tired.

'You're a great nurse!' I said at last. 'It must be tiring work, watching out here all night.'

His eyes twinkled; they were of that bright gray kind through which the soul looks out.

'Aw, no!' he said. 'Ah don't grudge it vur a dumb animal. Poor things — they can't 'elp theirzelves. Many's the naight ah've zat up with 'orses and beasts tu. 'T'es en me — can't bear to zee dumb creatures zuffer!' And laying his hand on the mare's ears, 'They zay 'orses ave n't no souls. 'T'es my belief they've souls zame as us. Many's the Christian ah've seen ain't got the soul of an 'orse. Same with the beasts — an' the ship; 't'es only they'm can't spake their minds.'

'And where,' I said, 'do you think they go to when they die?'

He looked at me a little queerly, fancying perhaps that I was leading him into some trap; making sure, too, that I was a real stranger, without power over his body or soul — for humble folk must be careful in the country; then, reassured, and nodding in his beard, he answered knowingly, —

'Ah don't think they goes so very far!'

'Why? Do you ever see their spir-its?'

'Naw, naw; I never zeen none; but, for all they zay, ah don't think none of us goes such a brave way off. There's room for all, dead or alive. An' there's Christians ah've zeen — well, ef they'm not dead for gude, then neither are n't dumb animals, for sure.'

'And rabbits, squirrels, birds, even insects? How about them?'

He was silent, as if I had carried him a little beyond the confines of his philosophy, then shook his head: —

‘T es all a bit dimsy. But yu watch dumb animals, even the laste littlest one, an’ yu’ll zee they knows a lot more’n what we du; an’ they du’s things tu that putts shame on a man’s often as not. They’ve a got that in them as passes show.’ Not noticing my stare at that unconscious plagiarism, he went on, ‘Ah’d zooner zet up of a naight with an ’orse than with an ’uman — they’ve more zense, and patience.’ And stroking the mare’s forehead, he added, ‘Now, my dear, time for yu t’ave yure bottle.’

I waited to see her take her draft, and lay her head down once more on the pillow. Then, hoping he would get a sleep, I rose to go.

‘Aw, ’t es nothin’ much,’ he said, ‘this time o’ year; not like in winter. ’T will come day before yu know, these buttercup-nights.’

And twinkling up at me out of his kindly bearded face, he settled himself again into the straw.

I stole a look back at his rough figure propped against the sack, with the mare’s head down beside his knee, at her swathed black body, and the gold of the straw, the white walls, and dusky nooks and shadows of that old stable illumined by the ‘dimsy’ light of the old lantern. And with the sense of having seen something holy, I crept away up into the field where I had lingered the day before, and sat down on the same halfway rock.

Close on dawn it was, the moon still sailing wide over the moor, and the flowers of this ‘buttercup-night’ fast closed, not taken in at all by her cold glory! Most silent hour of all the twenty-four — when the soul slips half out of sheath, and hovers in the cool; when the spirit is most in tune with what, soon or late, happens to all

spirits; hour when a man cares least whether or no he be alive, as we understand the word.

‘None of us goes such a brave way off — there’s room for all, dead or alive.’ Though it was almost unbearably colorless, and quiet, there was warmth in thinking of those words of his; in the thought, too, of the millions of living things snugly asleep all round; warmth in realizing that unanimity of sleep. Insects and flowers, birds, men, beasts, the very leaves on the trees — away in slumberland.

Waiting for the first bird to chirrup, one had perhaps even a stronger feeling than in daytime of the unity and communion of all life, of the subtle brotherhood of living things that fall all together into oblivion, and, all together, wake. When dawn comes, while moonlight is still powdering the world’s face, quite a long time passes before one realizes how the quality of the light has changed; so it was day before I knew it. Then the sun came up above the hills; dew began to sparkle, and color to stain the sky. That first praise of the sun from every bird and leaf and blade of grass, the tremulous flush and chime of dawn! One has strayed so far from the heart of things, that it comes as something strange and wonderful! Indeed, I noticed that the beasts and birds gazed at me as if I simply could not be there, at this hour that so belonged to them. And to me, too, they seemed strange and new — with that in them ‘that passed show,’ and as of a world where man did not exist, or existed only as just another form of life, another sort of beast. It was one of those revealing moments when we see our proper place in the scheme; go past our truly irreligious thought: ‘Man, hub of the Universe!’ that has founded most religions. One of those moments when our supreme importance will not wash either in the bath of purest spir-

itual ecstasy, or in the clear fluid of scientific knowledge; and one sees clear, with the eyes of true religion, man playing his little, not unworthy, part in the great game of Perfection.

But just then began the crowning glory of that dawn — the opening and lighting of the buttercups. Not one did I actually see unclothe, yet, all of a sudden, they were awake, the fields once more a blaze of gold.

LETTERS OF A WOMAN HOMESTEADER ¹

IV. THE ADVENTURE OF THE CHRISTMAS TREE

BURNT FORK, WYOMING, *Dec. 2.*

DEAR MRS. CONEY, —

Every time I get a new letter from you I get a new inspiration, and I am always glad to hear from you.

I have often wished I might tell you all about my Clyde, but have not because of two things. One is I could not even begin without telling you what a good man he is, and I did n't want you to think I could do nothing but brag. The other reason is the haste I married in. I am ashamed of that. I am afraid you will think me a Becky Sharp of a person. But although I married in haste, I have no cause to repent. That is very fortunate because I have never had one bit of leisure to repent in. So I am lucky all around. The engagement was powerfully short because both agreed that the trend of events and ranch work seemed to require that we be married first and do our 'sparking' afterward. You see, we had to chink in the wedding between times, that is, between planting the

oats and other work that must be done early or not at all. In Wyoming ranchers can scarcely take time even to be married in the spring-time. That having been settled, the license was sent for by mail, and as soon as it came Mr. Stewart saddled Chub and went down to the house of Mr. Pearson, the Justice of the Peace and a friend of long standing. I had never met any of the family and naturally rather dreaded to have them come, but Mr. Stewart was firm in wanting to be married at home, so he told Mr. Pearson he wanted him and his family to come up the following Wednesday and serve papers on the 'wooman i' the hoose.' They were astonished, of course, but being such good friends they promised him all the assistance they could render. They are quite the dearest, most interesting family! I have since learned to love them as my own.

Well there was no time to make wedding clothes so I had to 'do up' what I did have. Is n't it queer how sometimes, do what you can, work will keep getting in the way until you can't get anything done? That is how it was with me those few days before the wedding; so much so that when

¹ These are genuine letters, written without thought of publication, simply to tell a friendly story. Earlier adventures of the writer, with some account of her antecedents, will be found in the October, November, and December numbers. — THE EDITORS.

Wednesday dawned everything was topsy-turvy and I had a very strong desire to run away. But I always did hate a 'piker,' so I stood pat. Well, I had most of the dinner cooked, but it kept me hustling to get the house into anything like decent order before the old dog barked, and I knew my moments of liberty were limited. It was blowing a perfect hurricane and snowing like mid-winter. I had bought a beautiful pair of shoes to wear on that day, but my vanity had squeezed my feet a little, so while I was so busy at work I had kept on a worn old pair intending to put on the new ones later; but when the Pearsons drove up all I thought about was getting them into the house where there was fire, so I forgot all about the old shoes and the apron I wore.

I had only been here six weeks then, and was a stranger. That is why I had no one to help me and was so confused and hurried. As soon as the newcomers were warm, Mr. Stewart told me I had better come over by him and stand up. It was a large room I had to cross and how I did it before all those strange eyes I never knew. All I can remember very distinctly is hearing Mr. Stewart saying, 'I will,' and myself chiming in that I would, too. Happening to glance down I saw that I had forgotten to take off my apron or my old shoes, but just then Mr. Pearson pronounced us man and wife, and as I had dinner to serve right away I had no time to worry over my odd toilet. Anyway the shoes were comfortable and the apron white, so I suppose it could have been worse; and I don't think it has ever made any difference with the Pearsons for I number them all among my most esteemed friends.

It is customary here for newlyweds to give a dance and supper at the hall, but as I was a stranger I preferred not to, and so it was a long time before I

became acquainted with all my neighbors. I had not thought I should ever marry again. Jerrine¹ was always such a dear little pal, and I wanted to just knock about foot-loose and free to see life as a gypsy sees it. I had planned to see the Cliff-Dwellers' home; to live right there until I caught the spirit of the surroundings enough to live over their lives in imagination anyway. I had planned to see the old missions and to go to Alaska; to hunt in Canada. I even dreamed of Honolulu. Life stretched out before me one long happy jaunt. I aimed to see all the world I could, but to travel unknown bypaths to do it. But first I wanted to try homesteading.

But for my having the grippe, I should never have come to Wyoming. Mrs. Seroise, who was a nurse at the institution for nurses in Denver while I was housekeeper there, had worked one summer at Saratoga, Wyoming. It was she who told me of the pine forests. I had never seen a pine until I came to Colorado; so the idea of a home among the pines fascinated me. At that time I was hoping to pass the Civil-Service examination, with no very definite idea as to what I would do, but just to be improving my time and opportunity. I never went to a public school a day in my life. In my childhood days there was no such thing in the Indian Territory part of Oklahoma where we lived, so I have had to try hard to keep learning. Before the time came for the examination I was so discouraged because of the grippe that nothing but the mountains, the pines, and the clean, fresh air seemed worth while; so it all came about just as I have written you.

So you see, I was very deceitful. Do you remember, I wrote you of a little baby boy dying? That was my own

¹ Her little girl, about three years old at the time.

little Jamie, our first little son. For a long time my heart was crushed. He was such a sweet, beautiful boy. I wanted him so much. He died of erysipelas. I held him in my arms till the last agony was over. Then I dressed the beautiful little body for the grave. Clyde is a carpenter; so I wanted him to make the little coffin. He did it every bit, and I lined and padded it, trimmed and covered it. Not that we could n't afford to buy one or that our neighbors were not all that was kind and willing; but because it was a sad pleasure to do everything for our little first-born ourselves.

As there had been no physician to help, so there was no minister to comfort, and I could not bear to let our baby leave the world without leaving any message to a community that sadly needed it. His little message to us had been love, so I selected a chapter from John and we had a funeral service at which all our neighbors for thirty miles around were present. So you see, our union is sealed by love and welded by a great sorrow.

Little Jamie was the first little Stewart. God has given me two more precious little sons. The old sorrow is not so keen now. I can bear to tell you about it, but I never could before. When you think of me, you must think of me as one who is truly happy. It is true, I want a great many things I have n't got, but I don't want them enough to be discontented and not enjoy the many blessings that are mine. I have my home among the blue mountains, my healthy, well-formed children, my clean, honest husband, my kind, gentle milk cows, my garden which I make myself. I have loads and loads of flowers which I tend myself. There are lots of chickens, turkeys and pigs which are my own special care. I have some slow old gentle horses and an old wagon. I can load up the kid-

dies and go where I please any time. I have the best, kindest neighbors and I have my dear absent friends. Do you wonder I am so happy? When I think of it all, I wonder how I can crowd all my joy into one short life. I don't want you to think for one moment that you are bothering me when I write you. It is a real pleasure to do so. You're always so good to let me tell you everything. I am only afraid of trying your patience too far. Even in this long letter I can't tell you all I want to; so I shall write you again soon. Jerrine will write too. Just now she has very sore fingers. She has been picking gooseberries, and they have been pretty severe on her brown little paws.

With much love to you, I am

'Honest and truly' yours,

ELINORE RUPERT STEWART.

BURNT FORK, WYOMING, *January 6.*

MY DEAR FRIEND, —

I have put off writing you and thanking you for your thought for us until now so that I could tell you of our very happy Christmas and our deer hunt all at once.

To begin with, Mr. Stewart and Junior have gone to Boulder to spend the winter. Clyde wanted his mother to have a chance to enjoy our boy, so, as he had to go, he took Junior with him. Then those of my dear neighbors nearest my heart decided to prevent a lonely Christmas for me, so on December twenty-first came Mrs. Louderer,¹ laden with an immense plum pudding and a big 'wurst,' and a little later came Mrs. O'Shaughnessy on her frisky pony, Chief, her scarlet sweater making a bright bit of color against our snow-wrapped horizon. Her face and ways are just as bright and cheery as

¹ Mrs. Louderer and Mrs. O'Shaughnessy are neighbors whose stories are told in letters published in former months. Gavotte is a French trapper. — THE EDITORS.

can be. When she saw Mrs. Louderer's pudding and sausage she said she had brought nothing because she had come to get something to eat herself, 'and,' she continued, 'it is a private opinion of mine that my neighbors are so glad to see me that they are glad to feed me.' Now would n't that little speech have made her welcome anywhere?

Well, we were hilariously planning what Mrs. O'Shaughnessy called a 'widdy' Christmas and getting supper, when a great stamping-off of snow proclaimed a newcomer. It was Gavotte, and we were powerfully glad to see him because the hired man was going to a dance and we knew Gavotte would contrive some unusual amusement. He had heard that Clyde was going to have a deer drive, and did n't know that he had gone, so he had come down to join the hunt just for the fun, and was very much disappointed to find there was going to be no hunt. After supper, however, his good humor returned and he told us story after story of big hunts he had had in Canada. He worked up his own enthusiasm as well as ours, and at last proposed that we have a drive of our own for a Christmas 'joy.' He said he would take a station and do the shooting if one of us would do the driving. So right now I reckon I had better tell you how it is done.

There are many little parks in the mountains where the deer can feed, although now most places are so deep in snow that they can't walk in it. For that reason they have trails to water and to the different feeding-grounds, and they can't get through the snow except along these paths. You see how easy it would be for a man hidden on the trail to get one of the beautiful creatures if some one coming from another direction startled them so that they came along that particular path.

So they made their plans. Mrs. O'Shaughnessy elected herself driver. Two miles away is a huge mountain called Phillipeco, and deer were said to be plentiful up there. At one time there had been a saw-mill on the mountain, and there were a number of deserted cabins in which we could make ourselves comfortable. So it was planned that we go up the next morning, stay all night, have the hunt the following morning and then come home with our game.

Well, we were all astir early the next morning and soon grain, bedding, and chuck-box were in the wagon. Then Mrs. Louderer, the Kinder, and myself piled in; Mrs. O'Shaughnessy bestrode Chief, Gavotte stalked on ahead to pick our way, and we were off.

It was a long, tedious climb, and I wished over and over that I had stayed at home; but it was altogether on baby's account. I was so afraid that he would suffer, but he kept warm as toast. The day was beautiful, and the views many times repaid us for any hardship we had suffered. It was three o'clock before we reached the old mill camp. Soon we had a roaring fire, and Gavotte made the horses comfortable in one of the cabins. They were bedded in soft, dry sawdust, and were quite as well off as if they had been in their own stalls. Then some rough planks were laid on blocks, and we had our first meal since breakfast. We called it supper, and we had potatoes roasted in the embers, Mrs. Louderer's *wurst*, which she had been calmly carrying around on her arm like a hoop and which was delicious with the bread that Gavotte toasted on long sticks; we had steaming coffee, and we were all happy; even baby clapped his hands and crowed at the unusual sight of an open fire. After supper Gavotte took a little stroll and returned with a couple of grouse for our breakfast. After dark we sat around

the fire eating peanuts and listening to Gavotte and Mrs. Louderer telling stories of their different great forests. But soon Gavotte took his big sleeping-bag and retired to another cabin, warning us that we must be up early. Our improvised beds were the most comfortable things; I love the flicker of an open fire, the smell of the pines, the pure, sweet air, and I went to sleep thinking how blest I was to be able to enjoy the things I love most.

It seemed only a short time until some one knocked on our door and we were all wide awake in a minute. The fire had burned down and only a soft, indistinct glow from the embers lighted the room, while through a hole in the roof I could see a star glimmering frostily. It was Gavotte at the door and he called through a crack saying he had been hearing queer noises for an hour and he was going to investigate. He had called us so that we need not be alarmed should we hear the noise and not find him. We scrambled into our clothes quickly and ran outdoors to listen.

I can never describe to you the weird beauty of a moonlight night among the pines when the snow is sparkling and gleaming, the deep silence unbroken even by the snapping of a twig. We stood shivering and straining our ears and were about to go back to bed when we heard faintly a long-drawn wail as if all the suffering and sorrow on earth were bound up in that one sound. We could n't tell which way it came from; it seemed to vibrate through the air and chill our hearts. I had heard that panthers cried that way, but Gavotte said it was not a panther. He said the engine and saws had been moved from where we were to another spring across the cañon a mile away, where timber for sawing was more plentiful, but he supposed every one had left the mill when the water froze so they could n't

saw. He added that some one must have remained and was, perhaps, in need of help, and if we were not afraid he would leave us and go see what was wrong.

We went in, made up the fire, and sat in silence, wondering what we should see or hear next. Once or twice that agonized cry came shivering through the cold moonlight. After an age, we heard Gavotte crunching through the snow, whistling cheerily to reassure us. He had crossed the cañon to the new mill camp where he had found two women, loggers' wives, and some children. One of the women, he said, was 'so ver' seek,' 't was she who was wailing so, and it was the kind of 'seek' where we could be of every help and comfort.

Mrs. Louderer stayed and took care of the children while Mrs. O'Shaughnessy and I followed after Gavotte, panting and stumbling, through the snow. Gavotte said he suspected they were short of 'needfuls,' so he had filled his pockets with coffee and sugar, took in a bottle some of the milk I brought for baby, and his own flask of whiskey, without which he never travels,

At last, after what seemed to me hours of scrambling through the snow, through deepest gloom where pines were thickest, and out again into patches of white moonlight, we reached the ugly clearing where the new camp stood. Gavotte escorted us to the door and then returned to our camp. Entering we saw the poor, little, soon-to-be mother huddled on her poor bed, while an older woman stood near warning her that the oil would soon be all gone and they would be in darkness. She told us that the sick one had been in pain all the day before and much of the night, and that she herself was worn completely out. So Mrs. O'Shaughnessy sent her to bed and we took charge.

Secretly, I felt it all to be a big nuisance to be dragged out from my warm comfortable bed to traipse through the snow at that time of the night. But the moment poor little Molly spoke I was glad I was living, because she was a poor little Southern girl whose husband is a Mormon. He had been sent on a mission to Alabama, and the poor girl had fallen in love with his handsome face and knew nothing of Mormonism, so she had run away with him. She thought it would be so grand to live in the glorious West with so splendid a man as she believed her husband to be. But now she believed she was going to die and she was glad of it because she could not return to her 'folks,' and she said she knew her husband was dead because he and the other woman's husband, both of whom had intended to stay there all winter and cut logs, had gone two weeks before to get their summer's wages and buy supplies. Neither man had come back and there was not a horse or any other way to get out of the mountains to hunt them, so they believed the men to be frozen somewhere on the road. Rather a dismal prospect, was n't it? Molly was just longing for some little, familiar thing, so I was glad I have not yet gotten rid of my Southern way of talking. No Westerner can ever understand a Southerner's need of sympathy, and however kind their hearts they are unable to give it. Only a Southerner can understand how dear are our peculiar words and phrases, and poor little Molly took new courage when she found I knew what she meant when she said she was just 'honin'' after a friendly voice.

Well, soon we had the water hot and had filled some bottles and placed them around our patient, and after a couple of hours the tiny little stranger came into the world. It had been necessary to have a great fire in order to have

light, so as soon as we got baby dressed I opened the door a little to cool the room and Molly saw the morning star twinkling merrily. 'Oh,' she said, 'that is what I will call my little girlie, — Star, dear little Star.'

It is strange, is n't it, how our spirits will revive after some great ordeal? Molly had been sure she was going to die and saw nothing to live for; now that she had had a cup of hot milk and held her red little baby close, she was just as happy and hopeful as if she had never left her best friends and home to follow the uncertain fortunes of young Will Crosby. So she and I talked of ash-hoppers, smoke-houses, cotton-patches, goobers, poke-greens, and shoats, until she fell asleep.

Soon day was abroad, and so we went outdoors for a fresh breath. The other woman came out just then to ask after Molly. She invited us into her cabin, and, oh, the little Mormons were everywhere; poor, half-clad little things! Some sour-dough biscuit and a can of condensed milk was everything they had to eat. The mother explained to us that their 'men' had gone to get things for them but had not come back, so she guessed they had got drunk and were likely in jail. She told it in a very unconcerned manner. Poor thing! Years of such experience had taught her that blessed are they who expect nothing, for they shall not be disappointed. She said that if Molly had not been sick she would have walked down out of the mountains and got help.

Just then two shots rang out in quick succession, and soon Gavotte came staggering along with a deer across his shoulders. That he left for the family. From our camp he had brought some bacon and butter for Molly, and, poor though it may seem, it was a treat for her. Leaving the woman to dress the venison with her oldest boy's aid, we

put out across the cañon for our own breakfast. Beside our much-beaten trail hung the second venison, and when we reached our camp and had our own delicious breakfast of grouse, bread, butter, and coffee, Gavotte took Chub and went for our venison. In a short time we were rolling homeward. Of course it did n't take us nearly so long to get home because it was downhill and the road was clearly marked, so in a couple of hours we were home.

Gavotte knew the two loggers were in Green River and were then at work storing ice for the railroad, but he had not known that their wives were left as they were. The men actually had got drunk, lost their money, and were then trying to replace it. After we debated a bit we decided we could not enjoy Christmas with those people in want up there in the cold. Then we got busy. It is sixty miles to town, although our nearest point to the railroad is but forty, so you see it was impossible to get to town to get anything. You should have seen us! Every old garment that had ever been left by men who have worked here was hauled out, and Mrs. O'Shaughnessy's deft fingers soon had a pile of garments cut. We kept the machine humming until far into the night, as long as we could keep our eyes open.

All next day we sewed as hard as we could, and Gavotte cooked as hard as he could. We had intended to have a tree for Jerrine, so we had a box of candles and a box of Christmas snow. Gavotte asked for all the bright paper we could find. We had lots of it, and I think you would be surprised at the possibilities of a little waste paper. He made gorgeous birds, butterflies and flowers out of paper that once wrapped parcels. Then he asked us for some silk thread, but I had none, so he told us to comb our hair and give him the combings. We did, and with

a drop of mucilage he would fasten a hair to a bird's back and then hold it up by the hair. At a few feet's distance it looked exactly as though the bird was flying. I was glad I had a big stone jar full of *fondant*, because we had a lot of fun shaping and coloring candies. We offered a prize for the best representation of a 'nigger,' and we had two dozen chocolate-covered things that might have been anything from a monkey to a mouse. Mrs. Louderer cut up her big plum pudding and put it into a dozen small bags. These Gavotte carefully covered with green paper. Then we tore up the holly wreath that Aunt Mary sent me, and put a sprig in the top of each green bag of pudding. I never had so much fun in my life as I had preparing for that Christmas.

On ten o'clock the morning of the twenty-fourth we were again on our way up the mountain-side. We took shovels so we could clear a road if need be. We had dinner at the old camp, and then Gavotte hunted us a way out to the new, and we smuggled our things into Molly's cabin so the children should have a real surprise. Poor, hopeless little things! Theirs was, indeed, a dull outlook.

Gavotte busied himself in preparing one of the empty cabins for us and in making the horses comfortable. He cut some pine boughs to do that with, and so they paid no attention when he cut a small tree. In the meantime we had cleared everything from Molly's cabin but her bed; we wanted her to see the fun. The children were sent to the spring to water the horses and they were all allowed to ride, so that took them out of the way while Gavotte nailed the tree into a box he had filled with dirt to hold it steady.

There were four women of us, and Gavotte, so it was only the work of a few moments to get the tree ready, and it was the most beautiful one I

ever saw. Your largest bell, dear Mrs. Coney, dangled from the topmost branch. Gavotte had attached a long, stout wire to your Santa Claus, so he was able to make him dance frantically without seeming to do so. The hairs that held the birds and butterflies could not be seen, and the effect was beautiful. We had a bucket of apples rubbed bright, and these we fastened to the tree just as they grew on their own branches. The puddings looked pretty, too, and we had done up the parcels that held the clothes as attractively as we could. We saved the candy and the peanuts to put in their little stockings.

As soon as it was dark we lighted the candles and then their mother called the children. Oh, if you could have seen them! It was the very first Christmas tree they had ever seen and they did n't know what to do. The very first present Gavotte handed out was a pair of trousers for eight-years-old Brig, but he just stood and stared at the tree until his brother next in size, with an eye to the main chance, got behind him and pushed him forward, all the time exclaiming, 'Go on, can't you! They ain't doin' nothin' to you, they's just doin' somethin' for you.' Still Brig would not put out his hand. He just shook his tousled, sandy head and said he wanted a bird. So the fun kept up for an hour. Santa had for Molly a package of oatmeal, a pound of butter, a Mason jar of cream, and a dozen eggs, so that she could have suitable food to eat until something could be done.

After the presents had all been distributed we put the phonograph on a box and had a dandy concert. We played 'There were Shepherds,' 'Ave Maria,' and 'Sweet Christmas Bells.' Only we older people cared for those, so then we had 'Arrah Wanna,' 'Silver Bells,' 'Rainbow,' 'Red Wing' and

such songs. How delighted they were! Our concert lasted two hours, and by that time the little fellows were so sleepy that the excitement no longer affected them and they were put to bed, but they hung up their stockings first, and even Molly hung hers up too. We filled them with peanuts and candy, putting the lion's share of 'niggers' into Molly's stocking.

Next morning the happiness broke out in new spots. The children were all clean and warm, though I am afraid I can't brag on the fit of all the clothes. But the pride of the wearers did away with the necessity of a fit. The mother was radiantly thankful for a warm petticoat; that it was made of a blanket too small for a bed did n't bother her, and the stripes were around the bottom anyway. Molly openly rejoiced in her new gown, and that it was made of ugly gray outing flannel she did n't know nor care. Baby Star Crosby looked perfectly sweet in her little new clothes, and her little gown had blue sleeves and they thought a white skirt only added to its beauty. And so it was about everything. We all got so much out of so little. I will never again allow even the smallest thing to go to waste. We were every one just as happy as we could be, almost as delighted as Molly was over her 'niggers,' and there was very little given that had not been thrown away or was not just odds and ends.

There was never anything more true than that it is more blessed to give than to receive. We certainly had a delicious dinner too, and we let Molly have all she wanted that we dared allow her to eat. The roast venison was so good that we were tempted to let her taste it, but we thought better of that. As soon as dinner was over we packed our belongings and betook ourselves homeward.

It was just dusk when we reached

home. Away off on a bare hill a wolf barked. A big owl hooted lonesomely among the pines, and soon a pack of yelping coyotes went scampering across the frozen waste.

It was not the Christmas I had in mind when I sent the card, but it was a *dandy* one, just the same.

With best wishes for you for a happy, happy New Year,

Sincerely your friend,

ELINORE RUPERT STEWART.

BURNT FORK, WYOMING, May 5.

DEAR MRS. CONEY, —

Your letter of April 25 certainly was a surprise, but a very welcome one. We are so rushed with spring work that we don't even go to the office for the mail, and I owe you letters and thanks. I keep promising myself the pleasure of writing you and keep putting it off until I can have more leisure, but that time never gets here. I am so glad when I can bring a little of this big, clean, beautiful outdoors into your apartment for you to enjoy, and I can think of nothing that would give me more happiness than to bring the West and its people to others who could not otherwise enjoy them. If I could only take them from whatever is worrying them and give them this bracing mountain air, glimpses of the scenery, a smell of the pines and the sage, — if I could only make them feel the free, ready sympathy and hospitality of the frontier people, I am sure their worries would diminish and my happiness would be complete.

Little Star Crosby is growing to be the sweetest little kid. Her mother tells me that she is going 'back yan' when she gets a 'little mo' richer.' I am afraid you give me too much credit for being of help to poor little Molly. It was n't that I am so helpful but that 'fools rush in where angels fear to tread.' It was Mrs. O'Shaughnessy

who was the real help. She is a woman of great courage and decision and of splendid sense and judgment. A few days ago a man she had working for her got his finger-nail mashed off and neglected to care for it. Mrs. O'Shaughnessy examined it and found that gangrene had set in. She did n't tell him, but made various preparations and then told him she had heard that if there was danger of blood-poisoning it would show if the finger was placed on wood and the patient looked toward the sun. She said the person who looked at the finger could then see if there was any poison. So the man placed his finger on the chopping-block and before he could bat his eye she had chopped off the black, swollen finger. It was so sudden and unexpected that there seemed to be no pain. Then Mrs. O'Shaughnessy showed him the green streak already starting up his arm. The man seemed dazed and she was afraid of shock, so she gave him a dose of morphine and whiskey. Then with a quick stroke of a razor she laid open the green streak and immersed the whole arm in a strong solution of bichloride of mercury for twenty minutes. She then dressed the wound with absorbent cotton saturated with olive oil and carbolic acid, bundled her patient into a buggy, and drove forty-five miles that night to get him to a doctor. The doctor told us that only her quick action and knowledge of what to do saved the man's life.

I was surprised that you have had a letter from Jerrine. I knew she was writing to you that day, but I was feeling very stiff and sore from the runaway and had lain down. She kept asking me how to spell words until I told her I was too tired and wanted to sleep. While I was asleep the man came for the mail, so she sent her letter. I have your address on the back of the

writing-pad, so she knew she had it right, but I suspect that was all she had right. She has written you many letters but I have never allowed her to send them because she misspells, but that time she stole a march on me. The books you sent her, *Black Beauty* and *Alice in Wonderland*, have given her more pleasure than anything she has ever had. She just loves them and is saving them, she says, for her own little girls. She is very confident that the stork will one day visit her and leave her a 'very many' little girls. They are to be of assorted sizes. She says she can't see why I order all my babies little and red and squally, — says she thinks God had just as soon let me have larger ones, especially as I get so many from him.

One day before long I will get busy and write you of a visit I shall make to a Mormon Bishop's household. Polygamy is still practiced.

Very truly your friend,
ELINORE RUPERT STEWART.

BURNT FORK, WYOMING, Feb. 26.

DEAR MRS. CONEY, —

I think you will excuse my mama for not writing to thank you for *Black Beauty* when I tell you why. I wanted to thank you myself, and I wanted to hear it read first so I could very trully thank. Mama always said horses do not talk, but now she knows they do since she read the Dear little book. I

have known it along time. My own pony told me the story is very true. Many times I have see men treat horses very badly, but our Clyde dont, and wont let a workman stay if He hurts stock. I am very glad.

Mr Edding came past one day with a load of hay. he had too much load to pull up hill and there was much ice and snow but he think he can make them go up so he fighted and sworeed but they could not get up. Mama tried to lend him some horse to help but he was angry and was termined to make his own pull it but at last he had to take off some hay I wish he may read my *Black Beauty*.

Our Clyde is still away. We were going to visit Stella. Mama was driving, the horses raned away. We goed very fast as the wind. I almost fall out Mama hanged on to the lines. if she let go we may all be kill. At last she raned them into a fence. they stop and a man ran to help so we are well but mama hands and arms are still so sore she cant write you yet. My brother Calvin is very sweet. God had to give him to us because he squealed so much he sturbed the angels. We are not angels so he Dont sturb us. I thank you for my good little book. and I love you for it too.

very speakfully,

JERRINE RUPERT.¹

¹ Jerrine was six years old at the time of writing this letter.

(To be continued.)

THE CASE AGAINST THE SINGLE TAX

BY ALVIN SAUNDERS JOHNSON

I

OF the many schemes of social reform launched in the last half century there is none which has won so remarkable a following as the Single Tax. Socialism, it is true, has gained more rapidly in number of adherents. But socialistic gains have been made chiefly among the industrial workers — a class which, down to the present, has exercised no very important influence upon our political system. The Single-Taxers, on the other hand, are as a rule members of our dominant middle class. Moreover, their strength is especially great in that wing of the middle class which is active in moulding public opinion, the 'intellectuals,' to borrow an excellent descriptive term from Russian politics. Among the Single-Taxers are to be found writers and educators, members of the legal and medical professions, social workers and ministers of the gospel. It is this fact of an exceptionally influential personnel that chiefly lends political importance to the movement.

There is one small fraction of the intellectuals that sends no accredited representatives to the Single-Tax group. And this fraction consists of the men who are devoting their lives to a study of the problems which Henry George attempted to solve — the professional economists. The exception is notable, and many attempts have been made to explain it. Henry George himself ascribed it to the spirit of mandarinism. And there can be little doubt

that such a spirit prevailed among American and English economists during the early eighties, when Henry George first encountered their opposition. The economists of that period deemed it almost a sacred obligation to keep pure the traditions of the great masters of political economy. Henry George's premises were orthodox, but his conclusions were repugnant to the established canon. Accordingly he was treated as a pernicious schismatic, and was denied the serious attention that his vigor of thought and moral earnestness merited.

The fact that the economists still hold themselves aloof from Single-Tax doctrine requires, however, a new explanation. The last three decades have produced a marvelous increase in their numbers; we have now a hundred well-trained economists to one of 1880. It was inevitable that the narrow orthodoxy of the earlier period should be broken down by such expansion in numbers. Hundreds of investigators, each striving for at least some small variation by which to distinguish himself from the mass of his fellows, turned with a critical fury upon the traditional body of the science. The principles once held final were put to the most rigorous tests of fact and logic, and many of them were proved untenable. Theoretical orthodoxy became anathema; strange doctrines were espoused with enthusiasm. The economist who defended protectionism appeared in the land; next the economists who advocated fiat money, and those who gave

their approval to private monopoly. Then came the economists with socialistic leanings and the economists who coquetted with philosophic anarchism. It would not be difficult, to-day, to find an economist who would joyfully serve as apologist for the Industrial Workers of the World. In short, all the social heresies of matter and method find their exponents among economists standing high in their profession. Except the Single Tax. This fact is not to be dismissed with a reference to the narrow-mindedness of the schools, since there are few economists who have not eagerly searched the pages of Henry George for ideas of scientific value. It can be explained only on the ground that the Single Tax does not appear, in the light of economic science, to further the best interests of society.

II

The Single-Tax programme — it is almost superfluous to state — contemplates the substitution of a land-tax for all the miscellaneous taxes and imposts now existing. As interpreted by most Single-Taxers, the project implies the abolition of protective as well as revenue duties, and of excises such as those levied upon tobacco and alcoholic beverages.

It would be unfair to the Single-Taxers, however, to hold them strictly to this narrow interpretation. There is no reason why one might not be a Single-Taxer in principle, and still support the policies of protection and of sumptuary taxation. All that is essential to the system is that no tax other than that upon land shall be levied mainly for revenue purposes.

A tax upon land-rent or land-value, according to the accepted theory, rests upon the owner of the land. He cannot shift it to the consumer by raising

the price of his products. He is forced to accept it as a net deduction from the rent of his land. And since the value of land is ultimately dependent upon its rent, the adoption of the Single Tax would necessarily result in a great depreciation of land-values. If the tax is made so heavy as to absorb the entire net income from land — and this is the express object of the Single-Taxers — the value of the land will utterly disappear. The individual may retain the husk of ownership, but the value kernel of landed property will have been seized by the state.

The Single-Tax movement would, therefore, be aptly designated as a propaganda for the universal confiscation of land. And this designation the Single-Taxers themselves would accept without reservation. If they prefer to call themselves Single-Taxers instead of Land-Confiscationists, it is solely on the ground of euphony. Confiscation is an ugly word; but the Single-Taxers are 'intellectuals,' and it is not characteristic of their type to stick at mere words.

The confiscation of land, as everyone recognizes, would result in the ruin of many individuals, and, presumably, in the enrichment of others. The same thing, however, is true of any other sweeping economic reform. It was true, for example, of the abolition of slavery. Whether an economic reform can be justified or not depends, not so much upon whether it despoils certain individuals, as upon whether the individuals so sacrificed form a class that may advantageously be despoiled. The slave-owners formed such a class, since their essential function was the oppression of their fellow men. The land-owners, according to the Single-Taxers, form a similar class: they are regarded as typical monopolists and men of great wealth, an unacknowledged landed aristocracy. Furthermore, whether the

landowner is rich or poor, he is, in Single-Tax theory, a social parasite. All social economic functions, it is urged, would be exercised as well if he were eliminated.

It is upon these two contentions of the Single-Taxers that the whole issue turns. If they are valid, we are forced to accept the Single-Tax programme, unless we possess private interests that we prefer to the public interest. If they are not valid, we must either reject the Single-Tax programme, or accept it as a step in the direction of the confiscation of all private property. Accordingly, as impartial students of the Single Tax, we are required, in the first place, to form an estimate as to the actual distribution of land-values in the United States; and, in the second place, to determine the relation of such values to our productive mechanism. There are many other points of subsidiary importance, but these alone are vital.

III

Land-values in the United States are conservatively estimated at fifty billion dollars — not much less than one half of the total private wealth of the country. The value of agricultural lands represents about three fifths of this vast sum. The remaining two fifths covers the value of mines and forests, railway rights of way, water-powers, and urban business and dwelling sites. The earning power attached to these land-values must amount to between two and two and a half billion dollars annually. This is practically one tenth of our aggregate private incomes, and, if appropriated by the state, would cover adequately all our public needs; provided, of course, that the public can manage the lands as efficiently as they are now managed by their private owners.

The farm lands of the United States

are worth thirty billion dollars, exclusive of all improvements. Two thirds of these lands are owned by their cultivators, who number four million, and whose holdings average five thousand dollars in value. Men of this class are neither very rich nor very poor: few of them have wealth, including land and chattels, valued at less than five thousand or more than a hundred thousand dollars. The remaining third of the farm lands is cultivated by tenants. The owners are of many different classes: active farmers who have acquired lands at a distance; retired farmers; the business and professional men of the towns and villages who have purchased farms as a secure investment or as a retreat in old age. In the newer sections, where agricultural land may be expected to advance rapidly in price, there are a few very large estates; but this condition is everywhere recognized to be transitional. Farm lands cannot normally be a favorite investment with men of great wealth.

Practically the entire body of our agricultural lands, then, is in the possession of the middle class. City and town lands are not so widely distributed. As an instance of concentration of ownership, we have the Astor estate, which looms mountain-high in Single-Tax discussion. We have other large fortunes in city realty. Nevertheless, not more than fifteen per cent of our millionaires have the bulk of their fortunes invested in land. Despite the evidences of concentration in New York and a few of our other largest cities, we are justified in regarding urban land as prevailingly a middle-class investment. Mines, forests, water-powers, and railway rights of way are held, as a rule, by large corporations; and while there are many instances of the wide distribution of their shares, we may safely assume that the majority interest is held by the very rich.

IV

As the foregoing review indicates, the greater part of the land-values which it is proposed to confiscate is the property of the middle class. Middle-class holdings cannot possibly be less than three fifths of the total, and may conservatively be put as high as four fifths of it.

Not only is it true that land is pre-eminently a middle-class investment, but it is also true that it is probably the chief element in the property of this class. Men of moderate means own between thirty and forty billion dollars' worth of land; it is highly improbable that they own an equal amount of wealth in other forms. And current economic forces are increasing the dependence of the middle class upon the land. Industrial concentration is rapidly transforming the small business man into a shareholder and an employee. As a shareholder he sees his holdings shrink or expand under market influences which he cannot so easily forecast as can the man of large wealth. Stocks which he has purchased at high prices in a period of inflation of values he is likely to sell at low prices in a panic, thus forfeiting a part of his possessions to the men who are in a better position to meet fluctuations than he. Land, on the other hand, is more easily managed in small parcels than in large. There are no terrifying fluctuations in its value. It is, moreover, not a sufficiently productive investment to tempt men of large means. Accordingly it is the one investment that the middle class can hold against the encroachments of the rich. Indeed, the rich cannot hold it against the middle class, except through the powerful traditions of an ancient landed aristocracy, fortified, at times, by legal institutions, such as entail.

It has been urged by Single-Taxers

that the relief from other forms of taxation which would follow upon the introduction of the Single Tax would amply compensate the man of modest means for the loss of his land. This contention obviously involves an astonishing overestimate of the burdens of ordinary taxation. All taxes, other than those on land, aggregate less than one half of the land-rent enjoyed by the middle class. And of these taxes, not more than a third falls upon the middle-class landowners. This class cannot therefore recover, in the way of relief from ordinary taxation, more than one sixth of the loss imposed upon it by the tax.

It is true that the middle-class landowner bears, in addition to ordinary taxation, the burden of high prices resulting from the protective system. This burden, however, is the price which the American people chooses to pay for an acceleration of the rate of industrial development. Protection is no essential element in the existing financial order; any financier could devise for the United States a revenue system containing no element of protection, which would be both adequate and economical. And any protectionist could devise restraints upon foreign trade even under the Single Tax. There is accordingly no escape from the conclusion that all that the Single-Taxers can honestly promise the middle-class landowner is a relief of one dollar in taxation for every six dollars of income confiscated.

The Single Tax is, then, essentially a device for the spoliation of the middle class. In justice to the adherents of the doctrine, however, it must be said that they are not, as a rule, aware of this fact. Few of them have ever made any effort to ascertain the existing distribution of the property which they seek to confiscate. Those who do recognize the facts of the distribution of landed

property hold nevertheless that the gains to society at large will be sufficient to cover all costs. The poor, they urge, will gain what the middle class loses.

If the poor are to benefit from the Single Tax, it must be either through a reduction in the cost of living or through a rise in wages. The removal of the custom and excise duties would doubtless reduce the price of many articles of consumption. We should still, however, have carriers charging what the traffic will bear, and producers and retailers working under gentlemen's agreements. These, we may assume, would absorb no small part of the slack created by the remission of duties. Whatever benefit came from the abolition of the duty on hides, under the Payne-Aldrich act, was wholly absorbed before it reached the buyer of shoes. The remission of the special taxes on tobacco, after the Spanish War, had no perceptible effect on retail prices. Not increased wages, but increased money profits, would be the most prominent effect of the Single Tax. That this would be the probable result will appear to any one who will put the problem in its simplest terms. An annual income of two billion dollars is to be torn from the grasp of the middle class. There is no automatic device for distributing this splendid spoil: the very poor and the very rich will have to strive for it. Who will get it?

V

The foregoing analysis will appear to the convinced Single-Taxer as both unfair and inadequate, in that it is confined to conditions as they are, and takes no account of the wrongs of the past and the possibilities of the future. Whatever class holds the land now holds unjustly, according to the Single-Taxers. And whatever class may have

to be despoiled, its present pains are of no weight when set against the infinite future advantages of a society freed from the burden of parasitism.

We may ignore the contention that land cannot properly be private property because its value is not traceable to labor. Attempts to reduce values to a labor basis can lead to only one conclusion: communism. The Single-Taxers count themselves formidable antagonists of Socialism, and cannot afford to coquet with the labor-property premise. Furthermore, we need not trouble ourselves with the fact that many land-titles have originated in force or in usurpation. Too many other titles have originated in similar processes, and the common sense of mankind admonishes us that all social justifications lie in the future, not in the past. The kernel of the Single-Taxers' attack upon land-values lies in the idea that such values are unearned. And this means either that they have been acquired with less than normal effort and sacrifice, or that such efforts and sacrifices as have been directed toward their acquisition have been barren of results useful to society.

It is a widely prevalent belief that investments in land have been exceptionally profitable in the past. On our own frontier, lands were secured from the government at a very low price, or perhaps for only a nominal fee. Such lands have risen steadily, and it is natural to suppose that these advances in value have placed their fortunate possessors in the position of a privileged class. The landowners, according to a common formula, have enjoyed two incomes: the rent of their land, and the advance in its value.

If this view were just, it would be hard to account for the fact that in a new agricultural community it is not the landowners, with their two incomes, who attract attention by their

rapid accumulation of wealth, but the bankers, the grain and stock-buyers, the grocers and lumber-dealers, men who have to content themselves with the single income of profit. What the landowners have received is a dual income, not a double one. If we have found business men willing to invest their capital in trade and industry, the only satisfactory explanation of the fact is that they believed that the annual profits of enterprise are superior to all the gains from land. And this, no doubt, is the rule. As a consequence of the universal belief that land-values will rise, land is commonly overcapitalized. Men establish themselves in unsettled regions long before general economic conditions afford them a return commensurate with their toil and privations; after many years of waiting they sell their holdings at prices which are seldom an adequate reward for their own labors. Nevertheless, these prices are almost always in excess of the capital value of the annual returns from the land. The buyers look to the 'unearned increment' to recoup them for the loss of income involved in tying up their capital unproductively. From a personal point of view, the 'unearned increment' consists of the wages of pioneering together with interest on capital sunk in the price of the soil. Both the wages and the interest are, as a rule, below the normal rate. Pioneers and buyers of land are not of our shrewd business men, but are persons of modest means, who, like the land reformers, vastly overestimate the profits of landed investments.

It is of course true that many instances may be cited of astonishing advances in land-values. Every one knows of city lands that have doubled in value in a single year. Sometimes such advances are confined to particular districts, affected by new public improvements; sometimes they are fairly

uniform throughout a city, as in a 'boom town' of the West. It may be a wise policy to make such chance gains contribute to the public treasury, just as it may be a wise policy to place a tax upon other abnormally successful speculative transactions. There is, however, no need of invoking the Single Tax in support of such a policy. It finds abundant support in the accepted theories of finance.

Recognition of the fact that excessive speculative gains do occasionally appear in the real-estate field should not, however, lead us to the conclusion that all advances in real estate are of such character. On much the greater part of our lands, urban as well as agricultural, the 'unearned increment,' together with the rent, is hardly sufficient to make up a normal return on the capital invested in the land. If, then, there is a reason for taxing away the future 'unearned increment,' that reason does not consist in the fact that the landowners form a privileged class.

VI

It can hardly be denied that the landowners as a class have acquired the values in their possession at a cost in labor and sacrifice fairly comparable with those who have been rewarded by property of equal value in other forms. If, however, no one had been willing to incur the sacrifice necessary to acquire a grist-mill, we should have had no grist-mills. If no one had ever incurred sacrifice to acquire title to land, should we not still have the land? It is such a comparison as this that leads to the frequent assertion that the private ownership of land exercises no useful social function.

The issue looks simple, at first sight. Private enterprise made the mill; private enterprise did not make the land. But the contrast is fallacious. A wil-

derness, however fertile, is of no social significance. The land that serves as the foundation of our economic life is the land under the plough or in meadow or pasture, and rendered accessible to markets by highways, canals, and railroads. If we had administered our lands from the beginning according to Single-Tax principles, when would our western forests have been cleared, our prairies transformed into fields of wheat and corn? Not in decades, but in centuries.

There was a time when the typical American pioneer sought land that was free, in the true sense of the term — land which he might use as long as he pleased and abandon at a whim. This man did not seek values, nor did he produce them. He cleared the land of game and Indians, and made easier the path of the economic pioneer, the man who put the land under cultivation and made it yield its fruits, not for his benefit alone, but also for the more thickly settled East and for the countries of Europe. The economic pioneer was in search of a fortune. He would not have been content with the prospect of bare wages, in the form of the raw products of the soil. For the frontier never yielded wages commensurate with its hardships.

It was not free land, but land that was certain to rise in value, that attracted the millions of men from our own East and from Europe to the edge of civilization. The transformation of the Western wilderness into an empire of farms was the work of the 'unearned increment.' One who wishes to see the unearned increment performing a similar work to-day has only to visit the Canadian Northwest. What has induced the hundreds of thousands from our own comfortable and prosperous Middle West to cross the border and quarter their families in pine shanties on the blizzard-swept plains? The lure

VOL. 113—NO. 1

of the unearned increment. Lands purchasable at ten dollars an acre which may be expected to rise to fifty dollars.

If the Single-Tax principle had been in operation from the beginning of our history, what would have been the course of our Western development? With the state as universal landlord, all that the West could have promised the settler would have been the wages of his labor. To compensate for all the sacrifices involved in pioneer life, the wages would have had to be made very high. And this means that the opening of new lands would necessarily have waited upon the time when the pressure of population in the older centres and the increasing miseries of the poor should expel some of their number to the frontier. Under such a condition of development, Kentucky would doubtless still be a dark and bloody ground, and the Ohio forests a haunt of outlaws. Buffaloes would still range the Louisiana Purchase, and the Canadian Northwest would remain for several centuries to come an asset of the Hudson Bay Company. Slavery would still be the most prominent feature of our social system, and our greatness as a nation would be a matter for future ages to achieve.

It was the unearned increment which opened the West and laid the basis for our present colossal industrialism. It was the unearned increment which created a vast surplus of food-products and raised the curse of periodic famine from Western civilization. The exuberant fertility of the Mississippi Valley lifted millions of men from poverty and quickened the life of the whole Occident. There are, of course, those who will say that this was not worth while; that human life was more satisfying under the ancient condition of well-defined classes, some secure in their superiority, others inured to their

lot. Such considerations lie entirely beyond the scope of the present paper. All that is necessary for our purpose is to indicate that the unearned increment — that supposedly functionless element in our distributive system — has played an extraordinarily active part in building up our modern industrialism.

VII

If the unearned increment has already completed its work, it is, perhaps, the natural prey of a state which recognizes neither vested interests nor the claims of past services to present rewards. Ethical and political reasons for opposing the confiscation of land-values may still persist; but the principal economic ground for opposing such a policy falls away if the unearned increment is now socially inert. If our lands will be as well cultivated, our cities as rapidly improved, under the Single Tax as they are under existing conditions, we cannot say that the proposed confiscation is economically indefensible.

American agriculture is not yet ready to dispense with the unearned increment. Our four million independent farmers represent the more intelligent, the more efficient, and the more provident of our rural population. Able men among the tenants and the hired laborers are only transiently in those classes: their qualities destine them to become independent farmers. Now, what are the annual earnings of the independent farmer? On an average, \$600. This sum, which is less than the city laborer of equally good economic quality earns with his bare hands, includes not only the reward of the farmer's labor, but interest on a capital, in land and improvements, averaging \$7500. What wonder that there is a steady movement of the rural population to the cities? The fact to be ex-

plained is that the movement is not universal.

And the explanation is to be found in the unearned increment. To his meagre \$600 of money income the independent farmer adds the increase in the value of his land. This item he usually overestimates, and thus makes out of it a powerful motive for remaining on the land, producing wheat and meat for the consumption of the cities. However high the present prices of food may seem to the city-dweller, they are not so high as they would be if agricultural products were not, in large measure, a by-product of the unearned increment.

Increase in the value of land cannot continue indefinitely to supplement the farmer's income. In parts of the East lands have already ceased to rise. Those are the regions of the abandoned farms. In parts of the Middle West lands, while still rising slowly, are approaching a stationary level. Those are the regions from which the most enterprising men are emigrating to Canada, where the promise of unearned increment is still rich. Sooner or later practically all our lands will cease to rise. When we shall have attained to this condition the money returns to labor, and capital in agriculture will have to be made equal to wages and interest in the cities. Or rather, agricultural returns must be made superior to those attainable in the cities, to compensate for the isolation and monotony of rural life. This readjustment will be effected through advancing prices of agricultural products and through restricted opportunity in the cities.

If we desire to enter at once upon this process of readjustment, we have only to enact the Single Tax. The more enterprising of the agricultural population, despoiled of their property and of an essential part of their income, will cease to produce food for the city

laborers, and will enter into competition with them for jobs. What will follow is easy to forecast: increasing misery in the cities, advancing agricultural prices, and, in the end, a new equilibrium. Yet the Single Tax has been seriously advanced as a sure means of alleviating poverty.

VIII

In recent years the Single-Taxers have concentrated their attacks upon urban land-values. These, they assert, are purely parasitic and act as a dead weight upon building operations. The grasping landlord, according to this doctrine, is ultimately responsible for the congestion of the slums, and hence for much of the vice and crime of the city. The population of the metropolitan district of New York is increasing at the rate of two hundred thousand a year. Every person in this vast army contributes something to land-values. In what way have the owners of land earned this additional value? Certainly, there appears to be ground for the charge of parasitism.

If the new values distributed themselves uniformly among passive land-owners, the charge of parasitism would hold. They do not, however, distribute themselves uniformly. Competing landowners are forced to struggle for them; and the struggle is not barren of social gains. There are clearly defined currents of life and business in the metropolitan district, and no man can forecast with certainty the direction they will take. But if provision is to be made for the housing of the new population and for the accommodation of the new business, many builders must stake their money upon their guesses as to the future direction of the currents. Otherwise the city would suffer chronically from an intolerable congestion.

Those whose guesses prove correct find their buildings occupied at high rents, or salable at prices in excess of costs. This means that an 'unearned increment' attaches to the site, since building capital itself can hold no abnormal value. Those who have guessed wrong must content themselves with 'writing off' a part of their capital. Now, it is proposed by the Single-Taxers to appropriate to the state the fruits of building speculations that prove successful, while leaving to private enterprise the fruits of unsuccessful speculations. And on such a basis they expect a 'boom' in building.

There is no difficulty in predicting the results of such a policy. Men would build only after it became practically certain that their buildings would be in demand. Construction would follow increase in population, instead of anticipating it, as at present. The evils of over-building, of which real-estate journals so frequently complain, would be effectually controlled. But these are not the evils which chiefly oppress the tenant class and harass the city reformer.

It is well known to everyone conversant with the facts of realty-promotion that it is in the 'boom towns' and the active sections of a large city, where land-values are rising rapidly, that over-building most frequently occurs. Whence, then, do the Single-Taxers derive their doctrine that advancing land-values not only do not hasten the progress of improvement, but actually retard it? Not from observation, but from theory. And they may justly demand that their contentions be met on a rigorously theoretical ground.

The Single-Tax theory premises vacant land advancing in value at a rate corresponding to normal interest on an equivalent capital investment. Why should the owner of such land improve

it? Most of the vacant land in cities is actually increasing in value at such a rate — a fact that is logically deducible from the accepted principles of real-estate valuations. Now, have we not here an explanation of the fact that thousands of parcels of land in our cities are held unimproved, while in certain other quarters of the same cities human beings are packed ten in a room? The Single-Taxers assert that we have.

If, however, we examine the matter closely, we shall see that while there is nothing to compel the owner of such land to improve it, he can afford to do so the moment that prospective rentals will cover interest on his building capital alone. And there is no conceivable state in which he can afford to improve if the rentals will pay less than this. He cannot do this even if the land is free, without selling-price or rent. The Single Tax therefore cannot produce a state more favorable for building than that which exists where the land is rising at the rate we have assumed.

If a builder must buy land which is not rising, he cannot afford to build unless prospective rentals will pay interest on his land investment as well as on his building investment. If he builds on ground leased from a private person or 'single-taxed' by the state, he must extort from his tenants rentals covering both the ground-rent and interest on his investment.

The Single-Taxers, it is true, promise immunity from taxation of the building; and where the value of land is low, this immunity would be a sufficient offset to the 'unearned increment' of which they would deprive the builder. Where the land-value represents a large part of the total investment, as in most of our cities, the offset would be insufficient. An honestly administered Single Tax could not produce conditions so favorable to building as now

exist wherever land-values are rising rapidly.

It is almost a waste of time to inspect the Single-Tax project for destroying the slum. It is the value of land that forces the city builder to occupy every possible foot of ground space, to pile story above story, to subdivide each story into the smallest apartments and rooms that can be tenanted by living man. It is a matter of indifference whether the value of land takes the form of a capital sum, as is now commonly the case, or of an annual rental, an occasional form now, which would be universal under the Single Tax. The reasons for economizing ground space are the same in either case; except that the Single Tax promises immunity from taxation on the building and so would offer an inducement to covering still more of the ground space, and pushing the stories still higher toward the sky. The Single-Taxers propose, then, to relieve urban congestion by means which would increase the number of persons to be sheltered by each unit of roof.

IX

Private property in land, as we have seen, serves an important purpose in production, so long as land-values continue to advance. Such advances cannot continue forever. The time will come when agricultural land will bear a constant value, based upon its annual productive capacity. The cities, too, will in the end reach the limit of their growth, and an unearned increment will no longer attach to site-values. When such a time comes, there will be no good reason why the state should not become the universal landlord, provided that it has evolved to the point where it can manage so colossal a landed estate more efficiently than can private landowners. Just as there will be no good reason why the state

should not take over the railways, mines, and industries of the nation as soon as it is able to administer those enterprises more effectively than private business men. It may be noted in passing that the administration of the land, under a tenant system, would represent a heavier task for the state than the administration of railways, mines, and industries combined.

Let us assume, however, that the state is ready to take over its landed domain. Should this be effected through confiscation, as the Single-Taxers propose, or through purchase? The purchase of the land may be rejected as impracticable. For the present price represents not only the capital value of its rent, but also the anticipated value of all the unearned increments of the future. The net revenue that the state would secure from its lands would probably never equal the interest on the public debt created in the process of acquiring the land.

If the lands are to be confiscated, the act must be justified by its social consequences. What these would be is already sufficiently clear. The proposed land reform would deprive the middle class of its chief possession: the possession on which its economic independence mainly rests. And this would mean, practically, the elimination of the middle class as a political factor.

It was Aristotle who first pointed out the dependence of political stability and personal freedom upon a powerful middle class. To the present day no authority on political science has arisen to deny the existence of such a relation. It was the middle class of England that established constitutional liberty. It was the middle class that destroyed the *ancien régime* in France and laid the foundations of a liberal state. Our own Constitution is essen-

tially a middle-class document, and it is the middle class that defends it against attack.

We may contrast our confidence in the stability of our own liberal institutions with our skepticism of attempts to introduce similar institutions in countries in a different stage of social development. It is hard to believe that constitutionalism can be more than a name in Russia and Turkey, or that democracy in Mexico can signify anything but a cloak for force. It is not that we doubt the political capacity of Slavs and Moslems and Mexicans. But those nations lack the chief prerequisite of political freedom and order: a vigorous middle class.

Not all will agree, it is true, that the liberal régime is the best conceivable political order. The Socialists are especially violent in their attacks upon it. And every Socialist recognizes that constitutionalism and free enterprise are bound up with the fortunes of the middle class. Eliminate the middle class, and there will remain no serious obstacle to the progress of Socialism. Accordingly, it is difficult to understand the impatience which the Socialist usually manifests toward the Single-Taxer. The latter, indeed, is not a Socialist, but he is laboring valiantly to produce the conditions under which alone Socialism has any chance whatsoever of success. Transform our four million independent farmers into tenants of the state; despoil an equal number of our middle-class townsmen of their one solid possession, and the expropriation of the remaining private owners of property will be easily accomplished. Despite the sentimental antipathies of their respective adherents, then, the Single Tax and Socialism are closely related. Their relation is that of means and end.

PARISIAN DRY-POINTS

BY JOSEPH WARREN BEACH

CAFÉ D'HARCOURT

HE sits established underneath his awning
Before the lighted window, like a Buddha
Snugly enshrined within a jeweled casket.
His narrow eyes and grinning parchment visage
Proclaim him of the race Antipodal
Who make the most of Buddhas, and to all
Your courteous inquiries he makes answer
In French of Ti-en-Tsin: 'I am of China.'
Perhaps the seed of emperors, and come
To learn the mysteries of government,
He will return to take the helm of empire,
A pregnant orator, — at least a statesman.
But though you ply him with a thousand questions,
And though he shows no sign of failing patience
But ever seems most eager to oblige you,
You get no further in your quest of knowledge,
And must digest one statement comprehensive
In oriental French: 'I am of China.'
You think you might have known that without asking.

CAFÉ STEINBACH

ONE who has languished in Siberian prisons
And mined for golden learning in Toulouse,
For marketing perchance in Buenos Ayres,
Now takes his summer ease in idle Paris
With comrades of the hospitable Quarter,
Who rise at noon, and dine not long ere daybreak
Under the care of Maurice at the Steinbach.
On no man's forehead can you read his fate,
So interwoven is circumstance, but here
Is written out so much of one man's nature,
Frank loving-kindness and good-fellowship.
And by his words you learn that he has pondered
The lore of books and puzzling map of life.
For while the women, with their pocket-mirrors
And powder-puffs and napkins, make an effort
To freshen up their tarnished visages,
And Maurice dodges featly here and there
With steaming platters and with pleasantries,
And while the dancers thread the crowded tables,
Sluggishly whirling like the muddy current
Among the weedy rocks of some back-water,
And the card-players go on undiverted,
This Russian youth holds grave and steady converse
Of Marx and Plato, Washington and Ruskin,
Of government and misery and crime,
Humanity, and of the Golden Age.

A NEW LIGHT

BY ABRAHAM MITRIE RIHBANY

IT was in October, 1886, that I was admitted to the American boarding-school, known to us as the High School of Sûk-el-Gharb, a village situated on one of a lofty chain of hills overlooking the Mediterranean Sea, about nine miles east of the city of Beyrout.

In making preparations for this important step, the first thing on the programme was an order to the carpenter for a clothes-chest. This was a proud possession, the first earthly object besides my clothes which I could call my own. The carpenter covered the chest with cheap yellow paint which, whenever, however, and wherever I touched it, came off on my hands and clothes. It must have been a very interesting spectacle to see a 'green' boy painted yellow.

As for myself, instead of the bloomer-like *shirwal*, used among the Lebanonians, I put on the more genteel *ghim-baz* (a gown which resembles a kimono), an embroidered vest, a silk sash, white stockings and red slippers, thus giving myself quite a citified appearance. A muleteer, who cheered my way with quaint songs, carried me, with my bed and clothes-chest, to the coveted institution of learning. Upon my arrival I was assigned three pine boards and two saw-horses as a bedstead. That was the first elevating influence of education that I felt. But by force of habit as well as gravitation I found myself twice on the floor in my first night in that American school.

When the supper-bell rang that evening, the pupils filed into the dining-

room, where seats were assigned to the newcomers. All remained standing until the senior teacher came in and said grace. That pious act was startling to me. I had seen my teacher, a layman, offer prayer at the opening of every school-day in my childhood, and I greatly enjoyed the little service, but that a layman should 'bless the food' was altogether at variance with my religious antecedents. Only the priest had the authority to lift his consecrated hand and bestow a blessing on such an occasion. Where did the teacher get his authority to perform such a solemn act? With such a question in mind, I could not be reverent during the prayer. I did not bow my head or close my eyes; I looked at the praying teacher with much curiosity as I explained to myself that the entire performance was a peculiarity of Protestantism with which I was not at all concerned. I had come to the school to get knowledge, and nothing else.

Next morning lessons began. Owing to the fact that my schooling had been so sadly interrupted when I was put to work at the age of nine, I was assigned to a class of 'beginners.' They were much younger boys than I, and among them I appeared like a giant among pigmies. I was tall, rough, and awkward, with a vague hunger for knowledge. Under the circumstances, it was a great consolation that my dear friend, Iskander, who had just been elevated to the position of instructor, was to be my teacher.

All studies, up to the senior year,

were given in Arabic. English was taught as a language. It interested me at once. I looked upon the English *Primer* as the gateway to untold mysteries, and when I was able to say, 'Run, mouse, run. The cat will catch you,' I felt that I had entered into the exalted circle of the learned.

But the study which assumed supremacy in my mind above all others during my first year in school was that of the Bible. I shall never forget the thrilling charm of my first Sunday-School lesson. Our topic was the story of Elijah's ascension into heaven in a chariot of fire. As a Syrian boy I had not the slightest difficulty in believing in miracles. In the minds of my people the miraculous element stands as the very foundation of religion. Our Bible was full of miracles. Our saints, even our priests, worked miracles. Miracles grew under our eyes. But, to me, the wonder of wonders was the fact that the Bible, the great and holy book of our religion, the Bible of which, as a Greek Orthodox, I had heard so much but which I had seen so seldom in the hands of the laity, was now free and open, *even to me*, not only to read, but to study, and to have explained to me, verse by verse, by 'learned men'!

Every school-day, for all the scholars, the first lesson was the Bible. It was the Bible, however, not under the microscope of the 'higher critics,' but the Bible just as it reads. The pupils read the lesson in turn, each reading one or two verses, and the teacher explained the text, as a profound and uncorrupted supernaturalist must explain it.

The ethical distinctions, also, which beset the more highly cultivated minds in these days with regard to certain portions of the Bible, were unknown even to our teachers. We read the scriptural stories just as they were. They had grown and been recorded in our

country. They were the very precipitate of the moral and intellectual atmosphere of our people put forth in the current idioms of the land of our heritage, and all bound together by a divine purpose. Therefore, 'What God hath joined together, let not man put asunder.'

The great mystery of the Holy of Holies, as it was interpreted by our teacher, made a profound impression upon me. The Holy of Holies symbolized the unapproachable Divine Presence. 'The holy place,' where the priests ministered to waiting Israel, represented the world and humanity seeking the light. The 'veil of blue, and purple, and scarlet, and fine twined linen,' which hung between the Holy of Holies and the holy place, symbolized the barrier which was established between God and mankind when Adam fell, and which could be removed only when the promise of a Saviour was fulfilled. When Jesus was crucified on Calvary, and thus 'paid the price of sin,' 'the veil of the temple was rent in twain, from the top to the bottom,' signifying the removal of the barrier of original sin and the opening of the way of salvation to all those who come to the Father through the Son.

To me, that was Christian theology in a nutshell. Other explanations of the Bible were indeed precious, but the lesson of the Holy of Holies, a concentrated world of religious knowledge, was my chief treasure.

When I returned home for the Christmas vacation, I was expected to give a creditable account of myself as a student. All my other acquirements seemed to me too insignificant to be compared with my Biblical knowledge, of which, however, my only significant possessions were the interpretation of the Holy of Holies and the story of the ascension of Elijah. So, when a goodly company of friends and relatives came

in to greet me, on the evening of my arrival, and asked me to 'tell what I had learned,' the story of the Holy of Holies leaped spontaneously forth from my mind. Upon my auditors it had a telling effect. It was amazing to them 'what schools could do.' One of my cousins was so carried away by my portrayal of the divine mysteries, that, throwing up his hands in the air, in Oriental fashion, he exclaimed, 'My cousin, by the life of God, go no deeper into learning. I fear you might lose your mind!'

The Protestant doctrine of the Bible and the Church was also very interesting to me, but somewhat disquieting. It threatened my ancient orthodox faith in the authority of the Church and the mediatorial offices of the saints. I was taught that the Bible, and the Bible only, was of divine authority; that church ordinances were man-made, therefore faulty. Prayer to the saints, I was told, was 'a worship of the creature in place of the Creator'; the Church was the company of all believers, and not simply a body of priests; fasting and other legalistic practices were vain efforts on the part of man to save himself by his own endeavor, instead of seeking salvation by faith in the atoning merits of Christ. I felt especially predisposed to set my face against Protestantism when it taught me to give up adoring the Virgin Mary, the 'Mother of God.'

My education was not confined to the Bible and Protestant doctrines. I was instructed in arithmetic, in English, in reading the classical Arabic, in grammar, geography, and writing. My more mature faculties led me soon out of the beginners' class to higher grades, and in the latter part of the year I was allowed to attend the class of 'essayists,' whose essays were heard and criticised by the senior teacher every Saturday morning.

The most startling experience of my first year in school was my 'preaching' at the meeting of the recently organized Christian Endeavor Society, which comprised the entire student body and all the teachers. Toward the end of the year, the invitation to exercise this office came to me as a great honor, but it was a crushing one. At the appointed time one of the teachers led the devotional exercises, and then quietly introduced me as the preacher of the evening. It was the first time in my life that I had ever faced an audience. My 'sermon,' which occupied four foolscap pages, had taken me so long to write that I thought it would take as long to read. I was disposed, therefore, to read it from the pulpit with rapidity. What the sermon was about I have not the slightest recollection, and the manuscript is lost. What I do remember of that occasion is a curious psychological experience.

As I looked down from the platform I seemed to be peering through a powerful magnifying-glass. The heads of my auditors assumed enormous proportions; their eyes glared at me like those of an angry bull, and really frightened me. Nothing whatever seemed normal. It was my sub-conscious self that read the little sermon, and I 'came to' in my seat in the audience, mopping my face violently. Unconscious of all that was going on around me, I turned to one of the boys and asked, 'What happened?' 'You preached,' was his hasty answer, 'for about two minutes.'

When I went home for my summer vacation, I was received by my family and friends, not only affectionately but with that regard which is accorded seekers after knowledge among all peoples. The fact that my attainments were as yet very meagre counted for naught with my people. I was in the path of wisdom, and that was enough.

But such honors brought with them great responsibilities. I was supposed to be able to give an enlightened opinion on every subject under the sun, from a problem in subtraction to medical questions and the policies of the European nations.

It was a source of gratification to my parents, and to the pious among our neighbors, that I had not departed from my Mother Church. During that summer our little parish had the rare privilege of a visit from the great Patriarch of Antioch, who was then on a pastoral tour through his ancient see. Aside from the stupendous prestige of his official position, he was a personal friend of the Sultan, and so, wherever he went, the governors of the provinces were little more than his servants. The entire population of our town and the neighboring villages went out to meet him. The men of our church formed themselves into an armed escort, firing salutes all the way and enveloping the entire procession, Patriarch and all, in clouds of smoke and dust. I was equipped for the occasion with a pair of flint-lock pistols and a more modern double-barreled shotgun, and my place in the procession was close to the white horse of His Eminence.

At such times as this I felt myself to be as yet a true Greek Orthodox, but when I returned to the ordinary routine of worship in our village church, I discovered that the Protestant virus had gone deeper into my blood than I had been aware of, or desired. My soul was rent in twain. Sentimentally, I was still Greek Orthodox; intellectually, I had leaned perceptibly toward Protestantism. The pictures of the saints on the walls of our church seemed to me less rich in spiritual mystery than they did before I went to school. Saint-worship and many church ceremonies appeared beset with question-marks. *They had no warrant in the*

Bible, and my inquiring mind chafed under their claims. Such issues were perpetually in my mind, and I was inclined to argue them with my parents or even with the priest. The priest, however, who was very ignorant and quick-tempered, had very little to say excepting to rebuke me for emulating the methods of 'those accursed Protestants who know nothing else but to argue.'

With all our differences, however, I managed to retain my respect for the priest until he led me, by his own arrogance, to think and act differently. After my return from school, I no longer observed fast-days and days of abstinence from meat. One evening, as ill-luck had it, the priest called at our house and found me eating meat on a forbidden day. He was violent with rage. 'What are you eating, you accursed of God?' he said. 'You are neither sick nor feeble. Why do you sin in this manner?' Shaking with anger, he advanced toward me and lifted his foot to kick the table from before me.

In an instant I was on my feet, deeply insulted and greatly angered. I told him to leave the house instantly, else I should drive him out with a stick.

My parents were inexpressibly shocked. While they regretted his indiscretion, they were horrified at my conduct toward 'the priest of my people.'

'My son, my son,' exclaimed my mother, after our visitor had gone, 'the priest may be a bad man. Still he possesses the mystery of the priesthood.'

'The mystery of the priesthood!' cried I. 'Cursed be he and his mystery! A bad man cannot make a good priest. Mother, I am a Protestant upon the housetop.'¹

¹ A common Syrian expression for avowedly or completely. — THE AUTHOR.

My second year at school found me very happy and successful in my studies, but my lessons did not compare in significance with the general, indefinable influence which my school associations exerted over me. I seemed to awaken and absorb revolutionary religious and social forces. My individual life began to acquire both retrospect and prospect. I began to feel intelligently the impact of the past and to have visions of the more significant future. My teachers spoke encouragingly to me of my swift progress — ‘a youth who had but very recently forsaken the barren life of the stonemason and taken up the duties of the student.’

It was during the autumn of this year that I joined the Protestant Church. (Happily we knew no denominational designations in that school, which, however, was of the Presbyterian persuasion.) The American missionary, the Reverend Theodore Pond, who was the principal, examined me and received me into church fellowship. This step I took upon my own responsibility. I knew my parents would not favor it, so I did not ask them. Protestantism seemed to me more reasonable than my old form of faith. It did away with many church ordinances which had often bewildered my growing mind, and it afforded me a closer communion with Christ, who was the only Saviour of the world. Above all things, Protestantism opened and explained the Bible to me, and laid much emphasis on religion as life. When I was being examined by Mr. Pond, he asked me what my parents would think of the step I contemplated taking.

‘They would oppose it,’ I answered.

‘Would you disobey your parents?’ he asked.

‘In this case I would,’ said I. ‘The Master has said, “He that loveth father or mother more than me, is not

worthy of me.” Therefore Christ stands above earthly parents.’

Mr. Pond was pleasantly surprised at the quick but authoritative answer, and expressed the hope that my parents might, in the not far future, see the wisdom of my course.

My friend Iskander and I were the only Protestants in Betater, and while we were not persecuted in a mediæval sense, we had to fight many battles in defense of our faith. When we came in collision with intelligence, we were no mean fighters, but in the face of benighted bigotry we were often helpless. At such gatherings as weddings and funerals we suffered not a little. We were referred to sneeringly as ‘the Lutherans, the followers of the lustful monk who ran away from the church in order to get married.’ We were urged to admit the truth of the assertions that the Protestants who refused to confess their sins to the priest went up and confessed to the stone-roller on the housetop.¹ Many of our leaders, so they said, held communion with Satan. Our marriage service, being performed by a ‘lay-preacher,’² was invalid. Therefore, Protestant children were bastards, and so forth. Of intelligent criticism we seldom heard a word. Therefore, the reviling of our theological enemies only strengthened our hold on our new belief. Our own families accepted our defection from the faith as one would the inevitable, and parental and filial love kept us generally at peace.

While I was at school, I heard much about America. I studied its geography, heard of its great liberator, Washington, and almost every Sunday lis-

¹ Used to keep the turf roof impervious to rain, as explained in the first chapter. — THE EDITORS.

² The ordination of a Protestant minister does not according to the Greek and Catholic churches invest him with the authority of apostolic succession. — THE AUTHOR.

tened to Mr. Pond and other preachers speak of the zeal of its people for missionary work among the heathen of the earth. What has seemed very curious to me in the light of subsequent knowledge is the fact that America was always presented to my mind as a sort of hermit nation. Its people were rich and religious and little else. Every one of its citizens told the truth, and nothing but the truth, went to church every single Sunday, and lived the life of non-resistance. America had neither fleets nor armies and looked to England for the protection of American citizens in foreign lands. I do not remember that the missionaries spoke of America in exactly such terms, but by drawing their illustrations always from the religious side of American life, they led many of us to form such views of the New World.

But more exciting tales about America came to me through returning Syrian emigrants. Most of them, being common laborers, knew, of course, very little of the real life of America. They spoke only of its wealth and how accessible it was, and told how they themselves secured more money in America in a very few years than could be earned in Syria in two generations. More enlightened accounts of the great country beyond the seas came into Syria through a small minority of a better class of emigrants. From such descriptions I had a few glimpses of American civilization, of a land of free schools, free churches, and a multitude of other organizations which worked for human betterment. The fact that a few poor Syrian emigrants who had gone to America had in a few years attained not only wealth but learning and high social positions—had become real *khawajas*—appealed very strongly to my imagination. I would go to America if some turn of fortune made that possible.

At the end of my second year as a student my father told me that he was no longer able to keep me in school. He was getting old fast; his building enterprises grew smaller every year, and of his twelve children six still remained at home to care for. He had already paid twelve Turkish pounds for my two years' keep in school. Adding to that the loss of my wages for two years, his financial burden was no light one. Disappointment fell upon me with the weight of a calamity. I could not blame my father, so I was the more helpless in dealing with the stubborn difficulty. What was to become of me? Was I to be forced back to the circumstances against which I had rebelled so successfully two years before? Were all my hopes to be dashed?

During that summer and autumn my father met with serious business reverses, and we were actually reduced to want. The approach of the winter, always dreaded by the common people of Syria, was doubly dreaded by our family. I had never known what real want was before, and now, after I had been flattered lavishly by my teachers and fellow-students as 'one of the very promising young men,' to behold our family in the grip of real poverty and to think of myself as the helpless victim of such circumstances, was almost unbearable.

Early in November I made a visit to my beloved school in Sûk-el-Gharb and called on Mr. Pond. He asked me interestedly about my plans and listened with sympathy to my story. I told him that my chief desire was to return to the school as a student, but that my father's circumstances rendered this impossible. It was beyond Mr. Pond's power to extend me financial assistance, but he offered me the position of a teacher in the primary or day school, which joined the High School, suggesting that in that position

I could avail myself of many of the privileges which the High School offered. I promptly accepted, and in a few days assumed my new duties with great enthusiasm.

The salary of my new position was three quarters of a Turkish pound (about \$3.00) per month, and my board, which was provided at the High School. My bed stood in my school-room, among the benches of my pupils, and served as a comfortable seat for me during recitations. I do not remember that I ever received my salary at the end of the month without a sense of insult. Mr. Pond lived in a beautiful residence. He had a carriage, a saddle-horse, and three servants. Why was it that I should accept a position whose salary did not enable me to preserve my self-respect? Yet I had accepted it of my own free will, and I only was to blame for the choice.

My career as a school-teacher covered three years — two in Sûk-el-Gharb and one in the city of Zahlah, which is situated on the eastern slopes of Mt. Lebanon, on the main road to Damascus. At that time Zahlah claimed a population of about twenty thousand souls, and enjoyed a commanding commercial position. The city was rich, and its population contained not a few college men, my associations with whom proved very profitable. During those three years I applied myself to the search after knowledge with strong and sustained zeal. Owing to the scarcity of books, my range of subjects was very narrow. The Arabic language and literature absorbed almost all my time and effort. I mastered its grammar and rhetoric, read extensively in its literature, and committed to memory hundreds of lines of poetry, chiefly from the ancient classical poets. When I became able to write correct poetry, in classical Arabic, I considered the prize of my educational calling won.

My absorption in this study led me to neglect the English language entirely. It ceased to have any charms for me, and gradually became a faint and tarnished memory.

In my last year in Sûk-el-Gharb I touched the fringe of Occidental life at two points. First, I acquired a European costume. European dress was slowly becoming the attire of the new 'aristocracy of learning.' When I first donned this fashionable but strange garb, I was ashamed to appear where people might look at me. The lower half of my person felt quite bare and my legs seemed uncomfortably long. The habit of sitting on the floor often asserted itself unconsciously, and occasionally endangered the seams of the newly acquired costume. My townspeople most uncharitably called me 'the man in tights.' Happily for me, I only put on the strange garb on special occasions, and retained with it the Turkish fez as a connecting link between the East and the West.

My other touch of Occidental life came from dining with the other teachers one evening at the home of the American missionary. Here it was that I heard the piano for the first and last time in Syria, and ate with the knife and fork. The chief dish of the occasion consisted of a stratum of dough baked over a dissected chicken. When my plate reached me heavily laden with the strange composition, I was not a little puzzled to know how it was to be eaten. I deemed it wise to follow the example of the others, but to disengage the flesh from the bones of a chicken, with knife and fork, was a painful experience to me. Lacking skill, I applied force, when suddenly my awkward eating tools slipped, and almost broke the plate. I was deeply impressed with the gracious dignity of my host, who appeared not to notice it, while my fellow Syrian guests (I sup-

pose because of our familiarity with one another) snickered at my distressing experience.

My three years of activity and intellectual endeavor as a school-teacher, while they proved advantageous in many ways, failed to put me on the highway of true progress. My salary kept me on the level of poverty, and the opportunities for promotion were extremely scant. I began to realize that soul-expansion and a useful career in the world of knowledge depended first and last, not on the theories of the schoolroom, but on the enlightened and progressive genius of a nation. I could claim no nationality and no flag. The rule of the Turk was painfully repressive. Under it love of freedom and of progress was a crime against the State. Our schools were simply foreign colonies, tolerated by the Sultan because of the great powers which stood behind them. The enlightened youth of the country not only lacked the opportunities which call forth and develop the nobler human qualities, but were constantly watched by the government as possible revolutionists. With a multitude of other young men I longed and prayed inwardly and silently for better things, or, at least, for the opportunity to emigrate from a country in which life slowly but surely grew to mean intellectual and moral death.

Whither should I go? On one occasion Mr. Pond suggested to me to enter the ministry in my own country. He thought I was qualified by nature for the sacred office, and lacked only the training, which I could have, free, in the theological department of the Syrian Protestant College in Beyrout.

The offer did not appeal to me very strongly. The preachers I had listened to in school, including Mr. Pond himself, made no strong impression on me. Their messages were almost wholly

formal statements of doctrine, whose dynamic power decreased in proportion as they were repeated from Sunday to Sunday.

My answer to Mr. Pond's proposition was that I had never contemplated entering the ministry, nor did I feel at the time inclined to entertain such an idea. We both 'hoped' that in the future I might be led to take such a step. My hope, however, was a mere imitation of his, for the matter dropped from my mind soon after I left his house.

At last I concluded to continue teaching school, preferring, however, to return to Zahlah, where I had worked during my second year as teacher. Early in September, 1891, I went thither to visit some friends and more particularly to apply for my former position as a teacher.

Upon my arrival I was told that two young men, who had been close friends of mine, were to leave for America the following morning. The news startled me. Certainly I must go and bid them good-bye. Soon after supper I called at the home of one of them and found them both there. We fell on one another's neck and kissed in Oriental fashion.

Speaking both at once, they said, 'Abraham, why don't you go with us? What is there in Syria for a man like you? Come, let us go to America together.'

The words of my friends, while they stirred violently the depths of my soul and awakened a thousand slumbering hopes, rendered me speechless.

'Why don't you say yes?' they asked. 'Let nothing stand in your way, and let us make the voyage together.'

'How can I go,' I said, 'with so many obstacles in the way?'

'What obstacles?' queried my friends. 'If your chief difficulty is financial, we stand ready to lend you all the money you need until you reach

New York. What better chance can you ask for?’

The moment seemed to me of divine significance. Really, what better chance could I ask or hope for? At last America was within my reach. Would it be anything short of madness to let such a great privilege go by? I had to act on my own responsibility, but I remembered that when I dropped my tools as a stonemason and went to school, I had to act on my own responsibility; when I left the church of my fathers and became a Protestant, I had to follow my own course. Now I was called upon to make a third great decision, and to make it quickly. The wiser powers within and above me again asserted themselves, and I decided that I would go to America. Our final plan was that I was to return home at once, secure all the money I could, and, within two days, join my friends at Beyrout, whence we were to sail for the New World.

My sudden decision to emigrate to America was a shocking surprise to my parents, but not altogether unpleasant. They had confidence in me because I was ‘a learned man.’ They regretted deeply my having to depend on others for funds, but it all seemed to them Allah’s will. Pushing her scarf back from her forehead and lifting her eyes and hands to heaven, my mother implored the all-seeing, all-wise Father, whose will it was that her favorite son should be torn away from her arms, possibly forever, to guide and prosper him, and return him safe to his father’s house.

All the money which my father could give me amounted to three napoleons. He wept because he could find no more. It required no very long time to complete my preparations for the voyage. My clothes were tied up into a bundle in a large bandanna. My ‘bed for the ship’ was much like that of the man

who was sick of the palsy, consisting of a cushion, a pillow, and a light quilt. With such an equipment I rejoined my friends at Beyrout, at the appointed time.

Our most important task was to secure the indorsement of our *teskaras*, — passports, — which we had obtained from the government of Mt. Lebanon, by the Beyrout officials. Difficulties were often placed in the way of emigrants from Turkey by the officials for the purpose of extorting money from them. Emigration to America was discouraged and generally supposed to be prohibited. Our passports indicated that our destination was Alexandria, which was true, but not the whole truth. Moreover, our more refined speech and manners seemed to remove us, in the minds of the officials, from the ordinary class of emigrants. For the indorsing of our passports we were required to pay half a *madjidy* — Turkish dollar — each, and we thought our exit from the unbeloved empire was rather cheap.

Our opinion was probably suspected, for shortly after we left the wharf, our boat was halted and an officer demanded our *teskaras*. The inspector appeared stern and doubtful. Our own boatman advised us to ‘present’ the inspector with half a *madjidy* each, and avoid more unpleasant things. We heeded the advice and the boat went on. When we were within a few yards of our steamer another haughty inspector interrupted our progress and demanded our *teskaras*. Another ‘half a *madjidy* each’ gave us our freedom. We left our ‘mother country’ with nothing but curses for her government on our lips.

Our steamer tickets entitled us to passage from Beyrout to Marseilles as ‘deck passengers’ — the equivalent of the steerage on Atlantic liners. With more gayety than wisdom we estab-

lished our quarters high up on the foredeck. There were more sheltered places, but we scorned them.

Joppa was our first stopping-place. Next came Port Said, where a large contingent of Russian Jews joined us. This little city seemed to me a wonder. A department store, a mere toy compared with the department stores of America, dazzled me. Its large glass windows and a real sidewalk around it quickened my poetic sense. I seemed to myself to have come face to face with some of the wonders of the world, and my pen spared not in describing the scenes before me.

Alexandria came next, and Port Said was dwarfed in my imagination. I tore up the description of the department store and proceeded to poetize the great city of Alexander.

Shortly after we left this port for Marseilles, the Mediterranean began to be unfriendly. Our quarters on the foredeck, our trunks and bedding, caught the copious spray from every wave. Our gayety changed to grave concern, and all our singing ceased. A peculiar ailment also seized me just below the diaphragm. With our portable beds in our arms we sought more sheltered places, but found them all filled with an inhospitable crowd of Jews and Gentiles. In our extremity, we resorted to a malodorous recess on the port side of the lower deck where many trunks and bundles of clothing had been thrown for shelter, and where ducks and other feathery fellow creatures were kept within wire screens. The ducks gave screams of terror because of our intrusion, and we did no less, because of their presence there. Other human beings joined us in that locality, and we all lay piled on top of that heap of freight, across one another's bodies, much like the neglected wounded in a great battle.

An incident which occurred in that

hole (which I have called ever since 'the duck apartment') still lives in my memory, because of its amusing and ethical aspects alike.

Lying across my legs, and barely within shelter, was a very kindhearted, God-fearing man from Damascus. I was just telling him not to allow another person to come in with us, because we were almost suffocated as it was, when we heard a woman approaching us, uttering in the Egyptian dialect terrible imprecations against the steamship company.

I felt that a veritable terror was about to visit us, and very ungallantly called to him, 'By the life of Heaven, don't allow this woman in here!' In a second she was upon us, and demanded accommodation.

'*Lewajeh Allah,*'—for the face of God,¹—said the kind-hearted Damascene, and squeezed himself a few inches to one side. In an instant the wrathful Egyptian wedged herself in, squirmed round until she secured the proper leverage, and then kicking mightily with both feet, pushed the beneficent Damascene clear out on the wave-washed deck!

When we landed at Marseilles I could hardly credit my senses. Everything Turkish had disappeared and I was walking the streets of France, the great country of which I had heard so much. My friends having studied at the Syrian Protestant College, besides having a fair knowledge of the English language, knew some French, by the aid of which we escaped on many occasions from the hands of interpreters and ticket-brokers of our own nationality.

In Marseilles I first saw electric lights, which fascinated me beyond description, and there I first marveled

¹ By this expression the Orientals mean, for no earthly reward. The good deed is cast Godward, and finds compensation with Him. — THE AUTHOR.

at a railway train. I narrowly escaped being run over near the railway station, when I dashed across the track, a very short distance from an incoming train. A uniformed man, who, I infer, was a guard, shouted at me so fiercely that I thought he was beside himself. I was not fully acquainted with the fact that a train would really run over a hopeful and ambitious young man. It was in Marseilles also that I first experienced a distinctly Occidental sensation, when I cast off the soft Turkish fez and put a stiff, and, incidentally, ill-fitting, hat on my head.

At Marseilles we bought tickets for New York. We were shipped by train (third-class) to Paris, whence, after a halt of a few hours during which we wandered in the neighborhood of the railway station,—‘just to see Paris,’—we were reshipped to Havre. Here we were herded in a lodging-house, together with many other steerage passengers, for two nights, and were each of us given a table equipment of tinware, consisting of a plate, two spoons differing in size, a cup, and a knife and fork. On the day of sailing we were marched out to the steamer in the style of well-behaved convicts, carrying our labels in our hats.

The steerage of those days on a second- or third-class steamer certainly fell below the worst tenement house. Hundreds of men, women, and children were herded together in a large and filthy cave in the lower regions of the steamer, under conditions which precluded even the commonest decency. The food was distributed to the passengers in buckets and large tin pans, from which they filled their tin plates and cups, and to the swift was the race.

Fortunately for us ‘college men,’ and thanks to the linguistic qualifications of my two friends, who won the respect of the captain, or an officer who we thought was the captain, we

were given quarters with a few others in a room which contained three tiers of three berths each, and which was more or less successfully partitioned from the main steerage quarters. We had our full share of the noise and stench of the general surroundings, but we enjoyed greatly the decency of our partial seclusion.

Almost all the way I suffered from that peculiar sickness whose acquaintance I first made between Alexandria and Marseilles. Having seen much better days at home, the diet of the steamer tortured my soul. The lower class of Europeans did by no means appeal most exquisitely to my æsthetic sense. My physical weakness made the uncertainty of my future and my financial difficulties oppressive to me. But hope remained alive, the great New World, the enchanter of my soul, was very near at hand, and the God of my fathers was my God and helper.

On the evening of October 6, 1891, our steamer cast anchor in the harbor of New York, too late for us to disembark. From some Italian venders who had boarded the ship we bought the needful things for the evening repast. Here I ate the first real meal since we had left Havre. A certain meat composite, strongly spiced, proved unspeakably toothsome to me. Upon inquiry I learned that it was called ‘bologna,’ which term I rooted deeply in my memory as the first trophy of the New World.

Refreshed and sustained by my savory supper, and exhilarated by the thought of my arrival in the great city of New York, I proceeded to the casting of my accounts. The outcome was not all that could be desired. The figures, which ‘do not lie,’ showed that my assets were about nine cents (half a franc) and my liabilities forty dollars, which I owed to my friends. Under those somewhat embarrassing cir-

cumstances, I was to face the inspector of immigrants at Ellis Island the following morning.

But the significance of the exact knowledge of my straightened circumstances went with me far beyond the usual depression one feels under similar conditions. I was told by well-informed fellow-passengers that on the morrow I stood in danger of being deported because the immigration laws of America required an immigrant such as I was, with no family and no position awaiting him in this country, to give satisfactory evidence that he had no less than twenty dollars (the sum must have been a mere guess) on his person; otherwise he could not be admitted into the United States.

That was decidedly unwelcome information. It took away all the pleasure of my bologna supper. To be deported to Turkey! Just think of it! Had my blossoming hopes come so near fruition only to be blasted? I would not ask my friends for more money. They had already told me that they could lend me no more without endangering their own future. But the situation being of such a peculiar nature, my companions came to the rescue by offering to lend me four pounds 'on demand,' with which to meet the requirements of the law. I found no reason to reject the offer.

On the following morning, armed with my 'short loan,' I stood before the inspector, who was a Syrian, with only

slight tremors in my knees. He asked me my age, the name of the Syrian province whence I came, whether I could read and write, took down my description, and then, with a smile, asked me whether I was married. I came very near giving myself away when, with a smile broader still than his, I answered, 'What should I do with a wife, when I can hardly take care of myself?'

With a very encouraging laugh, he said, 'Married Syrian immigrants get on much better in this country than the unmarried.'

I do not know now in what connection I quoted two lines of poetry to the genial inspector, and, with more playfulness than wisdom, asked him whether he knew of any *beautiful* damsel in the Syrian colony who would consider the advances of a willing young poet. With another hearty smile, he said, 'Pass on, you are all right.' He did not ask about money! As we passed out of the building, my merry friends said, 'Abraham, your wily poetry served you well this time.' With a mixed feeling of relief and anxiety, I returned the emergency loan and held fast my half franc.

We landed at Battery Place, explored the dock for our trunks, which we discovered in a small mountain of baggage, and proceeded to a lodging-house on Washington Street, the chief centre of the Syrian colony in New York.

(To be continued.)

THE SPONGE-SPOILERS

BY HENRY CHRISTOPHER CHRISTIE

W'en Gawd get tired he mek sponge-t'ief.

I

EPHRAIM yawned sleepily and spread stalwart arms heavenward, twisting the muscles of his black body until they swelled against his ragged undershirt. He bent over the gunwale of the schooner and swashed the crisp, cool sea-water into his face. A rub with his dirty sleeve, and a gulp of dark brackish liquid from the butt lashed to the mainmast, completed his toilet.

He selected a staff from among a dozen lying on the deck, a long slender pole, so supple that its own weight bent it perilously, and examined the two-pronged hook attached to one end. Having done this he grunted his approval, then cast the pole noisily upon a dinky that lay nuzzling the larger boat. Next he secured a water-glass, and after transferring it gently to the thwart of the dinky, untied the painter from the boat-ring to which it was fastened and, holding the rope in one hand, moved to the hatchway.

'Prins Arter!' His hoarse bass swelled out on the morning air like a bassoon. 'Prins Arter, dey clean! Skin yer¹ eyes an' git de oo's.'²

A thin, disjointed boy in loose flapping garments peeped timidly from the open hatch.

'Dey clean fer true,' he mumbled,

¹ The Bahama darkies say 'you' and 'yer' for the singular, interchangeably; 'youna' or 'yinna' for the plural.

² 'Oo's' means oars.

urging himself over the rails. 'Gawd, I'se cole.'

He shivered as he exposed his body to the morning air, and stood irresolute for a moment. Then he tied the loose, torn sleeves of his over-sized jacket into firm knots, bandaged his gargantuan pantaloons around him, with some ravelings of tow, and fumbled dejectedly for an oar. From a scattered pile he fished out one that was broken-bladed, short-handled and stock-worn, and viewed it reproachfully.

'Tell yer fer git new oo's. Dis one ain' no use 'tall 'tall,' he whined, sideling meanwhile toward the skiff which Ephraim still held up to the vessel's side.

'New oo's!' echoed Ephraim. 'What fer new oo's w'en roller³ only sellin' fer t'ree cent bead? Umph — Can't buy grub, much less oo's.'

He gave the rope an impatient tug as though to emphasize his remarks.

'You rub,' he added when the boy had limped in.

'Won' rub much longer,' whispered the sculler under his breath, slipping the stock in the sculling-crease and deftly spinning the blade, whereupon the boat pushed along, making curving furrows in the calm sea as evenly as a child's finger might, when drawn through dry sand.

The 'Mud' is a wide shallow, locked in by cays and islands of the Bahama group; a marine lake with many paths and gateways leading to the ocean. It gained its name from its soundings,

³ Roller: fine-grade sponge.

which are composed of a fine milky dust or marl. On this sponge thrives. Inexhaustible gardens of sponge stretch along its bottom, just within reach of the pronged staff; though it is scarcely correct to speak of gardens, since sponge is a low form of animal life.

The 'Mud' is seldom vexed by tempests, but this morning it was more calm than usual. It was like a titanic canvas flushed evenly and firmly by the sun, just appearing in the sky. In the very centre of the suffusion moved the little boat.

When the schooner was well astern, and the low cay near which she was moored had dwindled to a thin line, Ephraim stationed himself in the bows of the skiff and, crouching there, submerged the water-glass a few inches beneath the tide. The staff he held with one end on the gunwale, its loose lithe length quivering out over the water, like a living creature impatient for its prey.

Meanwhile, the sponger himself, every muscle set, peered intently through the glass, watching the gray gravel beneath. The abyss teemed with life. Furcated sea-rods as soft as silk yet as strong as wire, sea-fans unfolding gorgeous fantasies in purple and bronze and cardinal and ochre, conches with glistening armor tinted in pearl and amaranth, marine flowers, mosses and ferns, delicate transparent fishes with opalescent scales and slender bodies, all were there, but Ephraim saw none of them. It was a black elfish face that beckoned him on, and each sponge hoisted with toil and sweating lessened the distance between him and his heart's desire. It was not that the image ever before him was altogether a comforting one. It was not. There was little in common between him and the girl whom he loved, but he pinned his faith to that which had given comfort to many another in his predica-

ment. Play and sing and dance he could not, but he was a careful worker and he could provide. There would be no want and wretchedness if she should give her consent.

Ephraim's bleared eyes watered with the fierceness of his gaze, as he looked straight down into the water, never for a second winking or turning to the left or the right.

'H'm-m,' he grunted, and the rhythm of the oar ceased.

'Pull to yer,'—His voice became a whisper as if afraid lest it might frighten some unwary prey.

'So'—The hand holding the pole grew rigid as the fathoms of pine slipped into the sea. A tense moment passed, and then he gave a dexterous twist of his powerful wrist. The pole spun around swiftly, and became motionless. The sponger rested the water-glass on the thwart and hauled up the dripping mass which he had wrenched from its home in the soft marl. He shook it off, and it fell with a splash of dark liquid to the bottom of the boat. The mannikin in the stern laughed shrilly.

Ephraim resumed his pose, and once more the boat wound its slow way through the slough of the tide. Again and again as the morning wore on, did he peer into the depths, locate his prey, and then drive at it with his slender hook.

The sun streamed down in tropical fury, the atmosphere grew dense and fevered, the water of the shut-in 'Mud' warmed and gave out a sickening scent, while the dying sponges made breathing a torture.

The last captured sponge had had an unusual history. Released from its mother, it had floated out with the undertow, feeling for a foothold, and had at last drifted upon a young conch. Its gelatinous feelers had fastened on the cusp and had clung there. Thus

anchored, the sponge grew merrily, careless of the discomfiture that it caused its rescuer. Day by day it had increased in size, until the weary conch, seeking to be rid of its burden, had dug deep in the mud. Nature teaches these mollusks to clean their shells in that way. This, however, was precisely what the sponge desired, for once rooted in the mud with such a burden on its back, the conch could rise no more, and so, buried alive in the grave which it had dug for itself, it perished miserably.

There was deep tragedy in the event; it was the old battle for existence fought out through countless centuries in the field, the mart, the temple, and on the sea; even the 'Mud' could not escape it. Under the surface of the stream there were others who felt the burden of living.

A conch with its spade-shaped operculum had dug out from the abounding slime a dainty sea-worm, and was devouring it with relish and satisfaction. A splendid overflowing of purple and saffron tentacles smothered the insect, and slowly sucked it into a viscid maw; but before the gorging was ended, a conch-killer had crept out from a jungle of moss and sea-rod, lifted the bulk of the conch sidewise, and thrust his venomous spear deep into its body. The conch tried to retreat to the cover of its shell, but the spear had trans-fixed it utterly. The struggle was brief but decisive, and the victorious conch-killer battened voraciously on his victim, all unheeding of the judgment hanging over, for with his sponge-hook Ephraim lifted victor and vanquished to one death between the footlings of the boat.

'Good 'nuff fer youna,' grinned Ephraim, as he slammed them from his hook. 'Good 'nuff fer youna, youna lay dere till dinner-time.'

The impish sculler giggled approval

of the capture as he turned again to his task.

The mound in the boat steadily increased, and she sank deeper and deeper into the water. The shadow of the squirming figure in the stern was twisted into grotesque shapes on the surface of the sea as he strove to keep headway against the set of the tide, but still Ephraim persisted in his quest. The lead was a good one, and the rollers easy to find; not until the sun had dropped well in the west did he throw his staff from him. As it clattered on the gunwale, he rested the glass on the slimy cargo and sat up dizzily, wiping his horny hands over his face. The oarsman paused in his strokes, and the cockle broad-sided to the current.

'Gawd, I'se tired!'

His gaunt arms quivered with pain as he pressed them against his emaciated flanks, his fingers cramped like claws from handling the oar. His hungry eyes stared weakly across the watery wilderness, searching for the schooner. Too weary for words, Ephraim answered the look with a wave of his hand, indicating a northerly direction.

'Six mile we come,' wailed the lad. 'Gawd, how we's goin' git back?'

'Scull, man,' broke out Ephraim fiercely.

His vitals were gnawing at him now; over there toward the north, miles away, were food and rest.

'Scull, yer lazy sponge-t'ief, scull!' he cried.

The rickety boy made a despairing gesture. Every bone of his lank frame protested against the outrage; but he clinched the oar and put the boat's head toward the north. Then silence fell around them, broken only by the weak crepitation of the oar winding in and about the sculling crease, as the boat sagged along homeward through the lagoon.

II

'Was dem?'

The mate's huge mouth widened in wonder as the deep-laden craft drew up beside the schooner.

'Rollers, all on' em,' grunted Ephraim wearily.

'Gwan, doan' talk fool. What mans ever ketch boat-load roller one day?'

He leaned over the vessel's side and caught up one of the viscous spheres. He soused it in a barrel of water, squeezed it dry, and beat it against the gunwale until a rent in its slimy coating showed the soft bones beneath. His face changed its expression of contempt for one of intense interest. Ephraim guffawed contently.

'Wha' say now?' he asked.

The mate scratched his fuzzy eyebrows with a dirty forefinger. 'I doan' know w're dey come from, dey mus' er jist enkiver demself for yer. Dey is sure rollers.'

Ephraim chuckled again. 'Doan' put me 'mong dose lazy sponger who jist play 'roun' de vessel till grub time. I wuks, me.'

He dug his bare arms to the elbows into the filthy mass, and began tossing the sponges to the deck.

'Clean up dat boat,' he commanded, when the task was done.

He threw a ragged sponge to Prince Arthur in the stern, and the boy began scrubbing the footlings and sopping the muddy bilge.

The caboose of the 'Outward Go' was a huge box filled with bay sand, on which were several large stones to support the pots. To-night a cheery flame winked and fluttered around a large Dutch oven wherein an unhealthy-looking liquid was bubbling furiously, ever and again tossing to the surface brown fragments of some substance that was as uninviting in appearance as the broth. It was a conch stew. A

thick journey cake¹ leaned against one wall of the caboose, and scattered about were tin plates and spoons dripping from a recent bath.

The haggard imp cleaning the boat regarded it all with solemn longing.

'Gawd, I'se hongry!' he whimpered, wringing the filth-laden sponge over the boat-side. He searched his shallow mind for some more forcible expression, but failed to find any.

'Gawd, I'se hongry!' he repeated, and turned again to his task.

However remote from luxury, it yet was easeful to lie prone on the deck, face down over a steaming pannikin of stew, with a slab of dingy cake beside it, and to gulp in the hot brew, using meanwhile powerful grinders to macerate the tough fibres of the conch meat. It was refreshing to swallow tin after tin of smoking coffee, and then cool off with a torrent of water.

But the supreme moment of bliss for the sponger came when he dislodged his pipe from its own particular cranny, rammed into its grimy bowl the precious weed reeking with molasses, and applied the glowing coal.

Ephraim stretched himself until his joints cracked, then, pillowing his head on a coil of rope, indulged in what day-dreams his slow-moving fancy might conjure up. Work was done, repose was his, the faithfulness of nature he never doubted.

'Did yer see any sail?'

It was the mate who broke into his content.

'Nary one,' replied Ephraim, between his puffs. 'Nary one. Wha' fer any sail 'bout now, in dis kyam — only t'ief —'

'Das funny,' returned the questioner, settling his head on a pile of firewood. 'Jerry been here ter-day, an he say he see strange sail dat way.'

¹ In the United States known as johnny cake.

He swung his hand toward a group of low cays in the distance.

'Who Jerry?' mumbled Ephraim, covering his pipe-bowl with his finger to increase the draught. 'Yer doan' mean liar Jerry Dean, does yer?'

The mate pushed a stray sponge aside with his free foot.

'Pshaw, doan' b'lieb him,' said Ephraim. 'Jerry up ter somet'in'. Wha' he want?'

'Spong'in'.'

'Spong'in'!' repeated Ephraim in quick contempt. 'Who ebber see Jerry sponge? Lazy t'ing! Gawd hear me, if I wus wuthless as Jerry I'd er drown'd myself, please Gawd I would.'

'He say he sine on Early Bird,' declared the mate. 'She down to Mate Cay.'

'Jerry skull from Mate Cay here?' Ephraim laughed and spat.

'Jerry ain't scullin', he hookin',' exclaimed the captain.

'Doan' talk fool, cap'. Jerry hooker? Mans mus' be scource.'

Ephraim laughed capaciously at the humor of the thought.

'We ought to break groun' Mondee, please Gawd' — The mate changed the subject, raising his voice a little.

'I'se ready. My crawl mos' full, an' dis yer,' Ephraim kicked toward the dying sponges, 'will 'bout full er up. I'se ready.'

But the rest of the crew who had been lying around silently, smoking, rose in hoarse protest.

'Ephraim Rolle, you bin lucky, but we's had it tough enough.'

A tall, thin Abaconian spoke in a quarrelsome tone. 'You say break groun' — humph — yer crawl full, enty, an' we; wha' we fer do, we who don' make one boatload dis v'y'ge, an' den onlee grass sponge? I dunno war yer hook so much roller from.'

'Cause good reason why, w'en you-na jes' play wid yer wuk. Ast Prins

Arter war we been ter-day, an' ebery day. Gawd heah me, six mile an' not er faddom less, eh, Prins?'

The boy, who had coiled up his lank bones in the bows, raised a scraggy neck to a level with the hatch.

'Six mile, sixty mile; Lawd, I'se mos' dead!'

He sank back exhausted and shut his eyes.

'An' I hooks, me,' boasted Ephraim complacently. 'I hooks, an' I hooks, youna hear me. I don' carry no pipe wid me, an' no rum wid me, an' no grub wid me. I wuks, me.'

'Yer a disgraceful mans,' admonished a stocky Exumean, who had been fighting with a refractory tube. 'Yer is a disgraceful mans, Ephraim Rolle. Gawd gin' yer der roller, an' you boas' 'bout yerse'f. You disgraceful.'

'But I wuks,' defended Ephraim.

'An' we all wuks,' shouted the Abaconian. 'We all is mans, an' we all an us wuks. You is lucky, das it.'

'Lucky?' questioned the Exumean reprovingly. 'He am bless, das it. An' Gawd hear me, if he drink his rum an' percolate wid de street gal, Gawd will struck him.'

But Ephraim came in on the clamor with the word of command that they should break ground on Monday, and the grumblers, with half-empty crawls, protested and argued to no purpose.

'Tain' work,' bewailed a disaffected sponger. 'Tain' work an' fait'ful 'tall 'tall.'

'Was 't is den?' queried the moralist.

'Tis 'ooman, 'pen' 'pun it, 'tis 'ooman, an' 'tain' no use fer yer to dictate dat.'

'He wan' we fer punish. Fer why? 'Cas 'ee wan' gin Titie cloes an' t'ings, but he bes' mind Nego. Nego got dat girl fool, an' fer all Ephum wuk, an' fait'ful, Nego goin' larf at him yit, please Gawd.'

— With this dismal prophecy the speak-

er proceeded to dig in the dying ca-boose fire for a coal.

Finally, however, order was restored, and the sponger's good humor soon returned. When night fell, every man was eager for Monday and the run to town.

The next morning, the overloaded dingy managed by Ephraim was conspicuous among the tiny fleet that zig-zagged to the crawls. Rows of wattled squares lay along the soft muddy reaches of a sandy cay, the spaces between the wattles allowing the tide free entrance, and the dead matter room to wash away.

In these pens the sponges were dumped until their thin outside layer of flesh had rotted, when, armed with stout wooden beaters, the spongers entered and bruised and banged the dead meat out of the pores, until only the skeleton was left, clean and fit for market.

With the instinct that serves bee and bird so well, Ephraim pushed his boat straight to the crawl that was his. It was nearly full of sponges in all stages of decomposition, and the tide as it flowed out was discolored with the unhealthy wash that oozed through the wattle fence. He looked down into the pit with swelling pride. Every specimen told of labor and hardship and skill. Every sphere meant food and comfort.

'Broke groun' Mondee, eh,' he muttered. 'Who's a carin'? Not me.'

He began tossing his cargo into the crawl, pressing it down with his feet.

'Sundee, me and Prins' will gin 'em a shake out.'

He examined the beaters tied to the wattles. They were worn and ragged. He poled to the weed-strewn beach, disturbing a flock of noisy snipe that were dominating a tiny promontory near by. From a mastic he hewed a tough limb, and with infinite patience

fashioned the snappy wood into new beaters with his short sheath-knife. The one which he meant to use, he nicked deeply.

He poled back again and lashed the beaters firmly to the fence. Then he surveyed his work. He felt a complacent satisfaction in his success. The mildewed spheres filled the crawl, and their sobbing and sucking in the tide was as sweet music to his ears.

He lighted his pipe and lay in the stern of his boat, from which point of vantage he watched his neighbors. At varying distances, they too were busy. Some cursed and quarreled over their work; some sang and played in the water like children; but all were engaged in getting their catches ready for the beating.

Ephraim smiled in vast content. They were so foolish, the rest of them. They never 'wuk'd right,' they were always in trouble, while he — his crawl was full. His work was over for that voyage, and the biggest space in the 'tween decks' must be his to stow his cargo.

One by one the spongers drifted away, to fish along the reefs or to gather firewood for the run home. But Ephraim still rested, while the broiling sun beat down upon the low marshy cays and the air grew still more rank.

Suddenly he shaded his eyes with his hands and sat up straight. He gazed long and fiercely into the distance, where a whitish cloud-like blur moved slowly along. Only an eye practiced in sea-craft could have detected the sail of a vessel in that dim blot.

Under ordinary circumstances a sail on the 'Mud' is a common sight, but a sail with this June calm on was a different matter — it could mean only a stranger, or a —

Ephraim caught his breath with a hard gasp as he called to mind the captain's statement about Jerry Dean.

His nimble hand flared the oar, and his boat bounded toward the distant craft. Almost immediately he lost sight of her, for there were faint cat-paws that her light draught could use, and she was a long way off. After an hour's chase Ephraim turned back in disgust, not tired but disheartened. A sense of impending misfortune, for the moment, weighed him down.

Sunday observance is strictly enforced on the 'Mud.' The sponger's outfit is never complete without a *Pure Gold* or *Songs of the Sanctuary* hymnal, and it is the delight of the sponger to employ his Sunday leisure in vociferous expression of his favorite tunes. Ephraim alone showed no desire to join the others in their devotions, and in vain the crew remonstrated with him for his Sunday labor.

'Goin' to beat sponge on 'de Sabbat! Ephraim Rolle, I'se shamed an yer an' you a member ob class an' cap'n dis craf' too!'

'Sho' ef yer crawl is full, dere's cause for t'ankfulness,' warned the Ex-umean; 'stead er wukin', yer sh'u'd be praisin' de Lawd. You'se disgrateful, Ephraim Rolle.'

Popular sentiment ran high against him, but still he persisted. He routed out Prince Arthur, and together they moved slowly over the water to the crawls, while sacred songs rose from the schooner lying idly at anchor.

Sprawled over the deck in every conceivable attitude, the swarthy crew, each provided with a hymn book, rendered praises that were more strenuous than reverent. Their wide nostrils grew wider, their huge mouths were distended to their utmost capacity, while their thick red tongues moved clamorously over the rhythmic numbers of 'Whiter than Snow' and 'The Pearly Gates.'

The decks were untidy with sponge, rotting in the sun, and with stones,

water-glasses, firewood, and bits of wearing apparel. The men themselves would have been benefited by a plunge into the water beneath them, but the inexorable code of a law which they but faintly comprehended, and which they violated on other days, held them to their hymnals.

III

When Ephraim awoke on Monday morning, it was later than usual. He gazed in dismay at the climbing orb whose slanting rays illuminated the 'Mud.' He shook Prince Arthur from his sleep with an ungentle hand, and tumbled him into the dingy with scant feeling; and Prince, still half asleep, sculled automatically toward the crawl.

Ephraim stretched himself, alternately loosing and flexing his muscles, preparatory to a hard day's work. He was jubilant this morning, after his first burst of ill humor over his tardiness in starting.

The air was wonderfully fresh and invigorating. Above the low stretches of marshland a golden haze lay, broken here and there by fervid growths. The water, as it shallowed to the shore, shone splendidly clear, and the rocks, as the swell of the tide covered them, gave out a faint music that delighted the eager toiler who was advancing toward them.

'Prins,' he said 'der beater wid da nick is mines. Your'n is da small en.'

The crawls were in sight now, and his blood leapt in his veins as he thought of his full catch. He began to loosen his clothes, and in a few moments slipped them off and plunged into the sea. Prince was more simple in his methods. He tumbled in as he was. Grabbing the boat between them, the man and the boy moored it to the stern of a wild mangrove, and clasped the sticks of the crawl.

At first Ephraim could not comprehend. He fell over the points of the wattles and slashed the water with a fierce hand like a crazed man. Prince Arthur stared stupidly. His one expression failed him as he watched the lonely little roller that ducked and slid and tossed at the bottom like a live thing.

Speechless rage filled Ephraim's face and he leaned his big bulk against the wattles until they bent with his weight. At last he found his tongue.

'Prins', 'Prins', he shouted, as if his partner were half a mile away. 'Prins', my Lawd — de sponge gone.'

And Prince made answer, 'Gawd, I'se sorry.'

Life is the same everywhere.

Ephraim had woven and spun and dug, had toiled and suffered, and he who had neither woven nor spun had entered into his toil. Ephraim was a cog in the machinery of fate, that is all, an unconscious and unwilling exponent of a universal law.

Suddenly Prince pointed toward the horizon.

'Look-er — look-er,' he yelled in his shrill treble. 'Look-er.'

A sail, dim on the edge of the world, was creeping down and out of it. Ephraim was lashed to fury. Erect, blatant, like some sable demon charged with vengeance, he menaced the far-off vision.

'T'ief!' he bellowed. 'T'ief, damn t'ief!'

THE RELATION OF MUSIC TO POETRY

BY ALFRED HAYES

BEFORE attempting any delimitation of the frontiers of Music and Poetry, or any discussion of their interaction, it is perhaps prudent to admit that in one respect it is impossible to separate them. There is a sense in which the Republic of Beauty is one and indivisible. The elation, the thrill, which every form of beauty excites, whether it be an Egyptian temple, a Beethoven sonata, a lyric of Shelley, a 'wild-flower in its lair,' or a couple of kittens at play, implies as it were a common nervous system connecting all manifestations of beauty and our appreciation thereof; and two provinces of beauty so nearly adjacent as Music and Poetry, are peculiarly liable to be-

come interfused in a common emotion, to swim in 'the light that never was on sea or land,' till their boundaries seem blent beyond recognition; and when, in such a perfect song as Wolff's 'Verbor-genheit,' the music rises and falls in close sympathy with the emotion of the words, the union becomes so intimate that it is hard to say, while listening, which is the poetry and which the music.

Nevertheless the provinces of Music and Poetry, however nearly they may at times approach, are in fact distinct; and though they have in common the property of conveying, as nothing else can convey, 'the sense of tears in mortal things,' of appealing to that within

us which makes us 'feel that we are greater than we know,' they reach the highlands of the soul by separate roads from different directions. A homely proof of this lies in the fact that an intense delight in the beauty of language, in the broad and delicate harmonies of ordered words, what is loosely called 'verbal music,' is often found to exist in people who have no ear for music in the ordinary sense of the term, who cannot distinguish one tune from another or pronounce the simplest musical phrase. As for memorizing a melody, they could as easily hover in mid-air; yet they will recite, not prose alone, but verse, with perfect intonation and exquisite delicacy of expression. It is not necessary to labor the point; such cases must be within the experience of every one; they prove conclusively that Music and Poetry occupy distinct though neighboring regions, under the control of separate though allied rulers.

This distinction proves fatal to the Wagnerian conception of Music as at once the handmaid and complement of Poetry. Misled by his peculiar mental constitution, Wagner deemed that all musical expression had a poetic basis. He himself thought in terms of music; and, violently forcing all kinds of concrete images and pseudo-philosophic ideas into musical moulds, he naïvely proclaimed that they were quite at home there. His belief that Poetry would never come into her kingdom until wedded to Music, seems to have arisen from his abnormal insensibility to Poetry, coupled with his abnormal sensibility to Music. Of the latter fact his music-dramas abound in splendid evidence; but they abound no less in distressing proof of the former.

The best of English translations cannot convert into poetry the German doggerel which Wagner considered a perfectly satisfactory 'poetic basis' for

the glorious music of his *Meistersinger*. Nothing more raw, or more vapid, has ever been misnamed 'poetry' than his book-of-the-words of *Tristan and Isolde*; nothing more full of foggy mock-philosophy, of grandiose puerilities, has ever been patched together than the cumbrous literary lay-figure which he has clothed with the magnificent music of *The Ring*. The distance between the words and the music is always immense, often immeasurable. It is almost incredible that Wagner could have regarded as poetry, worthy of being wedded to immortal music, such a jumble of vague ejaculations as that which accompanies the heavenly strains of the 'Liebestod.' But the fact remains that he did regard it as poetry, and it simply proves that he was insensible to poetry as such. As Mr. Ernest Newman pungently remarks in his *Study of Wagner*,—

'These lines may be, and actually are, admirably adapted for a musical setting, but they are no more poetry than an auctioneer's catalogue is poetry. . . . Wagner,' continues Mr. Newman, 'has unconsciously done precisely what he blamed the older composers for—he has dragged the poet along at the heels of the musician. And he has rightly done so; for, as he ought to have seen, the element of musical pleasure counts for so much in opera that its presence compensates for the absence of poetry in the ordinary sense.'

Indeed, from the standpoint of verbal and metrical beauty, the advantage to poetry of being wedded to music is less than nothing. A beautiful poem, just in so far as it is a beautiful poem, satisfying in emotional and intellectual expression, exquisite in diction, is outraged by being set to music. Violence is done to it in several ways; the rhymes lose their effect through the lack of correspondence between the

musical phrases and the verbal phrases; the accented notes in the music often do not coincide with the stress in the verse; the time of the music is often at cross-purposes with the metre of the poetry; a single word of a poem is now brutally dismembered, now stretched out on a musical rack of many bars, now flung from pillar to post, especially in choral-writing; and finally, worst outrage of all, the direct intellectual and emotional appeal of the poem is drowned in the flood of pleasure which the music directly and overwhelmingly bestows. It is true that some modern composers have made serious efforts to minimize these injuries; but they have only partially succeeded, for the simple reason that the appeal of Poetry is distinct, not in degree, but in kind, from the appeal of Music. The more satisfying the pleasure which a poem gives me, the less I desire it to be set to music. In this I mean no disparagement of the art of Music; far from it; I write as a devout lover of Music no less than of Poetry; but their spheres are separate, and can never be combined with complete satisfaction to a devotee of both arts.

Take, for instance, such a poem as Wordsworth's sonnet on Westminster Bridge. No one with the faintest perception of verbal beauty could fail to be impressed by the closing lines of that sonnet. Now imagine them set to music. The poem, as a poem, would not gain, but would greatly lose, by the process. I do not say that the pleasure of listening to the musical setting would not be as great as the pleasure of reading the poem; it might even be greater, it would certainly be more immediate; but it would be a different sort of pleasure; and the fine qualities which distinguished the sonnet as a sonnet would be smothered by the music.

Consider an actual example in which

a modern composer has robbed a masterpiece of poetry with music which cannot be praised more highly than by saying that it is worthy of the verse which inspired it — Granville Bantock's setting of the second chorus of Swinburne's *Atalanta in Calydon*. Here the rhythm of the poetry is very clearly marked, as always in Swinburne. The metre is in triple time; and the beauty of the verse, the ebb and flow of its strong tide, the swing of its movement, are firmly associated with triple time in the minds and hearts of all who love that solemn chorus. The composer knows that full well; but when he comes to set the verses to music, he simply ignores it, and employs $\frac{4}{8}$ time, ruthlessly cutting across the sound-waves of the verse. There can be no question that the music has done violence to the verse in the matter of metre; and not in that matter alone: verbal phrases, single words, are so reiterated that their value as verse is utterly lost, and the rhyme-scheme is shattered to bits. The music is noble and satisfying; it has caught the mood, the atmosphere, of the poem, and conveys them to the listener with more directness than even the words themselves can do. But the verbal beauty is gone, knocked to pieces and drowned in the great waves of unregarding harmony.

Now, has the musician sinned in this? I think not. If he had adhered closely to the poet's metre, the musical effect would soon have become monotonous; and he is bound to make the musical effect his first consideration. But it may well be asked — if adherence to the metre would have become monotonous in the music, why does it not become so in the poetry? The answer is that it does; and the poet can escape disaster in this respect only by introducing into the structure of his verse variations and irregularities of

accent, sometimes bold, sometimes delicate. Shakespeare, Milton, Shelley, Swinburne himself, were consummate in this branch of their art. Its skillful use, when managed with the *ars celare artem*, denotes a master of poetic technique; and it is the pitfall in which the bungler most easily comes to grief. It would carry me too far from my subject to enter into details; enough that the particular methods by which the poet mitigates, if he cannot avoid, monotony do not suffice for the musician; and this is the musician's justification for the pitiless way in which he dislocates and mangles the poet's verse.

The violence done to prose by being set to music is not so serious; there is no rhyme to suffer contumely; and the disregard of the periods of prose by the musician is less patent than his disregard of the metre of verse. But just in so far as prose rises to the dignity of poetry, the mischief becomes apparent. The majesty, the noble poise of the words themselves, disappear.

I do not suggest that musicians should refrain from choosing beautiful language to set to music; our enjoyment of *Tristan and Isolde* certainly would not be diminished if the words were beautiful instead of banal; and commonplace prose can scarcely be so high an incentive to the composition of music as lofty verse. We must surely applaud the spirit which animates the composer who declines to associate good music with bad words, even if it were only to prevent the bad words from gaining a currency which they would not otherwise obtain. Nor can I approve the grudging spirit of the poet who refuses to lend the aid of his art to the musician, lest the beauty of his verse should suffer indignity through being distorted and disguised in the musical setting. Music is so desirable an end in itself that a poet who loves music may well be content, nay proud, to

assist her even at his own expense; and though, when sung, the poem must lose much of its essential value, that value will reappear whenever the poem is detached from the music. The injury is only temporary, and is sustained in a splendid cause. Poetry, after her friendly visit to the land of her neighbor Music, can return to her own country and possess her soul in peace, with the added satisfaction of knowing that she has gained popularity by co-operation with her powerful ally. It is quite certain, for instance, that Swinburne's superb verse has already been borne on the wings of Granville Bantock's music into hundreds of homes which it would never otherwise have reached.

It is interesting to find that there is a physiological ground for separating the spheres of Music and Poetry. It is an established fact that music and speech are actuated by distinct cerebral centres. Persons mentally deficient are often extremely susceptible to music, and can easily memorize the melody of a song, while quite incapable of appreciating or memorizing the words. Children can often hum a tune long before they can speak. As M. Combarieu puts it, in a striking passage quoted by Mr. Ernest Newman in his *Study of Wagner*, —

'There exists a musical manner of thinking (*une pensée musicale*). The musician thinks with sounds, as the poet thinks with words. It is a mysterious privilege, but indubitable. If, in the vague domain of æsthetics, there is a solid basis on which we can build, it is this; yet all the empirical explanations have foundered upon this special faculty, which represents all the originality and perhaps all the psychology of the musician. Music has two different significations, united in the one form like the soul and the body, of which the one is very simple, while the other

eludes all verbal analysis; it is at once a direct imitation of the emotional life and of external objects, and it is the language of a *sui generis* mode of thought. Not only do poet and musician not speak the same language or obey the same laws, but they do not think with the same faculty.'

'They do not think with the same faculty',—precisely. Neither, I would add, do their creations appeal to the same faculty; nor therefore can their creations, conceived by separate faculties, appealing to separate faculties, be combined with complete satisfaction to the listener. Either the music will drag the words, or the words will drag the music. They cannot co-operate in perfect harmony.

It is nevertheless true that the poet renders great service to the musician by suggesting and stimulating musical thought. If poetry be—as Matthew Arnold once defined it—'a criticism of life,' it may serve the musician much in the same way as his own experiences of life serve him; it may bring grist to the musical mill. The raw material of musical thought, as of poetic thought, is life itself; and a rich web of thought already woven by the poet may well supply just the basis and incentive which the musician requires. It may excite and stimulate in the musician a different brain-centre from that which was excited and stimulated in the poet when he conceived his poem, and the consequence will be, not a verbal but a musical creation. Goethe's *Egmont*, Shakespeare's *Coriolanus* supplied Beethoven with the basis and incentive for two of his greatest overtures, which would certainly not otherwise have been composed; and these dramas provided not only the basis and incentive, but also the atmosphere of sombre grandeur which pervades the overtures.

This suggestion of an atmosphere

is the most direct service which Poetry renders to Music; for it is with generalized emotion that Music naturally deals,—with the photo-sphere, so to speak, of a particular emotion, rather than with the emotion itself. In transcendent regions of the vague and vast, the indefinite and elusive, the inarticulate, where Poetry begins to stammer, and Painting and Sculpture to lose precision, there Music enters and takes command of domains which are hers by divine right. There she moves and reigns absolute mistress, unrestrained save by her own self-imposed laws; and when she speaks of those large moods, or of those lovely but fleeting suggestions, which come to man he knows not how or whence and are the very iridescence of the human soul, she speaks with a voice of such authority that articulate speech is abashed.

That is the realm of Music; and she quits it at the peril of her dignity and power. When she descends from her cloudland, and mingles with the crowd of concrete things, she enters into futile competition with other arts in their peculiar provinces, and fails to convince. When Wagner, in the Good Friday music in *Parsifal*, fixes the atmosphere of a calm and tender morning of early spring, we thank Heaven for a tone-picture beautiful beyond words; all that is gross and aggressive in our disposition falls from us, like a sordid garment, as we listen to that pure and delicate tissue of sweet sound, and we kneel entranced in the presence of divine simplicity; but when even such a master as Beethoven stoops from the regions of generalized emotion to imitate the concrete call of the cuckoo, I can only sadly say, as Browning said of Shakespeare under corresponding provocation—Did Beethoven?—the less Beethoven he.

At this point we are confronted with the vexed question of what is termed

'Programme Music,' — music, that is, which deliberately selects concrete images for its material, and attempts to express not the atmosphere of an event or an emotion, but the actual event or emotion itself. Extreme cases of this type of music are the cry of the baby in Strauss's *Domestic Symphony*, the sneers and snarls of the critics in his *Heldenleben*, the contortions of the dragon in Wagner's *Siegfried*. In my humble judgment Music demeans herself in attempting these merely imitative effects, and demeans herself in vain; here the musician laboriously strives, and fails, to produce an impression which the writer or the painter could have achieved by a stroke of the pen or brush. The musician can effectively express the heroic mood; Strauss does it in the opening section of his *Heldenleben*; but he can not depict the concrete particulars which evoked the heroic mood. The musician can convey an impression of monstrous gloom; Wagner often does it supremely in the *Ring*; but he cannot draw a convincing portrait of a particular monster.

The musical phrases, moreover, which are associated with particular personages or events, are usually quite arbitrary; they do not really suggest the personages or events to which they refer, or it would not be necessary to indicate them in the analytical programme of a concert. The musical phrase, for instance, which Wagner connects with the person of Parsifal, is beautiful in itself, but it no more suggests the character of Parsifal than it suggests that of Hamlet or Julius Cæsar; it is utterly impossible for any one to infer from the notes themselves the kind of person they are intended to portray.

Apart from the beauty of the music, as music, the pleasure which one obtains from a study of a piece of Programme Music is akin to that which one

gets from solving a geometrical problem, or translating a passage from a foreign language; and I have observed that those amateurs who derive most enjoyment from this aspect of a musical composition are not as a rule very susceptible to music. I recall a certain scholarly friend who, after listening to a Schumann quintette which, in Shakespeare's phrase, had haled the soul out of my body, asked quite simply what it meant. He might as well have asked what a sunset meant. But that is the kind of man who, by the help of an annotated programme, well conned beforehand, will suck a sort of intellectual pleasure out of a piece of Programme Music, while he would be impressed but faintly by, let us say, an impromptu of Schubert, and would afterwards ask what it meant. On the other hand, a musical man may thoroughly enjoy the mental exercise of tracing the threads of the various *leit-motifs* interwoven into an intricate score of Strauss, just as he may enjoy the intellectual exercise of tracing the various sedimentary strata and intrusive igneous rocks which constitute the framework of a mountain; and in each case his knowledge of their anatomy may enrich his enjoyment; but it is not essential to his pleasure in either; and it is a purely intellectual satisfaction, wholly distinct from his æsthetic perception of the beauty of the music or the mountain, — that æsthetic perception which is denied to the man who has no ear for music or sensibility to scenery. The provision of this purely intellectual enjoyment is incidental to all Programme Music; but it is not, in my judgment, an essential function of music.

The musician can adequately portray the strenuousness of strife, the exultation of victory, but not the contending hosts in conflict, not the conflict itself; and I must confess that the

battle-scene in *Heldenleben*, save for the merely intellectual pleasure obtained from analyzing its structure, affects me, as music, little more than would a powerful version of our old friend 'The Battle of Prague,' with its egregious Early-Victorian annotations, 'cannon in the distance,' 'cries of the wounded,' and so forth. But when Strauss passes from this melodramatic lowland to that lofty region of generalized emotion in which Music lives and moves and has her being, what a transformation! What sublime simplicity, what infinite tenderness pervade the closing stanzas of that enchanting tone-poem! Music has found herself once more; she speaks again with her natural voice to her own people; and after heartfelt thanksgiving they recall the battle-scene, and murmur, *Que diable allait-il faire dans cette galère?*

But though in certain of its escapades Programme Music may make the judicious grieve, its assumption of functions hitherto undertaken only by the poet and painter has undoubtedly raised the art of Music in the esteem of that large body of intellectual folk who are only slightly musical; to them 'absolute' music brings but a vague and dim pleasure. Though too well-bred and perhaps a little afraid to say so, in their heart of hearts they suspect it of being just a little trivial or sensuous; they are inclined to patronize it, somewhat after the manner of the substantial English country gentleman of fifty years ago. But such people are beginning to take Programme Music seriously. 'Ah! — now you are talking,' one seems to hear them say to the composer. They may not enjoy the really musical part of the music, but they do apprehend the definite images with which it is associated; the composer is speaking in a language not wholly foreign to them. He has thrown a sop to Cerberus, and is consequently

now acclaimed in sacred circles to which entrance had long been denied him. Programme Music bids fair to stamp his creations with the hall-mark of the intellectuals at the court of Fashion.

In this respect, the composer of Programme Music is rendering a solid, if somewhat oblique, service to a good cause, to wit, the popularizing of serious music. Allured by definite images, a large number of semi-musical people of intellect are becoming interested in Programme Music, and eventually may be induced thereby to cultivate the fields of music pure and simple. I have heard musical purists say hard things of the composer who thus makes to himself friends of the Mammon of unrighteousness; they dub him time-server, perhaps truly; but a time-server in serving his generation may be serving generations yet unborn; compromise, in this as in most things, is wisdom on our imperfect planet; and the poet who lends his verse to the musician, to be distorted for good musical purposes, is no less a time-server than the musician who for another good purpose materializes his music by associating it with concrete images alien to its genius. By means of this compromise, Music and Poetry win for each other adherents in fields which would otherwise remain outside their influence.

To put it bluntly, music helps the musical but unpoetical man to appreciate poetry; poetry helps the poetical but unmusical man to appreciate music. An accomplished professional musician recently assured me that although he had often read FitzGerald's translation of the *Rubaiyat* of Omar Khayyám, he never felt its force, or realized its beauty, till he heard Bantock's musical setting thereof. To him poetry was a foreign language, to which music had supplied explanatory notes

in his native tongue. That is a clear case of music helping an unpoetical man to appreciate poetry. Conversely, there are many unmusical people who will listen intently to a song, with even more pleasure than they would listen to the verse alone, but who would be bored by the music if detached from the words. We all know such people, and they afford clear evidence of the fact that poetry helps an unmusical man to appreciate music. It does so in several ways:—

1. The unmusical hearer unconsciously reads into the music some of the pleasure which the words alone would have given him.

2. The words endow the music with a significance which the unmusical man would fail to detect in the music alone. For him the words are a key to the music.

3. The distinctly human element which words import into the music touches him in a way in which the music by itself would not touch him. Such a man would enjoy, let us say, Schumann's 'Nachtstück' far more if there were words to it; whereas to a musical man words would restrict its scope, and materialize the delicacy of its spiritual atmosphere.

4. Words can best display the powers of that most beautiful and sympathetic of all instruments, the human voice, whose accents penetrate many a soul which the tones of any other instrument fail to reach. This is, I suppose, the chief reason for the popularity of the song above every other form of musical composition.

The fact that words help the unmusical man to appreciate music is responsible for a 'new art-form' in which this service is frightfully abused. We are threatened with a revival of that ancient abomination, the recitation of words to musical accompaniment, or, as its advocates prefer to describe it,

the illustration of music by recited words. I have lately been shown a poem which it is proposed to recite, not in the intervals of the movements of a string-quartette, but during the actual performance of the music. I cannot conceive anything more wildly irritating to a discriminating lover of music and poetry; yet it seems, alas, possible that such a proceeding might give pleasure to some ears insensitive to music but sensitive to poetry, or *vice versa*; though even then, I should have supposed, the interference of the one set of sounds with the other would have caused a sense of discomfort at least. Like so many other new horrors, it is nothing but an old horror in a new dress, a pretentious variety of that vulgar device in which the sentimental spoken words of a melodrama are accompanied by 'soft music.' To a lover alike of poetry and music the effect is akin to the torment which such a man suffers when he goes into a restaurant to dine with a friend, and suddenly into the midst of intimate talk there intrudes the maddening impertinence of the restaurant band. He cannot listen to the music; he cannot listen to his friend; and he is soon worked up into a state of frenzy. May Heaven in its infinite mercy deliver us from this 'new art-form!'

The consideration of the fact that poetry helps the unmusical man to appreciate music naturally suggests the inquiry, What type of poetry is best adapted for musical setting? Unquestionably, it would appear, poetry of an obvious kind, dealing with primary emotions. In dramatic poetry, in the ballad, the folk-song, and the simple lyric, we have a style of poetry admirably suited to the purposes of the musician; in poetry of a more abstract type also, provided that it is suffused with the atmosphere of emotion, whether the emotion be lofty or lowly, gay

or serious. When, after the impressive orchestral introduction, in the solemn chorus of Brahms's Requiem, we hear emerge through the music the massive words 'All flesh is as grass,' we feel at once the kinship of the two great arts, and the mutual help which they may render one to the other. The partnership of the two arts here proves successful, because the words express a large general reflection deeply tinged with emotion, such as music can strongly emphasize. But though in this instance the theme is a lofty one, it is the atmospheric quality of the words which matters, not the dignity of the emotion.

Ruskin, who, with all his sensitiveness to the beauty of language, was not a musical man, wanders, I think, far from the truth when he says that a maiden may sing of her lost love, but a miser may not sing of his lost gold. Why not? The emotion of the miser, however ignoble its origin, is nevertheless genuine emotion; and its atmosphere can be conveyed by music just as expressively as the atmosphere of the maiden's nobler feeling. Wagner has, in fact, conveyed the atmosphere of such a base-born passion, with extraordinary vividness, in the case of Alberich and his loss of the Rhinegold. All depends upon the souls of the poet and musician being attuned to the same degree and quality of emotion; and when this is not the case, disaster follows. Surely the Nadir in this respect was reached in the 'Cujus animam' section of Rossini's *Stabat Mater*. The words of the old monastic poem are poignant with the anguish of the Mother of the Crucified; the music, pompous and jubilant, would be appropriate to some jolly ceremonial occasion, the trooping of the colors, say, or the opening of the new winter gardens. Indeed I have actually heard it performed on such occasions with excellent effect.

Philosophical poetry, at any rate, where it becomes argumentative, intricate, and unemotional, is wholly unsuited to musical illustration. An intellectual disquisition is hopeless matter for music; as well try to set to music the Differential Calculus. Of course the Differential Calculus *might* be set to music, and the music might even be beautiful, but would it bear any natural relation whatever to the theme in hand? No; it is the large, vague, subtle, elusive *emotions* of the soul which are the proper raw material for music of the philosophic sort.

Music is hanging weights on her wings when she meddles with metaphysical speculations, just as surely as when she stoops to imitate a baby's cry. In so doing she renounces her birthright of universality, which is her proudest privilege. Why should *she* worry about the 'Thee in Me,' or the 'Me within Thee Blind,' when it is hers, and hers alone, to 'hale souls out of men's bodies' with a voice understood of the people the wide world over; when she alone, with faculty transcending the confusion of tongues, can suggest, as no other art can suggest, the ineffable mystery of love, the impalpable shadow of death? Is not the labored tramp of unseen feet in Chopin's Funeral March more big with suggestion than any actual funeral cortège of any particular hero? Do not the shifting tone-lights of Tristan and Isolde's love-duet hint at a passion more delicate, more sublime, than is known to mortal man and maid? Does not the rhythmic heart-beat of the music, in the slow movement of Beethoven's Seventh Symphony, throb with some vast yearning, striving to be born, looming out of the void, a yearning at once cosmic and human, whose wistfulness exceeds all that we can predicate of it? Yes; where speech fails, where argument and analysis collapse,

there Music reigns, sole and triumphant. She need not covet alien kingdoms.

The mistake of confounding the respective spheres of Music and Poetry arises mainly from a defective appreciation of one or the other art. A man who is equally sensitive to the appeal of each does not make this mistake, does not mix these divine liquors. In the majority of people, either the ear for music or the ear for verbal beauty is defective or undeveloped; more frequently, I think, the ear for verbal beauty. It is difficult otherwise to account for the rarity of ardent lovers of poetry. It is not the demand which Poetry makes on the intellect, by reason of its compactness and intensity of expression, which is responsible for the sparse congregations in the temple of Poetry. If that were so, we should not find it neglected by men and women who shrink from no mental effort in grappling with some difficult chapter of philosophy or stiff scientific problem. No; it is simply because the peculiar acoustic beauty of fine verse, which gives some of us a thrill equaled only by the thrill of music, does not affect them in that wise. They may delight to study the poetry of Browning or Meredith, but it is for the sake of the intellectual content of the poems, or the pleasure of cracking hard linguistic nuts, not for the sake of enjoying an acoustic beauty which, in sooth, those two particular poets seldom exhibit. The highest type of poetry, that wherein the quintessence of remembered emotion is expressed with perfect clarity and sincerity, in exquisitely chosen words, and phrasing of subtle balance, such poetry fails to thrill the majority of men. Its verbal beauty is a thing *per se*, the essential thing in poetry, without which poetry, however admirable in other respects, is essentially prose; and this peculiar verbal beauty,

with the special kind of pleasure which it bestows, cannot be translated into the medium of music or of any other art.

Take, for example, such a poem as 'The Toys,' by Coventry Patmore, a poem of which the motive happens to be wide in its appeal to popular human instincts: how comes it that it is known and loved by so few? Simply because its pathetic details, its tender play of emotion, its wonderful ascent from the trivial to the sublime, are expressed in verse to the delicate verbal beauty of which most ears are deaf. That peculiar verbal beauty is of the essence of the poem, and could not possibly be translated into music.

Or let us take a widely different example from a living author,¹ a poem classic in the calm dignity of its language, nobly plain, tense with controlled emotion. The poet looks Death in the eyes; for him death is the end of all things. Let those who, gazing into that gray face, can pluck up no better spirit, cry 'Let us drink and eat; for tomorrow we die.' The poet has a loftier answer to the eternal Nay, and thus exhorts his lady:—

Come, let us make love deathless, thou and I,
Seeing that our footing on the earth is brief,
Seeing that her multitudes sweep out to die
Mocking at all that passes their belief.
For standard of our love not theirs we take;
If we go hence to-day,
Fill the high cup, that is so soon to break,
With richer wine than they.

Ay, since beyond these walls no heavens there be,
Joy to revive or wasted youth repair,
I'll not bedim the lovely flame in thee
Nor sully the sad splendor that we wear.
Great be the love, if with the lover dies
Our greatness past recall;
And nobler for the fading of those eyes
The world seen once for all.

Here again, the thing of beauty which the poet has woven out of the mists of unbelief, the rainbow which the setting

¹ Herbert Trench.

sun of his love has flung athwart the blank prospect of annihilation, above all, the peculiar verbal beauty of the faultless lyric, are things that cannot possibly be translated into music.

A full appreciation of Poetry implies four conditions precedent:—

1. A discriminating sensitiveness to the verbal beauty of verse. 2. Recognition of the fitness of the words chosen to express the thought and feeling. 3. Comprehension of the thought and feeling itself in all its bearings. 4. Understanding of the technical structure of the verse in mass and in detail.

Similarly, a full appreciation of Music implies:—

1. A discriminating sensitiveness to the musical beauty of music. 2. Recognition of the fitness of the notes, the musical phraseology, chosen to express the thought and feeling. 3. Comprehension of the thought and feeling itself in all its bearings. 4. Understanding of the technical structure of the music in mass and in detail.

In the case of Music and Poetry alike, these are highly complex mental processes; and few there be who are fully equipped by nature and education to follow them out in all their subtle intricacies. In regard to the second, third, and fourth conditions the appeal is to somewhat the same faculties in each art. Given a knowledge both of music and poetry, the understanding of the structure of a fugue is closely analogous to the understanding of the structure of a sonnet; and the technical satisfaction obtained from a masterly example of the one or the other is very

similar. Comprehension of the intellectual and emotional contents of a musical or poetical composition, and recognition of the effectiveness of the means employed to express them, demand much the same faculty in each case.

But the first condition precedent, the essential condition, namely, a discriminating sensitiveness to the verbal beauty of verse, is something totally distinct from a discriminating sensitiveness to the musical beauty of music, and is a condition which renders the appreciation of Music a totally distinct thing from the appreciation of Poetry; and it is because this first condition is so seldom satisfied, that genuine lovers of Poetry are so rare.

I have deliberately refrained from following those well-worn paths of musical and poetical investigation which lie in the domain of exact knowledge. I have avoided the mathematics of music, the laws of prosody, and such questions as the derivation of primitive music and poetry from the dance, topics which occupy the fields of ascertained scientific or historic fact; and have ventured to deal with those evasive aspects of the subject which are beset with difficulties and ambiguities. But I am content if I have succeeded in suggesting any lines of thought which may help lovers of Music and Poetry to realize a little more of the mystery of those great arts, or to quicken their aspirations toward that transcendent region where the distinct and many-colored rays of Music and Poetry, with all other manifestations of beauty, blend into one clear light.

WHO IS RESPONSIBLE?

BY GEORGE MALCOLM STRATTON

It has become almost a custom to excuse the individual — but by no means the corporation or larger social body — asleep or viciously awake while on duty. The fault lies not in him, they tell us, but in the system, in our society. If the adulterator think he adulterates, or if the bribed think he is bribed, he knows not well the subtle ways of society, our new Brahma. The condemnation should never fall on him who seems the offender.

This current of thought, which I earnestly believe must be stemmed, could be measured and mapped in several ways. But we feel its true sweep and force if we mark it, not in the careless speech of street and newspaper, but in the utterance of men against whom it is impossible to say that they merely echo, insensitive to the meaning of the words they use. Let me illustrate this spirit of the day — a spirit unnamed, but which is a kind of moral socialism — in two careful essays in a single recent number of the *Atlantic*, by men of special knowledge and tempered judgment.

Mr. Fielding-Hall, for many years at the head of the great Rangoon prison, says of the criminal, that he is 'not ashamed, because he knows he cannot help it. And punishment exasperates him because he has not deserved it.' That 'crime is no defect of the individual. It is a disease of the nation, nay of humanity, exhibited in individuals. You have gout in your toe, but it is your whole system which is wrong.' The criminal, then, like the toe, might

well feel aggrieved but not remorseful; he has suffered, rather than caused a wrong. Whatever there is of evil has been borne in upon him from without. 'There is not, there never was, in any one a tendency to crime,' says this writer, 'until either jails or criminal education created it.'

My other illustration is from a writer high in the service of one of the Atlantic steamship companies, who also defends the individual under a cloud. Speaking upon 'The Unlearned Lesson of the Titanic,' he makes it clear that the great liners are still unsafe. And who is at fault? Certainly not the man whose one business it is — so it appears to the poor landsman — to see that the vessel is equipped. 'Was the shipowner,' he asks, 'or the traveling public, or were the legal authorities, to blame for the shortage of boats aboard the Titanic?' 'Without hesitation,' he answers, — 'Without hesitation I exonerate the shipowner, and place the responsibility on the legal authorities and the traveling public.' For the shipowner gave them in full measure what they asked. 'If the law calls for a certain number of boats of certain capacities, the shipowner invariably goes beyond what is required of him. The public demands luxurious suites of rooms, Venetian cafés, lounges, buffets, reading, writing, and music rooms, swimming baths, gymnasiums, and so forth, and the shipowner meets the demand.' The public asked only for a stone, it would appear, and the shipowner readily gave it them.

The responsibility is here laid wholly upon 'the legal authorities and the traveling public.' But the legal authorities could doubtless show that they had fully and faithfully administered the law, and that not they but the source of law, the public, was the cause of the lack of boats. Thus at the door of society, whether traveling or at home, lies the fault; but on no account at the door of the man who actually owned and controlled the ship.

These are apologies in the growing spirit of the hour; utterances of the belief that the man who did the act is not responsible; skillful and intelligent expressions of a creed held widely and daily used. Arguments like these are no longer the web of casuists, the recreation of fallen angels, as Milton has them, reasoning upon fixed fate, free will, foreknowledge absolute, finding no end, in wandering mazes lost. They are thoughts, rather, which are trying — and too often with success — to become flesh and blood in the practice of shop and office and court. On such a plea well-known men, bribers of public officials, as well as the officials they bribed, have escaped punishment. And this very day in my community comes its fresh rising in an abhorrent form. A mature man of affairs and of money is proved in court to have abandoned wife and daughter and to have carried into a distant city a young girl for his lust; and in his public defense there is the passionate plea that not this man himself, but society, should answer for his foul offense.

We must see the inadequacy of this and of all like vindication. It shows, not that this man is guiltless, but that others share his guilt; others offered occasion and inducement for his wrong. Yet a responsibility shared need not, in all justice, be lessened. If two soldiers are to watch at a post, and both sleep, it may well be that instead of

no guilt, or at most but half-guilt attaching to each, there is for each of them full guilt. Under such circumstances, it is true, one and both may be wholly innocent; but this should not blind us to the quality of the act in every case, and should not lead us to relax all distinction and judgment. For let us imagine a man free from unconquerable fatigue, knowing his orders, who pleads that his sleeping was no fault of his, because the *other* man was asleep; and why should one be expected on such a night to do what his fellow was not doing? Would this man's shame and shortcoming be but one half, perhaps, or nothing? It would be one and entire. Likewise, if a rich shipowner finds another rich shipowner putting luxury before safety in his ship, he cannot merely on this plea be excused. He may perhaps have other and better defenses, but surely this one is thin air. It is, at heart, like that of the convicted satyr we have just seen, who pleaded that in his city not he alone but many men of business debauched young girls. A shared responsibility, a common responsibility, need not be a divided, a diminished responsibility.

Nor does it surely exonerate a man, that others offered him fat opportunity and temptation. The thieves on the Jericho road might thus have been acquitted. Would it ever have entered their heads to rob the traveler, had he not come their way with signs of wealth? And if the proper officials had been on hand, would there have been a theft? Blame the legal authorities, the traveling public, not the thieves!

I do not forget that a man who yields may be less guilty than the man who offers the occasion, the temptation; or that of two who yield, one may be far less guilty than the other. But if mere temptation were a full excuse, then no deed, not even the foulest, would be culpable; for it is never un-

solicited from without. Other men's large or small possessions, the limits which their presence inevitably puts upon our freedom, the antagonism which they unintentionally arouse, every woman by her very sex, — these are all calls to some primitive instinct in us, stirring it to slip leash and be off. And this is all that crime is. It is merely an unrebuked temptation, a natural instinct running at large, — a very natural thing. We do not need prisons and special education to give it birth, as Mr. Fielding-Hall declares, although these may foster it. It is already there in native untouched passion and impulse. Life and manhood require that each one of us shall civilize a wild horde within, shall set instinct against instinct, until there is rule and obedience, and they recognize the bounds fixed by the need and right of our fellow man. This requirement cannot be avoided by the common criminal, by the guilty father, or by the millionaire shipowner.

But to the rich shipowner is offered more than mere occasion and opportunity, it would seem. He is overtly tempted; he would gladly give life-boats, but the public *demand*s Venetian cafés. Therefore he is innocent when men drown. And yet we can hardly give him honor if he pull down safety and pile luxury high, even should passengers demand this of him. He is there, like a captain, to resist such demands.

But do the travelers in any strict and vital sense demand this; are they the prime tempters? Did the passengers think out Venetian cafés beforehand, and refuse to cross the ocean unless the ship contained what no ship had held before? Or was it not, rather, that the shipowner hired men he could trust to devise yet unimagined luxuries, knowing that there would be more money in his pocket from swimming baths and gymnasiums on shipboard

than from life-boats? Only in this sense has the public 'demanded' his gaudy substitutes. The owner offered swimming baths, and, pocketing his reward, is pronounced blameless when on that Sunday night no swimming baths were needed. And the very shipowner who offers the most glittering temptations is not the one driven to the wall, offering these in a forlorn hope of escaping ruin. He is the wealthiest, the strongest, the one best fortified to say, 'I cannot give you Venetian cafés *and safety*; and from me you receive safety or nothing. Go to my rival if you want tinsel vessels on a perilous sea. For should there be disaster, I could not even think of the tattered excuse, that you asked me for such things and I gave them against my judgment. I am responsible. Mine is the work of carrying men and women without loss of life. If after seeing to that, I can add to their enjoyment, well and good. But never luxury first, and only such safety as then can find a place!'

We can feel the generous strain in these defenders of the man who fails at his post. They wish us to keep far from anything like pharisaism. He is no worse than we, they say; he is not at fault. What he did is ours, done because of what we have done and left undone. And there is more than generosity in what they say; there is truth. They utter one-sidedly the truth which comes with the growing social consciousness. For it is true that the social order contributes to many evils for which it has not been held to answer. Crime can be decreased by education and by reducing sickness and hunger; and we who do not bestir ourselves to teach and heal and feed must stand condemned. We who choose passage on liners that flaunt their crowding luxuries must answer for the missing life-boats when the vessel sinks.

But unbalanced truth is untrue, whether one or the other side be light. To say, after the newer manner, that the man who robs, or poisons with the food he sells, or battens on another's body and soul, is blameless and that society alone is wrong, — this is as untrue, as unjust, as was the older way of saying that only he was guilty, and that we who stood by were innocent. We must not drop old truth whenever we come to new; we must grasp it with the other hand.

For if the criminal is not responsible, society is not. If the shipowner is not responsible, neither is the traveling public. The traveling public is of individuals like the shipowner; it is Brown and Smith and Sullivan buying passage on luxurious liners and asking no questions for safety's sake. The acts of society are ultimately personal acts; its neglects are neglects by one or many persons. Only by a mental laziness and confusion do these persons swim before our eyes and in the mass lose their individuality. The responsibility cannot be shifted forever; in the end it rests upon me and you and men like us; upon men in groups, men organized, perhaps, but yet upon men. Or else in all consistency we must acquit every one concerned — shipowner, legal authority, traveling public; criminal, judge, jailer, teacher, merchant, voter.

It is certain, however, that men will never finally surrender their belief in personal obligation. The inner declaration is far too strong. Nor is there anything in our growing science of mind to force the surrender. We know to-day in somewhat more detail what men have always known, that each is influenced by things and forces around and behind; each is not the sole cause of what he does. And yet he is not idle in their presence. He moulds and modifies, resists them, invites them on.

The great of the race, too, throw contempt on antecedents and surroundings. They submit and receive, and yet defy. Your lad from the cotton mill of Rochdale comes to a perception of public right and duty as clear as is found in the best trained and best ancestored of all Britain. Your backwoodsman of Illinois has a mastery of human longings and a purpose and vision that are wanting from the best blood and culture of New England.

Out of the living sources of mind there constantly issues the wonderful, the impossible, silencing our chatter and dogmatism about the natural bondage of all conduct. There then revives in us the old conviction, enforced anew by democracy, that creative energy with all its inherent responsibilities is not the possession merely of a few rare men. In some measure each is given this with his manhood. Each parleys and is heeded at the barriers of fate.

We heap the measure of our share in his guilt if we lull instead of rousing the man at his post. If we tell him he is right in his feeling that he cannot avoid failure, we have done what we could to insure his failure. The untoward externals should be smoothed out by every means that can be discovered or invented; but to all this outward aid should be added the word from a generation more jealous of personal power and responsibility, *'You and I can, because we ought.'* The common human heritage of duty with its meed of praise or blame is not to be denied either to the Rangoon prisoner or to the Sacramento wanton or to the great shipowner of London or New York. Each of these has certain things put in his charge; he has his post. And if we preach powerlessness and irresponsibility to him personally, and to other individuals like him, we invite at a high price even so great a good as the new social conscience.

SECRET ANNALS OF THE MANCHU COURT

III. MEMOIRS OF THE BOXER YEAR (1900)

BY E. BACKHOUSE AND J. O. P. BLAND

I

THE inner history of the Court of Peking during the height of the Boxer crisis and the siege of the Legations was fully narrated in the diary of His Excellency Ching Shan, published for the first time in *China under the Empress Dowager* in 1910. Since then, the observations of Europeans who went through that siege, and the criticisms of Chinese apologists on the subject, have confirmed the opinion that Ching Shan was not only well-informed but remarkably accurate in his record of those stirring days. Until the abdication of the Manchus, it was almost impossible to obtain authoritative evidence confirmatory of Ching Shan's sensational revelations. Tzŭ Hsi's successor as Empress Dowager, Her Majesty Lung Yü, by whose orders a special Chinese translation was made of *China under the Empress Dowager*, forbade the vernacular press to publish any reference to a work which, naturally enough, she regarded as *lèse majesté* of the worst description. Since the inauguration of the Republic, however, the writings, public and private, of many Chinese and Manchus have thrown no little light on the principal events of the reign of Tzŭ Hsi, and indeed on the history of the dynasty. Making all due allowance for the Oriental failing, common to most Chinese annalists, of believing and record-

ing evil of those in high places, there is much in these posthumous papers which serves to amplify and to check our knowledge of important details.

The most significant feature common to all these documents lies in their tacit acceptance of the fact that a time of political chaos implies the wreaking of vengeance for private grudges, by whichever party happens to be possessed of the balance of power at any given moment. The Old Buddha's¹ acceptance of the Boxers' programme of 'driving the hated foreigner into the sea' was used by the leading Boxer politicians — Prince Tuan, Hsü T'ung, and Kang Yi — not so much for the furtherance of that policy and the good of the State, as for the castigation of their personal enemies and rivals. Even when the allies were at the very gates of Peking, the thoughts of these men were directed less toward the defense of their city and their sovereign than toward revenge on their political opponents. The grim drama of human passions which was enacted around the Dragon Throne during those days of terror is made grimmer by the fact that those who describe it regard it as a matter of course, unconscious of all it implies in the history, past and future, of their country.

¹ The popular name for the Empress Tzŭ Hsi, whose extraordinary career and character were chronicled in *China under the Empress Dowager*, by the present authors. — THE EDITORS.

Before dealing with some of the most noteworthy incidents in this drama, we may take from the diary of a Manchu official the following account of the vicious profligacy which characterized the princes and nobles of the Imperial Clan long before they became leaders of the Boxer movement. The author heads his reminiscences, — 'Signs of a Decaying Dynasty.'

'It has ever been the case in Chinese history,' he says, 'that whenever a dynasty has lost its virility and exhausted the mandate of Heaven, its Princes and nobles, becoming effete and addicted to luxurious and unnatural vices, must be forever seeking some new and strange way of gratifying their jaded appetites. In the years before the Boxer outbreak, the young Manchu aristocrats of Peking used to amuse themselves by dressing themselves as beggars and parading the streets in this guise. I cannot say who started this fashion, but it became quite the rage. Every young Prince would endeavor to surpass his fellows in thoroughly realistic imitation of a true beggar's disguise. At first the craze was confined to the highest Manchus, but, as might be expected, it soon found imitators among the sons of Chinese in high places. Prominent among them were the grandsons of the powerful Board President, Pi Tung-ho. To-day this family is fallen upon evil days, and its fate is well deserved.

'I remember particularly one occasion, during the dog-days of 1892. It was a very hot day, and some friends had invited me to join them in an excursion to the Kiosque and Garden known as "Beautiful Autumn Hillock," just outside the southwest gate of the Southern city. The place is also called the Brick-Kiln Terrace; it consists of a hillock about forty feet high, on top of which there is a wide level space about a quarter of an acre in extent.

This spot is well shaded by tall willows and poplars, and in the middle there is a pond, where water-lilies and rushes grow. There are no houses about it, so the place is delightfully cool, and visitors can take their tea quietly at the open-air restaurant, while enjoying the pleasant and busy scene. Peddlers and wine-sellers come here to ply their trade, acrobats and conjurers perform to earn a few pennies from the idle rich, and there are strolling musicians. There are sheltered nooks for the comfort of visitors, so that one might fancy one's self in the heart of the country.

'At the table next us sat a young man of about eighteen: his face was as black as soot and he looked thin and ill-nourished. His queue was plaited round his head, and he had inserted a bone hairpin in his hair, after the manner of the Peking hooligan class in summer time. He wore no socks and was stripped to the waist. His only garment was a very shabby pair of short trousers, which hardly reached to the knee, all covered with grease and mud, and badly torn: in fact, he was scarcely decent. He wore a pair of dilapidated grass slippers, through which his toes protruded.

'Strange to say, this miserable-looking beggar had on his right thumb a large ring of green jade worth at least 500 taels (say, at that time, £80); and he carried a beautiful and very costly carved fan with a jade handle. He sat, with legs crossed, on the ground, drinking wine. His conversation was full of vulgar oaths and the lowest Pekingese slang. I noticed, however, that the waiters showed him a very particular and eager attention and hardly ever left his side. To their other patrons their behavior was very different, being somewhat offhand and brusque. I was lost in bewilderment at this spectacle, wondering what it meant, when the sun began to sink

behind the western hills and the guests to leave.

'All of a sudden I observed the arrival of a smart official cart with red wheels set far back¹ and a train of some twenty well-groomed attendants. I realized the truth then, and awaited developments with some curiosity. Two officials came up the hillock, both wearing the button of the third rank and peacock's feather. They were evidently officers of the bodyguard; one of them carried a hatbox and a bundle of clothes, while the other held a basin and ewer. They approached the young beggar, and reverently addressed him: "Your Highness's carriage is ready. You have an engagement to dine at Prince Kung's palace to-night, and we ought to be starting." So the young blood got up, took a towel and washed his face. We were all astonished at the transformation, and could scarcely suppress an exclamation of surprise. The dirty black of his face had been replaced by a delicate white complexion, and though thin, he had the distinctive features of the Manchu Princes. We perceived that he had daubed his face with charcoal.

'He then attired himself in his proper clothes, with the jeweled buttoned hat which Princes wear, decorated with the triple-eyed peacock's feather. The two officers humbly escorted him to his carriage; he drove off and was soon lost to view.

'The head waiter then whispered to me, "That was the Beileh, Tsai Lien." I replied in amazement, "What does he mean by such behavior?" "Oh," said he, "don't you know the latest craze of our young Princes in Peking?" He went on to tell me how Prince Chuang, Prince K'o, Prince Tuan, the Beilehs Lien and Ying, Prince Ch'ing's

¹ A type of vehicle which could be used only by persons of very high rank. — THE AUTHORS.

son Tsai Chen, the son of the Lieutenant General Ch'i Hsiu, Prince Chuang's sons, Huai-t'a-pu's boys, and many others, made a practice of adopting this guise, and were constantly causing disturbances in houses of ill fame, taverns, and so forth, and street rows, as the police were afraid to interfere with them. The Prince that we saw was comparatively well behaved.

'I was horrified to hear this, and said, "This surely portends evil to our Empire. Such things occurred just before the Sungs were finally defeated by the Mongols, and also at the close of the T'ang dynasty. History is full of such examples. Mark my words, China will be plunged in dire calamities before ten years have passed."

'My friends were all Manchus of the Imperial Household, in a position to learn much of the inner life of the Court, so I had no doubt as to the accuracy of their statements. My own opinion was confirmed in due course, for eight years later the Boxer outbreak occurred. Of the several Princes who had amused themselves by playing the beggar, Prince K'o was taken into custody by the foreign troops and set to work at burying the bodies of the dead; in his mortification he committed suicide. Huai-t'a-pu was forced by the Russians to clean out latrines: he complained to the officers that he was of high rank, but they only reviled him and flogged him with a whip; he did not dare to tell them of his near kinship with the Old Buddha, lest his Boxer proclivities should become known and a worse fate befall him. Eventually he also took poison and died. Ch'en Pi was forced to pull a ricksha. Scions of the Imperial family, men who had never done a day's real work in their lives, fell to tramping the streets not as sham, but real, beggars.

'Prince Tuan and his brothers were either exiled or cashiered: Prince Chu-

ang was permitted to commit suicide. Ch'i Hsiu perished by the sword of the executioner. The hero of our day's outing, the Beileh, Tsai Lien, lost his title and rank as the result of complicity in the Boxer rising, and is now living in greatly straitened circumstances. I wonder if those who still survive, of that bright band of gay blades, ever feel any impulse to play at wallowing in the dung-heaps of the city with outcasts and beggars? Perhaps by now their jaded appetites are sated, and in their sober moments they may even brood sorrowfully over the piteous decline of their once proud Manchu dynasty.'

The following, also from a Manchu's diary, explains how it came to pass that, after much vacillation and casting about for advice, the Old Buddha finally decided on defying the forces of the Western world.

'At the critical moment when the Taku ports were taken (17th June, 1900) by the foreigners, the three high officials who led the war-party at Peking were Prince Tuan, Hsü T'ung, and Kang Yi. Prince Ch'ing might have voted against the Boxers had not Prince Tuan been watching him closely: whereat he was afraid. Chao Shu-ch'iao could never come to any definite opinion one way or the other.

'When the news reached Peking that the forts had been taken, the Old Buddha, sorely perturbed, sent for each member of the Grand Council separately. Prince Ch'ing, though not on the Council, was first asked for his opinion. True to his crafty principles, he replied, "Peace or war, each course presents its advantages, but it must be for Your Majesty to decide." "That is no answer to my question," retorted the Old Buddha; "you may go down from the Presence." Jung Lu, the next to be summoned, implored Her Majesty to pause before taking action which

would irrevocably end the Manchu dynasty. After being angrily rebuked by the Old Buddha, he gave place to Kang Yi who advised war to the death.

'Chao Shu-ch'iao was then called in. The Old Buddha first told him exactly what the others had said, and then observed, "You have held many provincial posts" (he had been a Prefect at Feng Yang in Anhui for many years), "and have had direct experience of the conditions under which my people live. In this respect you should be able to gauge the situation better than either Kang Yi or Jung Lu, who have never held office as magistrates. I shall therefore decide in accordance with your judgment."

'Chao had previously promised Jung Lu to vote against war, but realizing that the Old Buddha was bent on hostilities, he hesitated and finally stammered out, "I hear that the Foreign Powers are sending large armies to China; I am afraid that a campaign is by no means certain to end in victory for our arms; nevertheless, a pacific policy presents obvious difficulties." The Empress angrily interrupted him. "Are you for peace or war? Make up your mind one way or the other and tell me." Chao replied, "Your Majesty might declare war to begin with, and then if we are defeated, it will not be too late to order a cessation of hostilities. Troops are pouring into Peking from the provinces to support Your Majesty; but even if we are completely defeated, *the foreign armies will never venture to penetrate far into the interior.*" This last argument greatly impressed Tzŭ Hsi, who used it in her subsequent speech to the Ministers and Princes as a good reason for declaring war.'

When, under the peace protocol, Chao expiated his comparatively innocent part in the Boxer movement, the decree in which Tzŭ Hsi recorded

his sentence referred to his vacillation at audience; but he was ever a favorite of hers and she did her utmost to protect him from the death penalty.

II

Of the three men who chiefly influenced Tzŭ Hsi's mind and turned the wavering scales in favor of war, Prince Tuan, the swashbucklering fanatic, is less interesting as a type than Kang Yi and Hsü T'ung, whose hatred of foreigners followed naturally from their conception of the orthodox and patriotic official's duty to his country and himself. Hsü T'ung's hostility toward Europeans and all their ways was cold-blooded and uncompromising, but at least it had the merit of being unconcealed. He carried it, indeed, to an excess which made him notorious in Peking long before the Boxer outbreak.

When the Court fled south, Hsü would have liked to follow Her Majesty, but a decree made him Peace Plenipotentiary. His son, Hsü Ch'eng-yu, then said to his father, 'Your Excellency is now over eighty years of age. Your policy has been an utter failure. What are you waiting for, that you still cling to life?' The old man angrily rebuked him for this unfilial speech. The son retorted, 'Father, you have been disloyal to the best interests of the State. A disloyal minister cannot complain if he has an unfilial son.' (These words were used by Wu San-kuei to his father in 1644, when the latter submitted to the rebel Li Tzŭ-ch'eng, who proclaimed himself Emperor after overcoming and expelling the Mings.) The old man meekly replied, 'Do as you think best then.' With that, his son led him to a tree in the garden, hung a rope thereon and assisted the Grand Secretary to commit suicide. His action would have been meritorious, had he seen fit to die

at the same time, but he clung to life, only to be beheaded five months later.

When the Boxer madness was at its height, Hsü T'ung, who was nothing if he was not thorough, used to say to his friends, 'Before we can hope to drive these foreigners into the sea, we must exterminate one Dragon, two tigers, and thirteen sheep.' The Dragon was the Emperor, the tigers were Jung Lu and Li Hung-chang, and the sheep were the Yangtze Viceroy, Prince Ch'ing, Yüan Shih-k'ai, Wang Wen-shao, and the other moderates at Peking and the provincial capitals.

Yü Hsien, the 'butcher' Governor of Shansi, on the black list of the Allies, was first sentenced to banishment by Tzŭ Hsi, and had proceeded on his way as far as Lan Chou in Kansuh, when Her Majesty's decree — reluctantly issued under pressure — reached Sung Fan, the Viceroy, whereby Yü Hsien was sentenced to decapitation. Sung Fan was an old friend of Yü Hsien, and the day before the arrival of this decree had invited him to a banquet. While the feast was actually proceeding, the order from the Old Buddha was brought to the Viceroy, requiring Yü's immediate decapitation. Sung Fan read it, changed countenance and hurriedly concealed the document. Yü asked permission to see it, and on being refused, angrily put down his chopsticks and announced his departure. Sung, seeing no help for it, let him see the decree. In response to his friend's expression of grief, Yü smilingly said, 'It is the fortune of war. I am a soldier and know that you must obey orders. The Sovereign commands, what can a minister do but comply? Our feast, however, is a private matter; my decapitation is your public duty. Let us first conclude the banquet and speak of other things.' Yü then drank most immoderately, took leave of his friend, and spent the rest of the day quietly.

Next morning the Viceroy sent his guard to convey him to the place of execution, which had been hung with red silk, and sorrowfully witnessed the beheading of his friend.

Kang Yi, after Hsü Tung the most determined fire-eater of the war party, was an ignorant and illiterate bigot, a great believer in magic and spells. His belief in the Boxers was the natural outcome of his puerile superstition; his favorite literature was the well-known magical romance, *Feng Shen Chuan*, a collection of fantastic legends which his secretaries had to read aloud to him almost daily. When serving on the Grand Council he was wont to say that though possibly there really were in Europe as many nations as Russia, England, Germany, and France, all the rest of the countries of which foreigners spoke — Sweden, Holland, Austria, and Spain — were surely nothing but lying inventions, intended to intimidate China.

Looking back on the Boxer movement, and dispassionately considering its genesis and leadership, the childishness of its impulses and ambitions assumes a pathetic aspect, and, viewed in this light, the penalties imposed on China by the European powers appear to have been lacking in sympathetic recognition of many fundamental facts. One of the chief Boxer leaders, for instance, one of those who misled thousands of comparatively innocent human beings to their doom, was a woman, originally a low-class courtesan of Tientsin, who was known as the 'Yellow Lotus Holy Mother.' In the eyes of her superstitious followers, this woman became an Oriental Jeanne d'Arc. When the Boxer movement was in full swing, any one suspected of being friendly to foreigners was taken before her, and sentenced to death, or set at liberty, according to her decision. Li Hung-chang's eld-

est son, Li Chang-shu, who was in Tientsin at the time, was arrested by the Boxers and brought before the 'Yellow Lotus.' The 'Holy Mother' bade him kneel, and then smiled graciously upon him. One of his attendants, who was intimate with a Boxer chief, purchased his release — for the 'Yellow Lotus' had an eye to business.

The Viceroy, Yü Lu, invited her to his yamên and begged her to predict the result of the movement. At her coming he knelt in court robes to receive her outside the main tribunal and made obeisance to her. He said, 'The foreigners are near at hand. Have mercy, and deliver us from them by your magic power.' She replied, 'I have already arranged for an angelic host to destroy them with fire from Heaven. You need not be alarmed.' She was eventually arrested and decapitated by order of Li Hung-chang.

The point of view of the man in the street, the humble, plunderable private citizen, was of little account in those days, when the great ones staked the destinies of the Empire on a single desperate throw. What the man in the street felt is fairly described in the following reminiscence of the crisis, written at the time, by a Kiangsu man resident in Peking, styled Heng Yi.

III

'In the 26th year of Kuang Hsü,' he wrote, 'my house was at the western end of San T'iao lane, not four hundred yards from the Legations. After the murder of the German Minister on the 24th of the 5th Moon, the ruffian soldiery of Tung Fu-hsiang entered and sacked nearly every house in my neighborhood. All through the 24th and 25th I could hear the shrieks of the women and children, whom they were butchering, and their shouts, in the Kansu dialect, "Bring out the Erh

Mao Tzu!"¹ On the 26th (June 22) a Manchu censor impeached them to the Throne, and the Old Buddha sent for their general, Tung Fu-hsiang, and bade him make an example of the culprits. Accordingly, on the evening of that day, twenty soldiers were beheaded just at the entrance to my lane.

'Even this exemplary punishment did not abate their fury, for next day another large contingent started looting again, and in due course approached my house. My cousin ordered the gateman to draw the bars across the main gate, but I begged him to do nothing of the sort. "Our only hope to escape being massacred is to parley with them." My cousin agreed, so we collected the whole of the family in one of the main rooms, and told them not to get excited or scream. I had scarcely mustered them when nineteen of the Kansu braves came rushing in. Their swords and clothes were still dripping with blood, as if they had come from a shambles. I went forward to meet them, saying politely, "I know what you have come for: you are looking for secondary devils. However, none of us have 'eaten' the foreign religion. You will see that we have an altar to the kitchen god in our back premises. The whole of our family is now here; will you not take a look through the house to see if there are any Christians in hiding?" I meant by this to imply that we should offer no opposition to their looting whatsoever they pleased. I also called a servant to prepare tea. Our guests received these overtures pleasantly enough, and after a few minutes of energetic looting they returned to my guest-room, and some of them sat down to take tea. One of them remarked, "You seem to be thoroughly respectable people: what a pity that you

¹ 'Secondary Devils'—the term used to describe Chinese Christians.

should reside near this nest of foreign converts and spies." After a brief stay they thanked us politely, apologizing for the intrusion, and retired with their booty. It was then about 2 P.M. We lost about \$4,000 worth of valuables.

'Shortly afterwards, flames were bursting from our neighbor's premises, so I made up my mind to remove my family to a friend's house in the north of the city. In spite of these deeds of violence, even intelligent people still believed that the Kansu soldiery were a tower of defense for China, and would be more than able to repel any number of foreign troops. A friend of mine reckoned that 250,000 persons lost their lives in Peking that summer. I used to revile the Boxers in the family circle, so much that my own kinsmen, who sympathized with them, would call me an "Erh Mao Tzu," and my cousin, fearing that the Boxers would murder me, induced me one day to kotow before one of their altars in the Nai Tzu fu. To this day I have regretted my weakness in thus bowing the knee.'

IV

Five high officials fell victims to the malignant passions and private enmity of the war party during the height of the crisis, while the Allies were advancing upon Peking. Of these, two were executed by the orders of the Old Buddha—Yüan Ch'ang and Hsü Ching-ch'eng—for having tried to protect foreigners. The other three, Li Shan, Hsü Yung-yi, and Lien Shan, were hurriedly sent to their death by Prince Tuan.² The death of Hsü Ching-ch'eng, a very brave and courtly gentle-

² The diarist, Ching Shan, declares that this was done without the knowledge of the Old Buddha, but on the face of it, this is difficult to believe. It is most probable that, without premeditation, she allowed it to be done in one of her violent fits of rage, and was sorry for it immediately afterwards. — THE AUTHORS.

man, has been well described by an anonymous writer, in a memoir entitled, *Reminiscences of a Time of Suspicion and Panic*,¹ as follows: —

‘A certain old scholar of Chekiang had been a close friend to Hsü Ching-ch’eng in the days before Hsü had attained to official rank. He accompanied him on his first mission to Europe, and from that time never left him till the day of his death. This gentleman relates that, on the day of Hsü Ching-ch’eng’s arrest, all was quiet in his house and there were no particularly alarming rumors. After the midday meal they were sitting talking in the library, Hsü having ordered his carriage, to go to the Tsungli-yamên. He had just put on his official robes, when the gate-keeper came in with a card to announce a visitor. The name was not familiar to Hsü, who told the gate-keeper to make his excuses, explaining that he had an appointment at the Yamên and had no time to spare. The gate-keeper went out but came back at once, to say that the visitor was a military official employed at the Yamên, and that his orders from Prince Ch’ing were to invite Hsü’s immediate attendance; Prince Ch’ing and Prince Tuan were both at the Yamên already, and there was most important business on hand.

‘Hsü thereupon went out and saw the man. On returning, he said to his friend, “When we left the Yamên yesterday I heard nothing of any important business. I wonder why both Princes are attending there to-day?” To this his friend replied, “No doubt something has happened. I shall go now into the Southern city to get the latest news.” The friend then went out, but immediately returned to say, “That officer who came to fetch you is still waiting outside, close by the gate.

¹ Literally: ‘Monkey-like Suspicions and Panic at the Cry of a Bird.’ — THE AUTHORS.

He seems greatly excited; it all looks very suspicious. Besides, I know all the Yamên official messengers by sight, and I never saw this man before. I advise you, as a precaution, to take a larger suite with you than usual, and be sure to send back a messenger with a report.”

‘Hsü smilingly ignored his friend’s remarks, entered his carriage and drove as far as the end of the lane, where he observed several runners from the Yamên of the Metropolitan Gendarmerie standing about. Upon a sign from the officer, they all formed a bodyguard round Hsü’s carriage. Instead of proceeding toward the Tsungli-yamên they turned northward, and when Hsü asked the reason for this he was told that to-day’s meeting would be held in the Yamên of Gendarmerie. On arriving there, the officer came forward and assisted Hsü to alight. He then ordered Hsü’s attendants to go home. “You are not wanted here,” said he; “His Excellency will have other men to wait upon him inside.” Hsü was rapidly conducted to a small room, the door was bolted, and he was left alone. He could hear sounds of lamentation proceeding from some one in the next room. This turned out to be Yüan Ch’ang, but the two were not allowed to meet.

‘Meantime Hsü’s suite returned home, and his friend was greatly alarmed at this report. He hurried off to Wang Wen-shao (his fellow provincial) to find out what was afoot, and to beg him to save Hsü’s life. Wang professed amazement. “I have only just come from the Council,” he said, “and to my knowledge Her Majesty issued no decree. Your story seems incredible.”

‘Hsü’s friend took his leave, and spent most of the night in trying to find some means of succoring him; it was not till 3 A.M. that he heard definitely that both he and Yüan had been sent to the Board of Punishments.

Early that morning he received a private note from a secretary of the Board to tell him that the heads of the Ministry had just come out from the great hall of Council, and that orders had been given for a supply of red yarn to be got ready, from which he knew that the execution of the two prisoners had been decreed, because an ancient custom requires that when a high official is to be beheaded, his face must be enveloped in red cloth.

'On receipt of this note Hsü's friend set off to visit Wang Wen-shao to intercede once more for Hsü's life, but he had only just started when he received a message saying that the cart conveying the condemned had already left the Board of Punishments. He hurried off to the execution ground outside the city, but on reaching it he found that the two officials were already dead, and that Hsü Cheng-ju (son of Hsü Tung) was on his way to the Palace to inform Her Majesty of the due execution of her orders.'

v

As regards the death of Li Shan, the same writer observes that it is not correct to suppose that it was due to the Boxers' coveting his vast wealth. The real reason lay in a long-standing feud between him and Duke Tsai Lan, who was really responsible for his execution.

As for the Chancellor of the Grand Secretariat, Lien Yüan, executed at the same time by order of Prince Tuan, he had put in a memorial urging that the bombardment of the Legations should cease. He was just emerging from the Palace when he met Ch'ung Li, ex-commandant of the Gendarmerie, just outside the gate of Brilliant Fortune. With an exclamation of surprise, Ch'ung Li said, 'What brings you to the Palace at this early hour?'

(It was not yet dawn; Lien had had to attend early in order to present his memorial.) Lien told him the reason. Ch'ung angrily replied, 'Indeed! Have you forgotten your Manchu birth that you behave like one of these Chinese traitors?'

Lien refused to admit that he was in the wrong, and angrily turned on his heel. Ch'ung Li was furious, and reported to Prince Tuan. A few days later Lien met his fate at the 'Western Market.' Just before his head fell, a Boxer leader in full uniform came riding up at a hand gallop, dragging behind him something which was so completely covered with dust and mud as to be quite unrecognizable. It was not until the rider had pulled up his horse at the execution ground, that the bystanders perceived that it was a man bound hand and foot. The features were mutilated beyond recognition, but on inquiry of the runners they learned that it was Li Shan.

The fate of the third victim, Hsü Yung-yi, was the hardest of all. A native of Chekiang, he began his career as a small official in the Board of Revenue, obtained by examination a post as clerk on the Grand Council, and finally, after nearly fifty years of official life, rose to be Board President. He was circumspect and careful by nature, an advocate of compromise in State affairs, honest and incorruptible, resembling the late Duke of Devonshire in his slow and weighty mode of speech. His death was a surprise to every one, because few knew that he had an enemy. Tzū Hsi always liked him, and subsequently declared that his execution was none of her doing.

Be this as it may, the man really responsible for his undoing was Hsü Tung, who had long cherished a secret grudge against him, because of an apparently trivial incident in connection with an Examination Commis-

sion on which both men were engaged. On that occasion a candidate, protégé of the Grand Secretary, had been 'ploughed' as the result of Hsü Yung-yi having detected an error in calligraphy which had escaped the notice of the other examiners. Hsü T'ung's mind was of the type which cannot forget or forgive loss of 'face.'

After the death of Li Shan and Lien Yüan, Prince Tuan, Duke Lan, and Kang Yi were by no means sated of their blood-lust, and proposed to make a wholesale proscription of their opponents, including, if possible, Jung Lu. Liao Shou-keng, ex-President of the Board of Ceremonies (a native of Kiangsu), had been removed from the Grand Council some months previously, and had resigned from the Tsungli-yamên in June, 1910, but Kang and Tuan both had long-standing grudges against him. They fixed on the 22d of the 7th Moon (that is, August 16) for the execution of Liao and several others, Liao being the first on their list of victims. They made no secret of their intentions, which were known all over the metropolis. Liao Shou-keng had sent his family home to the South, and was living at that time in a small temple outside the Tung-hua Gate. On hearing the news, he was much alarmed, and implored a kinsman of his, an ex-vice-roy, to persuade Jung Lu to save his life. Jung Lu promised to do what he could, but next day he reported that all his efforts had been in vain. At audience that morning he had kowtowed time and again to the Old Buddha imploring her to save Liao's life, but Her Majesty had refused to change her decision, and no appeal could move her. He therefore advised that Liao should commit suicide.

The message was duly delivered to Liao, but he could not make up his mind to act upon it. Herein he was

wise, for on the 21st, one day before the date fixed for his execution, Peking fell, and thus he escaped. He left immediately for his home in the South, where he died not long after. The priest at the temple where he lived said afterwards that when Liao heard the news of his sentence, he wandered round and round the courtyard like a man in a frenzy, and hardly stood still a moment for several hours on end. He took no nourishment, and was as pale as a corpse.

It is not generally known that Wang Wen-shao himself had a very narrow escape at that time. After the five officials above-named had been put to death, Duke Lan put in a memorial concerning the bombardment of the Legations. To this there was a supplementary memorandum attached, containing these words: 'Most of the pro-foreign traitors have been put to death, and Your Majesty's Court is purged of their odious miasma. One man, however, still remains to pollute your presence. That man is Wang Wen-shao. Unless the weed be plucked up by the roots, disaster will ensue. I beseech Your Majesty to have him beheaded, so that Your Court may be thoroughly purified of traitors.'

The memorial duly reached the Grand Council for presentation. Jung Lu opened and perused it. He said nothing to his colleagues, but hid the supplementary memorandum in his sleeve. He handed the memorial itself to Wang Wen-shao, who read it through, and then said to his colleague, 'I understood that Duke Lan was putting in a supplementary memorandum as well. Where is it?' Jung Lu quietly replied, 'Oh! probably it has been retained by Her Majesty, and will not be issued.'

A few minutes later, the councillors were all summoned to audience. After transacting routine business, Jung Lu

took out the supplementary memorandum from his sleeve, saying, 'This memorandum of Tsai Lan is really an abominable insult to Your Majesty's intelligence. Will Your Majesty be pleased to issue a rescript of severe censure?'

The Old Buddha glanced over the document, and the 'benevolent countenance' grew black as thunder. She muttered to herself and sat with knit brows, her face wearing an expression which, as Jung Lu knew well, boded evil to the victim of her impending wrath. At last, she said sternly, 'Will you guarantee that this man is innocent of all treasonable designs?' Jung Lu kotowed. 'Although every man in Your Majesty's Court were a traitor and were plotting against Your Majesty, yet I would stake my life on this man's unswerving fidelity. I, your slave, will pledge the Grand Secretary's loyalty as long as breath remains in my body. If I had a hundred voices I would proclaim it with every one, even though my head should fall under the headsman's sword for my temerity.' The Old Buddha still hesitated, with an inscrutable look on her face and a demeanor of enforced calm. At last she said in a voice of deep warning, 'So be it, then. I place this man under your charge, and if I find that your words are false and that he has been conspiring against me, both of you shall suffer the same penalty.' Jung Lu again prostrated himself and thanked Her Majesty for her gracious kindness. The victory was won. He and his colleagues then took their leave.

Now, Wang Wen-shao was very deaf, and all this time had been kneeling at some distance from the Throne. He had no idea what the Old Buddha was saying to Jung Lu. Afterward Jung Lu told his friends the story, remarking, 'While I was pleading for

Wang's life and the Old Buddha looked wrathfully in his direction, speaking in such a tone that Prince Li and I both trembled and turned deadly pale, while Kang Yi sneered at us, there was old Wang, looking perfectly happy and self-possessed, without the least idea of what was going on.'

To the day of his death Wang never knew of his escape, and would often ask Jung Lu what the Old Buddha was saying to him on that fateful morning of August, 1900.

Finally, from notes written a month after the relief of the Legations, by one who signs himself 'An Imperial Clansman,' we take the following pathetic description of the death of Lien Yüan's son-in-law, Shou Fu, who with all his household committed suicide upon the entry of the Allies, fearing insult and outrage at their hands. Shou Fu was of a type not uncommon amongst the reformers (of whom he was one) — earnest, honest, and impulsive, but not very wise or well informed. A blind impulse, born of ignorance, wiped out all his family; such tragedies were common, however, during those days of battle, murder, and sudden death. For that matter they are common enough in China at this time of writing.

'When Prince Tuan and his confederates had won the ear of the Old Buddha, one of Shou Fu's friends implored him to leave Peking, but he sadly refused. He was then urged to allow his younger brother, Chang Fu, to take his wife and children to his villa in the country, but again he refused, saying, "When the skin has perished, where shall the hair grow? When everything is in such dire confusion, why worry about individual misfortunes?" His brother Chang Fu agreed, saying that he also had lost all desire to live.

'Shou Fu's father-in-law, Lien Yüan,

Chancellor of the Grand Secretariat, was a well-known authority on the philosophy of Chu Hsi. In 1898, while holding office in Hupei province, he heard that Shou Fu was a supporter of the Reform movement, and wrote him a very angry letter. After the interchange of some heated correspondence, all relations ceased for a time between the two men. Subsequently, when Lien Yüan came to hold office in Peking, he realized that his son-in-law's endorsement of the Reform movement arose from sincere patriotism and not from any love of new and strange ideas. When, in June, the crisis became acute, Lien Yüan was received in audience with the rest of the chief officials. There in the audience-hall he wept aloud, and addressed a most vigorous remonstrance to the Empress Dowager, telling her that by the laws of nations, the persons of envoys are sacrosanct. At this Prince Tuan stepped out from his place at the head of the Princes, and angrily exclaimed, "Lien Yüan deserves to lose his head." Luckily for Lien, the Old Buddha made no sign, but continued to listen, apparently unmoved, while he finished his discourse. When he had done, all she said was, "I am perfectly well aware of all you tell me, and I find these long-winded harangues very wearisome." But Shou Fu rightly foresaw that his father would not escape the vengeance of Prince Tuan for thus openly defying him.

"Shou Fu's family moved to Lien's house four days after the latter's execution, that is on August 14. From that day communications were interrupted, between various parts of the city, by the coming of the allied armies. On the 17th of August detachments of foreign troops had been seen in the West city, but it was rumored that all who hung out the white flag would have their lives spared. Nevertheless

Shou Fu and his brother proceeded to poison themselves with opium. Their unmarried sister, aged thirty-two, then swallowed some of the drug, and made her little sister, aged eight, do the same. Her slave girl, named Sa'Erh, stimulated to heroism by her mistress's shining example, vowed that she too would give up her life. By this time, the foreign soldiers had entered the adjoining courtyard. Shou Fu was afraid, as the drug worked slowly, that death would not come in time to save them from insult by the troops, so he led them all into a room on the west side of the court. There he mounted the brick platform and hanged himself to the rafters; but he being very stout, the rope gave way, and he fell with a crash to the ground. His brother Chang Fu raised him and hurriedly assisted him to climb up again and to adjust the rope securely, and this time he succeeded in hanging himself.

"Chang Fu then quietly made ready the ropes for his sisters and the little maid. When he had done so, there was no more rope left, so he hurried out and found a piece of thin cord in an outhouse. With this he returned to the western room, opened the door and hanged himself to the rafter just inside, thus blocking the entrance. It was then ten o'clock in the morning of the 23d day of the 7th Moon. Shou Fu's age was thirty-six, and his brother's thirty-two. Their wives were forcibly prevented by Lien's family from committing suicide, as they too wished to do.

"Later, when the foreign soldiers had left the house, the servants had to cut down Chang Fu's body before they could get into the western room. The five bodies were reverently laid out in the main hall, but the family had no money wherewith to bury them decently. A kind neighbor, named Fu, made them a present of a hundred

taels, and with this they bought five coffins. The remains were taken to the garden at the back and there temporarily interred.

'Ever since the Japanese war,' concludes the chronicler, 'Shou Fu had realised that only by reform could China be saved from ruin. No doubt

he would have preferred to serve his country by living to work for it, rather than by dying for it; nevertheless his heroic resolution must have afforded no small satisfaction to the soul in Heaven of his ancestor, Nurhachi, as well as serving to show his enemies how a true patriot can die!'

THE LOST TRAIL

BY ARTHUR KETCHUM

GREEN woodland pity heals the ancient scar;
 Spring after spring, through still unresting years,
 In little saplings and the tufted pine,
 The old trail disappears.

Forbidden vine and fern-brake come once more;
 Brown leaves have hid the secret deep and well;
 Only the scattered blaze-marks, blurred and dim,
 A fading message tell.

One coming here might seek for it in vain;
 There is no sign above the guarded gate
 To point the path, to where the still wood keeps
 Its heart inviolate.

The old path fades, forgotten; only guessed,
 And scarcely found and once more lost again.
 No record serves to show the long-healed wound
 Of havoc and of pain.

God send all trails forgetfulness as this!
 Such healing pity of the kindly years,
 That no swift-footed memory may find
 Lost places of old tears!

THE VANISHING ACTOR: AND AFTER

BY ANNIE NATHAN MEYER

[Since this article was written certain plays have been put upon the boards which would make it seem that the stage is certainly no longer 'curiously aloof from the spirit of its age.' But is this due to a real and sincere enfranchisement of the spirit of the drama? Is it entirely free from any desire to exploit for profit a momentary sensation? Certainly the sincerity of a dramatist is not put greatly to the test while the box-office receipts roll up cheerily. — THE AUTHOR.]

I

THERE were others besides Paul Delaroche, who, looking upon their first photograph in 1839, declared the art of painting to be dead. And many good souls to-day — after attending their first performance of the modern highly perfected moving pictures — pronounce the death of the art of acting.

Indeed, one hears it on every side: 'There are no more great actors'; 'Acting as an art is dead.' It is all quite easily disposed of, there is no contradiction. Some do not care, others pause to drop a tear, but hardy is he who ventures to dispute the fiat of the wise doctors. All sorts of reasons, or excuses for reasons, are given as the cause of the taking off of the late departed, — the disappearance of stock companies, the rise of commercialism, long runs,¹

the ever-increasing emphasis on scenery, rivalry of managers, absence of rivalry; and even there are those who do not hesitate to lay the blame upon the race to which the majority of managers belong, the very race that has contributed more than its share to the histrionic talent of the world. All reasons and no reasons, but a marvelous agreement: the art of acting is dead.

Some day let us hope that the interrelation of the arts will be so understood that no critic may hope to be taken seriously who is familiar with the history — to keep up the analogy we might call it the bed-side record — of one art alone. When all goes smoothly with the progress of an art, this need of historical perspective may not be so apparent; but the instant it becomes involved in difficulties, no one can be of any real service in ministering to it who has not more than one art of which he may take counsel. One might as well hope to be cured by a physician who knows only one case. So I am going to ask the reader to look over with me the clinical records of that other patient whose untimely end was so confidently, and so mistakenly, predicted. It will be strange if we do not find a good deal that is of distinct therapeutic value to us of to-day.

Now for all the dire predictions three quarters of a century ago anent the art of painting, it did not die. Sufficiently eloquent is the fact that at the time Puvis de Chavannes, Manet, Dégas, Renoir, were still unknown, while even the men of 1830 had certainly by no

¹ It is interesting to note that in the eighteenth century a run of twenty nights, such as Addison's *Cato* had, was considered very long, while the run of *The Beggar's Opera* of sixty-two nights was looked upon as phenomenal. — THE AUTHOR.

means come into their own. And when we realize further that in America the chief cause of discouragement was that no successors loomed in sight worthy the great names of Doughty, Kensett, and Durand, we may well ask ourselves, — is, then, the prognosis of this latest case quite so bad as some of our contemporaries would have it?

Perhaps it is difficult fully to understand the panic into which the followers of the art of painting were thrown on the discovery of photography, since to us the place of the two arts is so thoroughly assured and so assuredly separate. But we must remember that to an unphotographed age the art of painting necessarily meant something quite different from what it means to our own kodaked generation. 'Figure to yourself,' cries a writer in shrill excitement in the *Moniteur Universel*, January 14, 1839, 'figure to yourself a mirror which, after receiving your image, presents you your portrait, as indelible as a painting and much more faithful!' And in rendering the image of nature, how immensely significant becomes the language of the bill introduced before the French Chamber to pension M. Daguerre: 'To the traveler the apparatus of M. Daguerre would become a continual and indispensable necessity. It will enable them to fix their impressions without having recourse to the hand of a stranger.'

Perhaps to us who have come to associate those silvery ghosts of a day gone-by with the delicate grace of some ancestor, it is difficult to think of the daguerreotype as a rival to landscape painting. It is necessary to remember, however, that at first the daguerreotype was restricted to the photographing of nature. The exposures lasting for several hours, the inventor Daguerre himself was very skeptical of the process ever becoming of much service in portraiture. The first Amer-

ican daguerreotype was a view of a Broadway church, taken by S. F. B. Morse from a window of the New York University. Its application to life, though 'hoped for' in the report of the commission to the French government, was actually made first by Dr. Draper of the same university. The first published account appeared in the *Philosophical Magazine* for September, 1840.

The photographic or topographical view of painting was brought home to me very clearly once, a dozen years ago, in visiting the collection of one of the typical art-patrons of the Hudson River School. The old gentleman, then within a few months of his death, led me from picture to picture, and I recall very distinctly his chuckling over this or that evidence of exact observation and scrupulous truthfulness on the part of the artist. With great glee, I remember, he pointed out to me in his favorite picture the very seat on the very porch from which he used to view that very bend in the river. It was more, a good deal more, than the reminiscent joy of the nonagenarian; it was perfectly clear that the pictures before him had always been prized above everything else as literal transcriptions of nature. This is quite in line with the remark of our pioneer landscape painter, Thomas Cole, that 'the cause of the American painter's love of nature is the necessity of saving and perpetuating the features of a wilderness which is passing away.'

It is far from commonly understood how largely even the grandiloquent, romantic pictures of Church and Bierstadt owed their character to the state-ly scenes they chose as their subjects, rather than, as one might at first fancy, to the tradition of the grand style of painting. It was Champney the artist, who, in his *Memoirs*, wrote of his frank amazement, on finding, on his travels,

how little Church had permitted himself to deviate from the nature before his palette. To be sure, the landscapes of the period were supposed to reveal 'that high sublimity which elevates, refines and warms the heart, and fills its chambers with proud imagery.' True, the painter was expected to look on Nature 'conscious of the Being who reigned there,' yet the contemporary enjoyment of landscape painting depended largely upon its power to visualize scenes for pleasant reminiscent musing, or to bring before the general public the scenic grandeur of inaccessible parts of the globe. That there were critics conscious that this was not the noblest service of the art of painting is evidenced by frequent exhortations in the magazines of the period, to 'cease painting nature for nature's sake,' and to return to 'the noble heights of historical painting.'

Even if painting never returned to those 'noble heights,' at least after the discovery of the photograph the artists did cease painting 'nature for nature's sake.' It was obvious that painting in that direction was hopelessly outclassed. But the main point that concerns us now is that painting did not die. On the contrary, with the discovery of the art of photography the art of painting took on a new lease of life. Indeed, we may say that this is what is certain to happen to any art which finds itself outstripped by a mechanical contrivance. It does not, as might be expected, betray itself by a hopeless competition; it does not seek to become a conscious rival to the mechanical; it at once sets about to do something which that mechanical contrivance could not possibly accomplish. Outdone in accuracy by the 'sun pencil,' the brush henceforth became the artist's personal instrument of expression in a sense impossible to the camera. As the world grew smaller

and smaller through the photograph and other inventions (the steamboat and the railroad), the particular spot chosen by the painter became of less and less importance, and the emphasis was placed upon his particular way of interpreting it. The topographical interest in the painted picture fell, and the personal emotion in the painter rose.

'Art,' cried Zola, 'is nature seen through an emotion.' Inness declared the aim of painting to be not to edify but to awaken an emotion. Think of the significant change in the whole point of view expressed in these two definitions! We see its beginning back in 1853, when the biographer of Thomas Cole earnestly deplores his hero's departure from painting 'pictures merely descriptive of wild nature to painting those poetically expressive of himself.' 'This was at once regarded,' he continues, 'as an unfortunate step—even the judicious among his friends feared that he was forsaking his only proper path.'

II

And now, before we attempt to make a prognosis of the effect of the photographic germ upon our present patient, let us inquire how its constitution became so debilitated that no one expects it to recover from the inroads of the moving-picture disease.

Now I am frankly of the opinion that it is not the art of acting that is in any danger, but that it is rather that a certain tradition of acting is indeed passing away. Its expected demise has been mistaken for the extinction of acting itself. There is a certain type of acting which bears a strong resemblance to the aims and tendencies of 'historical painting.' Is not the pride in the 'legitimate,' that pride which Pinero so tenderly takes off in Trelawny, akin to the eighteenth-century pride in 'the grand style'? When dear

Mr. William Winter grows enthusiastic over the art of Charlotte Cushman because 'she imparted to her audience a conception of noble individuality, and an incentive to noble behavior,' or because 'she did not fill their minds with images of decadence and promptings to degeneracy, recklessness, and failure,' is he not confusing the art of acting with its moral effect, much as Benjamin West found that 'the true use of painting resides in assisting the reason to arrive at certain moral influences, by furnishing a probable view of the effects of motives and passions'?¹ Is he not placing himself as a spiritual contemporary of that patron of the Arts who besought the same West not to waste his time painting portraits, but to devote himself to 'historical painting,' at the same time cheerfully undertaking to suggest 'subjects which would best illustrate the moral effect of painting'? Another adviser of West's, no less a personage than the Provost of the University of Pennsylvania, undertook to make the artist acquainted with the classical literature which would 'give him such a sketch of the taste and character of the spirit of antiquity as would have all the effect of the *regular education requisite to a painter*.'

The kind of education 'requisite to a painter' in those days, may be suggested by the lectures on mythology which our poet Bryant went on bravely delivering to the students of the Academy of Design long after it was plain that what Dr. Johnson called 'the machinery of the gods,' no longer had its

place in the art of painting. I have an idea that 'the machinery of the gods' creaked its way through the history of the drama long after it had been discarded both in painting and in poetry. In some mysterious way, — mysterious at least to those who are not familiar with the history of the other arts, — the acting of plays far removed from the problems of contemporary life is still supposed to demand a higher order of talent than the interpretation of the life one sees about one at every turn.

Now this is not to fail in appreciation of the plays of the great master of the seventeenth century; nor in the nineteenth-century revolt of painting against tradition was there any question of the greatness of Titian and Veronese or of any other of the old masters. But it was recognized earlier in painting than in the drama that no one is great enough to impose himself with entire authority upon another age. As Professor Butcher has himself so authoritatively and so delightfully hinted, one age can never give another '*enough to live by*.' No serious art critic to-day would hold that it takes less technical skill or less bigness of feeling to paint the life about us than to delve into the distant past. The battle of the contemporaneous has been fought and won in the Fine Arts. When in the face of Sir Joshua Reynolds's wrath, Benjamin West, with true American temerity (though in other respects, as we have seen, complacently of his own period) insisted upon clothing his Indians in blankets and feathers instead of the conventional Roman toga, he unconsciously struck a fatal blow at that 'grand style of painting' which up to that moment had been serenely entrenched above all disturbing manifestations of the contemporaneous. The last shattering of the defenses was accomplished when Constable dared to

¹ It will be remembered that the 'earnest Republicans of the Salon' of 1793 conferred a prize upon an inferior painting by a nobody because it represented 'a free man who sacrificed himself for his country.' The prize for sculpture was not bestowed that year because 'none breathed the right patriotic spirit.' Thus can criticism run amuck when once it substitutes the principles of conduct for the principles of art. — THE AUTHOR.

paint his grass green and his trees in the brightness of a summer day, refusing longer to key his palette to the golden brown tones of 'the old brown fiddle.'

But that 'old brown fiddle' still possesses authority in the drama. Life, with all its conflicting, brilliant colors is not yet fully permitted. There still clings about the drama more than a mere remnant of the grand style, — more than a suggestion of that eighteenth century which delighted in embroidering itself over such controversies as 'whether in order to play tragedy, the actor should or should not have the interior qualification of an elevated soul?' It would seem as if the drama, dealing as it does with human ideas and volitions, would have been the very first of the arts to feel that wave of democracy that has for some time been buffeting (I am tempted to say engulfing) all the arts.

Yet the truth is that the playwright, if his theme is plebeian to-day, must assume as apologetic an air as George Eliot did in her *Amos Barton*, away back in 1856. It seems as if the gallery gods have had enough of wash-tubs and linoleum in real life, and pant for bric-à-brac and mahogany on the stage. And as to that handmaiden of democracy, realism, surely what we have on the stage to-day is rather a realism of setting than of sentiment. The stage in many ways has held curiously aloof from the spirit of its age. It is, alas! still considered more difficult to act Shakespeare than Pinero, to portray Lady Macbeth than Mrs. Ebbsmith. Neither have we entirely emancipated ourselves from the Boswellian attitude which allows that a player of light comedy is 'not entitled to respect; but he who can represent exalted character, and touch the noblest passions has very respectable powers.'

Realism on the stage to-day is so

little understood and appreciated that, incredible as it seems, there were plenty of critics and, more discouraging, plenty of actors, who declared that the Irish players did not act but 'simply walked through their parts.' Such commentators of course place themselves alongside those who in painting saw no art in putting 'Nature unadorned' upon the canvas. Heaven's blue, the luscious green of the trees, the racy red of the soil, these were not fit to hang upon the walls of castle or palace. Those who cannot see the essential greatness of the art of the Irish Players are as those who at this late day would calmly ask for a restitution of the old brown fiddle. For them Nature must still be put into wig and small clothes.

So little was the realistic art of Rodin understood, that on showing his superbly modeled nude, *L'Age d'Airain*, he was bitterly accused by critics and *confrères* alike of not creating a work of art at all but of casting direct from life. The clamor was so great that the Secretary of Fine Arts, who had purchased the statue for the government, was discredited. But this was nearly forty years ago, and since then the critics have had the grace to be ashamed of themselves. It only goes to prove my point that the drama is lagging behind the other arts, inasmuch as in this year of grace, 1913, this same kind of criticism is voiced against the most truthful, and at the same time the most exquisite art the stage has ever seen. It is too truthful to be considered art by those who think Nature should always be 'adorned.' It is astonishing to hear people of fair intelligence — at least in other matters — assuring us that these players from Dublin do not act at all. It would seem as if the test of repetition, of creating the same effect night after night, week after week, were sufficient to prove, not only the art but its high quality. It only goes to

show that concerning the art of acting very little clear thinking goes on at all. As Mr. Walter Prichard Eaton puts it with an acerbity which may be forgiven him, 'Men and women expend their breath upon more foolish chatter about the stage than about any other subject.' And thus Colley Cibber: 'Consider how many more people there are that can see and hear than think and judge.'

The truth is that the freedom of the theatre, its right to mirror life untrammelled and unquestioned, has not been won in the sense that such freedom has been won in the other arts. Progress has undoubtedly been made. Actors and playwrights have fought the good fight together, but very little is known of this most fascinating struggle; little compared to the struggle of the novel to interpret the whole of life, of sculpture to express emotion and mobility, of poetry to sing of the lowly, or painting to portray the characteristic and impermanent.

We know of Sir Joshua's horror at the first approach of the contemporaneous, — that arch-enemy of the Universal or Grand Style, — but we know little of the ridicule and opprobrium that assailed Macklin, the successor of Garrick, when for the first time he appeared as Macbeth, attired in a kilt. The ordinary costume and wig of the day, merely richer or poorer in style according to the station of the character presented, was the only theatrical dress of the eighteenth-century actors; and it may be that this had a certain grim advantage, inasmuch as the only illusion possible was of necessity to be created solely by the illusion of the actor's art. But any hard and fast rule, any powerfully entrenched tradition, necessarily hampers the growth of an art. A purely conventionalized garb as a necessary part of the theatre would have hampered the growth of the drama

in the same way that painting would have been injured had the Roman toga wound itself forever about the painter's model. It is only necessary to look at a portrait by Raeburn to see how a free and great spirit individually escaped from the conventions of his age — the landscape background, and a 'universalized or generalized' style of costuming.

Garrick on his part overthrew countless conventions and traditions. The actor Quin, the great representative of the older school, on witnessing a performance of Garrick's Richard the Third, cried out, 'If this young fellow is right, we have all been wrong!' The critics were astounded to find that Garrick so completely identified himself with his parts, that he gave up the customary 'demi-chant,' with which the actors before him enunciated the author's words. 'He neither struts nor minces, is neither stiff nor slouching,' cries one. The players who were on the stage with him remarked with astonishment, that he was 'attentive to whatever is spoke, and never drops his character by either looking contemptuously on an inferior performer, *unnecessary spitting*,¹ or suffering his eyes to wander through the whole circle of spectators.' This roaming of the actor's eyes must have been a common failing, for Goldsmith thought it worthy of great praise that a popular young French actress of the day did not 'come upon the stage glancing around as though reckoning the receipts.'

We certainly have made progress. George Henry Lewes, were he seated in a modern theatre, might complain of many things, but at least there would be no need to lift his voice in protest against those actors 'who fail to see the absurdity of not looking at the person addressed, as they would look in real life.' 'Why is it?' he goes on to ask,

¹ The italics are mine. — THE AUTHOR.

indignantly, 'Why is it an impassioned lover, instead of fixing his eyes on the eyes of his mistress, fixes them on the upper boxes, or the side scenes?'

We have certainly progressed, and although we may feel, as wise old Dr. Johnson felt, that not near enough progress has been made,¹ nevertheless it is pleasant to reflect that certain conventions of the theatre have passed, never again, let us hope, to be recalled. Gone are the monologues and soliloquies; gone the asides and stage whispers; gone the actor's evident consciousness of the audience; gone 'that solemn unreality of speech and action' which, according to Mr. H. B. Irving, was 'considered the appropriate expression of tragic sentiment.' Gone the tradition that Portia should imitate some leading popular member of the local bar; gone those highly illuminating dialogues between servants setting a table or dusting a room — those 'first aids to ignorant audiences,' as they have wittily been called.

III

But there remains plenty to be done. We are well aware that a certain kind of realism has progressed very far indeed, — the realism of the stage setting, the *mise-en-scène*, — but that is a realism which, after all, has not penetrated very deep, if indeed it may be said to have penetrated at all. The most fantastic deeds take place in these wonderfully real rooms. Any impossible action is accepted if the electrolier is lighted by a real switch turned on by the trembling fingers of an unreal heroine. I am not concerned with the realism of setting, but with the realism of sentiment. What we really have

been enjoying is a drama of sincere doors and insincere doers — or real tea-cups and conventional feelings. It is beginning to be brought home to us that we have perhaps been guilty of selling our birthright of imaginative drama for a mess of mission furniture. What at first was suspected only by a few is now beginning to be seen by many, that the imaginative drama has become stifled in the commonplace atmosphere of minute detail. A writer on the drama complained as far back as 1883, that the stage accessories had become so substantial that the actors began to wear a shadowy look! But it is easier to see all this than to see that it is but a natural, an almost inevitable stage in the process of obtaining absolute freedom. However, we may have become too absorbed in our plaything — the realism of the setting; nevertheless, it was an inevitable accompaniment to the drama of real thought and action. Even before the photograph with its absolute, faultless realism entered the realm of the stage, mutterings of revolt had already been heard. There is a longing for the opening of windows, for the breaking down of barriers, that the imagination may soar whither it will.² There is no doubt of it, the day of the extravagant spectacle is over, or rather the extravagance will be addressed to the spirit, not the eye.

Obviously there will be no longer reason for importing a troupe of real Arabian actors from Arabia, or toredors from Spain, of copying stone by stone the castle of Elsinore, when a camera sent to the spot will give it to us so much more exactly. Why send to

¹ He protested that for all the reform Garrick brought about there was still entirely too much of artificial tone and measured cadence in the declamation of the theatre. — THE AUTHOR.

² We may apply to the drama of to-day what some one has said of poetry, that the difference between the drama of yesterday and the drama of to-day is the difference that lies between an age that fights dragons and an age that fights microbes. But the microbe is essentially romantic, mysterious, magical. — THE AUTHOR.

farthest India for rare stuffs, when all the glory of the Durbar can be given us by the Kinemacolor? If *vraisemblance* is the aim of the stage picture, why endeavor to outdo the original itself? Therefore, I say, the expensive production gathered together from all the ends of the earth will soon be as impossible as it is to-day that a landscape painter should go to the wilds of Africa or the glaciers of Alaska in order, as Cole put it, 'to save and perpetuate the features of a wilderness that is passing away.' If the artist goes in order to give us a personal transcription that no photograph can give us, that is indeed a different matter; but the spectacle for the spectacle's sake, empty of imaginative art, empty of spiritual meat, is as doomed as was the topographical painting.

You will point to the stupendous productions of the past couple of years, but I shall answer that a movement rarely knows when it is defeated. A stricken tarantula victim dances round and round in furious gayety. There is no orderly succession in the advance of art movements; one does not succeed another, rather it resembles an interweaving of a pattern that is not easy to trace. There is a confused coming and going. Those who have but a moment to stay, try to impress us with their longevity. Those who are the future conquerors may come on in sorry guise. He who has become uncertain of his wares cries the loudest. So, seeing that extravagant spectacles fail, managers in their bewilderment advertise still more marvelous extravagances. It takes rare intelligence to recognize defeat. From the 'costliest spectacles,' we now read of the 'costliest ever given in the whole wide world.' And still the heart panteth for green fields, for heaven's blue! The wings of our imagination beat against prison bars. Gordon Craig, Reinhardt, the

Irish Players, children's plays, marionettes, miracles, and mysteries arise and come steadily marching on.

For, after all, realism might stultify other arts, but in a different sense than in the drama. The fight against a stifling, deadening realism in the drama is a fight for bare existence as an art — since art and nature are not interchangeable terms. In painting, sculpture, music, or poetry, fight as they did against realism, there was never any danger that it could utterly supplant art. In the very nature of the case there could not be any actual rivalry with nature. Some rearrangement, some restatement was always necessary. The actual hill, or river, for instance, obviously could not be brought within the frame of the picture, the actual frock coat or silk hat could not actually obtrude themselves upon the pedestal, however dreadful their representation might be. The actual cry of the baby at his ablutions could not enter the symphony, or the actual cackling of geese. But in the case of the stage, there was an actual rivalry with an actual object. Actual horses and cows did come on; actual doors and windows, actual cups and saucers, have been brought within the frame of the proscenium. Thus the idea of scenic representation ceased; it was no longer art or imitation, but the thing itself. But the aim of art is never to deceive. Coleridge explained apropos of this, 'You take a marble peach from the mantelpiece and put it down in pettish disgust. A fruit piece of Vanhuysen delights you.' And George Henry Lewes trenchantly puts it, 'We do not admire a man for *being old*, but we admire him for *miming age*.'

And now the movies are upon us — the last word of the actual. And yet is there any such thing as the last word? Clearly if there were, it would be the new 'talkies' rather than the 'movies';

but I understand that even Mr. Edison himself regards them as playthings for the moment, or at least until the duration of their performance can be greatly extended. Much hinged, it will be recalled, upon the length of the reels when the moving pictures were first being developed, and the same problem is now absorbing those who are concerned in the 'talkies.' One gasps to think of what may come in the future when to an improved phonograph there is added the trained speaking voice chosen as carefully as the voices of Caruso, Melba, and others for the singing records. The records of the Victor are reserved for the comparatively few great voices of the world. When the same care applies to the records for the 'talkies' there will be a chance for the revival of the exquisite art of clear and expressive diction. Is the drama, then, on coming into literal, direct competition with the photograph, doomed to die? Or will it, like the art of painting, cease trying to do the thing in which the photograph can so easily outdo it? Will the drama cease to concern itself with an eye-deep realism and concern itself with the soul-drama in which the cinematograph will scarcely attempt to rival it? For now am I buoyed up by my conviction expressed before, that when an art finds itself outstripped by a mechanical contrivance, it at once sets about doing something which that mechanical contrivance cannot possibly accomplish.

This is my hope. For the eye-deep realism of the movies cannot be surpassed. I remember clearly my first performance, — even in those pioneer days which crackled and spluttered and flashed their way across my bewildered eyes, — how I enjoyed the shaking of the lazy, fat shoulders of a huge driver who was guiding a team of horses across the tracks. I cannot help how this confession sounds even if

by my frankness the reader no longer thinks me worthy of addressing him in this matter at all — for the truth will out, that I really found the literalness of the picture highly amusing. Already to-day we see that the first stage of the moving picture has passed. Having startled by an exact and incomparable realism, they have started on a career at once more serious and full of new and significant possibilities. The Famous Players Film Company, under the enthusiastic direction of Mr. Daniel Frohman, is preparing to give to the public in cheap and accessible form the greatest plays of the world. Already upon their list appear *Hamlet*, *Julius Caesar*, *The Prisoner of Zenda*, *The Count of Monte Cristo*, and *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*.

The movement really deserves an article to itself, for there is behind it a very real hope of service. And it is fascinating to discover, in reducing Shakespeare to the bare terms of action, how much remains. There is also the equally fascinating conjecture of its effect upon the *mise-en-scène* — the playwright of the future permitting his characters to wander wheresoever they choose in as jaunty an irresponsibility as the Elizabethan before the exigencies of the realistic scene.

What is going to be the end of it all? I hope I have suggested the answer in the foregoing pages. Hopelessly outclassed in realism, in the apotheosis of the commonplace, by the modern photographic invasion, the drama will — even as painting did before it at the oncoming of the photograph three quarters of a century ago — escape into the realms of a heightened personality and an enriched imagination. As Müther has summed it up for the art of sculpture, 'From the moment one cannot make a thing better, the time has come to make it differently or to make it something else . . . it is quite probable

that men will never come to create anything more beautiful in its kind than the Venus of Milo. The only means, then, to retain one's independence is to put the Venus of Milo out of one's head.'

The only thing for the modern playwrights to do is to put the movies out of their heads, and set about making the modern play something which the moving picture is not. The modern actor must likewise give us an art so personal, so elusive, that the camera cannot follow him into the new realm at all.¹

In the direction of communicating the thrill of a great personality, and of

¹ There is great encouragement for personality in the actor in the fact that both Bernhardt and Sothern contract to have their photographic appearance the week before their arrival in *propria persona*. They claim that the result is a heightened interest. This to me is the more significant since I have long felt that one way of salvation lay through a greater familiarity on the part of the audience with the plays they go to see. — THE AUTHOR.

freeing the imaginative faculty, may not the drama enjoy a veritable new lease of life? Is it too fantastic to believe that its progress will be so far removed from the sway of the photographic that our descendants will be as amazed to learn that there was ever conflict between the camera and the art of the drama, as we are to-day over the one-time conflict between the daguerreotype and the art of painting?

As an impassioned admirer of Daguerre declaimed in 1883 on the occasion of the inauguration of a monument to him, —

Avant toi, sublime inventeur,
L'art, dédaigneux du prolétaire,
Accaparent peintre et sculpteur,
Appartient aux grands de la terre.

May we not somewhat differently apostrophize Edison, and express the hope that through his sublime genius the art of the stage may escape from the proletariat, and again truly belong to those who in a larger, finer sense are 'the great ones of the earth'?

THE EMIGRATION OF MARY ANNE

BY AMANDA MATHEWS

THE very soul of Mary Anne clung to Ireland as if with fingers and toes. It was not that she saw any of Donegal's charms with a tourist's eye — on the contrary, she believed it to be merely a poor barren forsaken spot, and loved it all the more passionately for thus believing. She was one of those for whom emigration is not adventure but doom.

But the path to America had been

made easy before her halting feet to the point of slipperiness. A niece of her mother's had a situation waiting for her in the same house where she was herself employed.

The Duffy family had striven hard to accumulate Mary Anne's passage money, but some untoward necessity was always gobbling it. Now Cousin Maggie had most generously arranged to send the ticket. Mary Anne was to

pay her back in weekly instalments before she set about bringing over Pat James.

This showery summer morning the Duffys had already imbibed their morning tea. Mrs. Duffy was feeding a covey of half-grown chickens on the stone flags before the fire. Barefoot Kitty, her black dress full of rents and her red hair sparkling with rain-drops, charged into the kitchen so impetuously that the chickens scattered before her.

'The letter!' she panted. 'Here is the letter from Cousin Maggie!'

Mary Anne bent closer over her sewing.

'Lave the birds alone,' admonished her mother, 'and put the letter on the dresser till I can get the fowl fed and the hearth trigged up.'

'I will be fair destroyed waiting, mother.'

'That letter be's nayther eating nor drinking. Put the kettle over and bring the full-of-your-arms of turf.'

The last of the outgoing chickens met the first of the incoming neighbors. Mary Anne's trembling fingers inserted a table-knife in the envelope. A stiff, folded square fell out.

'The ticket!' Kitty snatched it ecstatically. 'Read out the letter, Mary Anne.'

'One would think it was Kitty going,' remarked Peggy McGarbey.

'Deed, if I had me passage I'd not wait for me breakfast,' answered that emphatic young person. 'Read it out!'

With great effort, her sister steadied her voice sufficiently to begin.

"DEAR MARY ANNE,—

"I write you these few lines to let you know that I am in good health, thank God for his blessings to us all, and hoping you are in the same state as this letter leaves me in at present. I am sending your ticket for the sailing of July 25."

VOL. 113 - NO. 1

Mary Anne dropped the letter into her lap; the date had never been set before.

'To-day we stand the third,' mused her mother aloud. 'That gives ye three weeks and a bit over for two blouses more and four shifts.'

'Oh, drive harder at the reading!' implored Kitty.

The next sentences in the letter seemed to reprove with pertness what Mrs. Duffy had just said.

"Do not bring many duds for they won't look like anything over here and will only be to throw away. The shirt waists you can buy for 98 cents would take your breath. That is four shillings and we think nothing of our shillings in New York."

'It is an old woman I will be when me time comes to be fetched across!' mourned Kitty.

'Be first in a wood and last in a bog,' Mrs. O'Brien warned her. 'What more is writ in the letter, Mary Anne?'

"I hope, cousin, you ain't so backward as you was in my time there, but can speak up for yourself and not be put upon."

'I'd like to see anybody putting it over me!' Kitty declared.

Mary Anne took advantage of the instant's pause to resurrect her single recollection of Cousin Maggie. She recalled her as a stranger sitting by the fire in the thong-seated chair now occupied by Mrs. O'Brien. Cousin Maggie had drawn up her blue skirt and blue silk petticoat away from the flagstones. The blue flowers on her hat bobbed time to her strange shrill voice. Altogether she had seemed a highly colored, disconcerting sort of person, and Mary Anne realized that her protecting wing would be anything

but downy. She roused herself to read on.

“‘You will be losing yourself in this great big house for all the rooms and stairs it has, but you will soon forget how you was ever moping out your life in the peat smoke of Donegal, where, as the word goes, we eat the praties, skins and all.’”

‘That is only when the spuds be’s scarce,’ averred Peggy McGarvey literally. Mary Anne’s voice strengthened with her indignation at this last slur of Cousin Maggie’s.

“‘Saving myself that has sense, the hearts of the Donegal girls around here is stuck to their townlands. They are wishing you to bring over what sods you can in your box as they set terrible store on having one to be tying a green ribbon about it for an ornament.’”

‘And us burning them common,’ marveled Mrs. O’Brien, but in a voice so low that it did not stop the reading.

“‘I will be taking you to Moving Pictures and to the Bump-the-Bumps at Coney Island, and plenty of the like, until your face will be froze with astonishment, only you must not gape like a greenhorn.’”

‘They would never be thinking greenhorn on me,’ exulted Kitty.

‘Seems like Kitty has all the consait on Ameriky,’ shrewdly observed Mrs. O’Brien.

‘Mary Anne is a bit backward about going,’ acknowledged her mother, ‘but she is worth two of Kitty at the work, as they will find out when she puts her foot in New York.’

‘Indeed I would not be killing myself to please them,’ Kitty corroborated.

The letter closed with directions and admonitions concerning Ellis Island. Mary Anne laid letter and ticket in a book which occupied a niche over the box bed.

‘Was not Shane O’Donnell sending ye that book of poetries from Dublin, Mary Anne?’ inquired Mrs. O’Brien.

‘He was,’ admitted Mary Anne blushing.

‘Is he no expected home the day?’

‘He is.’ The crimson wave swept from neck to hair.

‘Billy Gallagher seen him in Dublin, and he does be sayin’ that larnin’ and town clothes has taken great effect on his person; so he is the fine upstandin’ young man altogether and might be of the gentry at the hotel — he looks that respectable.’

‘When he is a master he can be giving a woman a grand place to sit down,’ remarked Peggy McGarvey meaningly as she and Mrs. O’Brien rose to depart. Mary Anne’s face was almost hidden in her sewing.

The following morning Shane appeared in his old clothes among those getting home their turf from the bog. As Mr. Duffy was in Scotland, Pat James and Dermot at the Lagan, and Johneen herding for a neighbor, Mary Anne and Kitty must stack the family peat which had been footed in the late spring.

The Irish have a proverb, ‘There is more nor turf to be found in a bog.’ It is hard to tell whether those who shaped the saying had reference to the pink bell-heather and the bog-cotton like fluttering swan-feathers, or to the vaguely feared ‘water-affairs with red mouths on them fit to swallow a cow’ which are supposed to inhabit the larger brown pools. At all events, whoever said it first felt the brooding magic of the bog’s brown and purple desolation.

The axiom will bear a sentimental

twist as well, for at this season the bog blossoms with Irish nymphs, bare of arms and ankles, red of cheeks, with wind-blown hair, stepping off briskly under the turf creels. Many a shy gossoon with no word in his mouth by the cottage fire becomes quite conversational when he and a maid wait together in the lee of a turf-stack for a driving shower to pass over.

Mary Anne appeared in shoes and an immaculate blue print dress with crocheted collar of her own make. She descried Shane stacking at some little distance. She noted his new self-possession as he bandied talk with those around him. Was he not going to seek her out and speak with her? Perhaps she was no longer of his sort. Perhaps he did not wish to remind himself of their boy-and-girl sweethearting. Proudly hurt, Mary Anne betook herself to the farthest side of the Duffy turf rows.

She was too slightly built for the labors of the bog. She struggled, with panting breath, beneath the heavy basket on her back. Suddenly a hand eased the burden; Shane spoke behind her.

'How are you since, Mary Anne? You load the two creels, yours and mine, and let me carry the both of them.'

'That will be too much entirely.'

'It will not. My heart would be burned if I could see you staggerin' along under a dark of turf — though I am no saying I like the news going round, Mary Anne.'

He helped her set down the creel. Then she faced him.

'What news is travelin' about me, Shane O'Donnell?'

'That you are for emigrating.'

'What news is that? You knowed it all the time I was coming up.'

'But I was thinking you would change when you got big enough to

have sense and not go shankin' it to America like the rest of the girls for to get a lump of fine clothes.'

'Oh, Shane, it is not for that at all, at all. It is against me feet I am going.'

'Could you no refuse to budge?'

'I must get me family over. Maybe when they are across I could be let to come back.'

'You won't be the same like you went,' he mourned. 'Your pretty red cheeks will be losted, and your voice sounding like yon corn-crake.'

'Shane,' she ventured, 'was you ever studying on America for your own self? Mostlike you would soon be made an alderman; picture just, — and I would be a bit less lonesome for knowing there was somebody nigh I used to herd with in me young days.'

Shane flung out his arms in a free gesture of impatient scorn.

'How would I look to be emigrating and me joined to the Anti-Emigrating Society in Dublin! Some of us had best be staying with dear old Ireland and work for Home Rule and uplifting our own country instead of deserting her for America!'

'Oh, Shane, those are me same feelings!'

'Then stay in your homeland, alanna,' pleaded the youth. 'Stay along with me,' he added significantly.

Mary Anne drooped toward him, twisting and untwisting nervous fingers.

'I must get Pat James across,' she persisted like one conning a well-learned lesson, 'and Kitty is nigh destroyed with waiting —'

'Look and behold ye!' Shane cried angrily. 'There you are back to where we took our start. And not satisfied with going your own self you will be robbing the country of all your brothers and sisters. It is plain to be seen you are fashed with our ways of going in Ireland and your heart is turned

after the dollars and grand clothes in America!’

The hurt tears burned Mary Anne’s eyes as she ran away from Shane back to her own place, and began tumbling sods into her creel. He toiled on glumly by himself.

Henceforth Mary Anne made an excuse of preparing the house for her ‘American wake’ to avoid the bog on the days when young O’Donnell was working there. The ‘American wake’ was a night of dancing, from which the assembled friends would escort her to the railway station at daybreak. The house was freshly whitewashed both within and without. In ‘the room’ the chintz curtains of the box beds, that filled one side in a manner quite suggestive of a sleeping car, were laundered and put back stiffly immaculate. Even the black kettle was scrubbed free of soot for the once.

Everything was brought down from the dresser, and colored paper cut in fancy designs to edge the shelves before the dishes were replaced.

It was a gloomy dawn, the one before the last. Mrs. Duffy wet the tea and brought Mary Anne her cup in bed as a fond, parting, motherly attention. That day no work was done. Mary Anne and her mother sat by the fire sobbing aloud at intervals. The younger children hung around, tearful and oppressed. Kitty flung herself stormily about the house. Shane came in the afternoon and sat moodily by the fire. He had no chance to talk with Mary Anne, for the neighbors were constantly coming in with parting gifts for her, and commissions to relatives in America. Kitty appeared in the doorway of ‘the room’ dressed in her bravest.

‘You are no going to put your foot outside and this Mary Anne’s last day?’ reproached her mother.

Kitty tossed her head so defiantly

that her shawl slipped back showing the big blue bow in her red hair.

‘Indeed, mother, and it’s weary I am of looking at you all greeting away, so I will be off this sad hour to Barney’s Fair and take me eye around for a pleasant lad.’

‘The looks the neighbors will be giving to see you there, and your sister away the morn!’

‘I will not stay at home for the neighbors! I never see any of them between me and the fire but I wish they was in it!’

‘Child of mortality!’ cried the horrified mother.

‘The cat has n’t eaten the year yet!’ was the indignant warning of Peggy McGarvey.

Kitty’s mood swept into repentance as strenuous as her hatefulness.

‘Oh, Peggy! Peggy dear! I was no meaning yourself! I am liking every bone in your body, I am indeed!’

‘Ye be’s the quare thing entirely,’ responded the mollified Mrs. McGarvey.

‘Ye put the heart across in me, Kitty,’ complained her mother.

‘Oh, mother, don’t be saying that!’

Unexpectedly she dropped down on the flagstones by Mrs. Duffy’s chair with her arms around her.

‘Do not be saying it!’ she repeated sobbingly. ‘I wisht I had been a comfort to you, like Mary Anne!’

Before her mother could answer she was up and embracing her sister.

‘Mary Anne darlin’, do not be thinking hard of me when we have got the four seas betwixt us.’

‘I will not!’ Mary Anne promised soothingly.

Sobbing aloud, Kitty wrapped her shawl about her head and ran out of the house. The mother wiped her eyes on her white apron.

‘Kitty is not the worst there is, only her winds blow from all the points to once.’

Two hours later an old schoolmate of Mary Anne's, from the other end of the townland, arrived with a package of dulse to keep off seasickness.

'I may never be going me own self — worse luck,' she said, 'and I am wondering what a rale ticket would be looking like.'

Mary Ann obligingly reached for the poetry book and opened it.

'The ticket! It is gone!' she gasped.

'It must have got into the box,' cried her mother.

There was a rush for the other room. But the box also was gone. Mary Anne's clothes which had been neatly packed were now in a tumbled heap on the bed. Mary Ann stared white and silent. The company swept back into the kitchen.

Shane announced: 'Here is a letter from Kitty I found in the book.'

'Read it out, Shane,' faltered Mrs. Duffy. 'Read it out!'

'Dear Mother,' it began. 'Mary Anne hates the going. I am killed with wanting it but you would say I am too young. So I took the ticket and the box and am away. Let Mary Anne stay and marry Shane O'Donnell. Do not think hard of me, mother darling. Pray for me and forgive —'

'God save us!' shrieked Mrs. Duffy. 'That wild young thing! She will be destroying herself!'

Shane spoke to the mother, but he was watching Mary Anne.

'Ye could be overtaking her at the ship in Londonderry.'

Mary Anne clung dizzily to the dresser.

'Oh, mother,' she pleaded, 'do let her go instead of me. It will be a hundred times worse now for the one blessed minute I was thinking meself to be free of America!'

The mother hesitated.

'What was that in the letter about you and Shane O'Donnell?' inquired Peggy McGarvey.

At that the two young people made their escape into the open by simultaneous impulse. Shane led the way and Mary Anne followed unnoticingly around the shoulder of a hill until they came to a heap of stones, washed clean of mud and sod by the rains of a decade, but still to be distinguished from the piling of nature.

Shane pointed to the heap.

'What stones are there?'

Mary Anne laughed out in light-hearted reaction.

'They are what is remaining of the bit house you was making for me once when I was a wee one.'

'Do you mind me saying some day I would be building you a better house that would not be falling on you?'

'I mind, Shane. But that was our childish blathers.'

'No blathers whatever. Wait you here at home, mavourneen, the two years until I finish my scholarship and am a master. Then it is the grand wee house I will be making you.'

Across the heap of stones their hands met.

RAYMOND POINCARÉ

BY ERNEST DIMNET

I

I TAKE it for granted that in America at least everybody knows more or less clearly that a French President exercises a more limited authority than an American President: I have read a very accurate article on these limitations and their historical causes in the *North American Review*.¹ I also take it for granted that there is an almost universal consciousness abroad that, in spite of these constitutional restrictions, M. Poincaré's significance is immeasurably superior not only to that of his two immediate predecessors, M. Loubet and M. Fallières, but even to that of any French President since Maréchal MacMahon, — elected at the critical period of 1873, when France hung uncertain between the monarchical and the republican *régimes*. The object of the present article is to explain how a 'mere President' happens to occupy such a very exceptional position.

Certainly M. Raymond Poincaré is a man of rare distinction. He is only fifty-three years old at the present moment, and he has managed in his rapid career to secure a reputation not only in politics but at the bar, — where his only rival is another well-known politician, M. Millerand, — and he is a member of the French Academy. He was a deputy at the age of twenty-eight, a cabinet minister at thirty-two, and he refused to be Prime Minister at thirty-eight. Yet three or

four years ago, say at the time when M. Briand occupied almost alone the political stage, the name of M. Poincaré was not often heard outside the law-courts. He was Senator Poincaré, a man of great talent and integrity who gave to politics what little leisure his professional affairs left him; a man upon whom, his intimate friends said, one could count at a pinch, but more of a barrister than a statesman, and more a name than a positive influence. Undoubtedly, when Casimir-Périer was elected President in 1894, — to resign shortly after in despair at his impotency, — he was a much more conspicuous person than M. Poincaré in 1910.

The *prima facie* conclusion therefore must be that the new President is a man who could rise to an occasion, but whom circumstances favored. What these circumstances were we shall presently say, and as we proceed to give an account of them, the reader will notice that it is not quite accurate to speak of M. Poincaré as a lucky man, or even as one whose legitimate ambition has been successful. Such a phrase does not suit the dramatic moment of the history of France which we now witness. It might be better simply to speak of M. Poincaré as a providential man.

II

It is pleasant to find that so many foreign writers refer to the changed conditions in France at present, but I wonder if they realize the extent of

¹ Vol. cxcvii, pp. 335 *et seq.*

the transformation. If it were possible in this age of wireless telegraphy that a man should have left France ten years ago and returned there without hearing of it in the interval, he would be another Rip van Winkle, with even more subjects for astonishment. At the beginning of the twentieth century the French were in the full enjoyment of that capacity for living on mere abstractions of which they have given so many proofs since the days of the Encyclopedists; to-day, they have gone back to an earlier stage of their development, and they watch keenly the sober facts connected with their country's welfare: realism has taken the place of vague theology.

Until about 1895 France, as well as Germany, lived in constant fear of a war. It is well known that the anxiety over a possible *revanche* poisoned the last days of that strongest of men, Bismarck; and it is no less certain that the memories of the war of 1870 were more oppressive to the French in 1895 than twenty years before, when their army was first reconstituted. In the last years of the nineteenth century, three events took place which went far to tranquilize France. These events were the Franco-Russian alliance, the revelation of the industrial expansion of Germany, and the apparent cessation of the long quarrel between Monarchists and Republicans, thanks to the interference of Pope Leo XIII on behalf of the republican régime. This truce and the 'new spirit,' as it was called, which was its result among Republicans, making them less anticlerical than they had been, gave something like a settled appearance to home politics, while the Russian amity and the consciousness that Germany was henceforward to be more attentive to her commercial than to her territorial expansion made the chances of a war more remote.

These new conditions might have been productive of admirable results if they had not coincided with the appearance of a new factor, helped by a man hitherto obscure, who was, however, promptly to become celebrated. I mean the diffusion of the Socialist doctrines among the workers, and their unexpected representation in Parliament by a small group with Jaurès at its head.

Jaurès took advantage of the contrast between the economic prosperity of the country and the situation of the laborers, and his eloquence, coupled with the apparent security in which the republican régime found itself, carried away the so-called advanced elements in the Chamber. These advanced elements might be classed in two sections which have not disappeared at the present day, namely: the Socialists proper, who believed in the materialist millennium, which they based on Karl Marx, and were ready to make havoc with the existing legislation to bring it about; and the Radicals, most of them men of ample means and influence, who for years deceived their humble constituents, and possibly themselves, with a conviction that they wanted a complete remodeling of social conditions. Until quite recently the Socialists, urged by their very matter-of-fact friends — and in reality leaders — the Syndicalists, put forward practical measures which the Radicals supported in Parliament, knowing they could never be enacted, — no less than eight income-tax bills, for instance, — but which they translated into the vague slang of Progress and repeated *ad nauseam* for the benefit of their unenlightened countrymen. The result was a sort of universal intoxication in which men went on prophesying — and honestly or innocently believing — that war was a thing of the barbaric past, universal fraternity the

certainly of the morrow, and that the first thing to do was to efface the last traces of militarism and use the immediate resources obtained by the suppression of standing armies for social or benevolent purposes.

It is difficult to resist an almost universal conviction, and we must admit that very few were the clear-headed individuals who saw through this enormous trumpery. Very many, on the contrary, were those who were wrought up by it to a state of exaltation which the trivial and at the same time immense incident known as the Dreyfus Affair changed into actual frenzy.

It is useless to expatiate on the Dreyfus case. But the reader ought to be reminded that the spirit which developed during that nightmare, and is even to-day known as Dreyfusism, was much more general than its cause. Practically it was the most extraordinary perversion of a generous instinct in the interests of arrant anti-patriotism, and its outcome was the anarchism which the peaceful vocabulary of everyday history calls the Combes government, but which was in reality the complete absence of government. During three years this wonderful Prime Minister, M. Combes, never took a step without ascertaining, through the chiefs of the various groups in the Chamber, that he was sure of a majority; and his movements were dictated to him by the man without whose concurrence he could not have gone on for a week, namely, M. Jaurès. As to the positive consequences, they are well known: they can be summed up as anti-clericalism bringing about religious persecution and confiscation, on the one hand, and on the other — which is more important in our present consideration — as anti-militarism. During those years, the Minister of War, General André, and the Minister of the Navy, M.

Pelletan, — two men who did not believe in the possibility of a war, — were employed in diffusing their certainty, and, worse than that, in emptying the magazines and arsenals, in flattering the men under pretence of making them 'conscious citizens,' and in molesting the officers in every way, the best known of which is the notorious 'relation' system.

From this dream of universal peace and fraternity, France was rudely awakened. Toward the end of 1906, when the chorus announcing the near advent of the United States of Europe was the loudest, the Tangier incident occurred. While André and Pelletan were acting as if war had been done away with, their colleague at the Foreign Office, M. Delcassé, had acted as if war were a matter of course. After years of patient labor of which the successive cabinets — even premiers — had known only what they could gather from the newspapers,¹ M. Delcassé had succeeded through various agreements (with England, Spain, Italy) in bringing about what was termed the splendid isolation of Germany, and he had just engineered the beginnings of the Moroccan campaign without any reference to Berlin when the appearance of the Kaiser's yacht off Tangier completely reversed the situation. In a few hours it became clear that the visit of William II to the Sultan of Morocco meant war in awful earnest, if the Moroccan operations were not stopped at once, and what had been looked upon as a scarecrow for feeble intellects became the reality of the morrow.

¹ The system of laws known as the Republican Constitution makes it imperative that any act of the President should be countersigned by one minister; but, conversely, it is enough if an act of a minister — for instance, a secret treaty — is countersigned by the President, unknown to the rest of the Cabinet. — THE AUTHOR.

It would be unpleasant for a French writer to recall what happened, were it not that the mistake of a few cannot be saddled on a whole nation. Within a week M. Delcassé had been unceremoniously thrown overboard, and M. Rouvier, the Prime Minister, had begun the three months' negotiations with the German Ambassador which were eventually to result in peace, while France looked on in the speechlessness of astonishment rather than of panic.

During those eventful months, the country re-learned a lesson which it is necessary to bear in mind to understand the position of M. Poincaré: it realized the importance of a man. Since 1879 no individual could have been pointed out as the representative of France — the Chamber was that, and saw that nobody else should be; now, all eyes were fixed upon M. Rouvier. Rouvier was a politician and a financier whose past in both qualifications was doubtful. But in the emergency he was brave to heroism, and whenever he had to speak to the Chamber of what was going on, his words had a ring which nobody could mistake: it meant that the danger of France had been terrible, and could only be averted in the future, not by a change of policy but by something more akin to a conversion. It was Rouvier who reawakened in the French consciousness the very elemental instinct of self-preservation which it had well-nigh forgotten.

After Rouvier came Clemenceau, another man with a past, but capable of rising to the present; an undisciplined mind but fond of breaking others to obedience; a living paradox, denying duty and yet never shrinking from responsibilities, — a puzzling though complete representative of the lawlessness coupled with generosity of the nineteenth century. Clemenceau was the first French leader who had the joy to withstand Germany — at the time

of the Casablanca affair.¹ The arsenals had been replenished after more than a year of feverish activity, and with this background, outspokenness ceased to be folly. Clemenceau, strange to say, was also the first to curb the disorderly spirit which he had so often encouraged among the lower classes. His method in the repression of strikes with dangerous complications was of Napoleonic directness, and no one would have suspected that, so short a time before, pure Syndicalism had seemed to be the government of the future. There was, however, one exception which was of considerable importance, namely, the postal strike.

For more than a week the government was checkmated by the quiet insubordination of the postal clerks, and it was only through a ruse that Clemenceau managed to bring that comic and at the same time tragic situation to an end. This time the country at large was not so conscious of its dependence on one man, but Parliament was. Whoever talked over the difficulty with deputies at the time, must remember their discomfited air, as, day after day, they proposed ineffectual solutions. The quiet abdication of the Chamber from the rights which they had usurped under President Grévy, and had strengthened by twenty-five years of unchallenged possession, dates from that week.

The success of M. Briand as Prime Minister during the year that followed was mostly due to his evident desire to prevent such anarchy in the future; but as he did so, the necessity of hierarchical rights and duties was, so to speak, in the air, and dispelled the most dangerous sophism on which the Radicals as well as the Socialists had lived. Here, as after the Tangier incident, it was one simple fact that taught the

¹ An incident connected with the protection given to some deserters in Morocco.

country the no less simple but all important lesson: to beware of such dangerous formulas as the identification of the Republic with unrestrained individual freedom.

In the summer of 1911, Germany, for the second time, did France the good turn to administer to her a strong tonic in the shape of another bullying action. The Agadir demonstration was exactly a replica of the Tangier affair, but circumstances had changed and the effect produced was very different. The French were sufficiently recovered from their former bewilderment to be wide awake and self-controlled, and they had considered the chances of a war long enough to regard it as a possibility, nay, a necessity.

The present writer remembers one of those vivid impressions which differentiate history lived from history read. He was at the moment of the Agadir surprise in an industrial town in the North of France which had been, and on the face of the matter still is, honeycombed with Syndicalism. The tone of the workmen in that particular centre as well as in practically every other, was startling. There was no more question of Socialism or Ideologism in any form: the only feeling discernible was wounded pride, and the simple patriotism of past generations; as to the impulse, it was decidedly military, and the formula which expressed it was as elemental as could be imagined: *il faut taper dedans*. I doubt whether at any period of her history France was more conscious of the soldierly spirit without which she never appears quite herself.

After Agadir, as after Tangier, negotiations averted a war, and the outcome was the Franco-Prussian agreement which made over a rich French colony, the Congo, to Germany, in exchange for a mere permission to have henceforward *carte blanche* in Morocco.

These negotiations had been conducted on the French side by the Minister for Foreign Affairs, M. de Selves, and by the Prime Minister, M. Caillaux. Subsequent revelations made it clear that M. de Selves, who was brave, and on several occasions was the true mouthpiece of the country, was nevertheless unprepared for his task and showed extraordinary gaps in his information, while M. Caillaux, who is the ablest financier in the Republic and a man of unequalled facility, gave proofs of singular unscrupulousness, negotiating over the heads of both the Foreign Minister and President Fallières, and finally reappearing before the nation with worse results than M. Rouvier had obtained under far less favorable circumstances.

The public in democracies is generally slow to realize the work of diplomacy, and it took France several months to make up her mind that her representative had been timid while she was for fighting, and that the consequence had been to give her an unpleasantly gullible appearance. This, however, was enough to do away with the old Republican fallacy of indifference to what passes beyond the frontiers, and to bring into strong light the crudeness of the principle of non-interference. A slow but complete evolution of the national mind caused even the man in the street to realize that shutting one's self up at home to ponder over social progress and social philosophies is no terrestrial attitude, and that the Biblical maxim identifying man's life here below with unceasing warfare is, after all, also a political maxim.

Since then, the Balkan experiences have only strengthened the impression. At the present moment no European nation is indifferent to what used to be termed 'mere politics,' and was skipped in schoolbooks as belonging to that superannuated chapter of history,

'battles and treaties.' Nowhere has the lesson been taken so much to heart as in France; at all events, nowhere has the tone of the tribune and the press changed so completely in the short space of seven years. I could quote a passage from an address of M. Steeg — since then twice a member of the ministry — so full of vague millennial optimism clad in cheap clap-trap that it cannot be read without amusement, and place beside it certain more recent passages from the same politician, and even from Socialist orators, perfectly indiscernible from Nationalist utterances.

To sum up this *exposé*, without which the position of M. Poincaré would be unintelligible, we may therefore say that, in the last seven years, a real revolution has transformed French mentality, creating a deep distrust of the pacifist and anti-militarist ideas which used to be regarded as essentially Republican notions, compelling governments to accept responsibilities, and as Nietzsche says, 'to learn how to live dangerously,' and finally depriving the Chamber of its usurped privilege of centralizing the executive as well as the legislative power.

Is there an immediately visible connection between this new state of mind and the peculiar situation of M. Poincaré? Evidently no, for the New France, as she may well be called, has sprung into existence during the seven years which exactly coincided with M. Fallières's presidency, and M. Fallières will appear in history as the typical King Log, not only resigned, but convinced and satisfied. So that there must be both in M. Poincaré's character and in his previous position special features to which the new presidency owes its unexpected importance. We need only look eighteen or twenty months back to discover these features.

III

The chief difference between M. Poincaré and his predecessors lies in the fact that at the time of the presidential election his name had a distinct significance. Instead of being an obscure outsider like Felix Faure, or a man more distinguished for his character than his mental power, like Carnot, or above all, like M. Loubet and M. Fallières, a President of the Senate in the enjoyment of the most magnificent sinecure in the French Republic, he was a Prime Minister with a programme and difficulties, with warm friends and irreconcilable enemies. And being a Prime Minister meant more with him than it had meant since Gambetta's days. He had been urgently entreated to take office at the time of M. Caillaux's retirement, when the country seemed to be in exceptional difficulties; the best patriots in the Chamber and Senate had sought him in his political isolation and asked him to take the lead in the most remarkable Cabinet since 1881, with such men as Briand, Leon Bourgeois and Millerand as collaborators. He had been eminently the representative of France at the time when France had become anxious about her representatives.

His programme was clear and honest, but by no means likely to secure him universal approbation. It was summed up in a decidedly patriotic, that is to say, militarist attitude — emphasized by the choice of M. Millerand as Minister of War — and in a measure of parliamentary reform known as Proportional Representation. To the military effort the Socialists were of course resolutely opposed; to the Proportional Representation there was a much wider opposition, about which it is necessary to say a few words.

At the time of the postal strike, M. Briand, then Minister of the Interior,

had been struck by the difficulties he found in removing or punishing some of the offending officials. Most of them had been appointed through the interest of some deputy who at present backed them, more or less overtly, against the regular authorities. Here appeared the connection between the electioneering system and some of the quiet corruption going on in France. The deputies were elected, thanks to a handful of local leaders, — let it be remembered that France as a country is utterly indifferent to minor politics, — and these leaders in their turn were rewarded by appointments given to their relations, friends, or clients. There was only one remedy to that state of affairs: it was the suppression of what M. Briand called '*les mares stagnantes*,' stagnant pools, by the substitution of a wider for the local electioneering systems. Given an election including much larger areas, it was evident that the petty influences would lose their force, and at the same time that the candidates would be compelled to appeal to higher and broader interests. This the country seemed to realize, as half the deputies returned in 1910 felt constrained to promise Proportional Representation for the election of 1916; but to this the Radicals strongly objected.

I have pointed out above how the Radicals pretended to hold Socialist principles whenever they thought them popular and yet unlikely to result in definite measures from which their purse might suffer. They would probably have taken up the patriotic strains now in vogue if Proportional Representation had not been one of them. Their whole *raison d'être* having been selfish interest, and their sole method political jockeying, they felt at once that the new system would turn against them, and easy calculations — which they more than once brought

cynically to the tribune — soon convinced them that their misgivings were not unfounded. Now, the Radicals, although not in the majority in the Chamber, form the most numerous group there, and they have a majority of the Senate. The consequence was that when M. Poincaré promoted patriotic measures, he was more or less hypocritically followed, but whenever Proportional Representation was in question, he had to threaten the Chamber with his resignation to muster a sufficient majority. While this was evidently agreeable to the country, it created a sore feeling among the mere politicians in Parliament, and lobby intrigues were not lacking. Some months before the presidential election took place, the Radicals had openly chosen M. Caillaux as their chief, and they watched an opportunity to pit him against M. Poincaré. It was in this atmosphere that the very short campaign which precedes a French presidential election began, — five or six weeks before the appointed date, January 17.

The presidential election is made in Congress, that is to say, in a plenary assembly of the Chamber and Senate in the old Versailles palace. Legally it ought to be left entirely to their choice, but the custom has gradually been established among the Radical groups in both houses of designating a candidate a few days before the election, and this candidate continues to be called the Republican candidate, as if there really were a monarchist candidate against him. On several occasions the Republican candidate has been known to be replaced by another at the last minute, and it was in this way that Felix Faure was elected on a suggestion of Clemenceau, though his name had never been mentioned before. Needless to say, then, that a French presidential election is completely different from that of an American President, and that it

is practically given up to Parliamentary arrangements or intrigues, while throughout the country the feeling is one of curiosity rather than interest.

This year the conditions were different. In the last weeks of 1912 the reinstatement by M. Millerand of a territorial officer who became well known during the Dreyfus agitation, M. du Paty de Clam, gave the Radicals a handle against M. Poincaré. His friend Millerand had been looked upon as his right arm, and was in fact the living incarnation of his patriotic ideas as well as the idol of the army. Getting rid of such a minister of war was at the same time dealing a hard blow to the Prime Minister. The Radicals did not take into consideration for one moment that M. Millerand was the embodiment of French defense in the most critical period of the Balkan War. They decided on his ejection, and, to the universal amazement, they found an instrument in the Cabinet itself. The Minister of Agriculture, M. Pams, declared himself in the Chamber against his colleague, and M. Millerand was constrained to offer his resignation. M. Pams was one of the Radicals whom political necessities had made it inevitable that M. Poincaré should take into the Cabinet. He had been known for several years as a rich business man from a Southern *département*, with a great deal of mild ambition, no particular intelligence, and no particular principles, a belief in hospitality and a persuasive cook, — the accomplished type of the good-natured politician whose conception of politics does not go further than give and take according to an easy formula.

This placid, kind, ordinary man did the incredible thing we have just mentioned, and publicly divided his cause, apparently from that of Millerand, but, to all intents and purposes, from that of Poincaré. Only a strong incentive

could have inspired such a weak man to a step of this character. What the incentive was soon appeared when M. Pams was designated as the Republican candidate by the Radical caucus.

It would be superfluous to narrate how, after the refusal of M. Leon Bourgeois, M. Poincaré was prevailed upon, or made up his mind, to fight the Southron. When his intention was known there was a furious outcry in the Radical camp: Poincaré ignored the Republican discipline, — as the phrase goes, — and his audacity was extreme. Deputation after deputation went to him to remonstrate on the enormity of his conduct, and the Radical forces indulged for almost a fortnight in very violent language against him.

However this agitation was merely political, and consequently superficial. It soon appeared clearly that it would not infect the country, and that the reverse was much more probable. For the first time since the institution of the Presidency the man in the street saw clearly the ins and outs of an election and took proportionate interest in it. In ordinary times M. Pams would have been a likely enough candidate, provided the Presidency was what President Grévy said it was, — 'an honorable retirement for an old servant of the country.' At the critical moment in which France found herself, this candidacy was tragi-comic. Just at the time when the country needed a man the Radicals offered it a Pams. Was it not a thousand times a blessing that Providence should offer it a Poincaré?

The reader must now see the significance of Poincaré's election: it was a national victory against a crew of mere politicians represented to unhopd-for perfection by an ambitious nonentity. The programme of Poincaré was defense of the country through necessary sacrifices of men and money, along with an indispensable reform of political

manners; the programme of Pams was only a vague promise of an improved state of affairs with no more definite indication of ways and means than the league of greeds and ambitions known as Republican Concentration, glorified in the jejune language of which the country, after thirty years, has become heartily sick, but which Radical eloquence will use as if it were everlastingly fresh.

It also must appear evident that the words 'new presidency' applied to the incumbency of M. Poincaré mean more than the accession of a new man to an old office. Circumstances and the character of M. Poincaré have suddenly lifted up the position of the French President from the insignificance to which it had fallen, especially under MM. Loubet and Fallières, and the contrast is so strong that it suggests the idea of a constitutional change, which of course it is not in the least.

IV

The question now arises: what will M. Poincaré do? What is his rôle likely to be in European politics? what is right, and what is exaggerated, in what has been said in various quarters of his Russophil tendencies, of the influence which Russia is supposed to have had with him in originating the Three-Year-Service law? and so forth.

These questions can be answered not by prophesying, but by explaining.

First of all, it is obvious that there will be a state of more or less open warfare between the President and the Radicals in the Chamber, and especially in the Senate — where, as I said above, they are in the majority — until new elections bring in a better class of politicians. This war began on the morrow of the election, and the first event was the defeat by the Senate of M. Briand's government, on that very

measure — Proportional Representation — which was an essential item in M. Poincaré's programme. In beating Briand, the Radicals in the Senate did nothing else than wreak their vengeance on the President.

Since then, M. Barthou has been Prime Minister, and has given proofs of exceptional and one might say of unexpected decision in the defense of the Three-Year law which has occupied the Chamber's attention since the month of March. In the long debates over this momentous question the Radicals and Socialists have vainly watched their opportunity to hit the President once more through a premier whose tone and intentions make him his evident representative. It is difficult at present for mere political passion to use as a snare a question which the nation follows, and we can easily foresee the future. The Radicals will stand in the way of any government trying to support Proportional Representation or political reforms akin to it, in hope of discouraging the President, but they will not dare go against them when military or international measures are in question.

Who will be ultimately defeated in this contest between the legislative and the executive powers? Is it possible for a President either to fight the Parliament or even to withstand its antagonism? President Casimir-Périer, who found himself in 1895 in a position somewhat similar to that of Poincaré, did not think so, and resigned after six months of what he later on described as everyday torture. But many jurists have since expressed their opinion that M. Casimir-Périer had not even begun to use the rights which the Constitution gave him.

The year after that President's resignation a very young but already distinguished deputy, addressing his constituents at Commercy, did not take

sides as between Casimir-Périer and Parliament, but said in very forcible language that the rôle which the Chamber was constantly assuming was anti-constitutional. This young deputy was M. Poincaré.

Will the President make use of the restrictions which the Constitution places at his disposal? He may, for instance, prorogue the Chambers twice in the course of a session, and he need keep them in session only five months in twelve. The mere exercise of this right would give him and a congenial Cabinet perfect freedom from parliamentary control during the greater part of the year. It is not likely that he will adopt this policy, to which his enemies would easily give the appearance of a *coup d'état*. The probabilities are that he will pretend to ignore the schemes and intrigues of the Radicals, and will good-humoredly replace government after government as it falls, counting on the powerful influence of the new public spirit to force a patriotic attitude on Parliament, and counting on popular common sense to see through the manœuvres of politicians. The brisk buoyant manner in which he has until now accomplished the official part of his task, appearing everywhere, speaking everywhere, displaying more activity in his first six months than M. Fallières in his whole seven years, appears to me as revealing both a mood and a resolution. The mood is evident happiness in feeling himself in communion with France, and the resolution is to let France find out more and more for herself how remote she is from the petty Radical disposition. On the other hand, the transformation of M. Barthou from a clever politician into a real head of government shows the continuous presence of a stronger will, which is no other than that of the President embodying that of the country. So that

this at least is certain, that M. Poincaré will fight the battles of France against inferior Frenchmen at home, and will, in all likelihood, fight them successfully.

Of his foreign and European policies one can speak only in the most general terms. An impression seems to have prevailed abroad, thanks to ill-informed comments on the Three-Year-Service law, that M. Poincaré might be a warlike and somewhat adventurous President, with a Lorrainer's background and the memories of 1870 still fresh in him to encourage him in that attitude. Such an impression is one which only false presentments and insufficient knowledge of the European atmosphere at the present moment can create. All Europe is in arms, and it would be treason for a French president to adopt Jaurès's language in favor of disarmament. As to the Three-Year-Service law, those persons who have even cursorily followed the debates of the Chamber on the question can have no doubt that it is a mere defensive measure, securing six hundred thousand men — instead of four — against the eight hundred thousand of Germany.

The so-called Russophil tendency of the President is of exactly the same order. How could a French President be otherwise than Russophil, whatever his personal sympathies may be, when the Russian alliance is the only French alliance, and during the sixteen years of its duration has never once appeared to be other than merely defensive? M. Barthou formally denied in the Chamber that Russia had anything to do with the extension of the military service, but the briefest examination of the *pros* and *cons* of the measure would be enough to demonstrate it. The international interests of France at the present moment are too apparent to admit of two policies, and the policy

of M. Poincaré as President cannot be different from his policy as Foreign Minister, which was approved by everybody outside a blindly antagonistic party.

The conclusion of this article need not be long: no situation was ever clearer than that of the new French President, and the reader surely realizes that it is more the situation of the country than that of the man. With all his talent and popularity, with his capacity for work, his clear-sightedness and self-command, M. Poincaré would

not be the President he is if his past had not enabled him to be in an emergency simply a patriot instead of a politician. As it is, his own personal interests are fused with those of the nation, and indiscernible from them. This may be called rare luck, but it ought also to be called rare civic virtue. Certain it is that M. Poincaré appears as an excellent representative of France when she is passing from the anarchy of dreams to the self-possession of definite ideals, and nobody can name the man who would hold his position as well.

FRIENDS AND FOES OF LOVE

BY RICHARD C. CABOT

I

LOYALTY IN LOVE

WRITING of love and marriage in *Virginibus Puerisque*, Stevenson says, —

‘I hate questioners and questions. “*Is it still the same between us?*” Why, how can it be? It is eternally different and yet you are still the friend of my heart. “*Do you understand me?*” God knows; I should think it highly improbable.’

Stevenson hated such questions because he found it impossible to answer them truly. But I wager that he hated them also because of their dearth of venture and generosity. Such a timid questioner, anxiously scanning the weather-gauge of affection, finds it steadily falling toward zero. Under such anxious observation no love can

grow or flourish. We need not contribute *all* the warmth without waiting to be invited, but surely we must contribute some of it.

I lived for a time some years ago in a community whose members seemed to me more tempest-tossed and unhappy than any human beings I have ever known. They were so ‘stupid in the affections’ that they had never learned the most elementary lesson about human relationships, — that a passive attitude never works. Two of them happened to notice that they felt fond of each other; they married. Shortly afterward they observed no particular fondness for each other, and therefore separated. The winds of feeling blew them now together, now apart. Mated or severed, they drifted quite helpless, and apparently quite unaware that they could do anything to help them-

selves or to maintain any single direction among the veering currents of feeling.

Probably every one of them knew that, if he consulted his feelings each morning as to whether he should wash his face or not, he would find the forces of desire often at the zero point or on the negative side of the scale. But being moderns they probably paid no attention to their feelings as regards so important a matter as cleanliness! In all practical affairs (among which the average American does not include affection) we know that loyal adherence to one's original intention, however one happens to feel, is one of the greatest forces that make for success. Passivity, reliance on the moment's whim, literalism in reading the face of the future or of the present, is fatal to happiness and to success. No business venture and no human creature can bear the passive stare of the utterly disengaged soul.

Chesterton reminds us that if we face man with the cold and fishy eye of science, we cannot overlook the ludicrous and damning fact that he has two legs. To see him waddling over the ground on these two points of support is more, he says, than any one could bear with composure, did he not view the apparition with a gaze tempered by affection, good nature, and faith. Yet, as he tells us, there is one still more unforgivable fact about man when we view him with the literal eye. How can one ever again view with favor, still less with love, a being whom one has actually caught in the act of making an opening in his face into which he puts portions of the outer world?

The point of these illustrations is this. Without commitment, faith, the power to distinguish and disregard what is unessential, there is no stability in any human relation. It takes but

little experience to show us that no human being is merely what he is seen to be at any one moment. He can no more display himself in a single act or a single year than a musical theme can be expressed in one of its notes. A musical theme is all that it can become before the desire which launched it is slaked. So a human being is in truth all that he has been and can become, not because he now embodies it, but because that vast arc is the only sufficient explanation of his behavior, the only working basis for affection.

But this attainable personality he certainly will not attain without your help. His fate is determined in part by what you do about it, and the most important thing that you can do is to expect of him always a little more than you can see, projecting your vision toward the unseen depths of his soul, not arbitrarily but in the direction suggested by what he has already done.

This creative act of loyalty as it overcomes another's diffidence is not unlike a football team 'getting the jump on' its opponents. The opposing teams face each other in the rush line. The game, pausing after one of its 'downs,' is renewed. Each side tries to push the other backward. But it is not chiefly a predominance in weight or in strength that determines which line shall make an advance, which shall yield. It is rather a question of alertness. One of the teams will 'get the jump on' the other by being the first to lunge forward. Whichever succeeds in preëmpting this initial *ictus*, takes the other slightly at a disadvantage and puts himself into a correspondingly stronger position. The opponent's disadvantage still further weakens his opposition and lets the successful team advance with increased momentum.

You can 'get the jump on' another's diffidence if you shoot into his soul a message of welcome, of encourage-

ment, of faith in his power to do something better than he has yet done. You do not wait for him to show his best. Your impulse of welcome breaks down his reserve, melts his shyness, and brings him nearer to the thing that you expect of him. This is mirrored in his face. You see it, and your original faith is reinforced. You follow up the trail of sparks which you have spied within him; the spirit and exuberance of the quest redoubling in him the fire which you seek.

No one can set a limit to this wonderful give-and-take, as the lightning of two souls leaps back and forth. Yet it is no mystical or unusual affair. Emerson referred to something of the kind when he said, —

‘I have heard with admiring submission the experience of the lady who declared that “the sense of being well dressed gives a feeling of inward tranquillity which religion is powerless to bestow.”’¹

Mr. Slack, a timid citizen, emerges from his door unusually well dressed, and thereby ‘gets the jump on’ his passing friend Bouncer. The good impression made upon Bouncer is written in his face and instantly makes him more attractive and stimulating to Slack, who brightens and responds by giving something better than his ordinary pale gruel of talk; a delightful exchange is set in oscillation, the day becomes brighter, and the two march downtown to business in a path of glory.

This process of ‘getting the jump on’ any one is an expression in modern slang of a spiritual truth which sustains the life of industry, invigorates science as well as religion, and is the essence of psycho-therapeutic ‘suggestion.’

A fine example of this occurs in Shakespeare’s *Henry V*. The king is

¹ R. W. Emerson: ‘Social Aims,’ in *Letters and Social Aims*.

before Harfleur. His soldiers lean on their scaling ladders, taking breath in a pause of the fight. By all they hold sacred in home and country Henry urges them once more to the attack. Then his creative faith breaks loose: —

‘I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips, Straining upon the start. The game’s afoot; Follow your spirit: and, upon this charge, Cry — God for Harry! England! and Saint George!’

He saw them straining, — yes, with the eye of faith. They tugged like greyhounds in the slips, — especially after he had recognized their eagerness. He brought to birth in them more spirit than had otherwise been born, and they in turn brought to his lips, as he faced them, the very nobility of his words. A disloyal or uninterested spectator would have seen merely a crowd of dirty, sweaty soldiers. King Henry saw that, too. But within the gross total of what he saw, he selected and summoned forth what most belonged to him and to them, — their germinating souls, their destiny, the courage which they had when he believed in it, not otherwise.

Thus the best of one’s loyalties, those to vocation and to one’s mate, begin — with a choice. With this profession, with this person, we determine to unite our forces. But if we are to keep these pledges and preserve the spirit of youth, the initial choice must be renewed again and again. After choosing the physician’s calling, I have still to determine what sort of physician, I shall be. Within the broad field of medical service I must select the kind of work (research, teaching, public health, surgery, midwifery, general practice) which is best suited to me and seems most needed at the present time. Then within that field I must find some particular path, some combination of methods and manners

which are individual and progressive. Year by year the choice is thus revived and made more sharply distinctive. Success and happiness demand that it shall be so.

It is the same in marriage or in friendship. Again and again we repeat and reform our original choice. Within the domain of our friend's life we find a certain corner (his recreation, perhaps) where we can contribute something to enrich the friendship. There are other parts—say his family life—where, with our present ignorance, we are in the way. We choose and cultivate the parts that we are fit for, leaving the rest for the present undisturbed. Next year, when we come to choose again, we may be able to direct our efforts more effectively. Here we can learn; there we are baffled. Here we are in full sympathy; there we are in the dark. We select and select again, as often as a wave of enlightenment strikes us.

But selection goes further still. There are double and triple meanings in many of your friend's remarks. You can make a sentence or a person mean different things by the emphasis you put on selected bits. Then if you are tactful, you pick out and answer the meaning most in harmony with the whole texture of your friendship; the other meanings you ignore. I do not mean anything subtle. A woman hears in her husband's greeting at night fatigue, anxiety, a shade of irritability and a touch of playfulness. She ignores all but the playfulness, and by encouraging that healing element helps him to recover his balance. Just so she starves out some of her child's faults by choosing to ignore them and to cultivate his best.

You can be willful and cruel instead of beneficial in this selection, or in all innocence you may go clean astray, but you cannot escape the necessity of

choice by remaining passive, for even passivity is never neutral. It reinforces some element in your friend's character. If you decline to choose, the wheel of chance makes selection for you.

An old Scotch phrase describes a lively companion as 'good at the up-take.' He is responsive, always ready to help out, always keen for the game. If he pauses it is but to make sure what game it is. On such responsiveness friendship thrives. When we ask a friend for the loan of his cloak he is swift to strip off his coat also. When we ask for advice he gives us also sympathy. Later, as an historian, he may place and judge us, but now and as a man of action he takes his chances and contributes to fate his best strength.

To meet our opportunity as Newton met the falling apple, to greet our friend as the 'wasteful woman' greeted Jesus when she poured out the box of precious ointment (and was chidden by the onlookers for doing so much more than was demanded), this is the way not only to friendship, success, and health, but to originality and creative power. It is when we 'greet the unseen with a cheer' that we and our opportunity enter into one another. Then of our union something new is born.

In love, as in work and in play, give-and-take is *the* great source of novelty, of creativeness, and so of miracle. Therefore between friends there should grow up a child,—new truth and vision sprung from both. This miracle of sprouting friendship and truth is not best described as 'giving' or 'getting.' It buds while we talk or merely sit together—fruit of our lives like other children, common delight to all, gift of God to all. Each of us contributes something; God over our shoulders contributes far more, which neither of

us is conscious of giving, but each of receiving.

Friends always face the unseen child of their friendship, if they are true to their unspoken oath. Faithfulness to this child should guide every moment, every sentence. In every hearty hand-clasp, in every flash of eye to eye, something new is created. As you speak to a responsive friend you feel him speaking through your surprised lips. Then your words live and fit the occasion. We would eagerly thank our friend for giving us such thoughts to utter. But it is rather God's bounty — his perpetual miracle of new life sprung up between our two lives — that deserves our gratitude.

For our 'child' and in his name, we can accept laudation without shame or self-consciousness, just as we welcome money for precious ends. For the work, or the new insight which we create together, we can take — nay, demand — 'favors' which modesty would prevent our taking for our naked self, unclothed by the loyalties which dignify our clay. We can accept money, time, love, in quite an amazing way, provided it is for the palace we are building. For this palace is one not built with hands, — eternal in the heavens.

II

IMPERSONALITY IN LOVE

One of the most sacred things about human ties is this, that in any intimate and sincere affection you discover what is unique and, choosing it out of all the world, unite yourself with it. To you if you love your father there is literally no one else like him on earth. To outsiders he looks much like the rest of mankind, not so to you. It is true that you did not choose your parents, yet much that is most precious in your family tie is of your own making. Your

own family life you have helped to build up; the family jokes and customs, the pet words, tones, and gestures are sacred to you in part because you have helped to create them by what you have encouraged and what you have discouraged.

The more durable relationships are moulded and perfected by a multitude of distinctions. If these distinctions are blurred, the love within us that should go to build up a family life, a centre for our other activities, may burst its proper channels as electricity darts from the overcharged wire, destroying itself and other lives outside. When marriage is late or unhappy, because of poverty, because people cannot find their mates, or for less worthy reasons, love becomes impersonal, a blind, gigantic world-energy, hardly a blessing, easily a curse. When it fails to build up a home or a happiness, it may ennoble us like any other lost cause; failing that, it may drag us lower than the beast.

In perverted forms love falls from the spiritual heights of choice and mutual understanding, and is swept into a current where there are no distinctions between right and wrong, between higher and lower, between person and person, or between person and thing. The essential shame of perverted affection is its impersonality. It is so impartial that almost anything will serve its purpose. Losing the miraculous clear-sightedness of loyal love, we are mastered by the blind vague urgings of a force that stupefies and debases us until we bump up against a human being as though he were a post. Persons are treated like machines. Indeed, a clever machine might do as well.

If I am right in charging up the sins of the flesh to the score of impersonality, the scope of our campaigns against them must be widened and the tone of our just condemnations must

be changed. In a recent book called *Hygiene and Morality* (though it deals almost wholly with disease and immorality) the great power of the truth is weakened by a bitterness which stimulates that most disastrous of all class antagonisms, the antagonism of women against men.

Such bitterness would be impossible if we realized that the essence of the sin against which we fight is impersonality, — the sin of treating a person as less than a person. For is it not a sin of which all are guilty? Is there one of us who does not sometimes treat a person like a machine? Do we always think of the railroad conductor as more than a machine for taking tickets? Do we not often treat our fellow creatures like masks on flat cards without substance and personality? I have been striving for years to overcome in myself and in my medical fellows the professional habit of treating a person as a 'case' or a walking disease. But the habit of impersonality persists, like original sin, in myriad forms and unexpected ways. In law courts we treat a human being as a 'prisoner at the bar,' as the 'plaintiff,' or 'defendant,' to the exclusion of the fact that he is as real and sensitive as ourselves.

I often hear my faculty colleagues talk about 'the student,' his failings and malefactions. But few of the teachers who speak in this way know their students even by name. They are further still from grasping the personalities which make up their classes. Yet merely from the point of view of success in teaching, it is folly not to know those whom we are trying to teach. I have often found that after a man has given me the opportunity to learn something of his personal life, his home and family, his hopes and forebodings, he begins to do better work in class. Such improvement goes to show that we never get the best out

of people so long as we treat them as a class, ignoring the unique interest and value of each individual. Love at its best is a command as well as a desire and an intimacy. Its law reads, 'Find and create a new personality in so far as loyalty to your previous pledges and insights allows you.'

If your love is pledged to one God, it is sacrilege to worship others. If you have sworn fealty to one country, it is treason to work against it in the interest of another. If you commit yourself to the faith of Christ, you cannot experiment with teachings which contradict it, unless you first renounce your faith. You hate to see a dilettante meander from flower to flower of literature, or friendship, because you know that such a life is full of broken pledges and is falling apart from the rottenness of its own structure.

But in many of our most poignant experiences we seem to love what is impersonal, and to make no pledges of loyalty. When a man drinks his wine or jumps into a mountain stream for pleasure, we do not reproach him with unfaithfulness or brutality. Some people certainly love animals as much as they do human beings. I think that Emerson preferred companionship with trees, flowers, brooks, and skies to the company of men and women. Many a musician loves music, many a poet loves 'inanimate' nature as passionately as he is capable of loving any being. Yet these affections seem to involve no loyalty. We turn from one to another in a way that would be villainous if we were dealing with persons.

Love of food and warmth, of reading and sewing, of adventure and research, love of beauty — these may be very lukewarm emotions in some of us, yet no cooler than our love of persons. From birth to death, tepid may be the hottest one knows in human relation,

and there is no standard of normal temperature in affection. Neither is there any standard for the degree of personality which we should recognize in our fellow men. Most of us can be justly blamed, when we stumble over a fellow creature as if he (or she) were a chair — most of us, but not all.

On a crowded sidewalk of the tenebrous district have you never felt a baby wandering between your legs and fending you off with its hands precisely as if you were a tree? A few years later he will duck and dodge around your person in the heat of an exciting pursuit, with just as little realization of your august and delicate soul! Such impersonality is normal enough in babyhood. But some of us grow long and wide, put on the dress and occupation of adults, and are piloted about the streets, without ever ceasing to be babies at heart, without ever acquiring the heart that recognizes a person as a person. More often we get over the baby's absent-mindedness but never grow beyond, say, the ten-year-old's or the adolescent's limited sense of individuality.

Swedenborg expresses this by saying that, in its early and elemental forms, our love is attracted by *sex*, not yet by *one of the sex*. Even in babyhood girls may show a decided preference for men. Love of a whole sex is already awake in them, but they are rarely devoted to one man to the exclusion of all others. A newcomer is especially welcomed. This means that their love is at first general and vague, though later it may attach itself to one individual and cleave to him, forsaking all others. This lesson we sometimes fail to learn. We then remain impersonal and desire the emotions of love, as many people desire the emotions of music, without any awareness of an individual, or of the meaning of the piece. To yield to such a desire is villainy in case we really

know better (as we usually do); but not otherwise. When we listen to good music we are actually listening to the outpourings of the composer's heart. He is speaking to us earnestly and intensely, and we are listening to him, not to it. And yet it is often no crime to drink in music merely as pleasure; indeed for most people it cannot be a crime because they know no better. But it is always a ghastly mistake, for it is treating music, which is a bit of a person's life, as a means of sensual gratification.

Do not misunderstand me. I condemn the act of man or woman who, knowing the nature of the act, uses another as a means of pleasure. But I insist that there are some who do not know the nature of their acts, loose livers who have no more idea that they are dealing with immortal souls than most of us have when we drink in an artist's music merely for our pleasure. Ignorance is often their curse. Sin there may be, but if so, it is the sin of impersonality and of sentimentalism. For the rake is a sentimentalist, — that is, he loves emotion for its own sake. He will take or buy emotion from many, just as a girl may dissipate her energies in a multitude of suitors or novels, sucking in the enjoyment for its own sake without answering by word or deed, without learning anything or building anything out of the experience. Her mind is too feeble to recognize individuality, and to treat it accordingly. Let us blame her as we blame the ignorant sexual offender. For if we exclude (as in some cases we can) the evils of disease, alcoholism, slavery, secrecy, and violation of marriage vows, the curse of prostitution is this: it involves degradation because it treats life as less than life. That is a grievous error, but one of which every one of us is guilty in some degree.

To recognize the universality of the

sin which we are discussing makes us condemn ourselves enough and others enough, but no one too much. It is essentially the same sin which we meet in many forms, in official insolence, in professional blindness to the person behind the medical or legal case, in heartless gossip, flirtation, prostitution.

Have I been justified in using the sacred word love so broadly as to include sex-relations outside marriage? It is easier and cheaper to draw a sharp distinction between love and the more elemental sex-relations which we condemn as merely 'physical' or brutal. But I believe that the use of these distinctions often does harm. To condemn even the most impersonal and momentary attraction as 'merely physical,' is like calling a man a mere brute, or a child a mere blockhead. The name of the act tends to brand itself on the person, and to degrade him at a time when he most needs help.

Call a dog a bad name and hang him. Throw mud enough and some of it will stick. The more degraded a man is the more he is hurt by our contempt. But in their ordinary context 'merely physical' or 'mere lust' are words of contempt, not of scientific description. To condemn any conscious human act by calling it 'merely physical' is not only bad psychology: it is an attempt to push a living act out among the dead, and the attempt may succeed. It is like cutting an acquaintance or disdaining a poor relation. Just when an act is most in need of improvement, we damn it with a phrase. Just when a traveler is most dreadfully astray from his road, we dishearten him by telling him that he *has* no road. In the less personal types of love, falsely called 'physical,' an elemental impulse, almost blind to the sacred meaning of

its trend, is groping its way along. We should help it to find its goal, instead of branding it as forever outcast. If I think of my sight and my hearing as 'merely physical,' or if I am convinced that I am tone-deaf and color-blind, in either event no spiritual comprehension of music and color is possible for me. I can only give up trying.

Those who are color-blind and tone-deaf in their affections are rare. They include, among others, the 'moral imbeciles' of the courts. If we have accurately named them, they cannot do right or wrong, and cannot be hurt or helped, whatever term we apply to them. But in the vast majority of instances we apply these terms with reproach and condemnation. First we separate body and soul by an impassable chasm; then we attempt to spiritualize and subdue the body. A hundred recent books on 'sex-hygiene' tell us that we should teach the sacredness of the body and of sex. But the instant we have branded love as 'body' or as 'sex' we have begun to deprive it of sacredness. For the sacredness of love comes from choice, and a 'body' cannot choose. The sacredness of love springs from enthusiasm and self-direction such as no 'body' possesses.

It is with an *instinct* that we are dealing, and the sacredness of an instinct is developed by showing its profound though vague spirituality. The lower can be rationally governed by the higher only if they share a common nature. Passion can be mastered only by an intenser passion, not by any power that stands aloof and contemptuously denies its kinship. Personality is what we want in love, because personality is always both physical and spiritual. In the impersonal, one of these elements often seems to get lost, though it is never gone beyond recovery.

A PROPHET OF THE SOUL

BY JOHN BURROUGHS

I

IN taking this line from Emerson for the title of an essay on Henri Bergson, I would indicate at once the aspect of his philosophy that most appeals to me. The over-arching conception in his writings is the immanence and the potency of spirit or consciousness in matter, and his *Creative Evolution* is the unfolding of the drama, as he conceives it, of the struggles of this spirit with the opposition which it encounters in the material world, and its triumphs over it. Arnold said that Emerson was the friend and aider of those who would live in the spirit; we may say of Bergson that he is the friend and aider of those who would see with the spirit and enter into the mystery of creation through intellectual sympathy or intuition, instead of making the vain attempt to do so through the logical and scientific understanding. The true inwardness of living things, or of the creative movement, cannot be reached through the practical intellect, available as it is only for our action upon concrete bodies and forces.

I am not familiar with all of Professor Bergson's published works. I have read the essay on the philosophy of laughter, the *Introduction to Metaphysics*, and his *Creative Evolution*, perhaps his masterpiece. It was also my privilege to hear some of his lectures at Columbia University last winter, and to meet him personally.

A view of the man always seems to

bring one nearer to an understanding of his work. In person Bergson is a small, slender, rather shy man, with a wonderfully beautiful and symmetrical head — a large brain, filled out and rounded on all sides; face smooth and thin, with a close cropped moustache, prominent, finely chiseled aquiline nose, small, expressive eyes in deep sockets overhung by heavy, mobile eyebrows — an Emersonian type of face with more than the Emersonian size and beauty of brain, lacking only the powerful Emersonian mouth.

His lectures in French were delivered without notes, in an animated conversational style, his hands, within a narrow circle, being as active as his mind. Not an imposing figure on the platform or off, nor an aggressive and dominating personality, but a gentle winsome man, the significant beauty of whose head one cannot easily forget. Those who were privileged to hear him may well have felt that they were seeing and hearing a modern Plato or Kant or Hegel, for surely his work is destined to make as distinct an epoch in the history of philosophy, as did theirs.

His essay on laughter is undoubtedly the most convincing and satisfactory exposition of the subject that has yet been made. One phase of its central idea — namely, that we laugh at inanimate objects when they behave like human beings and *vice versa*, I saw illustrated at a farmhouse in the Catskills last summer. The water from a spring on the hill was brought to the house in a pipe which discharged into a

half-barrel near the kitchen door. Into the end of a pipe a plug had been driven with a good-sized gimlet-hole in the end of it. Out of this hole a jet of water came with great force, striking the water in the tub a few inches from the rim, at an angle of about forty-five degrees, and driving deeply into it. One day I was washing some apples in the tub, and while they were floating about I noticed that they all tended to line up on the west side of the barrel and then move up in a slow hesitating manner to a point just behind the jet of water. I became an interested spectator. Slowly the apple procession in close line turned toward the little vortex made by the jet; the one in the lead seemed to hesitate just on the edge of the danger-line, as if it would fain draw back; then, while you were looking, it would so suddenly disappear beneath the plunging jet, that the eye could not trace its movements; its hesitation was followed by such a lightning-like plunge that it astonished one. One fancied that one could almost see tiny heels flash in the air as the apple went down. Then it came bobbing up in the boiling water on the other side of the tub in a very hilarious manner, and slowly took its place at the rear end of the line, while the apple next in the ranks approached the jet in the same coy, doubtful manner, and made the instantaneous plunge. Then the next and the next, till an endless procession of apparently demure, but fun-loving apples was established that kept up the circus day and night.

I was wont to take my callers out to the tub, without any explanation, to let them see my apple performers. Invariably every one of them, after they had gazed a moment, broke out into a hearty laugh. 'What are you laughing at?' I would inquire. 'Why, it is so funny! see how those apples behave, — like little people.'

If I looked at them every hour in the day I was bound to laugh. My little granddaughter, seven years old, 'a moody child, but wildly wise,' spent hours watching the antics of those apples. She would replace them with others to see if they would all behave in the same way, and then would take them all out and lay them in the sun as if to rest and warm them. After some days the apples began to have a bruised and overworked look, and one felt instinctively like taking them out. On the whole it was one of the most human performances I ever saw inanimate objects engage in, and confirmed Bergson's theory completely.

II

The reception of Bergson's philosophy by different types of mind has of course been very diverse.

He conquers easily his humanistic readers — the lovers of good literature — because of the superb literary style of his work; his philosophical readers do not succumb quite so readily, though many of these are enthusiastic, and all are interested; but he has a hard fight with many of his scientific readers. I have noted but one man of science, the eminent physicist Sir Oliver Lodge, who is in accord with the main drift of his work. It is probably the philosophical, not to say theological, strain in Sir Oliver, and his love of good literature, that make him respond so cordially to Bergson, especially to his conception of life as a primordial creative impulse pervading matter. He declares that the work is 'peculiarly acceptable and interesting to men of science.'

Professor Poulton disputes his doctrine of instinct as a form of sympathy, and argues forcibly and fairly against it. Sir Ray Lankester, an eminent Darwinian biologist and zoologist, in

introducing and indorsing H. S. R. Eliott's attack upon *Creative Evolution*, expresses his dissent with angry and insulting epithets.

Mr. Balfour and our own William James express deep sympathy and admiration for the work of the French philosopher. Most of our university philosophers fight shy of it, I hear, probably because it discredits or limits pure intellectualism as giving us the key to the real inwardness of life; we enter into this mystery only through spirit — real sympathy or intuition — and not through our logical faculties. Men who attack the problem of living matter with the same tools which they use upon the problem of dead matter, namely our logical understanding, will not, according to Bergson, get very far.

The flexible, sympathetic, and intuitive type of mind, the type that finds expression in art, in literature, in religion, and in all creative work, will take to Bergson more naturally and kindly than the rigidly scientific and logical mind.

In this shining stream of ideas and images that flows through Professor Bergson's pages, or from his mouth in the lecture room, the strictly scientific man will probably find little to interest him. He may approve of it as literature and philosophy, but he is pretty sure to feel that unwarranted liberties have been taken with scientific conclusions. He will deny the validity of the principal actor in the Bergsonian drama of evolution; the cosmic spirit, as something apart from and independent of cosmic matter, has no place in his categories; matter and the laws of matter are all-sufficient for his purpose. He must keep on the solid ground of the verifiable. Apparently, to Huxley consciousness is as strictly a physical phenomenon as the lamp of the glow-worm, or the sound of a clock when it

strikes; and the tremendous psychic effort which Bergson sees in organic evolution would probably have appeared to him and to others of the mechanistic school as only a poetic dream.

But it is a philosophy that goes well with living things. It is a living philosophy. In my own case it joins on to my interest in outdoor life, in bird, in flower, in tree. It is an interpretation of biology and natural history in terms of the ideal. In reading it I am in the concrete world of life, bathed in the light of the highest heaven of thought. It exhilarates one like a bath in the stream, or a walk on the hills.

Those who go to Bergson for nothing more than scientific conclusions will find bread where they were unconsciously looking for a stone; but those who go to him in the spirit of life will find life — will see him work a change in scientific facts like that which life works in inorganic matter. His method is always that of the literary artist, and looking at the processes of organic evolution through his eyes is like looking into the mental and spiritual processes of a great creative artist.

Mr. Balfour mildly objects that the vital impulse, as Bergson reveals it, has 'no goal more definite than that of acquiring an ever fuller volume of free creative activity.' Sir Oliver Lodge replies that that is a good-enough goal. 'Is it not the goal of every great artist?'

III

To some readers *Creative Evolution* has opened a new world. To open a new world to a man is within the power of unique and original genius only. I think we may say that Bergson is a distinct species. He is *sui generis*. He has the quality of mind which we call genius. One cannot read far in his book without feeling that here at last is an inspired philosopher, and inspira-

tion always carries the mind through into the poetic and the romantic.

The new world which Bergson opens to his reader is the world of organic nature seen for the first time through the creative imagination of a great literary artist and philosopher combined. Bergson recreates this world for his competent reader by showing it like a living stream issuing from the primal cosmic energy; and it is reflected in his pages with a morning freshness and promise. The novelty of his thought, the beauty and vitality of his style and the telling picturesqueness of his imagery, make the reading of his book a new experience to the student of philosophical literature.

It is as if one were to open a gate or a door, expecting to be admitted to the closed-in air of academic halls, or the dim light of monastic aisles, but instead sees before him a wide prospect with moving currents and growing things and changing forms of earth and sky. It was doubtless this quality of Bergson's work that led William James to say of it that it was 'like a breath of the morning and the singing of birds.'

I think we may say that no new world can be opened to a man unless that world is already in him in embryo at least; then the poet, the seer, the inspired teacher, like Bergson, can open it for him. Wordsworth opened up a new world to John Stuart Mill, Goethe opened up a new world to Carlyle, Emerson and Whitman have been world-openers in our own land and times. The world-opening to which I here refer, is almost a sacrament; it implies a spiritual illumination and exaltation that do not and cannot come to every mind. It means the opening of a door that our logical faculties cannot open. Positive science, of course, opens its own new worlds of facts and relations, and speculative philosophy opens its new world of ideas and con-

cepts; but only the inspired, the creative works admit us to the high heaven of spiritual freedom itself. We do not merely admire such writers as Goethe, Carlyle, Emerson, Whitman, we experience them, and they enter into our lives. I think this is in a measure true of Bergson. With more method and system than any of the others I have named, he yet possesses the same liberating power, the same imaginative lift, and begets in one a similar spiritual exaltation.

Bergson is first and foremost a great literary artist occupying himself with problems of science and philosophy. The creative literary artist in him is always paramount. His method is essentially that of literature, the visualizing, image-forming, analogy-seeking method. He thinks in symbols and pictures drawn from the world of concrete objects and forces. Probably no system of philosophy was ever before put forth in language so steeped and dyed in the colors with which the spirit paints this world. His style illustrates his theme; it is never static or merely intellectual; it is all movement and flexibility.

Open his book anywhere and your mind is caught in a flowing stream of lucid, felicitous thoughts that seem of the very quality of life itself. He visualizes mental and emotional processes. He sees spirit and matter as two currents, — two reverse currents, — one up, one down. He sees life struggling with matter, stemming its tide, seeking to overcome and use it, he sees it defeated and turned aside many times. Life or spirit is freedom. Matter is the seat of necessity; it proceeds mechanically; it is obdurate, unwilling, automatic. Life humbles itself, makes itself very small and very insinuating in order to enter into and overcome the resistance of inert matter. It 'bends to physical and chemical forces, consent-

ing even to go part of the way with them, like the switch that adopts for a while the direction of the rail it is endeavoring to leave.' 'Life had to enter thus into the habits of inert matter in order to draw it little by little, magnetized, as it were, to another track.' 'Ages of effort and prodigies of subtlety were probably necessary for life to get past this new obstacle' — the tendency of organized matter to reach the limits of its expansion.

Thus on every page does Bergson visualize and materialize his ideas. He envisages the process of evolution of the whole organic world. He sees one tremendous effort pervading it from bottom to top. He sees thought or life caught in the net of matter. 'It becomes a prisoner of the mechanism by which it climbed.' 'From the humblest of organic beings to the highest vertebrates which just antecede man we are watching an endeavor always failing of success, always re-undertaken with an increasingly wise art. Man has triumphed — but with difficulty, and so partially that it needs only a moment of relaxation or inattention for automatism to recapture him.'

The creative impulse does not itself know the next step it will take, or the next form that will arise, any more than the creative artist determines beforehand all the thoughts and forms his inventive genius will bring forth. He has the impulse or the inspiration to do a certain thing, to let himself go in a certain direction, but just the precise form that his creation will take is as unknown to him as to you and me. Some stubbornness or obduracy in his material, or some accident of time or place, may make it quite different from what he had hoped or vaguely planned. He does not know what thought or incident or character he is looking for till he has found it, till he has risen above his mental horizon. So

far as he is inspired, so far as he is spontaneous, just so far is the world with which he deals plastic and fluid and indeterminate and ready to take any form his medium of expression — words, colors, tones — affords him. He may surprise himself, excel himself; he has surrendered himself to a power beyond the control of his will or knowledge.

We must remember that man is a part of the universe — a part of the stream of life that flows through organic nature, and not something apart from it. But he alone among living beings has come to self-consciousness and is capable of the creative act. Is it not therefore entirely reasonable that the method of nature should be reflected in his mind? that he should be a god, too, though a puny one? So far as he knows his own powers, so far he knows those of the Infinite; so far as he is a creator, his method mirrors that of his Creator.

The vital impulse is finite, it cannot overcome all obstacles. The movement that it starts is sometimes turned aside, sometimes divided, always opposed, and the evolution of the organized world is the unrolling of this conflict. Contingency enters into the course of evolution at every point. 'Contingent the arrests and set-backs; contingent, in large measure, the adaptations.' Contingent, Bergson thinks, the way life obtains the solar energy from the sun, namely through the carbon of carbonic acid. It might have obtained it through other chemical elements than oxygen and carbon. In this case the element characteristic of the plastic substances would probably have been other than nitrogen, and the chemistry of living bodies would have been radically different from what it is, resulting in living forms without any analogy to those we know, whose anatomy would have been different, whose

physiology also would have been different. 'It is therefore probable that life goes on in other planets, in other solar systems also, under forms of which we have no idea, in physical conditions to which it seems to us, from the point of view of our physiology, to be absolutely opposed. All life requires is slow accumulation of solar energy and its sudden release in action, and this accumulation may take place in other systems by a chemism quite unlike ours, in which the carbon of carbonic acid is fixed and stored up by the chlorophyllian function of plants. Life releases this energy by an act analogous to the pulling of a trigger, and the resultant explosive is the power living bodies exert. How figurative and yet concrete and seeable it all is! Though man seems to be the aim and crown of evolution, yet we cannot say that it was all for him.

'It is abundantly evident that nature is not solely for the sake of man; we struggle like the other species; we have struggled against other species; moreover, if the evolution of life had encountered other accidents in its course, if thereby the current of life had been otherwise divided, we should have been physically and morally far different from what we are.'

We aim to look upon a problem of science or mathematics understandingly; we try to regard a work of art — a novel, poem, painting, symphony — appreciatively, to enter into its spirit, to become one with it, to possess ourselves of its point of view, in short, to have an emotional experience with it. The understanding is less concerned than our taste, our æsthetic perceptions, our sympathy with beautiful forms, and our plasticity of mind. We do not know a work of art in the same way in which we know a work of science, or any product of analytical reasoning — we know it as we know those

we love, and are in sympathy with; it does not define itself to our intellect, it melts into our souls. Descriptive science is powerless to portray for me the bird or the flower or the friend I love; only art and literature can do that. Science deals with fixed concepts, art with fluid concepts.

This is Bergson's position as I understand it. Living nature is like a work of art, and our descriptive science fails to render its true meaning, or grasp the nature of the evolutionary movement. The feelings, the perception, and the spiritual insight that go to the making and the appreciating of a creative work are alone equal to the task.

Resolve all the processes of organic nature into their mechanical and chemical elements, and you have not got the secret of living bodies any more than you have got the secret and meaning of a fine painting by resolving it into its original pigments and oils, or of a poem by cutting up the words into the letters of which it is composed.

Bergson's attitude of mind in *Creative Evolution* is foreshadowed in a passage in Royce's *Spirit of Modern Philosophy*. Royce is speaking of the series of purely physical events which our descriptive science shows us in evolution: 'Nothing but matter moving instant after instant, each containing in its full description the necessity of passing over into the next. Nowhere will there be for descriptive science, any genuine novelty, or any discontinuity admissible. But look at the whole appreciatively, historically, synthetically, as a musician listens to a symphony, as a spectator watches a drama. Now you shall seem to have seen, in phenomenal form, a story. Passionate interests will have been realized.'

Bergson reads the story of organic evolution in this creative and sympathetic way. He does not deal with it solely through his equipment as a man

of science, but primarily through his equipment as a great creative artist and inspired seer. Not intellectual analysis, but intellectual sympathy, gives him the key to the problem of life. Intuition is his method, which he opposes to the analytical method of science.

Science sees the process of evolution from the outside, as one might a train of cars going by, and resolves it into the physical and mechanical elements, without getting any nearer the reason of its going by, or the point of its departure or destination. Intuition seeks to put itself inside the process, and to go the whole way with it, witnessing its vicissitudes and viewing the world in the light of its mobility and indeterminateness.

All the engineering and architectural and mechanical features of the railway and its train of coaches, do not throw any light upon the real significance of railways. This significance must be looked for in the brains of the people inside the coaches, and in the push of the civilization of which they are some of the expressions. In like manner, when we have reduced biological processes to their mechanical and chemical equivalents, we are as far as ever from the true nature and significance of biology.

Organic evolution is something more than an illustration of the working of the laws of dead matter. A living body is the sum of its physico-chemical factors, plus something else. The dead automatic forces of the earth went their round of ceaseless change for untold ages without escaping from the grip of mechanical necessity in which they were held; then there came a time when the spell was broken and the current of life arose. We have to speak of the event in this anthropomorphic way, as if it were an event, as if there were discontinuity somewhere, as if the creative spirit began its work as we

begin ours. But evidently life did not begin in our human, practical sense, any more than the line we call a circle begins, or any more than the sphere has ends and boundaries. Our logical faculties, cast in the moulds of our experience, fail to grasp these problems. Life *is*, and, in some inscrutable way, always has been and always will be, because it is one with the cosmic spirit.

IV

One phase of this new world which Bergson's *Creative Evolution* opens to us is this play and interplay of spirit and matter, or this struggle for the mastery—or shall I say for the union—between them, of which organic evolution is the drama,—a real drama unfolding through the biologic ages, with vicissitudes, failures, successes. We see the current of life, spirit, consciousness, making its way through matter, struggling with it, hampered and retarded by it, as a stream wearing its channel through the soil wastes itself and is delayed, divided, but ever onward flowing, by reason of its essential mobility. The branchings and the unfoldings of life in the process of evolution have been contingent and indeterminate in the same way—inevitable, but plastic, yielding, accommodating, taking what they could get and ever reaching out for more. Life has succeeded, but its triumph has not been complete. It has been very human and fallible. Indeed, it is the complete humanization of life that makes Bergson's conception so pleasing and stimulating. It is the taking of it out of the realm of mechanical necessity or fatality, and the surrounding it with the atmosphere of the humanly finite and contingent, that is new in philosophy. I hardly know why we should wish to believe that what we have always called God should have its problems and difficul-

ties and set-backs, just as we do, unless it helps us the better to understand the failures and imperfections in the world — the condition of struggle and unrealized ideals that is the common lot of mankind, and, in a measure, of all that lives. The soul dreams of perfection, but it is hampered and defeated by the body it animates; so did or does the Cosmic Spirit, but the obduracy of the matter through which it works makes it fall short of the perfection at which it aims.

There are two short sentences in Bergson which hold the key to his philosophy. 'Living nature,' he says, 'is more and better than a plan in course of realization.' And again, 'Everything is obscure in the idea of creation if we think of *things* that are created, and a *thing* that creates.' This view is the work of our practical intellect. When we see a house, we think of the builder, when we see a watch, we infer the maker, and this attribute of mind is necessary to our successful dealing with concrete things; but in organic nature the house and the watch are always being made, and every day is a day of creation; the forms of life are like the clouds in the summer sky, ever and never the same; the vital currents flow forever, and we rise to the surface like changing, iridescent bubbles that dance and play for a moment, and are succeeded by others, and ever others. The vital impulse absorbs Bergson's attention, 'not things made, but things in the making; not self-maintaining states, but only changing states. Rest is never more than apparent, or, rather, relative.' This is the way Bergson gets rid of the old conception of design and finalism in nature. He thinks of the creative impulse or tendency in terms of the mobile, the incalculable, the ever-changing.

Life hovers forever between the stable and the unstable. We cannot de-

scribe it in terms of the fixed, the geometric. Motion is not in place, it is in transition — neither here nor there, but forever between the two. Hence our conception of life seems a contradiction, or two contraries united, which seems an absurdity; an ascending and a descending current balanced, a perpetual explosion, integration and disintegration going hand in hand.

The effort of matter and force in the inorganic world is to find a stable equilibrium; their effort in the organic world is to find an unstable equilibrium, to hang forever, as it were, on the pitch of the torrent, suspended between mobility and immobility, constantly passing from one to the other. Life is an interchange of the two, the perpetual translation and transformation of the immobile into the mobile. The effort of the inorganic forces to find a stable equilibrium gives us all the forms of mechanical energy and shapes the surface of the globe; the efforts of the organic to find and hold a state of unstable equilibrium, give us all the forms of life. Gravity rules in one. What rules in and determines the other?

One may think of Bergson's conception of a living body under various images. I am reminded of it when I see at the fountain a little ball dancing in the air at the top of a slender column of water — the upward push just balancing the downward pull of gravity, and the ball playing and hovering perpetually. It is mobility and stability equalized. Diminish the force of the upward current and the ball sinks and sinks till it lies motionless at the bottom. So, when the pressure of life goes down, the living body fails and fails, overcome by the opposite tendency, till death ensues.

One may think of it under the image of the bow in the clouds, so frail and fugitive, yet apparently so permanent.

It is not involved in the fate of the raindrops through which it is manifested. They fall but it does not. It is ceaselessly renewed; it hangs forever on the verge of dissolution. If the sun is veiled, it is gone; if the rain ceases, it is gone. Its source is not in the rain, but is inseparable from it. So matter is only the seat of life, not its source. Its final source is in the *élan vital*, as the source of the rainbow is in the sun. The sunbeams still pour through space whether they encounter raindrops or not.

Bergson thinks that consciousness, or the soul, is not involved in the fate of the brain, though momentarily dependent upon it. The true way in which to regard the life of the body is to postulate that it is on the road which leads to the life of the spirit. Souls, he says, are continually being created, which nevertheless, in a certain sense, preëxisted in the cosmic spirits as the rainbow preëxisted in the sun.

V

In a limited sense Darwin was a creative evolutionist also; in his view nothing in animal life was fixed or stereotyped; ceaseless change, ceaseless development marked its whole course through the geologic ages; his animal series is as mobile, or as much a flowing current, as Bergson's; species give rise to other species through the accumulation of insensible variations, but Darwin looked upon the whole process as mechanical and fortuitous. He did not hit upon any adequate reason for variation itself.

It has been aptly said that while natural selection may account for the survival of the fittest, it does not account for the arrival of the fittest. In Darwin's scheme, nature was always blindly experimenting and then profiting by her lucky strokes; but why

she should experiment, why she should try to improve upon her old models, what it was and is in the evolutionary process that struggles and aspires and pushes on and on, did not enter into Darwin's scheme. He did not share the Bergsonian conception of life as a primordial creative impulse flowing through matter. This were to transcend the sphere of legitimate scientific inquiry to which he applied himself. As living forms had to begin somewhere, somehow, Darwin starts with the act of the Creator breathing the breath of life into one or into a few forms, and then through the operation of the laws which the same Creator impressed upon matter, the whole drama of organic evolution follows. Secondary causes, by which he seems to mean the laws of matter and force, complete the work begun by the Creator.

After all, the differences between Darwin's and Bergson's views of evolution are not fundamental. They conceive of the creative energy under different symbols, and as working in different ways, but it is finally, in both cases, the same energy. Whether living beings are evolved as the result of laws impressed upon matter at the first, or whether they arise by the ceaseless activity of a psychic principle launched into matter, at a definite time and place, as Bergson teaches, is mainly a difference in the use of terms. Both theories start from the same centre; they diverge only as they are worked out toward the periphery. Darwin conceives of primary and secondary causes, Bergson conceives of an original creative spirit, ceaselessly struggling to evolve living forms out of inert matter. Creation as a special event is a past history with Darwin; it is an ever-present event with Bergson. New species are accidental with Darwin, they are contingent and unforeseeable with Bergson; the creative impulse, like the

genius of the creative artist, does not know the form it is looking for till it has found it; on other planets, amid other conditions, evolution may result in quite other forms.

When I try to conceive of Darwin's laws impressed upon matter, I can see only the creative energy immanent in matter. I see the *élan vital* of Bergson framed in another concept. When I recall the famous utterance of Tyndall in his Belfast address of over thirty years ago, — namely, that in matter itself he saw the promise and the potency of all terrestrial life, — I see, in another guise, Bergson's principle of creative evolution. How matter came to have this power, Tyndall says he never ventures to inquire. Elsewhere he speaks of the primeval union between spirit and matter. The scientific mind, like Tyndall's, so conversant with the protean forms hidden in matter, and so moulded by the method of verification, hesitates to take the step which the more philosophical and imaginative mind, like Bergson's, takes readily and boldly. But whether we conceive of the final mystery of life as hidden in the molecular mechanics of Tyndall and Huxley, or in the entelechy of Driesch, or in the *élan vital* of Bergson, it seems to me makes little difference. Life is a species of activity set up by something in inert substance, as unique and individual as that set up by heat or electricity, or chemical affinity, and far less amenable to our analysis. As so many of its phenomena, such as metabolism, reproduction, assimilation, adaptation, elude all interpretation in terms of exact science, we can only appeal to philosophy or to teleology — to the light that never was on sea or land — for an explanation. And when we invoke the light that never was on sea or land, positive science turns its back and will have none of it. Things not on sea or land have no place in its catego-

ries. But Bergson is full of this light, it radiates from nearly every page, and this is one great source of his charm, and of his power to quicken the spirit. It is his art, his vision, the witchery of his style, the freedom and elasticity of his thought, and not the net result of his philosophical speculations, that carry him, as a prophet and an interpreter of nature, so much beyond the sphere of Darwin and Spencer and Tyndall.

Thus at the centre of their conceptions, at the point they start from, our natural philosophers do not seem to differ radically. They all begin with life in some form, hidden somewhere in matter. There is no dead matter.

All our philosophers look to the sun as the source of the energy which the organism uses and manifests. But M. Bergson fixes his attention upon life as something working in the organism and releasing at will the energy which the organism has stored up. There is always in his scheme this free agent or being, called Life or Consciousness, which works its will upon matter, while with Tyndall and Huxley and Haeckel attention is fixed upon this mysterious force which they conceive of as potential in the ultimate particles of matter itself. Out of this force comes life; vitality is in some way identified with molecular physics, matter has no forward impulse or current as Bergson conceives it, but the phenomena of life appear when the atoms and corpuscles are compounded in certain proportions and in a certain order. One sees a psychic principle launched into matter where the other sees mechanical and chemical principles; one humanizes a force, and makes it of the order 'willed'; the other dehumanizes it, and makes it of the order 'automatic.' Both deal with mysteries, but one is a human or spiritual mystery, the other a scientific mystery; one puts a Creator behind nature, the other finds a creator

in nature, but calls it molecular attraction and repulsion. Tyndall pays homage to the mystery that lies back of all, M. Bergson pays homage to the freedom and plasticity, the creative activity of all. A mechanical movement is translation, a vital movement is transformation. In Bergson's scheme every living thing is creating itself continually; this creation of self by self for self is what separates living matter from the not-living by a gulf. The life process is indivisible, it is whole every moment. It is symbolized by the curve, which returns forever into itself, and a curve is no more made up of straight lines than life is made of physico-chemical elements. The intellect working through science can only explain the genesis of life in terms of physics and chemistry. 'Analysis will undoubtedly resolve the process of organic creation into an ever-growing number of physico-chemical phenomena, and chemists and physicists will have to do, of course, with nothing but these. But it does not follow that chemistry and physics will ever give us the key of life.' To get a correct notion of life we must break with scientific habits of thought, we must 'go counter to the natural bent of the intellect.'

Is one's own apprehension of the truth of these distinctions of Bergson's intuitional or logical? In my own case I feel that it would be hard to give logical reasons why I believe that we are nearer the truth when we think of life under the image of a curve, than when we think of it under the image of a right line; or why I see that nature's method is an all-round method, like the circle, while man's is a direct method like a straight line.

We seem driven to the conclusion that all transcendental truth — truth that transcends our reason and experience — comes by way of the intuitions. The daring affirmations of a writer

like Emerson — the very electricity of thought — are intuitional. The great truths in Whitman, shining like beacon lights all through his rugged lines, cosmic truths of the moral nature, one may call them, glimpses into the depths profound of the moral universe — he never came at by any logical or ratiocinative process. 'Logic and sermons never convince,' he says; 'the damp of the night drives deeper into my soul.' They are truths of the intuitions. Bergson's conception of life seems to transcend logic and reason in the same way.

VI

Probably never before was there so successful an attempt to reconcile contradictions, to make the difficult, not to say the impossible, the easier way, as Bergson's.

It is so easy to prove determinism, fatalism; so difficult to see the road to free-will, liberty, and the ascendancy of the spirit. The weight of the whole material world is on the side of determinism. All our intellectual and logical faculties are trained in this school; we can act successfully upon matter only when we regard it as held in the leash of irrefragable law; through the conceptions of geometry and mechanics we conquer and use the material world. Our civilization is the product of these conceptions. Any indeterminism, any inexactness in measurements and calculations, any of the freedom of life admitted into our dealings with matter and force, and we come or may come to grief. If we built our houses as we often build our arguments, they would fall upon our heads. But Bergson's philosophy does not fall upon our heads because it is buoyant with spirit; it is not a mere framework of logical concepts; it is a living and not a dead philosophy; it is more like a tree rooted in the

soil, not a framework of inert ideas. It is Gothic rather than classic, its symbols and suggestions are in living things.

I can fancy how like a dream or the shadow of a dream all this may seem to the rigidly scientific mind — the mind that has always dealt with the solid facts, the measurable forces of the mechanical world. And science, as such, can deal with no other. Its analysis necessarily kills living matter, and when it deals with the living animal none of its vital functions fall within the sphere of the mechanical and chemical categories. When it tries to formulate the psychic, it finds itself dealing with the vague, the unforeseeable. What is true of the psychosis of one animal is not always true of another of the same species. As soon as we enter the sphere of life, we enter the sphere of the variable, the incalculable, the supra-mechanical; and when we enter the sphere of mind, the doors of the unstable and unpredictable are thrown still wider open.

In theory Bergson says it is a kind of absurdity to try to know otherwise than by intelligence or reason. How can intelligence go beyond intelligence? Is not this step of setting bonds to intelligence taken by the aid of the very faculty to which we prescribe limits? By life alone is the contradiction solved; as in swimming, the fearless plunge cuts the knot; and we swim by the same members we walk with. A man can lift himself over the fence if he uses the fence as a fulcrum, and life can overcome matter when it enters into it and uses it.

Our scientific faculties will carry us through the inorganic world and unfold for us the processes of inorganic evolution — the foundation of all suns and systems; and they will account for the present state of the earth on physical and chemical principles, and can with

reasonable confidence forecast its state or condition in the far-distant future. But when it comes to the living world those faculties are baffled; when they pass from the astronomic and the geologic to the biologic, their mathematics and their physics do not go very far. They can analyze many of the life processes and unlock many secrets with their mechanical and chemical principles, but they cannot account for life itself, they cannot reduce vital functions to scientific categories; they cannot account for the mind, for consciousness, or show us the relation of thought to matter. Here some sort of philosophy is necessary, and here arise the scientific philosophers, like Spencer and others, and offer us their guesses or interpretations. Each and all take a leap in the dark; their science fails them and their philosophy comes to their aid. Many of the physical objects of life can be dealt with by science, but its psychic aspects cannot be so dealt with; a science of psychology is impossible. Bio-physics are not the same as geo-physics; there is a new, unknown factor to be dealt with. Evolution is not a mere process; it is a progress; it is not a circle, but a spiral.

Creative Evolution is likely to live as literature even though it should be discredited as philosophy. Attacked its philosophy of course will be, and has been. William James said one of the duties of a philosopher was to contradict other philosophers, and Bergson will not escape. But vitalized by such a style and humanized by a spirit so in fellowship with the highest emotions and aspirations of the soul, Bergson's philosophy, I think, stands a better chance of surviving than any other system of our time. It is a proclamation of emancipation to minds in the bondage of materialism and mechanism. It makes free as the spirit alone can make free. Coming to his work

from the dry, arid pages of Spencer, for example, is like coming from the atmosphere of a great manufacturing plant to the air of the summer hill-tops. It leavens what to many minds is the

heavy world of scientific matter with the leaven of the spirit. Bergson is an inspired man, and he begets in us that inward joy and exultation which is the gift alone of 'a prophet of the soul.'

LIFE'S LITTLE RUSES

BY LUCY ELLIOT KEELER

MENDELSSOHN went to call on a friend, the story runs, and learned that he was still abed. Going to the piano, he played one loud chord of the seventh and sat down to await events. In a moment a commotion was heard above, boots were thrown on the floor, and soon the sluggard rushed down the stairs to the piano and played the resolution of the chord.

The tale has always amused me and served as an unfailing point of departure in my ruminative hours. Never the time and the place and the loved one! But given two sides of this coveted triangle and the third may often be found, as life's little ruses for some three thousand years go to prove.

Something blithe hovers about the ruse, lifting it immeasurably above its synonyms. One scorns a trick, despises a cheat, loathes fraud and cunning, repudiates artifice and finesse, chicanery and subterfuge; but the Ruse, though she clap her hand hard over your eyes for one moment, looks squarely into them the next, — and you see her an honest lass, likable and droll and endlessly efficient.

A mere three thousand years of her history and philosophy spares me from any charge of exaggeration, and elimi-

nates any consideration of the household of Zeus, whose progeny by their superlative rusiness stretch out half-human hands to our own. This limitation of survey enables me also to pass lightly over the ways of the serpent with Eve and of Isaac with his father, and, cutting short the Egyptians, who grew sophisticated through much association with the Sphinx and the mother of Moses, — cutting short, I say, we come down to the old Greeks.

Of one thing we may be sure: the ruse of the ancients was no extraneous thing, but twin sister of our own. Plutarch assures us that the Athenians under Solon made things pleasant that be hateful by calling them so, as taxes, contributions, and prisons, houses. One can almost see the dimple in old Plutarch's cheek as he wrote that down, unless perchance his tongue by pressure from inside countervailed the dimple. The same delectable biographer goes on to recount how the Roman Numa gave banquets of coarse fare and told his guests they were eating fine and delicate meats, and they 'thought it nothing incredible if he would have it so.' This quotation I consider one of the most useful in my repertoire, having yet to encounter a difficult con-

versational mire over which it will not bridge me.

Pericles was well proportioned except that his head was too long, which explains why all his statues wear helmets. Was this a ruse of classic art or of masculine vanity? The ingenuous Nero had a portrait of himself painted which was a hundred and twenty feet high; and when Alexander the Great returned out of India he made armor larger than his own proportions and bits far heavier than the common sorts, and had them scattered abroad. These devices the natives found and saved.

Some critic wrote of Whistler's portrait of Carlyle that it was not life-size. 'No,' was his reply, 'few men are.' He cannily made the portrait of Sarasate smaller than life-size, to simulate the effect of seeing the violinist far off on the concert stage.

One ruse of the Greek artists the world will never have done admiring, namely, the calculation of their temples in relation to a fixed point far above them. The columns were all slanted inwards in such a manner, so slightly and so imperceptibly, that if they were prolonged they would meet in an apex a mile above the temple. That invisible point in the heavens, as some one has said, like a raised crucifix, drew all the members of the temple together in a single act of recognition. 'Such is the æsthetic value of an adequate inspiration.'

I wish that one of the gemlike pillars of the Greek Anthology had been dedicated to the Ruse. That Meleager of the Garland, for instance, had carved one, he who said, 'And if I am a Syrian, what wonder? We all dwell in one country, O Stranger, the world.' Or that Antipater, of whom Cicero and Pliny both mention the curious fact that he had an attack of fever on his birthday every winter — recalling by

some association of ideas the American who had been celebrating the twelfth anniversary of his wife's thirtieth birthday.

I crave an epigram, too, from that poet who in a few felicitous lines shows us the bust of Dionysius standing against the wall in the schoolroom and yawning with weariness on hearing his own words repeated over and over by the pupils. Busts of Longfellow and Burns, are you not with him?

And for 'the time, the place and the person,' dropped so casually from my pen a few moments ago, the fun is to find the missing third. Consider Borrow's shrewd old man who had learned the difficult Chinese language from inscriptions on the pottery, and from that the laws of hospitality, but could not tell time by the clock until by a little ruse he got it out of the Romany Rye. Consider Hæckel, who, urged by his father to study and practice medicine, set his office-hours between five and six in the morning, by which means any reader of his elaborate *Riddle of the Universe* will be satisfied that he found time.

The mechanical reader who was kept at the same book for a whole year by the unfeeling ruse of a flippant relative who shifted the bookmark each night, illustrates the successful search for place. The Chinese, too, solved that problem when they used their houses as time-ovens for roast pig; and the pious architects of the Middle Ages who engraved mazes on the floors of their cathedrals, as at Chartres, so that the faithful in tortuous ways might accomplish the semblance of a pilgrimage while their compatriots were on their way to the rescue of the Holy Sepulchre.

As to the detection of the person, Mendelssohn's ruse would suffice for illustration; but it is impossible to resist instancing the felicitous sign in the

Paris theatre: 'All ladies over thirty-five may retain their hats.'

Children's ruses are as pleasant to dwell upon as other products of their unspoiled imaginations. When Burne-Jones's nurse, puzzled by his silences, asked what he was thinking about, he used to answer 'Camels.' Darwin, when a child, invented a whole fabric to show how fond he was of speaking the truth; and Peter Pan expresses the feeling of all childhood when, goaded past endurance, he breathes quick short breaths, five a second. He had heard that every time you breathe, a grown-up dies.

Over certain adult children we linger as gratefully, geniuses who really applied imagination to life, — perhaps the rarest of applications. Balzac's bare room at Les Jardins had stage directions charcoaled on the plastered walls: 'Rosewood panels, Gobelin tapestries, Venetian mirror, an inlaid cabinet stands here; here hangs a Raphael.' Dickens painted the walls of his library at Gads Hill to represent bookshelves in tiers around the entire room. The titles on the sham tomes were likewise of his own invention: *A History of the Middling Ages*, in many volumes; *Has a Cat Nine Lives?* *Was Shakespeare's Mother's Hair Red?* Paul Verlaine died in a golden house, the last amusement of this big child of abject poverty having been to brush everything about him with liquid gold.

We not-geniuses wear our ruses as our rue, with a difference; but we take off our hats to those brave souls and try afar off to imitate their self-enchancements. No man possesses all that he wants or is quite happy; but by bluffing a bit, as Max Beerbohm says, a man can gain some of the advantages that he would possess by really having it. Those who have nothing on earth have a right to claim a portion of the heavens. In resolute hands much

may be done with a star, as George Meredith demonstrated in his *Countess of Selden*. On a clear night of May, 1860, Garibaldi gazed at the unwonted brightness of Arcturus, and half in jest told his aides that Arcturus was his star, chosen by him when a sailor, and that its splendor foreboded victory. How it came!

Whoever craves the grand thrill has but to take down Balzac's *Country Doctor* and read that marvelous chapter of the Napoleonic legend, with its pounding 'He had a Star!' Besides his star, Napoleon had a consummate mastery of the ruse. How he put it forth as a feeler, — watch him drop his handkerchief in front of Markof, the Russian ambassador, and then stand waiting to have it handed to him. But two can play at a *ruse de guerre*. Markof instantly dropped his own handkerchief beside the other, and stooped to pick it up, leaving Bonaparte's where it lay. That settled that.

After Napoleon put the Duc d'Enghien to death, Paris was so horrified that the tyrant's throne tottered. A counter revolution would doubtless have taken place had not Napoleon ordered a new ballet to be brought out with the utmost splendor at the Opera. The subject he pitched on was Ossian, or the Bards. In Southey's day it was still remembered as the greatest spectacle ever exhibited in Paris, and in consequence the duke's murder was forgotten and nothing but the new ballet talked about. It is a familiar device of great tacticians, this of operating a diversion. The probable origin of half the ghost stories of old English houses is that the room which contained the secret stair and the trap-door was said to be haunted merely as a ruse to discourage prying investigators. In our occasional zeal *à la ruse*, however, we should not let the method overreach

the result, as when Tolstoï recognized Demosthenes by the pebble hidden in his golden mouth.

Lubrication is not the engine, nor the power that drives its wheels, yet without it the machinery is motionless or tears itself in pieces. So one of the pleasantest phases of life's little ruses is that which deals with our social selves. A friend of mine recalls seeing her grandparents adding up the same column of figures to discover if they corresponded, and when they differed the man said, 'Dear, I must have made a mistake.' I think the narrator herself had caught something of the charm, the joyousness, from the way those early family divergencies were adjusted.

De Craye in *The Egoist* made a man act Solomon by praising his wisdom. Palmerston used to greet all whom he did not know with 'How d'ye do, and how's the old complaint?' which fitted all sorts and conditions of men. Trivial illustrations, indeed, which we may dismiss with this single note of recognition, that they are every whit as socially sincere as 'literal truths' told often in such a way as to create an entirely false impression.

At times the ruse rises into a fine art. I recall the cunning artist who painted the beautiful Irish girl, twice a duchess, with a sunflower that turns from the sun to look at her; and Mrs. Gaskell's heroine who, as amateur clerk, tries to make the old bookkeeper forget that she is a woman, by whistling. A millionaire peasant of Russia wished Engel to give piano lessons to his daughter, but in order to lessen the cost thought that she might do without learning the black keys. The master sat down at the piano and played Chopin's *Étude* on the black keys so divinely that the father exclaimed, 'The devil take the five roubles: she shall learn to play on the black keys too.' Richard Bentley's

engagement is said to have been broken off because he expressed a doubt about the book of Daniel. Nebuchadnezzar's golden image is described as sixty cubits high and six broad. 'Now,' said Bentley, 'this is out of all proportion: it ought to have been ten cubits broad at least'; which made the good lady weep. The lovers' difference was arranged, however, on the basis that the sixty cubits included the pedestal. Aldrich, we know, wrote each set of 'Margery Daw' letters in a different room, with different ink and pen and on different paper. Turgenieff so identified himself with the nihilistic theories of his hero Bazaroff that he kept a diary in his name, appreciating the current events from both points of view. As an artist, too, admit Moses, of whom a well-known lecturer suggests, 'When the lawgiver wanted to say, "It seems to me," he put it, "And the Lord said unto Moses."'

Not infrequently, given the ruse we can reconstruct the man, the type, or the race-perpetrator. What body of legislators but the British would hold to the Chiltern Hundreds? Custom says that a man cannot resign his seat in Parliament; but he may apply for the stewardship of the Chiltern Hundreds, accept it, and immediately give it up. He cannot hold another office while in Parliament. Chiltern is not an office, but an exit. By another official fiction, the Island of Ascension is considered a vessel of war, and as such is commanded by the Admiralty — one joke which Gilbert omitted from *Pinafore*. 'Gild the farthing if you will, it remains a farthing still.'

We are all familiar with the complacent, dogmatic delusions of our acquaintances, typified possibly by the woman who marked her penny before putting it in the collection-box and triumphantly received it back next morning from the grocer, having 'knowned

well that the heathen never got it'; proof which it is not for a mere commentator to parry. If some one asked you who wrote 'An Ode to Duty' and then considered he had done with that subject, could you by any chance have named Lamb instead of Wordsworth? or if you were asked who turned away his head as he opened a letter from an office-seeker, so as not to see if any money fell from the envelope, and then 'homed to dinner,' could you have failed to mention old Pepys?

'T is a sonsy vista, twinkling with dancing leaves and beckoning flowers, this rusey lane, leading to the rainbow and the pot of gold. Never to lose the halo around life was Susan Ferrier's ideal; while Nietzsche proclaimed loud and often that life needs fictions as a safety valve from the pressure of life. The most solemn of us has the power in some degree to transform the light of the common day and commonplace people into something rare and strange.

'Never chop the hash too fine: it might poison the family!' my mother used to say — all our mothers! The first time it caused a horrified stare and all chopping ceased; but ever after-

ward the order made the little hand work extra fast, to the accompaniment of a laugh.

Often just the gymnastics of a ruse, oblivious of the result sought, tone our mental and spiritual muscles. 'A smile on your lips!' was the command of Louis Philippe when he watched his children at their riding lessons and noticed a frightened look on some little face; 'a smile on your lips!' Cultivate the twinkle of social lures, a royal philosophy admonishes us; do things with a swing and a rhythm, as Japanese sailors do; trick yourself if need be, for the infusion of the play-interest ameliorates the tediousness of the task; mystify your suitors sometimes, by raveling out by night the garment you wove by day; make a lever of the ruse in your hand, for self-protection and self-encouragement and cheer; to enlighten and urge and inspire others; as a link with the past and a claim on the future; as a bluff and a pastime; as a fine art.

Come, strike that chord of the seventh, and if the sluggard does not rush down and play the resolution, resolve it yourself, and then go the more gayly back whence you came.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

RETURNING

THE spirit of returning is one of the most profoundly beautiful influences that help to mould the wayward life of man. Perhaps it is even the most beautiful, the most deeply significant. The very waywardness may be its work, since only out of departure can any return come to pass, since strife and restlessness alone can bring forth rest.

The philosophers say that God projected creation away from Himself in order that it might hunger and thirst to get back to him; and certainly the whole course of our human life bears out this theory. We are born with a cry on our lips, we grow up blindly, rebelliously, our entire development is a process of effort and pain; paradoxically, the more intelligently we enjoy things, the more they sting and fret us. Why? Because our finiteness oppresses us, our separation from the serene, competent Whole. We feel that all our experience is boundless, fathomless; and we have only a little dangling plummet with which to sound it. No wonder we long after the infinite capacity which seems to be our birth-right but which our mortal destiny has inexplicably forfeited.

We do not always realize this with our human reason, although our instinctive preferences confess it accurately. From high to low and low to high in the range of experience, there are few of us who do not prefer the systole of things to the diastole. What an effort we have to make to resist the law of gravitation, and how comfortable is the inevitable giving over of the attempt and the serene descent of the

hill! Still more commonplace is the every-day truth that most of us like to go to bed and hate to get up. There is a significance in the rapture with which we sink into the arms of sleep, letting ourselves go, entirely abandoning ourselves. And equally full of meaning is the reluctance with which we pull ourselves back in the morning, gathering, piecing ourselves together, taking up our partial ways.

Do we not make all our journeys largely that we may know the bliss of coming home again? We set forth blithely enough (the need of change is inherent in all humanity), and for awhile we feel no regret for the familiarity which we have left behind us. We glory and rejoice in the new, refreshing our eyes and hearts. But by and by comes the turn, the hesitating, pausing, and the slow looking back. The glory around us fades as if a cloud had come over the sun; and behind us the glow rests on the distant spot from which we set forth. Ah! then, according to our dispositions, we run or we saunter back, devouring the miles in our eagerness or protracting the pleasure that we may taste it fully. And when once again we stand on the thresholds of our quiet, familiar homes, was there any gladness of going forth to compare with this flooding bliss of return? We are back where we belong. We have tasted novelty and have found it good, chiefly as a spice to quicken the familiar. We have filled our hands; we would empty them now, and fold them, and yield them into the hands of the spirit of peace. We have come unto our own again, and our own has received us.

The grandeur of autumn has its source in this idea of return. The spring and the early summer are restless, quick and vivid, and thrilling with life, but unsatisfying. They are lavish in promises, half of which can never be fulfilled and the other half of which disappoint more than they gratify. They are contagiously vigorous, enlisting all life in the energy of their onward march. Way! Way! for the universe. It is at last going to declare itself, is going to make its goal. But after the full tide is reached in the most commonplace and uninteresting month of the year, after July has bored us with its heavy, monotonous foliage and its sultry days, after we are satiated with progress, then comes the blessed turn. August lays slow fingers of peace upon the year. Never mind; come back. Perhaps it was not quite worth while, all this mighty stress and effort; perhaps the achievement was rather negligible. Coming back is always worth while, is always worth the most futile departure. Come back, come back, come back! All shall thus be well! Blessed August! It is as full of hope and healing as July is heavy with dissatisfaction. Come back? Indeed, we come.

But the return is gradual. Through weeks and months it feels its slow, sure, quiet way. It knows no relapses; with the coming of August, the stress has once for all gone out of the year. There is never any doubt which way the tide is facing. But there is an untroubled delay, a happy lingering. Returning is too dear a process to be wasted. Little by little, through the strong, serene days of September, the fingers of our peace reach after us and gather us. Sometimes, for very joy of our capture, we turn our faces and pretend to look the other way; September has some seemingly aggressive and independent moods. But never is there any deflection of our footsteps, any

resistance to the blessed power that has laid hold upon our lives. We come, we come.

The whole symbolic earth expresses the spirit of its autumn peace. The mown meadows lie content, vibrant with the drowsy song of grasshoppers and crickets; the hills dream round the valley, veiled in sun-woven mists; the dim blue sky is full of slow, vague clouds. But the woods are the best home, nay, the very temple of the returning bliss. More and more silent they grow, as the days draw onward. Even the hermit thrush, their priest, ceases to chant in them; their shadows passively yield up the little flitting presences which filled them with subdued animation during the early summer. They become graver, more austere and gentle.

With the first frosts, the outermost trees begin the great change that makes their order the prophets of the autumn. They dip their fingers in the red sunrise. Little by little the glory spreads, stealing inward in waves of crimson and gold. One who worships the woods can then not afford to leave them a day unvisited, the phases of their transfiguration are so incessantly wonderful. They grow august and holy. A golden light floods them — not from the sun, but from their own being, like the face of a saint. Deep within them, the ferns, transmuted to pale spirits, bow in frail ghostly ranks. There is no sound. The very wind forbears. The return would seem to be almost consummated.

But it is the falling of the leaves that sets the seal upon the beautiful, significant process. There is no more thrilling, solemn sight in all the range of nature. In the beginning, a few at a time, they come drifting, circling downward, utterly careless and unobtrusive, yet deeply purposeful. With a sigh they seek the warm, pungent earth which is

to each one of them the ultimate breast of God. Then more and more of them come. By and by, the dim, shining temple is full of the soft stir of their passing — frail shapes, crossing the motionless lines of the trees, floating athwart the shadows, animating the inner gloom. Their faint, sighing whisper voices the silence of the forest more poignantly than the hymns of the hermit thrush. If the wind still forbears, they fall slowly, freeing themselves of their own accord, knowing the uttermost joy of self-abandonment. Multitudes fall together, however, going hand in hand to their common end. Multitudes, multitudes in the valley of decision. They know what they want, and they take it together, deeply satisfied.

Death: it is just that. The word that we all combine to avoid, disparage, translate; yet surely one of the most beautiful words in our language. It is death that the leaves seek, the brook seeks, the year seeks, death that we all seek together. This is not unnatural in us; it is the most profoundly natural thing we do. We are partial creatures, temporarily blinded to all but fleeting, uncertain glimpses of reality; of course we long for the clear vision which we hope that the dissolution of our teasing senses will give. Heirs of infinity, inexplicably hemmed in now on every side, we inevitably wish that we might come of age. We cannot, we would not hasten the coming, for the process itself is very good; but every step that lessens the distance deepens our content.

The day becomes more solemn and serene,
Now noon is past.

That is a song of returning. Poetry is full of such songs, and so is the common speech of every day. If we listen, we shall hear the burden everywhere the same.

Oh, dear, dim Goal, which incites in

us such longing, the only longing that is ever satisfied, — what wilt thou do with us when we find thee? Allow us to rest in thy freedom and know thy immensity, or send us forth again to work among the shows of things? That is no concern of ours, that is thy business, we must leave it to thee. Our concern is to find thee now, find thee, find thee. For surely we have lost thee, and surely we are thine.

OUR VILLAGE ARTIST

THE way to the studio lies through a stretch of pines, whose green arms, uplifted, seem to pierce the intense blue of a southern sky. You tread a narrow, needle-strewn path, drinking in deep breaths of sweetness, until you reach the house on the hill. Its exterior gives no hint of the owner; any one might live there. Within, a winding stair brings the visitor up to an open door near the landing, and a cheery voice pipes, 'Come in.'

You pause on the threshold in astonishment. Here is no studio proper, with its column of light descending upon the rich furnishings, the collection of beautiful pictures, and the easel holding some half-finished sketch that shows in every bold stroke of the brush the master hand. Here, instead, is a bedroom, having all the distinguishing features of a back bedroom. The floor is rugless. A gaping chest of drawers, refusing to keep its back to the wall, stands in one corner. The faded glories of a poppy field cover the dry, brown breadths of a screen, which half-heartedly, and not at all successfully, attempts to hide a washstand. A pitcher with a broken nose, and a jar encircled by a border in imitation of an autumn sunset, are shamelessly exposed. Another glance reveals a bureau doing duty for a writing-desk and a magazine-rack, a tall bed, and two sewing

machines drawn up near the window. Newspapers full of ancient history, scattered in every direction, flutter their pages hysterically whenever the wind seeks entrance. An incompetent, round-faced clock points its idle hands to six-thirty, and stares vindictively at its gaudy cousin across the room. The latter is ticking industriously. The walls are decorated, not with rare paintings, but with newspaper clippings; one fully describing the proper methods of preparing fruit punch and stuffed tomatoes, another commenting on street-car manners in Buffalo. The only pictures are those of women in autumn frocks.

And the artist? She is a tight little woman, spare of face and form, carelessly dressed. Her black hair stands up in defiant spikes, and her gray eyes snap behind steel-bowed spectacles. But you can see traces of good humor round the mouth, and a vagrant twinkle behind the spectacles.

This is Miss Vermell Crimm, our village artist.

'Artist!' you cry. 'Am I in some futurist dream where all my ideas of law and order are upside down, my conception of the beautiful twisted out of shape until past recognition, my visions of an artist and his workshop totally destroyed? Are not one's surroundings indicative of one's self? Surely, this untidy room, which lacks a single lovely object, speaks loudly of the absence of any artistic taste. Artist, indeed! Why, Miss Vermell would not make a half-way housekeeper! one can see by the whirlwind look of the room that she is always rushed. Even for a hungry, home-coming husband she would not have dinner on time, and the appearance of her parlor would shrivel the soul of a New England housewife.'

It is a natural conclusion, a just criticism. But look again. Over the bed lies a fluff of diaphanous fabric,

exquisite in texture and shade; here are lustrous satins and silks, shrouded from the dust, partly concealed in the gaping drawers; the machine needle is running a scarlet thread through the bright folds of a serge dress; this finished waist of lavender flecked with amber was brought to its state of perfection by skillful fingers. These are the materials with which our artist works; the needle shares equal honors with the brush. Moreover, any lady whose pocket-book is not in the habit of undergoing a fast, or does not exist chiefly upon a nickel diet, can serve as a model.

Yes, the soul of an artist burns within this little gray wisp of a woman. What matter if she turn scrubwoman, and scour the kitchen floor by candle-light? In the morning she is the artist, — planning, arranging, stitching, mixing her colors with a fine discrimination, fashioning garments of beauty and grace. She nods gravely at a middle-aged black silk, but watch her eyes sparkle over the possibilities of an evening gown. Her hand caresses its delicate, shining lengths, while her mind is busy weaving it into wondrous attire for some stately débutante. To her the making of a dress is a labor of love. She delights in the subtleties of color and effective contrast, the flow of drapery, the gleam of ivory satin, yet no detail is too small for painstaking treatment.

I look at the room, and then at my little gray artist bending over her task, reveling in the joy of creation. The two are incompatible. Yet I believe that her workshop is not so much an expression of herself as is her art, — that is the breath of life to her. She will not stop to rest, even on Christmas Day. She lives spiritually and mentally as well as financially by her needle, and the stamp of her individuality is upon each completed work of art.

I am sure that her soul 'goes clad in gorgeous things'; that the dexterous fingers and keen eyes are guided by the same beauty-loving soul. Whatever the stuff of souls, I know that the Great Artist fashioned hers in the early bloom of the morning, and gave to it all the radiance that one misses in her strange little person.

A TRUE STORY

A WAR correspondent was riding over the blood-soaked plains of central Macedonia; his horse was tired and stumbled occasionally, but was still sufficiently wide-awake to shy and wince uneasily when an unburied corpse lay across its path or the stench of some unusually large pool of blood reached its twitching nostrils. The correspondent, however, paid no attention; such sights and smells were customary. For days he had ridden with the Greek troops in the wake of the flying Bulgarian army — he had passed through the burnt and devastated villages where dogs fed on charred remains, he had seen the awful well where the bodies of women and children were piled so thick and so high that the Bulgar murderers had pressed and forced down with tombstones wrenched from the adjoining Turkish cemetery the recalcitrant heads and limbs that *would* protrude over the margin. So toward the close of his long day's ride, he sat loosely in his saddle and nodded wearily.

Suddenly, something attracted his attention, — a very simple thing: two new white wooden crosses on two freshly turned graves. Of graves there were plenty in this land of death, — death that was glorious or ignominious or pitiful, — but of crosses there were none: the Greek army, hot in pursuit of the panic-struck enemy had little time to mark the burial places of the brave who had already fallen by thousands in

the great battles of Kilkish Lachana and Doiran. The cry was ever 'Forward! Faster and faster still! Forward, to cleanse the land of our fathers from the savage murderous breed! Vengeance for the slaughtered and liberty for the living! Later we will count our dead and mourn for them!'

Those who were buried in these two graves must be men of note, officers of high rank, perhaps. Well, he would rest his tired horse a while and ask.

The graves were on the top of a hill, and as he drew nearer he noticed that a soldier knelt beside them praying. Only a few yards away stood six Bulgarian guns, and around the guns a knot of Greek soldiers sat talking and smoking in the cool of the evening. They greeted him courteously, made room for him, and offered him cigarettes.

The correspondent had been a long time in Greece and understood the language perfectly; when he mentioned the graves a soldier rose and spoke to his comrade who was still praying, heedless of all else. The man stood up immediately and came towards the correspondent; his face was white and drawn and his eyes glittered, but there were no tears in them.

'We were four brothers,' he said, 'three of us served in the same foot-regiment; I am an artilleryman. On the first day of the battle of Kilkish, my brother Nicolas fell. When the enemy was driven back the others searched everywhere for him, hoping to find him alive. They found him — ah, God!' (The man ground his teeth and shook his clenched fists.) 'May the lowest hell take those devils! They found his corpse savagely, hideously mutilated. Then they swore a great oath; they swore by the Holy Virgin and by the salvation of their souls, to have vengeance; such vengeance as the whole world should hear of. Two days later, our troops were ordered to take

these guns; Bulgar infantry was entrenched below — see the trenches — and the guns wrought fearful havoc amongst our men; rank after rank went down; the first attack was repulsed. But my brothers contrived to slip unseen through the enemy's lines — we are mountaineers and know how to hide behind a rock or a bush or a stone. They gained the foot of the hill and rushed up; those below did not notice them, the guns above could do them no harm. Up they went at full speed. The gunners were unarmed. With their bayonets, and then with their knives, my brothers fell upon them, and slew and slew! Holy Virgin! how they thrust and hacked and hewed! The spirit of the slaughtered one stood beside them and was glad. The guns were black with blood and silent, sir, silent, for there was no one left to fire them. Thirty-seven gunners they killed, and took six guns; my brothers, two men alone; six great guns that will slay no more Greek soldiers! And then the end came, for three officers ran up with revolvers.

'Below, the Bulgar infantry broke and fled, and our men came up at the double. They found my brothers lying dead on a heap of corpses; their bodies were pierced through and through with bullets, but they were well content; I saw them later, they were smiling.

'Our king has promised that those guns shall be melted down into medals; medals for those who, like my brothers, have done great deeds.

'And now, I am the only one left; I think God will spare my life, so that I may take the tale home to my village and to my mother. My mother! she will be proud and she will not weep for her sons, for they kept their vow and they were very brave men.'

The correspondent said not a word; he rose to his feet and with uncovered head stood for a few minutes beside the

graves. Then he took out his pencil and scrawled a few words on a sheet of paper; he also would take the tale home, — not to a small village in the Greek mountains, but to the great cities, so that the brothers' vow should be completed and the whole world should hear.

The correspondent knew now why he had come upon the graves in the twilight.

THE KNOCKING AT THE DOOR

A NUMBER of years ago I read that part of De Quincey's *Confessions* which has to do with 'The knocking at the gate in Macbeth,' and at that time, I remember, it brought to my mind some rather strange but immature thoughts. Having recently reread this little essay the thoughts have come again.

De Quincey speaks of the effect, on his mind, of this particular knocking at the gate, and explains the reason for the act in a very plausible way by saying that it was the genius of Shakespeare recognizing the need of it, as an act of transition from the passion incident to the murder to the resumption of normal actualities. 'For,' he says, 'we must be made sensible that the world of ordinary life is suddenly arrested, laid asleep, tranced, racked into a dread armistice; . . . and all must pass self-withdrawn into a deep syncope and suspension of earthly passion. Hence it is that when the deed is done, when the work of darkness is perfect, then the world of darkness passes away like a pageantry in the clouds. The knocking at the gate is heard; and it makes known audibly that the reaction has commenced; . . . and makes us profoundly sensible of the awful parenthesis that had suspended them.'

Beyond doubt he is speaking specifically of the knocking in Macbeth, and

of that which pertained particularly to an act of murder. But, to me, all knocking at a closed door is fraught with the tragic, an imperative summons to open to the unknown; to suspend, for the time, the present action or conversation to make way for that which may not be denied. I have observed, with myself particularly, when in a room alone, that a sudden knocking at the door, coming without previous warning as to who might wish admittance, suspends, as if in mid-air, the thought or act upon which I am engaged. A feeling of vague apprehension possesses me, a momentary wonderment at the sudden and unexpected interruption of thought. And I have observed, too, when in a room with others, that at a knocking at the door all will turn toward it, suspending action, leaving the speech uncompleted, with a strained expression in their eyes, as if fearing some disaster; while the shadow of silence will fall upon us until the door is opened, and the cause of the unknown summons discovered. Though the shadow of silence, in such an instance, is of such short duration, and may fall so lightly upon some that it may be unperceived, to me it is none the less real.

What is the cause of this feeling of apprehension? What movement of the soul takes place in so short a time? This is a subject for the casuist, or psychologist; but it seems to me that all, or most, of the tragic things of life come upon us suddenly; the information, or warning, is followed so quickly by the act, that one has not time to bring reason to bear upon the situation and thus rob it of its terror; for with warning given in ample time to prepare ourselves for the possible catastrophe, when reason has exercised the faculty of analysis and there has been a consequent acceptance of the inevitable with such fortitude as

one may bring to bear, the terror is, at least partially, eliminated.

We stand surrounded with the darkness of the unknown; the vague shadows of things possible but unforeseen constantly press upon and around us. Somewhere, beyond our present knowledge, the wheels of Destiny and Fate are grinding out the grist of events which make up life. We cannot know at what instant the web may fly out from the loom and entangle us in its meshes. A feeling of fear, intangible, unexplainable, possesses us. The fear of the unknown — except when one has time and quiet in which to contemplate its appearance, and so to order one's thoughts that it may be received with calmness — lies dormant within us, yet ready to spring to attention at the least signal of danger.

Ordinarily we give our attention to the matter in hand, our thoughts are concentrated upon some special subject, or have wandered far afield in reverie. Then comes the sudden knocking at the door. The normal action of the mind is temporarily suspended, and the immediate subject is instantly displaced; the thoughts which followed leisurely the broad highway of purpose, or the devious by-paths of fancy, are arrested by a sudden shock, even brought back quickly with a spasmodic jerk of the senses. We are confronted, unprepared, with the unknown. A vague feeling of fear and apprehension fills the void made by a cessation of active cerebration, and we approach the door with hand outstretched to ward off that which may possibly bring us uneasiness, discomfort, or disaster. And whether the messenger who knocks bring us good tidings or bad, there will be a moment of internal unrest until the soul has resumed the state of tranquillity from which it has been rudely aroused. And if there be two in the room, at the first jarring sound of the knocking

each will look toward the other with a glance of constraint, an unspoken questioning, and a wondering.

I speak here particularly of knocking, rather than of any other method of seeking admittance, or making one's presence known. The ringing of a bell, or a calling, has on me no such effect as I have described, or on others whom I have been able to observe. Although there are times when the sharp, clamorous ring of a bell may startle one, it seems to me that this effect is entirely physical.

The ringing of a bell seems to indicate, to me, the presence of a person at a distance, or the action of a known force; a voice, when calling, holds some human quality that does not alarm the dormant consciousness, which, at another time, might arise with fear. And even if the voice be insistent, if it urge haste, or possess the quality of distress, we realize, though perhaps unconsciously, that the thing or thought from without has passed through, touched, or affected another being similar to one's self.

With the knocking it is entirely different. There is something strangely insistent, something imperatively indicating that there must be no denial, in the rapping of knuckles against a closed door. The invisible is *here* and *now*. We cannot see what manner of person it is who desires the barrier removed which stands between us. There is no tone of voice, no visible gesture, no glance of eye, conveying the nature or attitude of the messenger awaiting us. And though we may arrive at

some knowledge of the matter, or person, by the manner of knocking, — according as it is timid and cringing, backward and hesitant, or loud and vibrant, forceful and impelling, — we must still open wide the door to come to a full realization of its meaning. And until we do open wide the door, uncertainty must remain with us. And how quickly we spring forward, though we may place our hand hesitatingly on the knob, to relieve ourselves of this uncertainty.

For one fact is evident: the knocking is pregnant with meaning. And one realizes this by the moment of silence which intervenes between the knocking at, and the opening of, the door. It may mean to us a smile or a tear; probably no more than a momentary interest. But no matter; the knocking has come from without, and one may not rest in peace until the cause has been ascertained. And though by quiescence or effort we refrain from opening the door, making no movement by which we may arrive at the identity of the one who knocks, after he has gone we shall have a much greater feeling of unrest than if we went at first to receive the messenger; and this feeling will remain, with a haunting speculation, until it is absorbed by something of greater moment.

To me a knocking at the door is fraught with much meaning; it brings to me a queer feeling of the approach of the unknown; and even though my soul stands upon its threshold in open-eyed wonderment and expectation, I must arise quickly to meet it.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

FEBRUARY, 1914

ATHLETICS AND MORALS

AMONG the impersonal forces which mould the character of boys at boarding-school athletics takes first rank. At college this dominance, although less complete, still persists. Yet it is not too much to say that, if the current standard of athletic honor were applied to other undergraduate interests, the training of American youth would border on demoralization. Sit among the college 'rooters' and listen to the running comments on a game; join a gymnasium group of schoolboy coaches, and you will gauge the influences at work. In many schools and colleges, particularly in the East, there has been of late years intermittent but decided improvement. Certain brutalities of football have been expunged or modified. The personnel of baseball teams has been confined more closely to the body of genuine students. But it can be soberly stated that underhand, perverted, and dishonest practices are, with honorable exceptions, still part and parcel of undergraduate athletics.

School and college are not mere tiny subdivisions of society. They bear no relation to the natural universe. They are separate worlds, as artificially administered as any laboratory. Outside the barriers of youth we are accustomed to base the laws we make on public opinion; within them the community is compelled to accept an alien code, but its opinion remains its own and the two are in sharp contrast. Nor does public

opinion within school or college bear any real relation to opinion in the world at large. The product of an artificial system, it is wholly artificial in itself, based on a curious medley of prejudice and idealism, of romantic honor and highly technical discrimination. Of schools it may be said, with no disrespect to teachers, that the body of boyish opinion teaches lessons beyond their power to impart. And of colleges a similar statement would not be far from accurate. To shape this opinion, or rather, to use it wisely and with discretion, is, I believe, the larger part of the unsolved problem of education.

Youth is radical, and, at the same time, it is conservative beyond the furthest reach of Toryism. Was there ever a collegian who turned his hat up and his trousers down when custom prescribed a contrary procedure? It is hard to realize the fixity of student opinion once it has run into the mould. A code of behavior may be established in a year; in two it becomes a mark of caste; in four it is immemorial precedent. And, yet, a sudden shaft of idealism will transfix a school or college and alter opinion over night. The tonic effect of an honest captaincy upon a school team is one of the most exhilarating phenomena of school life.

So much is familiar to those who have kept young by knowing youth. It is in the light of these conditions that I should like to consider the question

of athletics and morals in a brief introduction to the more deserving papers by the headmaster of Phillips Academy at Andover, and by Professor Stewart of Idaho, which follow in this number.

It is a rule with few exceptions, that the standard of school and college athletics runs level with the standard of public opinion in school and college. Coaches may introduce dirty tricks; an occasional team may be willing to buy a victory at any price; but, in the last analysis, undergraduate policy and action are determined by social rewards and social penalties. If the feeling once gets abroad that a championship has been too dearly bought, the high price will not be paid a second time.

Not many years ago standards of honor in the classroom were not much higher than those on the athletic field to-day. The problem then was much like the problem now. It was solved, not by imposing additional regulations upon the students, but by allowing them to regulate themselves. The tone of student honesty conforms to the public opinion set in the last analysis by a small group of the older and abler boys. If you subject that group to the influences of the larger body, you will have a public opinion less strained and more responsive to the healthy reaction of the normal mind. Thanks to social discipline the Honor System has triumphed in the examination room: if athletics was generally under the supervision of student councils, directly responsible to the student body, discussion would take a different turn and honesty would follow fast. Dishonesty never thrives on publicity, and never will.

Consider for a moment the condition of the student mind regarding athletics. If a boy moves his golf-ball ever so gently and thereby improves its lie, detection in the act means social annihilation. But note the delicate gradua-

tion of the criminal code. If the same boy habitually plays off-side at hockey, he incurs dislike. But if he trips his opponent at football, or saves a run at baseball by unfair blocking, why, then it is merely a question for the umpire to decide.

The memory of men still young is not taxed to recall the time when technical distinctions of like nicety generally prevailed in college tests. To cheat for a 'gentleman's pass' was one thing; to cheat for honors quite another. In the latter instance you might be defrauding a competitor; in the former you were simply justifying your right to live. To lie to the Dean seemed about as reprehensible as thanking your hostess for a dull party.

Much blame to-day is showered on professional coaches.¹ Statistics in such matters are naturally not available, but I gravely question whether, when a man's professional career is involved, there is not less danger of dishonest instruction than when a graduate is called upon to pull a team together for a single season. Again, when popular indignation does pursue an infringement of athletic integrity, it commonly concerns itself with the academic status of the players. If a college athlete uses his single talent and plays ball for a living during the summer vacation, then the amateur spirit is troubled as tricking the umpire never troubles it. I do not defend the encroachment of the professional into the amateur field; I deplore it; but I maintain that our American spirit of sport concerns itself more with technicalities than with that single-minded devotion which gives to the word *amateur* the full significance of the lover who follows sports for sport's own sake.

I have spoken of the moral technicalities of athletics. Even persons with

¹ Professor Stewart treats this subject at greater length in his paper in this number.

a maturer moral code than student honor may well be puzzled by them. In one of his admirable essays on athletics and decency, Dean Briggs gives an amusing instance of a Harvard end-rush, in the pink of condition, who limped through a hard game, allowing his knee to impersonate, so to speak, the injured joint of the other end, whose weakness had been heralded in the enemy's camp, and, by his acting, deluded his adversaries into attacking his line at its strongest instead of its weakest point. A stratagem, not dissimilar, won eternal renown for the last of the Horatii some twenty-five hundred years before. But, against the deceitful end, it can now be argued that sport is not war, whether it seems like it or not; and that the kind of strategy he practiced is as far outside the proper domain of football as would be the screech of a tennis-player calculated to distract his adversary at a critical moment.

It is not alleged, but I believe it to be felt, by young men and boys, that when a member of a team breaks a rule or otherwise takes an unfair advantage in a game, he does so for the sake of his school or college and with no personal end in view, thus placing himself on a moral height infinitely above that of a player who cheats for his own advantage. The fallacy involved seems to us too ludicrous to require comment; one must be a boy again to realize the intensity of the tradition that demands victory for the 'honor' of the school.

In all the questioning regarding athletics, one thing must never be forgotten, and that is its great, its almost essential importance in education. The progress of civilization means many good things, but it also means that luxuries are sinking into comforts and comforts into necessities. What Miss Repplier says is true: we are losing our nerve. It is a process more widespread,

more insidious, than most of us like to believe, and the forces which battle against it are for the most part sporadic and desultory. Among boys to-day athletics is the only systematic training for the sterner life, the only organized 'moral equivalent of war.' As every good schoolmaster knows, there is no other substitute for the ancient austerities. No other artificial discipline is so efficient, no vent so wholesome, for the turbulent energies of youth. Athletics must be purified, for athletics must stay. The boy must still obey the expectation of his mates and play; he must not misinterpret the perilous command, 'Play to win.'

We seem very far away from a generous rivalry of noble sport. Forgetting that the world is growing better, we like to hark back to the Golden Age which never was, and recall some heroic incident which shows the possibilities that lie ahead. Years ago two college teams, intensest of rivals, were playing the decisive game of a baseball series. It was the end of the ninth. One team led by a single run, but the other, with two men out, had two men on bases. Then the batter knocked a Homeric fly to the remotest field. The two runners dashed home. Far to the right, close to the outer fence, a fielder, still famous in song and legend, flew toward the ball. Could he reach it? Not a groan broke the stillness. He is close to it! He is under it! Ye Gods of the Nine Innings, he's got it! No! He's down! His cleat has tripped him. Over and over again he rolls. Now he's up, and there, clutched in his right hand, is the ball.

Did he catch it? Did he hold it? No mortal umpire could ever tell. A roar of protest went up from the benches on the left. With all the dignity of the National League upon him, the umpire waved to the rocking bleachers to be quiet, so that his decision might be

heard. But that decision was never given. Sullivan, captain of the team at the bat, — Sullivan, who was a mill-hand before he climbed the heights of Olympus, — understood the amateur spirit. Disregarding the umpire he ran toward the incoming fielder, and, in

the agony of prolonged suspense, cried aloud, 'Honest to God, Chick, did you catch it?'

And Chick, the hero, answered, 'Honest to God, Sully, I did.'

And so the game was won in the days before coaching was made perfect.

ATHLETICS AND THE SCHOOL

BY ALFRED E. STEARNS

No schoolmaster who is sincerely interested in the vital problems he is called upon to face and solve can ignore the influence exerted on the student body by athletics. The absorbing and abnormal interest aroused by this phase of student activities is generally deplored. Many look upon athletics as a curse to be eliminated if possible from the sphere of student life. Others regard it as a necessary evil to be tolerated or ignored. Still others see in athletics a natural vent for healthy enthusiasm, a counter influence to injurious and dangerous tendencies, a factor to be reckoned with, curbed, and controlled, that its influence may be made uplifting and wholesome.

Those who appreciate most truly the many-sided nature of their responsibilities to the youth committed to their charge are most keenly aware of the great value of athletics in their important work. And yet these same men, just because of their close and intimate contact with their students, outside of the class-room as well as within, see most clearly the lurking dangers which beset this phase of student life where enthusiasm and interest so largely cen-

tre, and where the appeal to youth of all temperaments and kinds finds a ready response.

In these days of increasing luxury, ease, and softness, the influence of wholesome athletics in developing character and toughening the moral fibre must not be ignored. Many a weakling is made strong through the lessons he masters on the football field. Here are taught and developed self-control and self-surrender, alertness of mind and body, courage, and the ability to think and act quickly for one's self. The meaning of democracy in its best sense is here driven home with compelling force. Self-restraint is in the very air, and self-denial for the benefit of all is a daily necessity. And the influence of these lessons is not lost on the student body as a whole. It permeates the very atmosphere of the school-community, restraining the weak, inspiring cleaner standards of life, and lifting to distinctly higher levels the student conception of physical fitness and moral worth. No arguments in defense of these contentions are needed by those schoolmasters who make their chief concern the

development of the character of their pupils.

Were athletics, and especially football, taken out of the life of our schools we should search long, and probably in vain, for a suitable substitute. And yet those schoolmasters who are so deeply and sincerely devoted to the development of the whole boy—mind, morals, and body—are the ones who most clearly recognize in our athletics to-day a very real danger and a growing menace which demands immediate and relentless extinction. Professor Briggs of Harvard has set forth clearly in recently published articles this menace as it is found in college baseball. My purpose is to deal with it as it manifests itself in football as played to-day throughout our American schools.

For some unexplained reason, football seems to have developed a code of ethics of its own. Under this strange code, practices which in plain language can be called nothing less than base, deceitful, and dishonorable, have been born, and have grown with mushroom-like rapidity. Like the unscrupulous lawyer, the football player has seemingly come to believe that his business is to circumvent the laws of the game, not to obey them. And with all the natural cleverness and resourcefulness of youth he has made wonderful progress. To outwit the umpire; to gain his point and further the success of his team by foul means if necessary; even to accomplish his purpose by disabling an opponent,—these are the daily accompaniments of our football games.

I am not here referring to those frequent infringements of the playing rules which are constantly penalized and which yet are so often the result of mere thoughtlessness or hotheadedness. These can be explained and generally corrected. But the evils of which I speak are clearly defined. They are planned deliberately, studied carefully,

and practiced to just that extent that the laxity of umpires and the difficulty of detection render possible.

These practices are well known to all close followers of the game. They include tripping, momentary holding, unfair use of arms in blocking, and needless roughness of various kinds. And these practices, forbidden by the rules, injurious to wholesome sport and clean sportsmanship, and utterly mean and contemptible in themselves, flourish and are generally encouraged wherever rival school and college elevens meet to test their skill. This is not a theory, but a fact,—a fact recognized by every close student of the game.

For many years I have been closely in touch with school and college athletics. As player, coach, and headmaster my opportunities of observing athletics from the inside have been ample to supply me with first-hand evidence to substantiate my contention. Dozens of cases occur to me as I write, which testify all too strongly to the truth of my assertions, and which reveal clearly the wide extent of the deplorable practices of which I speak. Let me cite two.

Only recently, during the progress of an interclass game, a boy who had entered the school from a large city high school, was several times detected by a watchful umpire, 'holding.' His side was promptly penalized, and the culprit was called to the side lines and taken to task for his conduct. He had been guilty of a practice freely indulged in by football players, and consisting of seizing and holding momentarily the ankle of an opposing player, thereby preventing his opponent from exercising the freedom to tackle very definitely allowed him by the rules. The offender expressed his regret at being so clumsy as to invite detection, but appeared utterly oblivious of the plain deceit and rank

dishonesty involved in his act. 'Why,' he exclaimed a bit indignantly, 'all the college elevens are coached to play the game that way; college coaches always teach that trick.' And yet, of this same boy, his former principal had testified, only a few weeks before, that in twenty-nine years of teaching he had never met a finer boy, 'absolutely honest, reliable, and at all times worthy of confidence.'

Not long ago the freshman elevens of two of our leading universities met for their annual contest. On the opposing teams were two boys who had formerly played side by side on their preparatory school eleven. During the contest even impartial observers were aware that concerted efforts were being put forth by one of these teams to disable its opponent, whose reputation had preceded him and who was regarded as 'dangerous.' No one was more prominent in this 'dirty work' than the friend of former years. Not long after the contest these two boys met. Battered and bruised, the victim of the unfair assault said to his former team-mate, 'You never played like that at school.' 'No,' replied the other in evident embarrassment, 'but we are taught to play that way here.'

In neither of these cases am I disposed to blame unduly the offending boy. Rather is he to be pitied as the victim of conditions and influences under which even strong natures frequently break down and good intentions and purposes are wrecked. It is easy enough for an outsider to criticize and condemn. It is easy enough to argue that a boy who indulges in such reprehensible practices is inherently weak in character and unworthy of all confidence and respect. But only those who as players have felt the goad of an unscrupulous coach with his unlimited authority and power, only those who as representatives of their schools or

colleges have been swayed by that mighty force known as school or college 'spirit,' which, echoing from hundreds of throats, calls for victory, — only those are competent to testify to the overwhelming strength of the forces arrayed against them in their struggle to be honest and play fair. And after all they are only boys. Can we wonder that they so generally yield? Is it really surprising that they fall into the common practice and do what they are asked to do, what their mates do, and what they know their opponents will do?

The underlying causes of these sordid evils should claim our immediate and our most thoughtful attention. They are easily found. Two of the most conspicuous have already been referred to. In a sense they react on each other. The coach will tell you that he does only what is expected of him. Student sentiment will defend itself on the ground that what is universally practiced must be largely right. From experience I know that student sentiment is susceptible to influence, and that it responds most readily and swiftly to that influence which directs it toward high ideals of honesty and honor and justice.

Not so the coach. Almost without exception the coach is actuated primarily, if not solely, by the desire to win. And in my experience it makes little difference whether he be an amateur or a professional. His power on the field is unlimited. His influence over the boys he instructs is tremendous. His word is law. To disobey him is to invite ostracism or dismissal from the squad. Often he is vulgar and profane. Sometimes he is brutal. Seldom does he exhibit, on the football field at least, those qualities which are demanded of a gentleman. And yet, with all these deadly influences at his command, he is allowed the utmost liberty to work

upon the plastic characters of our youth. With freedom from all wholesome restraint, he is permitted to sow in fertile soil those tares which in their later growth are bound to choke the intellectual, moral, and spiritual growth of our boys and ruin in advance the expected harvest.

With the clear knowledge before us of the double standard of honesty so disgustingly prevalent in our business, professional, and political life to-day, can we longer tolerate conditions which reflect that national disgrace, and at the same time provide unlimited material for its continuance? And are we blind and foolish enough to sit idly by and allow irresponsible coaches, bereft of all high ideals and governed by the lowest motives, to deprive us of that which can be, and ought to be, one of the most helpful and wholesome influences in the life of our schools? And are we not also aware that a clean and high-minded coach may exert on our boys a more uplifting and permanent influence than that perhaps of preachers and lecturers combined?

Where then does the responsibility for this deplorable state of affairs rest? I answer without hesitation that it rests with the responsible heads of our schools and colleges. They, and they alone, have the power to eliminate this crying evil. So long as athletics occupies a position in our school and college life; so long as it exerts its influence, be that influence good or bad, on the youth committed to our charge, — just so long is it our duty, yes, and our privilege, to see that it is supervised and controlled and made to exercise its influence for the general good. If we ignore this responsibility we are merely confirming the all too prevalent opinion that athletics belongs in a sphere by itself and is entitled to its own individual code of ethics and morals. And in what bet-

ter way can we develop in the minds of our youth the conception that in life itself two standards of conduct and honor are permissible? We expel a boy for cheating in his studies; we reprimand or ignore him if he cheats in his games. Can we justify to our consciences or to our boys this arbitrary distinction? Only by recognizing our full responsibilities to our pupils shall we succeed in eliminating a deadly evil.

It may not be within our ability or power to supervise in person the athletic activities of our boys; but we can appoint and hold to strict accountability those who can do this for us. Not even the college can escape this heavy obligation. Some schools have sought for years to ward off these dangers from their boys. Here and there conscientious and high-minded teachers have unselfishly given their time and thought to the athletic activities of their pupils. But even in these cases their splendid work has been largely nullified, or worse, by the callous indifference of the authorities of those colleges at which these well-meaning boys have later appeared. Many a case has come under my own personal observation where this has been sadly true.

When will our modern educators come to realize that true education cannot limit itself to the mental life alone? Our forefathers who founded our early institutions of learning were influenced by no uncertain motives. The present materialistic conception of life did not hold them in its deadly grasp as it holds so many of our educators and philanthropists to-day. They recognized that the human being, God's highest creation, is not composed of mind alone. To them character was the paramount issue. To them character, combining in just proportion mental and moral strength, was the surest foundation of true citizenship and of those successes upon which

alone national life can with safety be built. 'Above all, it is expected that the Master's attention to the disposition of the Minds and Morals of the youth under his charge will exceed every other care.' So wrote the founder of Phillips Academy one hundred and thirty-five years ago, echoing in his words the ideals of the intelligent and patriotic philanthropists of his time. And later he adds these significant words: 'Knowledge without goodness is dangerous.' There speaks the seer with the clear vision before him of the true meaning and significance of education, — 'Knowledge without goodness is dangerous.'

Is the realization of that plain truth before us as we pursue our all-important work as educators to-day? Frankly, I believe it is not. Satisfied with our striking accomplishments along intellectual, and especially applied scientific lines, we are prone to forget that, after all, the stability and permanency of the nation must eventually rest on the character of the individual citizen. And yet he must be blind indeed who can soberly face the great problems which confront our nation, and seriously consider the underlying weakness which threatens our national life, and yet fail to understand how vitally the application or rejection of that self-evident truth concerns our welfare. The real menace lies not in the ignorant and uneducated member of society, but in the intelligent and clever crook; not in the illiterate masses, but in the shrewd and unscrupulous leader who can play upon their emotions and mould them to his will. The rank dishonesty so widely prevalent in our business life in recent years has been possible only because of the mental ability and shrewd intelli-

gence of those who have practiced and furthered it. The growing contempt of law is largely based on the knowledge that applause and rewards are too often bestowed on him who by reason of an acute and well-trained mind is able to circumvent the laws, rather than on him who honorably fights for justice. And even in the sacred halls of our legislative assemblies we know too well that selfish interests and dishonorable practices with startling frequency beget and shape our statutes.

In the face of these unpleasant truths, can the educator fold his hands in intellectual complacency and announce to the world that his business is to train the minds, and only the minds, of the youth committed to his charge? Perhaps this would assure us of an easier life, a life less burdened with harassing cares. But if that is our only aim, if that is the ideal which inspires us in our work, then the sooner we seek other fields and other kinds of labor, the better for our youth, the better for our coming citizens, the better for our country and the world.

'Knowledge without goodness is dangerous.' In every sphere of life the truth of that clear statement is abundantly evidenced. If we cannot put knowledge into the minds of our coming citizens while fortifying that knowledge with rugged honesty and sound morals, it will be better for our country, and better for the world, that we close altogether the doors of our institutions of learning. Our student life to-day is many-sided and complex. But in whatever sphere of that student life character is at stake, there our duty calls us to go; and we shall not be true to the great trust reposed in us if we fail to heed and answer that call.

ATHLETICS AND THE COLLEGE

BY C. A. STEWART

THE abolition of all intercollegiate athletic contests involves the destruction of many phases of undergraduate life very dear to the college man. To mention the subject seriously is to brave the epithet 'old fogey,' and to hear the scornful laugh of those who believe that nothing can successfully assail the position of intercollegiate athletics as one of the most valuable features of college life. It is a fact, however, that many thoughtful men, occupying positions of influence in college administration, are at present contemplating with alarm abuses which have crept into this phase of undergraduate activity, — abuses which to them seem so serious and so deeply rooted as to justify the abolition of the whole system of intercollegiate contests.

These abuses have nothing to do with the roughness of some of the games, or with the conflict between play and work; they have to do with the pernicious influence of athletics upon the moral life of the whole undergraduate body. Participation in college athletics may indeed teach control of temper, abstinence from dissipation, and willingness to subordinate one's self to the efficient working of an organization; but it also teaches trickery and deceit. Training for a college team in these days furnishes a Fagin-like drill in complex dishonesty which far overbalances any benefits. At least that is the belief of many careful observers, — and it is a belief which experience as a student and a teacher in three universities, and an intimate acquaintanceship with

athletics in a score of others have convinced me to be well-founded.

In competition among gentlemen there is no place for the man who 'stacks' the cards and signals his partner across the table; who deliberately miscalls the score at tennis, or who picks his ball out of a bad lie on the golf links. He is barred from reputable clubs, and is not welcomed in respectable society. Even the professional gambler respects fair play, and repudiates the 'crooked game.' Yet college men, so often the soul of honor in all their other activities, see no wrong in deliberately and slyly violating in football, baseball, and kindred sports any rule which may diminish their chances of victory. A few illustrations will make this clearer.

To weaken the opposing side by 'putting out' its strongest players is a common practice in football. It may be done legitimately by concentrating the attack upon one man until exhaustion forces him to give way to a substitute; but in actual fact few strong players leave the game for this reason; they are more often temporarily disabled by a kick in the ribs, a knee thrust into the stomach, or a twist of the neck slyly given under cover of the play. Gleeful discussion of the success of such tactics can be heard among the players after many intercollegiate contests. The progress of every football game is interrupted by the referee's penalizing first one side, then the other for 'holding,' — an unfair use of the hands and arms. Every such penalty

means that some one has cheated, whether involuntarily or with deliberation, yet the spectators make no comment, and in college circles the guilty players lose standing only in so far as the coach scolds them for being caught.

Not many years ago I was watching the football practice at a well-known eastern university. The coach was a graduate of the university, and a mature business man of good repute, and I had heard members of the faculty express satisfaction that the students were going to be in the hands of so reliable a man. I saw this coach drilling the linemen in an illegal play, the essence of which was to swing the fist violently into the opponent's face. After some minutes he vented his disgust with an awkward pupil in these words:—

‘Not that way, not that way, you dub! You have got to be nifty to get away with that play.’

I see no objection to one man's using his fist upon another, provided that it be part of the game. I see every objection to teaching a boy to ‘be nifty and get away with it.’

In a basket-ball game it sometimes happens that a player gets the ball close to the basket. None of his opponents is between him and the goal, and there is no chance for any one to get in front of him to block his throw in a legitimate way. The only defense is to rush at him from behind, and to shove him violently enough to spoil his aim. Such a play is a foul under the rules, but it is made time and again, because the well-trained player reasons thus:—

‘If I do not shove this man, he will almost certainly shoot a goal. If I do, he will not get the goal, and there is a chance that the referee will not see me; and even if I am caught, the penalty for the foul counts less for the other side than the goal which I am going to prevent.’

No account is taken of the fact that the man has won this favorable position by skill and quickness, and is entitled by the rules to what he can make of it. The same tactics are followed in regard to certain rules forbidding the blocking of opponents, for these rules are particularly hard to enforce. It is no uncommon thing to hear players explaining after a game, that they missed this or that play because they were blocked; and seldom is there any expression of resentment at the unfairness. It was forbidden by the rules, but the opponent ‘got away with it’ and was entitled to the fruits.

The same principle is at the bottom of ‘cutting the bases’ in baseball. A man knows when he has failed to touch a base, yet time after time we see a runner cut wide of a base, and his opponents protest in vain, because the umpire has not seen the play. Meanwhile the man who by violation of a rule has shortened the distance he has had to run, grins complacently because he ‘got away with it,’ and his college mates among the spectators applaud him as heartily as if he had scored by skill instead of trickery. In the few foregoing illustrations no reference is made to the faults committed in the heat of the contest. A man may lose his temper and break his opponent's nose, and still be honest; he may get over-anxious and start play before the signal, and yet not be a cheat; he cannot strengthen his playing by an assortment of intentional tricks that are expressly forbidden by the rules, and still be entitled to the respect of good sportsmen.

The question of the eligibility of men to represent their colleges in inter-collegiate contests calls forth tactics similar to those in vogue in the actual conduct of the games. There is a rule providing that no man who has competed in athletics for money shall play

on a college team, and every candidate is required to give a signed statement that he has not violated this rule. In spite of this requirement there are constantly charges and countercharges of professionalism made by one college against another. It appears that the college athlete does not think highly of the word of honor of his fellows. Every charge of professionalism is an accusation of lying against the man involved. The fact that the implied falsehood is ignored, and that attention is given only to investigating the man's amateur standing, shows clearly that prevarication in this matter is not considered a grievous fault.

As a matter of fact, every man who has lived among college athletes knows that many of them have at some time received money, directly or indirectly, for athletic competition. Actual proof of professionalism in any one case is as difficult as proof of bribe-taking among aldermen. Payments are not made by check, and are often disguised in more or less clever ways. I know of one athlete who received a goodly sum for acting as watchman of a building. His duty was to sleep in the building every night. In the day-time he played baseball with a professional team. I know of another who played a game with a professional team, — for which he was not paid. But after the game the manager went to his room and said, —

'I'll bet you twenty dollars that you can't jump over that suit-case.'

The bet was taken, and the jump was successfully made. Both of these men afterwards went to college and signed a statement that they had not 'competed in athletics for money, directly or indirectly.' I believe that a large percentage of the men playing college baseball are guilty of dishonesty of this kind. The evil, of course, rests not in the playing for money, but in the cool denial of the fact.

Another eligibility rule in effect in most colleges is that no man shall compete in college athletics more than four years, yet I have learned of many cases in which men, after representing a small western college for a year or more, have entered a large eastern university and played under its colors for a full four years. To do this they had to deny their participation in athletics at the first school.

If practices like the above involved only the guilty players, they could be attributed to the 'black sheep' sure to be found in every group of men, and would not be ground for the arraignment of college athletics in general. They are, however, known to the other players, and in some degree to the whole body of undergraduates, which becomes so imbued with the spirit of 'anything to win' that it supports them, and is therefore equally guilty. At every big intercollegiate contest you will hear among the spectators denunciation of the 'dirty play' of the visiting team, when similar play by members of the home team has passed uncondemned, or mayhap has been praised in a gleeful, 'Did you see Jack "get" that fellow? He's a slick one.'

Except at a few institutions of notoriously low standards, college men are of very much the same type, and, on the average, one college team is no better or no worse than another. Why then do undergraduates so seldom rise up and denounce the tactics of their own representatives, but so frequently demand the ruling-out of this or that player from a rival school?

At my own college we learned, one autumn, that our baseball captain had played as a professional all summer. Our concern was not in regard to his successor, now that he had made himself ineligible, but about the chance of the discovery of the conditions by the faculty. It happened in this case

that the faculty did learn the truth, and debar the man from further competition; but if they had not, the entire undergraduate body would have cheered that man madly at the baseball games the following spring, and would have rejoiced boastfully over the victories made possible by his deceit.

There is at large in the East at the present day a football coach who some years ago was involved in a notorious scandal concerning the eligibility of several members of a team under his charge. Many years ago his mastery of the details of football crookedness earned him the familiar sobriquet of 'Mucker,' but last year he acted as coach for one of the best-known colleges in the United States. His tactics are a by-word among men connected with athletic history, yet his retention is tolerated by alumni and undergraduates, — for he is a successful coach.

These last two cases do not involve a few men, they speak for the attitude of the great majority of the alumni of two large universities. In fact the stories told in the foregoing pages are not taken from the athletic history of obscure colleges of uncertain standing. Yale, Columbia, and Cornell figure in them, and I could give others involving Harvard, Princeton, Pennsylvania, and universities of equal prominence and solidity. My quarrel, however, is not with any specific colleges, or with specific instances of unsportsmanlike conduct; it is with the lax moral spirit which rules college athletics everywhere; and the stories are only illustrations in point. To prove that these illustrations are indeed typical of conditions in general is difficult, but if you are skeptical,¹ let your mind run back over the intercollegiate contests

you have witnessed, or watch keenly those which you see next spring and autumn; note the number of fouls called, and the penalties inflicted for offenses such as I have mentioned, — offenses not chargeable to loss of temper but to deliberate breaking of rules, — and see the matter-of-course way in which the cheating is passed over by both players and spectators; recall the instances in which athletes have been declared ineligible after having competed part of a season, and yet have remained in good standing among their college-mates in spite of the fact that *they must have falsified to have competed at all*, and you will see that the college man does expect these things, and that fair play in college athletics and fair play between gentlemen out of college are two different things.

Count the number of officials required to supervise a football game, and read the special rules designed to let them watch the movements of every man; investigate the complex systems which college athletic associations have instituted for deciding upon the eligibility of competitors who have already given their 'word of honor' that their records are clear; read the stories of some of the disputes, — as full of affidavits and canceled checks as a New York State impeachment proceeding, — and then picture the analogue outside of college: two country clubs engaging in a team match at golf, each competitor required to show a signed statement outlining all of his past athletic history, and reiterating in half a dozen places his good standing in his club, and nevertheless being followed all through the match by a carefully selected official who keeps a cat-like watch on his every move. The absurdity of it will emphasize the true meaning of the everyday occurrences in college athletics.

In short, college men have in regard

¹ Undergraduate readers of this article are advised, in considering its accuracy, to keep their opponents' colleges in mind as well as their own. — THE EDITORS.

to their sports a standard of honor — if we may call it such — which permits practices not tolerated in any other walk of life. These men would not cheat in their private games; as a class they are honorable and courageously truthful in all the other relationships of life; but in athletics they tolerate trickery and deceit, and rejoice in the victories gained thereby.

This is not merely a question of the conduct of college sports; it is a question concerning the moral training of future citizens. We are dealing on a small scale with that vicious philosophy of 'get away with it,' that has been at the root of dishonest 'big business.' Men, not content to make their fortunes in a lawful way, have contrived to circumvent interfering laws, — to violate them without paying the penalty, or so to violate that the penalty evoked will be small compared with the resulting gain. The heads of dishonest corporations and the participants in the profits of public graft are often men with a keen sense of honor in their personal relationships, strong supporters of philanthropies, and sincere worshipers in the churches, but they lack the complete moral sense necessary to enable them to apply one standard of right and wrong to all of their acts. In the same way college students are failing to carry their ideals upon the athletic field, and are allowing themselves to be governed in this one respect by a standard that is essentially immoral.

When we reflect upon the prominence given athletics by undergraduates, and consider the hero-worship accorded the successful athlete both in college and by the general public, the deep import of the matter becomes evident. The undergraduate loves to say that every college community is in a sense a toy world wherein the struggle for fame and influential position is waged in minia-

ture, — the scene of a sham battle fought under the same conditions and with the same weapons as in the world at large, and fought as a preparation for that real battle. If this mock world is to train good citizens it should be so governed that honor and truth are first in popular esteem, and trickery and deceit are outlawed.

How to infuse into college athletics a spirit of fair play and truthfulness comparable to that ruling other undergraduate activities is a difficult problem, and some of the methods suggested are based upon a superficial study of the conditions. The abolition of the professional coach, for instance, is not a solution of the question. We are told that when a man's livelihood is dependent upon the success of his coaching he will stoop to any tactics to insure victorious teams, and that if athletic coaches were chosen from alumni, moved solely by love for their college and having no financial interests involved in victory, there would be less of the 'win-at-any-cost' spirit inculcated. It must be remembered, however, that all graduates are the product of the evil system that we are discussing. We have seen that the college man does not regard the tactics we have mentioned as wrong, or that if he does, he tolerates, even supports them. His policy is not likely to change on graduation. The desire to *win* is as keen among men who have gone through four years of intercollegiate athletics as is the desire to make a living. A careful comparison fails to show that colleges boasting of a 'graduate coaching system' are at all superior in athletic ethics to those employing professionals. The practices prevailing in athletics at present may indeed have been first introduced by professional coaches; they flourish now, not because certain men teach them, but because undergraduates and faculties lack the

logic to analyze them properly, or the courage to cope with them.

A most certain cure for the evils mentioned, and one often suggested by those college administrators who give thought to this subject, is the total abolition of intercollegiate athletics. Such a policy is yielding to an evil rather than overcoming it. If it be true that a keen desire to win will drive the modern college student into unfairness and cheating, there is some weak spot in his moral fibre, and it would seem to be the business of the college, not to remove the temptation, but to make the man conquer it. Sooner or later every one must choose between losing fairly and winning unfairly. A boy who is made to face this problem in college, and made to solve it rightly, is better equipped to repeat the victory in the larger issues of life. Any one who has spent four years of his life working for the popularity and renown of a successful college athlete, and who has through it all resolutely refused to do anything but the fair and honest thing, is sure to come out of the experience very much a man.

I believe such a solution is possible. The conditions existing in college athletics to-day are the result of gradual and insidious growth. The rottenness prevails largely because the men do not realize that it is rotten. The sanction of general custom is given to practices which, viewed as isolated acts, are manifestly wrong, and the average college man accepts the conditions as he finds them simply because he has never stopped to analyze them. He lies about his eligibility and develops his dishonest tactics, not because he has deliberately chosen between honesty and dishonesty, but because it is the thing expected of him, — the thing that everybody does as a matter of course.

Faculties should undertake a vigorous campaign of education, designed

to show these matters in their true light. Most college men are essentially honest, and the chief need is to make them realize the true significance of what they are doing in athletics under the present system. Arouse the boys to the facts; make them see that cheating in football is the same as cheating at cards or as stealing money; foster a college sentiment that says fairness first and victory second; and attach the same obloquy to lying about eligibility that is attached to any lying. Do this, and you have gone to the root of the evil, and laid the foundation for lasting reform. This basic campaign for moral acumen should, however, be reinforced by two supplementary measures. First, make no rules, either of play or of eligibility, which are not strictly just, and which cannot be entirely enforced; and secondly, subject all dishonesty to severe punishment.

The first measure is in accord with the belief that legislation which the majority of the people does not consider just, or which cannot be enforced, makes for disrespect of the law in general. Many of the rules in regard to eligibility for college athletic teams are neither fair nor enforceable, and should therefore be eliminated if we are to have respect paid to those which are based on justice. The only condition which we have a right to impose in limiting the personnel of a college team is that all members shall be *bona fide* students in good standing, and not brought to the institution by special inducements offered because of athletic prowess. Because some colleges do violate this essential, a number of rules have been made which aim indirectly to prevent this violation, — rules which in themselves are unjust. The practice which obtains in larger colleges of recruiting athletics from smaller schools is guarded against by the rule forbidding a man who has transferred from one in-

stitution to another to compete in athletics until after a year's residence at the second school. This restriction works a real hardship by prohibiting from engaging in any sports men who are in actual fact members of the student body, but who have, for some good reason not connected with athletics, changed their choice of colleges; and the manifest injustice often makes evasion of the rule seem less reprehensible.

Particularly vicious is the custom of denying the right to engage in college athletics to all men who have previously competed for money, and adherence to it is monumental hypocrisy. There is hardly a poor country boy with fleetness of foot or skill of arm who has not at some time in his life received a cash prize for winning a race at a village picnic, or who has not played on a country-town baseball team for a share of the gate-receipts. Such an indiscretion, committed long before he enters college, debars him forever from athletic competition. Moreover, men who attend college primarily for intellectual purposes often find that playing professional baseball during the summer offers the easiest and most healthful method of solving their financial problems; yet they must not depend upon this one resource if they wish to play with their fellow-students during the academic year. Here again the unfairness of the rule makes evasion of it seem, not a wrong, but the only way to obtain justice.

To my mind there is no place in college athletics for the distinction between amateur and professional; that a man be a *bona fide* student of the institution he represents is all we have a right to ask. Carried to its logical conclusion, the rule against professionalism is held in some countries to forbid any man who makes a living with his hands from calling himself an amateur ath-

lete. A carpenter, for instance, cannot be an amateur oarsman. If there persists in colleges a vestige of this snobbery, — if we are not yet ready to abolish all distinction between amateur and professional, — we must at least so revise the present rule that it will work less hardship. A few colleges have been courageous enough to do this, and now permit summer baseball, but most institutions still persist in a pretense of strict enforcement of the amateur rule, knowing full well that it makes many students either lie or submit to an injustice. Most of them lie, and feel that the means is condoned if not justified by the end.

The second measure supplementary to education in right athletic ideals, is a firm stand by the faculties in all matters of athletic honor. All opinions to the contrary notwithstanding, undergraduates are influenced in their views of right and wrong by the general attitude of the faculty. Knowing that their teachers are interested in their moral welfare, they conclude, naturally enough, that anything these teachers do not oppose and punish is not so very wrong. This is well illustrated by a consideration of cheating in examinations. In those colleges in which the instructors are lax in the conduct of examinations, seeming to care little whether or not cheating is done, and punishing it when detected only by a reprimand and a mark of failure, there is always a feeling among the students that 'cribbing' is a part of the game, and not a matter of honor. On the other hand, when every possible means is taken to prevent cheating, and when it is punished by expulsion, there is usually an undergraduate sentiment which puts the cribber in his proper place. I have seen in one college the whole student attitude upon cheating in examinations changed from indifference to stern disapproval by an

improvement in the conduct of examinations on the part of the faculty. No change in the spirit of college athletics can be expected until faculties array themselves firmly on the right side, and refuse to tolerate dishonest practices. A few men expelled for lying about eligibility, and a few teams disbanded because of unfair play, would arouse undergraduates with a wholesome jolt.

A forceful presentation of the facts of the situation with an appeal to the innate sense of honor of the undergraduates; such a revision of the rules as will retain only those based upon essential fairness; and a strict supervision by the faculty, — upon the success of these three measures rests the hope that college athletics may be purged of trickery and the spirit of 'get away with it.' It will be a struggle of some duration, for it involves the remoulding of the undergraduate point of view, — something akin to the making of public opinion, and not to be done in a day. I believe it can be done.

In fact there is some basis for asserting that conditions in the larger Eastern institutions have greatly improved during the past few years, — a contention which finds support in the lack of scandal and recrimination connected with the big football games of last autumn as compared with the days of the Cutts and Hinkey disputes. This improvement is not, however, fundamental. Disputes as to eligibility are prevented, not because the spirit of the undergraduates or of the coaches is above reproach, but because faculty committees maintain strict supervision over this matter, and allow no doubtful case to pass without investigation.

More rigid enforcement of the rules has indeed made it harder to 'get away with it,' but that there is still a desire to do so whenever possible, is shown by the continuous need for these very faculty committees, and by the ever-increasing mass of complex legislation designed to prevent or punish unfair play.

If an honorable spirit of sportsmanship ruled college athletics, why need there be severe penalties threatened for coaching from the side-lines in football, and special precautions exercised by the officials to detect it? Should not merely forbidding it be sufficient? Why should it be necessary in basketball to provide that after four personal fouls a player must be removed from the game? I do not contend that every play, or even that the majority of plays, in intercollegiate games involves trickery, for I know that faculty supervision and vigilant umpiring have greatly reduced the more obvious forms of cheating in the games between the larger eastern institutions. I do contend, however, that even this veneer of fairness is lacking in most colleges; that college athletics are still ruled by the spirit of 'get away with it'; and that merely preventing the actual success of fraud is but a superficial reform. Men interested in the ethical aspects of college life should not rest until college men meet in sports as do other gentlemen, — relying upon officials merely to aid in the administration of the games, and trusting to their own integrity to prevent intentional unfairness, and to their collective sense of honor to deal summarily with the occasional intruder who may refuse to accept their own high code.

THE ECONOMIC NECESSITY OF TRADE-UNIONISM

BY JOHN MITCHELL

IN discussing the economic necessity of trade-unionism I shall be obliged to take issue with the criticisms, deductions, and proposals contained in the article under the caption 'Monopoly of Labor,' contributed to the October number of the *Atlantic Monthly* by Professor J. Laurence Laughlin. It is not my purpose to indulge in abstruse theories; on the contrary, I shall undertake to demonstrate by the results of experience, and by concrete example, the legality, the wisdom, and the morality of trade-unionism and trade-union policy.

Those who declare themselves to be in favor of trade-unionism in the abstract but opposed to it in the concrete, are not unlike the western farmer who announced that he was unreservedly in favor of the construction of railroads but unalterably opposed to the running of trains. Trade-unions were formed for a definite purpose; they have well-defined policies and methods of procedure; they are great, democratic institutions administered by practical men who are earnestly and successfully striving for the amelioration of the conditions of the poor.

In its fundamental principle, trade-unionism is a recognition of the fact that under modern industrial conditions the individual unorganized workman cannot bargain advantageously with the employer for the sale of his labor. Since the workingman has little or no money in reserve and must sell his labor immediately; since, moreover, he has no knowledge of the market and

no skill in bargaining; since, finally, he has only his own labor to sell while the employer engages hundreds or even thousands of men and can easily do without the services of any one of them, the workingman, if bargaining on his own account and for himself alone, is at an enormous disadvantage. Trade-unionism recognizes the fact that under such conditions the workman becomes more and more helpless, because the labor which he sells, unlike other commodities, is a thing which is of his very life and soul and being.

In the individual contract between a powerful employer and a single workman the laborer secures the worst of the bargain. He is progressively debased because of wages insufficient to buy nourishing food, because of hours of labor too long to permit of sufficient rest, because of conditions of work destructive of moral, mental, and physical health; and, finally, because of danger from accident and disease, which kill off the workingman or prematurely age him. The individual bargain or individual contract between employers and workmen means that the condition of the economically weakest man in the industry is often that which the average man must accept. Therefore, there can be no permanent prosperity to the wage-earners, no real, lasting progress, no consecutive improvement in conditions until the principle is firmly and fully established that in industrial life, especially in enterprises on a large scale, the settlement of wages, hours of labor, and all essen-

tial conditions of work, shall be made between employers and workingmen collectively, and not between employers and workingmen individually. It will thus be seen that the philosophy of trade-unionism is the very antithesis of Professor Laughlin's scheme of individual bargaining or unrestricted competition among wage-earners.

The policy of collective bargaining as advocated by the unions recognizes and teaches the interdependence of labor and capital. It is the bridge that spans the gulf which modern industrialism has created between the workman and the employer. It is only necessary to attend a joint conference between the representatives of any of the great trade-unions and the representatives of employers or employers' associations, when wage-agreements are under discussion, to be convinced that there are no more antagonisms engendered, and no more ill feeling displayed, than there are between any other groups of men meeting in conference for the purpose of buying and disposing of a commodity which one must have and the other must sell.

The organized workingman, as a rule, is not hostile to the employer of labor; he does not entertain any feelings of hatred against the man who has honorably acquired wealth. The workingman understands full well that his wages must come from the earnings of industry, therefore he is interested in the successful conduct of industry. In common with many other good citizens he may fear that there is some danger to society, and to the institutions of our country, in the possession of enormous wealth by a few men, and he regards as immoral the acquirement of wealth through the payment of less than living wages and the imposition of unjust conditions of employment.

It is true that in their wage-conferences the employers and the organized

workmen are not always able to agree, and that strikes or lockouts occur. It is equally true that strikes and lockouts occur in trades and industries in which the workers are not organized. Indeed, many of the most bitterly contested strikes of which we have any record have been inaugurated and conducted by non-union men. Fresh in the memories of all are the reports of the scenes attending strikes of non-unionists at McKees Rocks and Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, at Paterson, New Jersey, and at Lawrence, Massachusetts. If one desires to learn the truth in regard to the causes which make for class hatreds, let him mingle with the non-union workmen employed in some of our great industries. These workmen, denied by their employers the right of organization, compelled to work long hours for low wages, frequently hate their employers with an intensity which results in scenes of turmoil and disorder when strikes take place.

Trade-unions strive for peace based upon industrial righteousness. A strike, nevertheless, is of itself neither illegal nor immoral. On the contrary, a strike may be and often is a manifestation of a wholesome, yea, even a divine, discontent. Said Abraham Lincoln, in a speech delivered at Hartford, Connecticut, in 1860, 'Thank God, we have a system of labor where there can be a strike. Whatever the pressure, there is a point where the workingman may stop.'

Our courts have declared repeatedly that workingmen have a legal right to organize in trade-unions, that they have a legal right to strike for higher wages, for shorter hours, for better conditions of life and labor, indeed, for any reason that seems sufficient to them. It has been held by the courts that union workingmen have a legal right to refuse to work with non-

union men. There has been no decision in any suit instituted under the Sherman Anti-Trust law which would justify the opinion that an organization of workingmen, even if it embrace every man employed at the trade, is an unlawful monopoly. It is true that the United States Supreme Court has decided, in the Danbury Hatters' case, that labor-unions are not exempt from the provisions of this law. It is also true that, in a suit for damages instituted under the provisions of the Sherman Anti-Trust law, judgment was rendered against certain members of the Hatters' Union by a court in Connecticut. This case, however, is still in the courts, and even should the United States Supreme Court sustain the decision of the trial court, that action would not, by any process of reasoning, justify the contention that a labor-union is a combination or conspiracy in restraint of trade. The issue involved in this particular case is not the right of men to organize in trade-unions or to strike for higher wages. The allegation of the plaintiff, one Loewe, a hat manufacturer, was that through the instrumentality of a secondary boycott, he had suffered large losses, and the claim was that he was entitled to damages.

It is not the purpose of this article to criticize the conclusions of the Supreme Court, nevertheless there exists in the minds of many an opinion that the Sherman Anti-Trust law was never intended to apply to organizations of labor or to other associations having no capital stock, not dealing in the products of labor, and not organized for profit. Moreover, there is much substantial evidence to justify the opinion that members of Congress in voting for the passage of the Sherman Anti-Trust law did so with the understanding that labor organizations formed for the purpose of improving the condi-

tions of employment were exempt from its provisions and its penalties.

When this statute was under consideration in Congress, in 1890, it contained a section declaring that the organizations of working people instituted for the purpose of regulating wages, hours of labor, and conditions of employment should not come under the operation of the proposed law. This section was afterwards eliminated by a committee of Congress, and when the bill was reported back and was again being considered by the Senate, Senators Hoar, George, Blair, Sherman, and others gave assurances to the representatives of labor that it was not necessary specifically to except labor organizations, as they were not intended to come under the provisions of the law and were not included in them. In view of these assurances, it is not difficult to understand that many were surprised and disappointed when, twenty years later, the Supreme Court decided that labor-unions might be sued under the provisions of the Sherman Anti-Trust law. If it eventually should be held that labor-unions, as such, are monopolies in restraint of trade and thus subject to dissolution by order of the court, no greater disaster to the orderly, rational, and constructive development and progress of the wage-earning masses will have occurred.

It is not contended by trade-unionists that they should be immune from prosecution for the commission of unlawful acts. They recognize, of course, that they stand before the law with exactly the same responsibilities that attach to all citizens. What they contend is that the voluntary associations of labor, formed for the sole purpose of protecting the wage-earning toilers, shall not be legally designated as monopolies in restraint of trade, and thus be made liable to the penalty of dissolution. That the possibility of such an

interpretation of the law has presented itself to the organized wage-earners, there can be no doubt.

That statesmen of the highest standing, in harmony with and responding to the humanitarian sentiment prevailing among men and women in every walk of life, recognize the necessity of differentiating between combinations organized to control the necessities of life and organizations formed for the purpose of defending and promoting the interests of the wage-earners, is evidenced by the fact that, in the closing days of the Sixty-second Congress, a Democratic House of Representatives and a Republican Senate inserted in the Sundry Civil Appropriation bill a proviso that no part of the money appropriated by a certain section of that bill should be expended by the government in prosecuting any organization or individual for entering into a combination or agreement having in view the increasing of wages, shortening of hours, or bettering the conditions of labor, or for any act not in itself unlawful done in furtherance thereof. True, this appropriation bill was vetoed by President Taft, but it was again enacted by an overwhelming majority in both houses of the present Congress, and it has been signed by President Wilson.

As further evidence of the justice of labor's claim that trade-unions should not be regarded as monopolies in restraint of trade, the Democratic platforms of 1908 and 1912 declared:—

'The expanding organization of industry makes it essential that there should be no abridgment of the right of wage-earners and producers to organize for the protection of wages and the improvement of labor conditions, to the end that such labor organizations and their members should not be regarded as illegal combinations in restraint of trade.'

In the platform of the National Progressive Party (1912) we find these words:—

'We favor the organization of the workers, men and women, as a means of protecting their interests and of promoting their progress.'

It will thus be seen that two of the great political organizations have recognized the importance and the necessity of differentiating between organizations of labor formed for the purpose of improving the conditions of the toilers, and combinations of capital formed for the purpose of making profit. The Democratic and Progressive parties combined polled 10,486,600 votes; the Republican Party, which made no favorable declaration on this subject, polled 3,484,980 votes. In other words, 75 per cent of the voters registered their approval of labor's position—that labor unions should not be legally proscribed as monopolies or combinations in restraint of trade. Any failure on the part of the present Federal administration and Congress specifically to except labor-unions from the provisions and penalties of the Sherman Anti-Trust law will be a repudiation of a solemn pledge contained in these platform declarations.

But it is suggested by Professor Laughlin that, 'Any law which would except labor-unions from the provisions of the act would be unconstitutional, and could not stand.' This statement belongs in the category of things that are important if true. It is based upon the assumption that an anti-trust law which excepted labor organizations from its provisions would be class legislation. However, the history of legislation does not sustain this contention. Congress and the State legislatures frequently have enacted special legislation. There is, of course, a difference between class legislation and special legislation. If a law were to provide

that some labor-unions should be excluded from its operation and others included in it, that would probably be class legislation and therefore unconstitutional. If, however, a law should provide that all labor-unions or other associations organized not for profit, and not dealing in the products of labor, should be exempt from its operation, there would be no doubt of its constitutionality.

As a case in point, it will be remembered that the Payne Tariff bill of 1909, which imposed a tax on corporations, contained the following provision:—

‘Provided, however, that nothing in this section contained shall apply to labor, agricultural, or horticultural organizations, or to fraternal beneficiary societies, orders, or associations operating under the lodge system, and providing for the payment of life, sick, accident, and other benefits to the members of such societies, orders, or associations, and dependents of such members, nor to domestic building and loan associations, organized and operated exclusively for the mutual benefit of their members, no part of the net income of which inures to the benefit of any private stockholder or individual.’

When, in the case of *Flint vs. Stone, Tracy & Co.*, the question of the constitutionality of this law was carried to the Supreme Court on the issue of the validity of the provision excluding labor and other organizations from the corporation tax, the court upheld the constitutionality of the measure.

If further argument were necessary to sustain the opinion of those who hold that there are no constitutional difficulties in the way of legislation excepting labor organizations and associations of farmers from the provisions of the Sherman Anti-Trust law, attention could be called to the fact that the Underwood Tariff act with its

income-tax provisions, enacted by the present Congress, contains exceptions in exactly the same language and referring to the same organizations as the corporation-tax act of 1909.

On the ground that it relates to the subject of taxation and therefore has little bearing upon the question at issue, namely the exemption of voluntary associations of labor from the provisions of the Anti-Trust law, it may be suggested that the precedent set by this Federal legislation is not conclusive. However, there are many state laws and court decisions which support the contention that laws need not, in order to be constitutional, apply alike to all citizens or to all associations of citizens. In the case of *Holden vs. Hardy* the Supreme Court of the United States sustained a law enacted by the legislature of Utah prohibiting the employment of miners for more than eight hours in any one day. This statute applied exclusively to men working in the mines, no other workmen being included in its provisions. The Supreme Court of the United States upheld the law enacted in Oregon prohibiting the employment of women for more than ten hours in any one day. This statute does not apply to all women-workers. The highest court of the State of Massachusetts and the highest courts in several other states have sustained laws providing compensation for workmen who are injured in the course of their employment, even when these laws exclude specifically from their provisions agricultural laborers and domestic servants.

Quite apart, however, from constitutional and legal considerations, it must be obvious to all thoughtful men and women, especially those who are familiar with the struggles of the wage-earning masses for more humane conditions of employment, for better living opportunities, that it would be

ethically wrong to consider labor and the products of labor as though they were one and the same thing. It must be clear that associations formed for the sole purpose of protecting and promoting the welfare of the men and women and children who labor should not be placed by the law in the same category with monopolies or combinations organized for profit, and be condemned as unlawful conspiracies in restraint of trade.

'Organizations of labor,' says Samuel Gompers, president of the American Federation of Labor, 'have their origin in human need, they seek human welfare and betterment, they have to do with human labor-power. Capitalistic monopolies have their origin in desire for great profit, they seek economic control and the elimination of competitive rivals, they deal in material things—the products of labor, wealth. Between wealth and labor there is a vital and fundamental difference, an understanding of which is essential to those upon whom falls the responsibility of dealing with matters influencing the freedom of men. Wealth consists in material things which are external, useful, and appropriable. Wealth is that which a man has—not what he is. To classify skill, knowledge, labor-power as wealth is an error that has crept into the thinking of some economists and political scientists. It is an error conducive to grave injury to the working people. These attainments or attributes are not possessions of the individual, they are the individual and cannot be separated from personality. Cultivation of powers and ability increases and enriches the resourcefulness and efficiency of the individual; but these things are subjective and immaterial and are not in themselves wealth. The individual may be able and powerful, and therefore fortunate, but it does not necessarily follow there-

from that he is wealthy. The wealth which he may produce is separate and distinct from himself. It follows then that to apply to voluntary associations of working people (commonly called labor organizations), which are concerned with individuals and their powers, the same regulations that are applied to organizations manipulating the products of labor, would lead to mischievous results and perversion of justice.'

Perhaps the most serious charge brought against the voluntary associations of labor by Professor Laughlin is that higher wages are responsible largely for the high prices which consumers are now required to pay for what they buy. He says, 'There is no question whatever in my mind that the rise of prices of almost all articles of general consumption during the last decade or two has been due, as much as to any one thing else, to the rise in money wages paid for the same, or even less, labor effort.' This is a strange and unusual contradiction of what is almost uniformly asserted by leading economists, nearly all of whom hold that the world-wide movement of increased prices is due primarily and principally to the increase in the quantity of money which has followed the extraordinary production of gold during the past sixteen years. No doubt the increase in the cost of food-products in the United States is additionally accounted for by the fact that the growth of city population, both in the aggregate and in proportion, has been much greater than the growth of agricultural population. It is not denied that increased wages may and often do add to the cost of production, but that the world-wide movement of increased prices and higher cost of living is chargeable in any considerable degree to higher wages and 'less labor effort' is unthinkable and unbelievable.

It is a matter of common knowledge that prices of practically all articles generally used have risen in every country in the world. They have risen in countries in which there are no organizations of labor; they have risen in countries in which there are no organizations of labor having sufficient numbers or strength to influence wages or increase the cost of production. Prices have risen in every part of the United States and have affected commodities in the production of which union labor is not engaged and in which wages have not been advanced. As a matter of fact, the articles of general consumption which are shown by the reports of the United States government to have increased in price to the greatest extent — such as flour, meats, potatoes, butter, eggs — are all commodities in the production of which union labor has little or no part, and therefore the organizations of labor can have no direct influence upon the wages of workers employed in the production or distribution (except in respect to railway transportation, which I shall touch upon later) of such articles.

For illustration, let us consider meats. From the time the animal is born, through all the processes, until it is delivered, ready for use, at the kitchen door, not a hand touches it or influences its cost that is controlled by an organized workman. Again, follow a sack of flour from the wheatfields of the northwest to the rolling-pin of the housewife — no organized workman 'levies tribute' upon it as it proceeds from the farmer to the consumer. And so it is with practically all food-products; from the very beginning, as they find their devious ways from the farm through the factory to the merchant and to the home of the consumer, no organization of labor affects their cost or controls the price at which they shall be sold.

But even if it were true that the higher wages secured for labor through the instrumentality of the trade-unions is responsible for the increase in the cost of living, that fact would not justify their condemnation, nor would it sustain the claim that from an economic standpoint the increased wages secured during the past two decades have not benefited the recipients of these increased wages because there has been a corresponding increase in the cost of living. If workingmen are not benefited by increased wages because there is a corresponding increase in the cost of living, then it must follow as a matter of course that workingmen would suffer no injury, that there would be no lowering of their standard of living, if wages were reduced. The fallacy of this reasoning is that it fails to take into account the fact that to increase wages does not always increase the cost of production, since, among other reasons, the workingman becomes more efficient when he is better paid, better fed, better clothed, and better housed.

In many industries, prices have little to do with wages, but are arbitrarily fixed at a monopoly figure and remain the same whether wages are high or low. For illustration, steel rails are quoted at the same price per ton now as when the employees of the steel companies received ten per cent less wages; newspapers and magazines are cheaper now than they were when employees in the printing trades received much lower wages than they do to-day. In the matter of the number of persons employed, railroading is the greatest industry in the United States. Practically all men engaged in the transportation service, and a majority of those engaged in the shops of railroads, are members of trade-unions. The wages of all railway employees have advanced substantially and repeatedly during the past twenty years, yet during this

period the charge to shippers for hauling freight has been reduced 17.5 per cent per ton per mile. Passenger rates are 6.3 per cent less now than they were twenty years ago. Therefore, while the cost of transportation is a vitally important element in fixing the value of every commodity purchased or used by the people, yet this cost has not been increased — on the contrary it has been reduced — notwithstanding the fact that during the past twenty years the average wages of railway employees have advanced 28.77 per cent.

Moreover, even if we agree that higher wages have increased the cost of production, the fact still remains that the increase in the cost of the articles produced is never in proportion to the rise of wages. The cost of many of the materials, ground-rent, the interest on capital, taxes, royalties, the cost of supervision, are not necessarily affected by an increase in wages to the workmen. Again, if the employer receives, as he often does, exorbitant profits, it would not necessarily increase the cost to the consumer if a part of those exorbitant profits were paid in wages to the workmen. Furthermore, workingmen do not consume all the articles they produce, and an increase in the wages of men making grand pianos, or of weavers of fine carpets, or of fifty-seven other varieties of articles used exclusively by the rich or the well-to-do, does not in any way affect the purchasing power of the money in the ordinary workingman's envelope.

In his attempt to demonstrate that an advance in money wages is of no value to the workman and to prove that increased wages paid to labor are responsible for the increase in the cost of products, Professor Laughlin says, 'In the expense of producing raw materials such as coal, ore, wool, and the like, into whose processes labor enters

more largely than machinery, the general rise of wages raises out of all proportion the prices of materials from which finished goods are made.' An analysis of this statement will prove interesting and illuminating. In the raising of wool and in the production of ore, except copper and gold, union labor is not employed. There is no union of workingmen engaged in the production of wool, and very few union men are employed in the manufacture of woolen goods; the organization of metalliferous miners is confined largely to the production of copper and gold, therefore wool and ore may be eliminated from consideration. In the production of coal, however, union men are engaged. In fact, in the mines of practically every important coal-producing state, with the exception of West Virginia, Alabama, and Colorado, union labor is employed almost exclusively. This has not always been so. Prior to 1897 unrestricted competition of labor — that is, non-unionism — prevailed in the coal-producing industry. In 1896, when there was little or no organization among the coal-miners, the average market price of bituminous coal loaded on the railway cars at the mines was 83 cents per ton; the average price paid to miners for producing a ton of screened coal was 45 cents. Sixteen years later, — that is, in 1912, — at a time when the miners had become strongly organized, the average market price of bituminous coal loaded on the railway cars at the mines was \$1.15 per ton; the average price paid to miners for producing a tone of screened coal was \$1.00. The significance of these figures is that while wages paid to miners for mining a ton of coal during the period from 1896 to 1912 have advanced 122 per cent, the price received by the mine-owners has advanced only 38.5 per cent. Therefore, it cannot be true that even in an

industry in which wages are the principal element of cost in production, an advance in wages 'raises out of all proportion the prices of materials from which finished goods are made.'

Moreover, the material benefits which have come to the miners as a result of trade-union effort are not all represented by the increased wages received for mining a ton of coal. In the year 1896 the average production of the bituminous coal-miners of the United States was 2.94 tons per man per working day; in the year 1912 the average production of the bituminous coal-miners of the United States was 3.68 tons per man per working day. In 1896 ten hours was the length of the workday, whereas in 1912 the eight-hour day prevailed. It will thus be seen that the income of the bituminous coal-miners has increased much more than is represented by the advance in the schedule of rates for mining coal.

But what is more important, these increased wages and shorter hours of labor have wrought a tremendous change in the intellectual and moral as well as in the physical lives of the mine-workers. They are no longer, as they once were, a poverty-stricken, hopeless, despairing people. They are men; men whose outlook upon life is that of hope, of cheer, of intelligent, constructive discontent. And the experience of the miners is typical of that of all workmen. Low wages, long hours, evil conditions of employment—the inevitable results of unrestricted competition of labor—mean the degradation of the workers, the abandonment of hope, a deadening of the finer senses, the survival of the strongest, the destruction of the laboring classes.

Unrestricted competition of labor—that is, non-unionism—finds its natural and inevitable sequence in the sweat-shop and the slum; it finds its logical expression at Lawrence, at Pat-

erson, at McKees Rocks, at Bethlehem, and in the mining fields of West Virginia. Unrestricted competition of labor is portrayed by Millet, and depicted by Markham in 'The Man with the Hoe.'

The suggestion, heard in more than one quarter, that trade-unionism is in conflict with the law and the state, or that trade-unionists wage war on society, has no foundation in fact. Trade-unionism stands for the constructive development of society, it seeks the more equitable distribution of wealth in order that all our people may develop to the extent of their highest and best possibilities. In contradiction to the dire apprehensions sometimes expressed by critics and opponents of trade-unionism, listen to the words of the great English statesman, William E. Gladstone: 'Trade-unions are the bulwarks of modern democracies'; to those of Wendell Phillips: 'I rejoice at every effort workingmen make to organize. I hail the labor movement, it is my only hope for democracy. Organize and stand together; let the nation hear a united demand from the laboring voice!' Again, hear Thorold Rogers, during his life Professor of Political Economy at the University of Oxford: 'I look to the trade-unions as the principal means for benefiting the working classes'; and Mr. Taft, when President of the United States: 'Time was when everybody who employed labor was opposed to the labor-union; when it was regarded as a menace. That time, I am glad to say, has largely passed away, and the man to-day who objects to the organization of labor should be relegated to the last century.'

Notwithstanding the splendid work and the great achievements of the organized wage-earners in protecting those in our social and industrial life who are least able to protect themselves,

efforts are constantly being made to discredit and destroy the trade-unions. Open foes and professing friends alike have sought their undoing, the former by siege or assault, the latter by insidious attempts to divert them from the course they have pursued so successfully. And yet every year the unions grow in strength, in numbers, and in influence; they grow in the affections of the wage-earners; they grow in the respect of fair-minded employers; they grow in the esteem of right-thinking men and women everywhere.

The critics of trade-union policy have suggested that the employer 'introduce into his shops carefully worked-out plans for helping the operatives to rise in life, to better conditions by welfare work, to encourage savings and thrift, to introduce the stimulus of profit-sharing.' I have no desire or disposition to detract from the value of wel-

fare work; on the contrary, I wish to commend every employer who undertakes *at his own expense* to improve and make more pleasant and wholesome the conditions under which his employees work. Welfare work, however, is not a substitute for wages. If the employer desires to supplement the wages agreed to between himself and the union, such action is not inimical to trade-unionism and may be of great value to all concerned; but the workmen will not be lured by any device from their allegiance to trade-unionism, they will not accept welfare work or profit-sharing in lieu of just wages and the right to organize; they will not and should not depend upon Lords Bountiful and Ladies Charitable; they prefer to depend upon themselves and their trade-unions as the means through which to work out their economic salvation.

LETTERS OF A WOMAN HOMESTEADER¹

V. HORSE-THIEVES

BURNT FORK, WYO., *January 23.*

DEAR MRS. CONEY, —

I am afraid all my friends think I am very forgetful and that you think I am ungrateful as well, but I am going to plead not guilty. Right after Christmas Mr. Stewart came down with la grippe and was so miserable that it kept me busy trying to relieve him.

¹ These are genuine letters, written without thought of publication, simply to tell a friendly story. Earlier adventures of the writer, with some account of her antecedents, will be found in preceding numbers. — THE EDITORS.

Out here where we can get no physician we have to dope ourselves, so that I had to be housekeeper, nurse, doctor, and general overseer. That explains my long silence.

And now I want to thank you for your kind thought in prolonging our Christmas. The magazines were much appreciated. They relieved some weary night-watches, and the box did Jerrine more good than the medicine I was having to give her for la grippe. She was content to stay in bed and enjoy the contents of her box. . . .

When I read of the hard times among the Denver poor I feel like urging them every one to get out and file on land. I am very enthusiastic about women homesteading. It really requires less strength and labor to raise plenty to satisfy a large family than it does to go out to wash, with the added satisfaction of knowing that their job will not be lost to them if they care to keep it. Even if improving the place does go slowly, it is that much done to stay done. Whatever is raised is the homesteader's own, and there is no house-rent to pay. This year Jerrine cut and dropped enough potatoes to raise a ton of fine potatoes. She wanted to try, so we let her, and you will remember that she is but six years old. We had a man to break the ground and cover the potatoes for her and the man irrigated them once. That was all that was done until digging time, when they were plowed out and Jerrine picked them up. Any woman strong enough to go out by the day could have done every bit of the work and put in two or three times that much, and it would have been so much more pleasant than to work so hard in the city and then be on starvation rations in the winter.

To me, homesteading is the solution of all poverty's problems, but I realize that temperament has much to do with success in any undertaking, and persons afraid of coyotes and work and loneliness had better let ranching alone. At the same time, any woman who can stand her own company, can see the beauty of the sunset, loves growing things, and is willing to put in as much time at careful labor as she does over the washtub, will certainly succeed; will have independence, plenty to eat all the time, and a home of her own in the end.

Experimenting need cost the homesteader no more than the work, be-

cause by applying to the Department of Agriculture at Washington he can get enough of any seed and as many kinds as he wants to make a thorough trial, and it does n't even cost postage. Also one can always get bulletins from there and from the experiment station of one's own state concerning any problem or as many problems as may come up. I would not, for anything, allow Mr. Stewart to do anything toward improving my place for I want the fun and the experience myself. And I want to be able to speak from experience when I tell others what they can do. Theories are very beautiful, but facts are what must be had, and what I intend to give some time.

Here I am boring you to death with things that cannot interest you! You'd think I wanted you to homestead, would n't you? But I am only thinking of the troops of tired, worried women, sometimes even cold and hungry, scared to death of losing their places to work, who could have plenty to eat, who could have good fires by gathering the wood, and comfortable homes of their own, if they but had the courage and determination to get them.

I must stop right now before you get so tired you will not answer. With much love to you from Jerrine and myself, I am

Yours affectionately,
ELINORE RUPERT STEWART.

BURNT FORK, WYOMING. [No date.]

DEAR MRS. CONEY, —

... I am so afraid that you will get an overdose of culture from your visit to the Hub and am sending you an antidote of our sage, sand and sunshine.

Mrs. Louderer had come over to see our boy. Together we had prepared supper and were waiting for Clyde who had gone to the post-office. Soon he

came, and after the usual friendly wrangling between him and Mrs. Louderer we had supper. Then they began their inevitable game of cribbage while I sat near the fire with baby on my lap. Clyde was telling us of a raid on a ranch about seventy-five miles away, in which the thieves had driven off thirty head of fine horses. There were only two of the thieves, and the sheriff with a large posse was pursuing them and forcing every man they came across into the chase, and a regular man-hunt was on. It was interesting only because one of the thieves was a noted outlaw then out on parole and known to be desperate. We were in no way alarmed, the trouble was all in the next county, and somehow that always seems so far away. We knew if the men ever came together there would be a pitched battle, with bloodshed and death, but there seemed little chance that the sheriff would ever overtake the men.

I remember I was feeling sorry for the poor fellows with a price on their heads, — the little pink man on my lap had softened my heart wonderfully. Jerrine was enjoying the pictures in a paper illustrating early days on the range, wild scenes of roping and branding. I had remarked that I did n't believe there were any more such times, when Mrs. Louderer replied, 'Dot yust shows how much it iss you do not know. You shall come to mine house and when away you come it shall be wiser as when you left.' I had kept at home very closely all summer and a little trip seemed the most desirable thing I could think of, particularly as the baby would be in no way endangered. But long ago I learned that the quickest way to get what I want is not to want it, outwardly, at least. So I assumed an indifference that was not very real. The result was that next morning every one was in a hurry

to get me started, — Clyde greasing the little old wagon that looks like a twin to Cora Belle's, and Mrs. Louderer, who thinks no baby can be properly brought up without goose-grease, busy greasing the baby 'so as he shall not some cold take yet.' Mrs. Louderer had ridden over, so her saddle was laid in the wagon and her pony, Bismarck, was hitched in with Chub, the laziest horse in all Wyoming. I knew Clyde could manage very well while I should be gone, and there was n't a worry to interfere with the pleasure of my outing.

We jogged along right merrily, Mrs. Louderer devoting her entire attention to trying to make Chub pull even with Bismarck, Jerrine and myself enjoying the ever-changing views. I wish I could lay it all before you. Summer was departing with reluctant feet, unafraid of Winter's messengers, the chill winds. That day was especially beautiful. The gleaming snow-peaks and heavy forest south and at our back; west, north, and east, long, broken lines of the distant mountains with their blue haze. Pilot Butte to the north, one hundred miles away, stood out clear and distinct as though we could drive there in an hour or two. The dull, neutral-colored 'bad land' hills nearer us are interesting only because we know they are full of the fossil remains of strange creatures, long since extinct.

For a distance our way lay up Henry's Fork valley; prosperous little ranches dotted the view, ripening grain rustled pleasantly in the warm morning sunshine, and closely cut alfalfa fields made bright spots of emerald against the dun landscape. The quaking aspens were just beginning to turn yellow; everywhere purple asters were a blaze of glory except where the rabbit-bush grew in clumps, waving its feathery plumes of gold.

Over it all the sky was so deeply blue, with little, airy, white clouds drifting lazily along. Every breeze brought scents of cedar, pine and sage. At this point the road wound along the base of cedar hills; some magpies were holding a noisy caucus among the trees, a pair of bluebirds twittered excitedly upon a fence, and high overhead a great black eagle soared. All was so peaceful that horse-thieves and desperate men seemed too remote to think about.

Presently we crossed the creek and headed our course due north toward the desert and the buttes. I saw that we were not going right to reach Mrs. Louderer's ranch, so I asked where we were supposed to be going. 'We iss going to the mouth of Dry Creek by, where it goes Black's Fork into. Dere mine punchers holdts five hunt-ert steers. We shall de camp visit and you shall come back wiser as when you went.'

Well, we both came away wiser. I had thought we were going only to the Louderer ranch, so I put up no lunch, and there was nothing for the horses either. But it was too beautiful a time to let such things annoy us. Anyway, we expected to reach camp just after noon, so a little delay about dinner did n't seem so bad. We had entered the desert by noon; the warm, red sands fell away from the wheels with soft, hissing sounds. Occasionally a little horned toad sped panting along before us, suddenly darting aside to watch with bright, cunning eyes as we passed. Some one had placed a buffalo's skull beside a big bunch of sage and on the sage a splendid pair of elk's antlers. We saw many such scattered over the sands, grim reminders of a past forever gone.

About three o'clock we reached our destination, but no camp was there. We were more disappointed than I can tell you, but Mrs. Louderer merely

went down to the river, a few yards away, and cut an armful of willow sticks wherewith to coax Chub to a little brisker pace, and then we took the trail of the departed mess-wagon. Shortly, we topped a low range of hills and beyond, in a cuplike valley, was the herd of sleek beauties feeding contentedly on the lush green grass. I suppose it sounds odd to hear desert and river in the same breath, but within a few feet of the river the desert begins, where nothing grows but sage and greasewood. In oasis-like spots will be found plenty of grass where the soil is nearer the surface and where sub-irrigation keeps the roots watered. In one of these spots the herd was being held. When the grass became short they would be moved to another such place.

It required, altogether, fifteen men to take care of the herd, because many of the cattle had been bought in different places, some in Utah, and these were always trying to run away and work back toward home, so they required constant herding. Soon we caught the glimmer of white canvas, and knew it was the cover of the mess-wagon, so we headed that way.

The camp was quite near the river so as to be handy to water and to have the willows for wood. Not a soul was at camp. The fire was out, and even the ashes had blown away. The mess-box was locked and Mrs. Louderer's loud calls brought only echoes from the high rock-walls across the river. However, there was nothing to do but to make the best of it, so we tethered the horses and went down to the river to relieve ourselves of the dust that seemed determined to unite with the dust that we were made of. Mrs. Louderer declared she was 'so mat as nodings and would fire dot Herman so soon as she could see him alreaty.'

Presently we saw the most grotesque

figure approaching camp. It was Herman, the fat cook, on Hunks, a gaunt, ugly old horse, whose days of usefulness under the saddle were past and who had degenerated into a work-horse. The disgrace of it seemed to be driving him into a decline, but he stumbled along bravely under his heavy load. A string of a dozen sage chickens swung on one side, and across the saddle in front of Herman lay a young antelope. A volley of German abuse was hurled at poor Herman, wound up in as plain American as Mrs. Louderer could speak: 'And who iss going to pay de game-warden de fine of dot antelope what you haf shot? And how iss it that we haf come de camp by und so starved as we iss hungry, and no cook und no food? Iss dat for why you iss paid?'

Herman was some Dutch himself, however. 'How iss it,' he demanded, 'dat you haf not so much sense as you haf tongue? How haf you lived so long as always in de West und don't know enough to hunt a bean-hole when you reach your own camp. Hey?'

Mrs. Louderer was very properly subdued and I delighted when he removed the stones from where the fire had been, exposing a pit from which, with a pair of pot-hooks, he lifted pots and ovens of the most delicious meat, beans and potatoes. From the mess-box he brought bread and apricot pie. From a near-by spring he brought us a bright, new pail full of clear, sparkling water, but Mrs. Louderer insisted upon tea and in a short time he had it ready for us. The tarpaulin was spread on the ground for us to eat from, and soon we were showing an astonished cook just how much food two women and a child could get away with. I ate a good deal of ashes with my roast beef and we all ate more or less sand, but fastidiousness about food is a good thing to get rid of when you come West to camp.

When the regular supper-time arrived the punchers began to gather in, and the 'boss,' who had been to town about some business, came in and brought back the news of the man-hunt. The punchers sat about the fire, eating hungrily from their tin plates and eagerly listening to the recital. Two of the boys were tenderfeet: one from Tennessee called Daisy Belle, because he whistled that tune so much and because he had nose-bleed so much, — could n't even ride a broncho but his nose would bleed for hours afterwards; and the other, 'N'Yawk,' so called from his native state. N'Yawk was a great boaster; said he was n't afraid of no durned outlaw, — said his father had waded in bloody gore up to his neck and that he was a chip off the old block — rather hoped the chase would come our way so he could try his marksmanship.

The air began to grow chill and the sky was becoming overcast. Preparations for the night busied everybody. Fresh ponies were being saddled for the night relief, the hard-ridden, tired ones that had been used that day being turned loose to graze. Some poles were set up and a tarpaulin arranged for Mrs. Louderer and me to sleep under. Mrs. Louderer and Jerrine lay down on some blankets and I unrolled some more, which I was glad to notice were clean, for baby and myself. I can't remember ever being more tired and sleepy, but I could n't go to sleep. I could hear the boss giving orders in quick, decisive tones. I could hear the punchers discussing the raid, finally each of them telling exploits of his favorite heroes of outlawry. I could hear Herman, busy among his pots and pans. Then he mounted the tongue of the mess-wagon and called out, 'We haf for breakfast cockle-berries, first vot iss come iss served, und those vot iss sleep late gets nodings.'

I had never before heard of cockle-berries and asked sleepy Mrs. Loud-erer what they were. 'Vait until morn-ing and you shall see,' was all the information that I received.

Soon a gentle, drizzling rain began, and the punchers hurriedly made their beds, as they did so twitting N'Yawk about making his between our tent and the fire. 'You're dead right, pard,' I heard one of them say, 'to make your bed there, fer if them outlaws comes this way they'll think you air one of the women and they won't shoot you. Just us *men* air in danger.'

'Confound your fool tongues, how they goin' to know there's any women here? I tell you, fellers, my old man waded in bloody gore up to his neck and I'm just like him.'

They kept up this friendly parleying until I dozed off to sleep, but I could n't stay asleep. I don't think I was afraid but I certainly was nervous. The river was making a sad, moaning sound, the rain fell gently, like tears. All nature seemed to be mourning about something, happened or going to happen. Down by the river an owl hooted dismally. Half a mile away the night-herders were riding round and round the herd. One of them was singing, — faint but distinct came his song: 'Bury me not on the lone prairie.' Over and over again he sang it. After a short interval of silence he began again. This time it was, 'I'm thinking of my dear old Mother, ten thousand miles away.'

Two punchers stirred uneasily and began talking. 'Blast that Tex,' I heard one of them say, 'he certainly has it bad to-night. What the deuce makes him sing so much? I feel like bawling like a kid; I wish he'd shut up.' 'He's homesick; I guess we all are too, but they ain't no use staying awake and letting it soak in. Shake the water off the tarp, you air lettin' water catch on

your side an' it's running into my ear.'

That is the last I heard for a long time. I must have slept. I remember that the baby stirred and I spoke to him. It seemed to me that something struck against the guy-rope that held our tarpaulin taut, but I was n't sure. I was in that dozy state, half asleep, when nothing is quite clear. It seemed as though I had been listening to the tramp of feet for hours and that a whole army must be filing past, when I was brought suddenly into keen consciousness by a loud voice demanding, 'Hello! Whose outfit is this?' 'This is the 7 Up, — Louderer's,' the boss called back; 'what's wanted?' 'Is that you, Mat? This is Ward's posse. We been after Meeks and Murdock all night. It's so durned dark we can't see, but we got to keep going; their horses are about played. We changed at Hadley's, but we ain't had a bite to eat and we got to search your camp.' 'Sure thing,' the boss answered, 'roll off and take a look. Hi, there, you Herm, get out of there and fix these fellers something to eat.'

We were surrounded. I could hear the clanking of spurs and the sound of the wet, tired horses shaking themselves and rattling the saddles on every side. 'Who's in the wickiup?' I heard the sheriff ask. 'Some women and kids, — Mrs. Louderer and a friend.'

In an incredibly short time Herman had a fire coaxed into a blaze and Mat Watson and the sheriff went from bed to bed with a lantern. They searched the mess-wagon, even, although Herman had been sleeping there. The sheriff unceremoniously flung out the wood and kindling the cook had stored there. He threw back the flap of our tent and flashed the lantern about. He could see plainly enough that there were but the four of us, but I wondered how they saw outside where the rain made it worse, the lantern was so

dirty. 'Yes,' I heard the sheriff say, 'we've been pushing them hard. They're headed north, evidently intend to hit the railroad but they'll never make it. Every ford on the river is guarded except right along here, and there's five parties ranging on the other side. My party's split, — a bunch has gone on to the bridge. If they find anything they're to fire a volley. Same with us. I knew they could n't cross the river nowhere but at the bridge or here.'

The men had gathered about the fire and were gulping hot coffee and cold beef and bread. The rain ran off their slickers in little rivulets. I was sorry the fire was no better, because some of the men had on only ordinary coats, and the drizzling rain seemed determined that the fire should not blaze high.

Before they had finished eating we heard a shot, followed by a regular medley of dull booms. The men were in their saddles and gone in less time than it takes to tell it. The firing had ceased save for a few sharp reports from the revolvers, like a coyote's spiteful snapping. The pounding of the horses's hoofs grew fainter, and soon all was still. I kept my ears strained for the slightest sound. The cook and the boss, the only men up, hurried back to bed. Watson had risen so hurriedly that he had not been careful about his 'tarp' and water had run into his bed. But that would n't disconcert anybody but a tenderfoot. I kept waiting in tense silence to hear them come back with dead or wounded, but there was not a sound. The rain had stopped. Mrs. Louderer struck a match and said it was three o'clock. Soon she was asleep. Through a rift in the clouds a star peeped out. I could smell the wet sage and the sand. A little breeze came by, bringing Tex's song once more: 'Oh, it matters not, so I've been told, How the body lies when the heart grows cold.' Oh, dear!

the world seemed so full of sadness. I kissed my baby's little, downy head and went to sleep.

It seems that cowboys are rather sleepy-headed in the morning and it is a part of the cook's job to get them up. The next I knew, Herman had a tin pan on which he was beating a vigorous tattoo, all the time hollering, 'We haf cockle-berries und antelope steak for breakfast.' The baby was startled by the noise, so I attended to him and then dressed myself for breakfast. I went down to the little spring to wash my face. The morning was lowering and gray, but a wind had sprung up and the clouds were parting. There are times when anticipation is a great deal better than realization. Never having seen a cockle-berry, my imagination pictured them as some very luscious wild fruit, and I was so afraid none would be left that I could n't wait until the men should eat and be gone. So I surprised them by joining the very earliest about the fire. Herman began serving breakfast. I held out my tin plate and received some of the steak, an egg, and two delicious biscuits. We had our coffee in big enameled cups, without sugar or cream, but it was piping hot and *so* good. I had finished my egg and steak and so I told Herman I was ready for my cockle-berries.

'Listen to her now, will you?' he asked. And then indignantly, 'How many cockle-berries does you want? You haf had so many as I haf cooked for you.' 'Why, Herman, I have n't had a single berry,' I said. Then such a roar of laughter. Herman gazed at me in astonishment, and Mr. Watson gently explained to me that eggs and cockle-berries were one and the same.

N'Yawk was not yet up, so Herman walked over to his bed, kicked him a few times, and told him he would scald him if he did n't turn out. It was quite light by then. N'Yawk joined us in a

few minutes. 'What the deuce was you fellers kicking up such a rumpus fer last night?' he asked. 'You blamed blockhead, don't you know?' the boss answered. 'Why the sheriff searched this camp last night. They had a battle down at the bridge afterwards and either they are all killed or else no one is hurt. They would have been here otherwise. Ward took a shot at them once yesterday, but I guess he did n't hit; the men got away, anyway. And durn your sleepy head! you just lay there and snored. Well, I'll be danged!' Words failed him, his wonder and disgust were so great.

N'Yawk turned to get his breakfast. His light shirt was blood-stained in the back, — seemed to be soaked. 'What's the matter with your shirt, it's soaked with blood?' some one asked. 'Then that durned Daisy Belle has been crawling in with me, that's all,' he said. 'Blame his bleeding snoot. I'll punch it and give it something to bleed for.'

Then Mr. Watson said, 'Daisy ain't been in all night. He took Jesse's place when he went to town after supper.' That started an inquiry and search which speedily showed that some one with a bleeding wound had gotten in with N'Yawk. It also developed that Mr. Watson's splendid horse and saddle were gone, the rope that the horse had been picketed with lying just as it had been cut from his neck.

Now all was bustle and excitement. It was plainly evident that one of the outlaws had lain hidden on N'Yawk's bed while the sheriff was there, and that afterwards he had saddled the horse and made his escape. His own horse was found in the willows, the saddle cut loose and the bridle off, but the poor, jaded thing had never moved. By sun-up the search-party returned, all too worn-out with twenty-four hours in the saddle to continue

the hunt. They were even too worn-out to eat, but flung themselves down for a few hours' rest. The chase was hopeless anyway, for the search-party had gone north in the night. The wounded outlaw had doubtless heard the sheriff talking and, the coast being clear to the southward, had got the fresh horse and was by that time probably safe in the heavy forests and mountains of Utah. His getting in with N'Yawk had been a daring ruse but a successful one. Where his partner was, no one could guess. But by that time all the camp excepting Herman and Mrs. Louderer were so panicky that we could n't have made a rational suggestion.

N'Yawk, white around his mouth, approached Mrs. Louderer. 'I want to quit,' he said. 'Well,' she said, calmly sipping her coffee, 'you haf done it.' 'I'm sick,' he stammered. 'I know you iss,' she said, 'I haf before now seen men get sick when they iss scared to death.' 'My old daddy —' he began. 'Yes, I know, he waded the creek vone time und you has had cold feet effer since.'

Poor fellow, I felt sorry for him. I had cold feet myself just then, and I was powerfully anxious to warm them by my own fire where a pair of calm blue eyes would reassure me.

I did n't get to see the branding that was to have taken place on the range that day. The boss insisted on taking the trail of his valued horse. He was very angry. He thought there was a traitor among the posse. Who started the firing at the bridge no one knew, and Watson said openly that it was done to get the sheriff away from camp.

My own home looked mighty good to me when we drove up that evening. I don't want any more wild life on the range, — not for a while, anyway.

Your ex-Washlady,
ELINORE RUPERT STEWART.

THE UNEXPECTED REACTIONS OF A TRAVELER IN EGYPT

BY JANE ADDAMS

WE have so long been taught that the temples and tombs of ancient Egypt are the very earliest of the surviving records of ideas and men, that we approach them with a certain sense of familiarity, quite ready to claim a share in these 'family papers and title deeds of the race.' We fancy that to know this first inheritance from the past will make it easier forevermore to adjust the things of the present to the things that have been; to realize 'where we are in regard to time,' in the words of Emerson.

The traveler in Egypt may also consider it probable that these primitive human records will stir within him certain early states of consciousness, having learned, with the readiness which so quickly attaches itself to the pseudo-scientific phrase, that every child repeats in himself the history of the race. Nevertheless, what I, at least, was totally unprepared to encounter, was the constant revival of primitive and overpowering emotions which I had experienced so long ago that they had become absolutely detached from myself and seemed to belong to some one else — to a small person with whom I was no longer intimate, and who was certainly not in the least responsible for my present convictions and reflections.

When visiting the imposing fragments of rituals and theogonies at Memphis and Thebes, or in the wonderful museum in Cairo, or when read-

ing the fascinating books recently written by historians and archæologists, it became obvious that the ancient Egyptians had known this small person quite intimately and had most seriously and naïvely set down upon the walls of their temples and tombs her earliest reactions in the presence of death.

Of course Egypt meant infinitely more than this, and there were days when I experienced no such reactions. On the other hand, often when looking at the spirited portrayal in relief of the conquests of the great Ramses, or at Ikhnaton's marvelous attempt to substitute monotheism for the worship of the myriad gods of Egypt, or at the valiant efforts of the first feminist, Queen Hatshepsut, to hold her constantly disputed throne, or at the rich and varied speculations concerning the life after death accumulated through centuries of an hereditary priesthood, my adult intelligence would be unexpectedly submerged by the emotional message which was written underneath it all. Rising to the surface like a flood, this primitive emotion would sweep away both the historic record itself and the adult consciousness interested in it, leaving only a child's mind struggling through an experience which it found overwhelming.

It may have been because these records of the early Egyptians are so endlessly preoccupied with death, portraying man's earliest efforts to defeat

it, his eager desire to survive, to enter by force or by guile into the heavens of the western sky, that the mind is pushed back into that earliest childhood when the existence of the soul, its exact place of residence in the body, its experiences immediately after death, its journeyings upward, its relation to its guardian angel, so often afford material for the crudest speculation. In the obscure renewal of these childish fancies, there is nothing that is definite enough to be called memory; it is rather that Egypt reproduces a state of consciousness which has so absolutely passed into oblivion that only the most powerful stimuli could revive it.

This revival doubtless occurs more easily because these early records in relief and color not only suggest in their subject-matter that a child has been endowed with sufficient self-consciousness to wish to write down his own state of mind upon a wall, but also because the very primitive style of drawing to which the Egyptians adhered long after they had acquired a high degree of artistic freedom, is the most natural technique through which to convey so simple and archaic a message. The squared shoulders of the men, the stairways done in profile, and a hundred other details, constantly remind one of a child's drawings. It is as if the Egyptians had painstakingly portrayed everything that a child has felt in regard to death, and, having during the process gradually discovered the style of drawing naturally employed by a child, had deliberately stiffened it into an unchanging convention. The result is that the traveler, reading in these drawings which stretch the length of three thousand years the long endeavor of the Egyptians to overcome death, finds that the experiences of the two — the child and the primitive people — often become con-

fused, or rather that they are curiously interrelated.

This begins from the moment that the traveler discovers that the earliest tombs surviving in Egypt, the *mastabas*, — which resembled the natural results of a child's first effort to place one stone upon another, — are concerned only with size, as if that first crude belief in the power of physical bulk to protect the terrified human being against all shadowy evils were absolutely instinctive and universal. The *mastabas* gradually develop into the pyramids, of which Breasted says that 'they are not only the earliest emergence of organized men and the triumph of concerted effort, they are likewise a silent but eloquent expression of the supreme endeavor to achieve immortality by sheer physical force.' Both the mastabas at Sakkara and the pyramids at Gizeh, in the sense of Tolstoi's definition of art as that which reproduces in the spectator the state of consciousness of the artist, at once appeal to the child surviving in the traveler, who insists irrationally, after the manner of children, upon sympathizing with the attempt to shut out death by strong walls.

Certainly we can all vaguely remember, when death itself, or stories of ghosts, had come to our intimate child's circle, going about saying to ourselves that we were 'not afraid,' that it 'could not come here,' that 'the door was locked, the windows tight shut,' that 'this was a big house,' and a great deal more talk of a similar sort.

In the presence of these primitive attempts to defeat death, and without the conscious aid of memory, I found myself living over the emotions of a child six years old, saying some such words as I sat on the middle of the stairway in my own home, which yet seemed alien because all the members of the family had gone to the funeral

of a relative and would not be back until evening, 'long after you are in bed,' they had said. In this moment of loneliness and terror, I depended absolutely upon the brick walls of the house to keep out the prowling terror, and neither the talk of kindly Polly, who awkwardly and unsuccessfully reduced an unwieldy theology to child-language, nor the strings of paper dolls cut by a visitor, gave me the slightest comfort. Only the blank wall which flanked one side of the stairway seemed to afford protection in this bleak moment against the formless peril.

Doubtless these huge tombs were built to preserve from destruction the royal bodies which were hidden within them at the end of tortuous and carefully concealed passages; but both the gigantic structures in the vicinity of Memphis and the everlasting hills which were later utilized at Thebes inevitably give the traveler the impression that death is defied and shut out by massive defenses.

Even when the traveler sees that the Egyptians defeated their object by the very success of the Gizeh pyramids, — for when their overwhelming bulk could not be enlarged and their bewildering labyrinths could not be multiplied, effort along that line perforce ceased, — there is something in the next attempt of the Egyptians to overcome death which the child within us again recognizes as an old experience. The traveler who takes pains to inquire concerning the meaning of the texts which were inscribed on the inner walls of the pyramids and the early tombs finds that the familiar terror of death is still there, although expressed somewhat more subtly; that the Egyptians are trying to outwit death by magic tricks.

One who reads in translation hundreds of these texts finds that they are designed to teach the rites that re-

deem a man from death and insure his continuance of life not only beyond the grave but in the grave itself. 'He who sayeth this chapter and who has been justified in the waters of Natron, he shall come forth the day after his burial.' Because to recite them was to fight successfully against the enemies of the dead, these texts came to be inscribed on tombs, on coffins, and on the papyrus hung around the neck of a mummy. But woe to the man who was buried without the texts: 'He who knoweth not this chapter cannot come forth by day.' Access to Paradise and all its joys was granted to any one, good or bad, who knew the formulæ, for in the first stages of Egyptian civilization, as in all others, the gods did not concern themselves with the conduct of man toward other men, but solely with his duty to the gods themselves.

The value of the magic formulæ could scarcely be overestimated. They alone afforded protection against the shadowy dangers awaiting the dead man when first he entered the next world, and enabled him to overcome the difficulties of his journey. The texts taught him how to impersonate particular gods, and by this subterfuge to overcome the various foes he must encounter, because these foes, having at one time been overcome by the gods, were easily terrified by such pretense.

When I found myself curiously sympathetic with this desire 'to pretend,' and with the eager emphasis attached by the Egyptians to their magic formulæ, I was inclined to put it down to that secret sympathy with magic by means of which all children, in moments of rebellion against a humdrum world, hope to wrest something startling and thrilling out of the environing realm of the supernatural; but beyond a kinship with this desire to placate the evil one, to overcome him by mysterious words, I found it baffling to trace my sympa-

thy to a definite experience. Gradually, however, it emerged, blurred in certain details, surprisingly alive in others, but all of it suffused with the selfsame emotions which impelled the Egyptian to write his Book of the Dead.

To describe it as a spiritual struggle is to use much too dignified and definite a term: it was the prolonged emotional stress throughout one cold winter when revival services — protracted meetings they were called — were held in the village church night after night. I was, of course, not permitted to attend them, but I heard them talked about a great deal by simple adults and children who told of those who shouted aloud for joy or lay on the floor 'stiff with power' because they were saved; and of others — it was for those others that my heart was wrung with sympathetic understanding — who, although they wrestled with the spirit until midnight and cried out that they felt the hot breath of hell upon their cheeks, could not find salvation. Would it do to pretend? I anxiously asked myself; why did n't they say the right words so that they could get up from the mourners' bench and sit with the other people, who must feel so sorry for them that they would let them pretend? What were these words that made such a difference that to say them was an assurance of heavenly bliss, but if you failed to say them you burned in hell forever and ever? Was the preacher the only one who knew them for sure? Was it possible to find them without first kneeling at the mourners' bench and groaning? These words must certainly be in the Bible somewhere, and if one read it out loud all through, every word, one must surely say the right words in time; but if one died before one was grown up enough to read the Bible through, — to-night for instance, — what would

happen then? Surely nothing else could be so important as these words of salvation. While I did not exactly scheme to secure them, I was certainly restrained only by my impotence, and I anxiously inquired from every one what these magic words might be; and only gradually did this childish search for magic protection from the terrors after death imperceptibly merge into a concern for the fate of the soul.

Perhaps because it is so impossible to classify one's own childish experiences or to put them into chronological order, the traveler at no time feels a lack of consistency in the complicated attitude toward death which is portrayed on the walls of the Egyptian temples and tombs. Much of it seems curiously familiar; from the earliest times the Egyptians held the belief that there is in man a permanent element which survives — it is the double, the *Ka*, the natural soul in contradistinction to the spiritual soul, which fits exactly into the shape of the body but is not blended with it. In order to save this double from destruction, the body must be preserved in a recognizable form.

This insistence upon the preservation of the body among the Egyptians, antedating their faith in magic formulæ, clearly had its origin, as in the case of the child, in a desperate revolt against the destruction of the visible man.

Owing to this continued insistence upon corporeal survival, the Egyptians at length carried the art of embalming to such a state of perfection that mummies of royal personages are easily recognized from their likenesses to portrait statues. Such confidence did they have in their own increasing ability to withhold the human frame from destruction that many of these texts inscribed on the walls of the tombs assure the very dead man himself that he is not dead, and endeavor to

convince his survivors against the testimony of their own senses; or rather, they attempt to deceive the senses. The texts endlessly repeat the same assertion, 'Thou comest not dead to thy sepulchre, thou comest living'; and yet the very reiteration as well as the decorations upon the walls of every tomb portray a primitive terror lest after all the body be destroyed and the element of life be lost forever. One's throat goes dry over this old fear of death expressed by men who have been so long dead that there is no record of them but this, no surviving document of their once keen reactions to life.

Doubtless the Egyptians in time overcame this primitive fear concerning the disappearance of the body, as we all do, although each individual is destined to the devastating experience. The memory of mine came back to me vividly as I stood in an Egyptian tomb: I was a tiny child, making pot-hooks in the village school, when one day, — it must have been in the full flush of spring, for I remember the crab-apple blossoms, — during the afternoon session, the A B C class was told that its members would march all together to the burial of the mother of one of the littlest girls. Of course, I had been properly taught that people went to heaven when they died and that their bodies were buried in the cemetery, but I was not at all clear about it, and I was certainly totally unprepared to see what appeared to be the very person herself put deep down into the ground. The knowledge came to me so suddenly and brutally that for weeks afterward the days were heavy with a nameless oppression and the nights were filled with horror.

The cemetery was hard by the schoolhouse, placed there, it had always been whispered among us, to make the bad boys afraid. Thither the A B C class, in awestruck procession,

each child carefully holding the hand of another, was led by the teacher to the very edge of the open grave and bidden to look on the still face of the little girl's mother.

Our poor knees quaked and quavered as we stood shelterless and unprotected by family protection or even by friendly grown-ups; for the one tall teacher, while clearly visible, seemed inexpressibly far away as we kept an uncertain footing on the freshly spaded earth, hearing the preacher's voice, the sobs of the motherless children, and, crowning horror of all, the hollow sound of three clods of earth dropped impressively upon the coffin lid.

After endless ages the service was over, and we were allowed to go down the long hill into the familiar life of the village. But a new terror awaited us even there, for our house stood at the extreme end of the street and the last of the way home was therefore solitary. I remember a breathless run from the blacksmith shop, past the length of our lonely orchard, until the carriage-house came in sight, through whose wide-open doors I could see a man moving about. One last panting effort brought me there, and after my spirit had been slightly reassured by conversation, I took a circuitous route to the house, that I might secure as much companionship as possible on the way. I stopped at the stable to pat an old horse who stood munching in his stall, and again to throw a handful of corn into the poultry yard. The big turkey gobbler who came greedily forward gave me great comfort because he was so absurd and awkward that no one could possibly associate him with anything so solemn as death. I went into the kitchen where the presiding genius allowed me to come without protest, although the family dog was at my heels. I felt constrained to keep my arms about his shaggy neck while try-

ing to talk of familiar things — would the cake she was making be baked in the little round tins or in the big square one? But although these idle words were on my lips I wanted to cry out that 'their mother was dead, whatever, whatever would the children do?' These words, which I had overheard as we came away from the graveyard, referred doubtless to the immediate future of the little family, but in my mind were translated into a demand for definite action on the part of the children against this horrible thing which had befallen their mother.

It was with no sense of surprise that I found this long-forgotten experience spread before my eyes on the walls of a tomb built four thousand years ago into a sandy hill above the Nile at Assuan. The man so long dead, who had prepared the tomb for himself, carefully ignored the grimness of death. He is portrayed as going about his affairs surrounded by his family, his friends and his servants: grain is being measured before him into his warehouse while a scribe by his side registers the amount; the herdsmen lead forth cattle for his inspection; two of them, enraged bulls, paying no attention to the sombre implication of tomb-decoration, lower their huge heads, threatening each other as if there were no such thing as death in the world. Indeed, the builder of the tomb seems to have liked the company of animals, perhaps because they were so incurious concerning death. His dogs are around him, he stands erect in a boat from which he spears fish, and so on from one marvelous relief to another, but all the time your heart contracts for him, and you know that in the midst of this elaborately prepared nonchalance he is miserably terrified by the fate which may be in store for him, and is trying to make himself believe that he need not leave all this wonted and

homely activity; that if his body is but properly preserved he will be able to enjoy it forever.

Although the Egyptians, in their natural desire to cling to the familiar during the strange experience of death, portrayed upon the walls of their tombs many domestic and social habits whose likeness to our own household life gives us that quick satisfaction with which a traveler encounters the familiar and wonted in a strange land, such a momentary thrill is quite unlike the abiding sense of kinship which is founded upon the unexpected similarity of ideas, and it is the latter which the traveler encounters in the tombs of the eighteenth-century dynasty. The paintings portray a great hall, at the end of which sits Osiris, the god who himself had suffered death on earth, awaiting those who come before him for judgment. In the centre of the hall stands a huge balance in which the hearts of men are weighed, once more reminiscent of the childish conception, making clear that as the Egyptians became more anxious and scrupulous they gradually made the destiny of man dependent upon morality, and finally directed the souls of men to heaven or hell according to their merits.

Whether or not the tremendous results of good and evil in the earliest awakening to them were first placed in the next world by a primitive people sore perplexed as to the partialities and injustices of life, this simple view is doubtless the one the child naturally takes. In Egypt I was so vividly recalled to my first apprehension of it that the contention that the very belief in immortality is but the postulate of the idea of conscience and retribution, seemed to me at the moment a perfectly reasonable one.

The incident of my childhood around which it had formulated itself

was very simple. I had been sent with a message — an important commission it seemed to me — to the leader of the church choir: that the hymn selected for the doctor's funeral was 'How blest the righteous when he dies.' The village street was so strangely quiet under the summer sun that even the little particles of dust beating in the hot air were more noiseless than ever before. Frightened by the noonday stillness and instinctively seeking companionship, I hurried toward two women who were standing at a gate talking in low tones. In their absorption they paid no attention to my somewhat wistful greeting, but I heard one of them say with a dubious shake of the head that 'he had never openly professed nor joined the church,' and in a moment I understood that she thought the doctor might not go to heaven. What else did it mean, that half-threatening tone? Of course the doctor was good, as good as any one could be. Only a few weeks before he had given me a new penny when he pulled my tooth, and once I heard his buggy pass by in the middle of the night when he took a beautiful baby to the miller's house; he drove to the farms miles and miles away when people were sick, and everybody sent for him the minute they were in trouble. How could any one be better than that?

In defiant contrast to the whispering women, there arose in my mind, composed doubtless of various 'Bible illustrations,' the picture of an imposing white-robed judge seated upon a golden throne, who listened gravely to all these good deeds as they were read by the recording angel from his great book, and then sent the doctor straight to heaven.

I dimly felt the challenge of the fine old hymn in its claim of blessings for the righteous, and was defiantly ready at the moment to combat the theology

of the entire community. Of my own claim to heaven I was most dubious, and I simply could not bring myself to contemplate the day when my black sins should be read aloud from the big book; but fortunately the claim of reward in the next world for well-doing in this thus came to me first in regard to one of whose righteousness I was quite certain, and whom I was eager to champion before all the world and even before the judges in the world to come.

This state of mind, this mood of truculent discussion, was recalled by the wall paintings in the tomb of a nobleman in the Theban hills. In an agonized posture he awaits the outcome of his trial before Osiris. Thoth, the true scribe, records on the wall the just balance between the heart of the nobleman, which is in one pan of the scale, and the feather of truth which is in the other. The noble appeals to his heart which has thus been separated from him, to stand by him during the weighing and not to bear testimony against him. 'Oh, my heart of my existence, rise not up against me; be not an enemy against me before the divine powers; thou art my *ka* that is in my body, the heart that came to me from my mother.' The noble even tries a bribe by reminding the *ka* that his own chance of survival is dependent on his testimony at this moment. The entire effort on the part of the man being tried is to still the voice of his own conscience, to maintain stoutly his innocence even to himself.

The attitude of the self-justifying noble might easily have suggested those later childish struggles in which a sense of hidden guilt, of repeated failure in 'being good,' plays so large a part, and humbles a child to the very dust. That the definite reminiscence that the tomb evoked belonged to an earlier period of rebellion may indicate

that the Egyptian had not yet learned to confess his sins, and certainly did not commune with his gods for spiritual refreshment.

Whether it is that the long days and magical nights on the Nile lend themselves to a revival of former states of consciousness, or that I had come to expect landmarks of individual development in Egypt, or, more likely still, that I had fallen into the temptation of proving a theory at all hazards, I am unable to state; but certainly, as the Nile boat approached nearer to him 'who sleeps in Philæ,' something of the Egyptian feeling for Osiris, the god to whom was attributed the romance of a hero and the character of a benefactor and redeemer, came to me through long-forgotten sensations. Typifying the annual 'great affliction,' Osiris, who had submitted himself to death, mutilation and burial in the earth, returned each spring when the wheat and barley sprouted, bringing not only a promise of bread for the body but healing comfort for the torn mind; an intimation that death itself is beneficent and may be calmly accepted as a necessary part of an ordered universe.

Day after day the traveler, seeing the rebirth of the newly planted fields on the banks of the Nile, touched by a fresh sense of the enduring miracle of spring with its inevitable analogy to the vicissitudes of human experience, comprehends how the pathetic legends of Osiris, by providing the Egyptian with an example for his own destiny, not only opened the way for a new meaning in life, but also gradually vanquished the terrors of death.

Again there came a faint memory of a child's first apprehension that there may be poetry out of doors, of the discovery that myths have a foundation in natural phenomena, and at last a more definite reminiscence.

I saw myself a child of twelve, standing stock-still on the bank of a broad flowing river, with a little red house surrounded by low-growing willows on its opposite bank, striving to account to myself for a curious sense of familiarity, for a conviction that I had long ago known it all most intimately although I had certainly never seen the Mississippi River before. I remember that, much puzzled and mystified, at last I gravely concluded that it was one of those intimations of immortality that Wordsworth had written about, and I went back to my cousin's camp in so exalted a frame of mind that the memory of the evening light shining through the blades of young corn growing in a field passed on the way, has remained with me for forty years.

Was that fugitive sense of 'having lived before' nearer to the fresher imaginations of the Egyptians as it is nearer to the mind of a child? and did the myth of Osiris make them more willing to die because the myth came to embody a confidence in this transitory sensation of continuous life?

Such ghosts of reminiscences coming to the traveler as he visits one after another of the marvelous human documents on the banks of the Nile may be merely manifestations of that new humanism which is perhaps the most precious possession of this generation, the belief that no altar at which living men have once devoutly worshiped, no oracle to whom a nation long ago appealed in its moments of dire confusion, no gentle myth in which former generations have found solace, can lose all significance for us, the survivors.

Is it due to this same humanism that, in spite of the overweight of the tomb, Egypt never appears to the traveler as world-weary, or as a land of the dead? Although the slender fellaheen whom he sees all day pouring the water of the Nile on their parched fields,

use the primitive *shaduf* of their remote ancestors, and the stately women bear upon their heads water-jars of a shape unchanged for three thousand years, modern Egypt refuses to belong to the past and continually makes the passionate living appeal of those hard-pressed in the struggle for bread.

Under the smoking roofs of the primitive clay houses lifted high above the level of the fields, because resting on the ruins of villages which have crumbled there from time immemorial, mothers feed their children, with the old fear that there is not enough for each to have his portion; and the traveler comes to realize with a pang that

the villages are built upon the bleak, barren places quite as the dead were always buried in the desert because no black earth could be spared, and that each new harvest, cut with sickles of a curve already ancient when Moses was born, in spite of its quick ripening, is garnered barely in time to save the laborer from actual starvation.

Is it through these our living brothers, or through the unexpected reactions to the records of the past, that the traveler detects the growth within of an almost mystical sense of the life common to all the centuries, and of the unceasing human endeavor to penetrate into the unseen world.

EVENING PRAYER

BY HERMANN HAGEDORN

SHE sang her little bedtime air,
And drowsy-wise she spoke her prayer.

And as she spoke I saw the room
Open and stretch and glow and bloom;

And in her eyes I saw a ring
Of heaven's angels, listening.

THE LADY OF LANDOR LANE

BY MEREDITH NICHOLSON

I

'TAKE your choice; I have bungalows to burn,' said the architect.

He and his ally, the real-estate man, had been unduly zealous in the planting of bungalows in the new addition beyond the college. About half of them remained unsold, and purchasers were elusive. A promised extension of the trolley line had not materialized; and half a dozen houses of the bungalow type, scattered along a ridge through which streets had been hacked in the most brutal fashion, spoke for the sanguine temper of the projectors of Sherwood Forest. The best thing about the new streets was their names, which were a testimony to the fastidious taste of a professor in the college who had frequently thundered in print against our ignoble American nomenclature.

It was hoped that Sherwood Forest would prove particularly attractive to newly married folk of cultivation who spoke the same social language. There must, therefore, be a Blackstone Road, as a lure for struggling lawyers, a Lister Avenue, to tickle the imagination of young physicians, and Midas Lane, in which the business man, sitting at his own hearthside far from the jarring city, might dream of golden harvests. To the young matron anxious to keep in touch with art and literature, what could have been more delightful than the thought of receiving her mail in Emerson Road, Longfellow Lane, Audubon Road, or any one of a

dozen similar highways (if indeed the new streets might strictly be so called) almost within sound of the college bell? The college was a quarter of a mile away, and yet near enough to shed its light upon this new colony that had risen in a strip of forest primeval, which, as the promoting company's circulars more or less accurately recited, was only thirty minutes from lobsters and head lettuce.

This was all a year ago, just as August haughtily relinquished the world to the sway of September. I held the chair of applied sociology in the college, and had taken a year off to write a number of articles for which I had long been gathering material. It had occurred to me that it would be worth while to write a series of sociological studies in the form of short stories. My plan was to cut small cross-sections in the social strata of the adjoining city, in the suburban village which embraced the college, and in the adjacent farm region, and attempt to portray, by a nice balancing of realism and romance, the lives of the people in the several groups I had been observing. I had talked to an editor about it and he had encouraged me to try my hand.

I felt enough confidence in the scheme to risk a year's leave, and I now settled down to my writing zestfully. I had already submitted three stories, which had been accepted in a cordial spirit that proved highly stimulating to further endeavor; and the first of the series, called 'The Lords of the Round House,' — a sketch of the domestic

relationships and social conditions of the people living near the railroad shops, — had been commented on favorably as a fresh and novel view of an old subject. My second study dealt with a settlement sustained by the canning industry, and under the title, 'Eros and the Peach Crop,' I had described the labors and recreations of this community honestly, and yet with a degree of humor.

As a bachelor professor I had been boarding near the college with the widow of a minister; but now that I was giving my time wholly to writing I found this domicile intolerable. My landlady, admirable woman though she was, was altogether too prone to knock at my door on trifling errands. When I had filled my notebook with memoranda for a sketch dealing with the boarding-house evil (it has lately appeared as 'Charging What the Onion Will Bear'), I resolved to find lodgings elsewhere. And besides, the assistant professor of natural sciences occupied a room adjoining mine, and the visits of strange *reptilia* to my quarters were far from stimulating to literary labor.

I had long been immensely curious as to those young and trusting souls who wed in the twenties, establish homes, and unterrified by cruel laws enacted for the protection of confiding creditors, buy homes on the installment plan, keep a cow, carry life insurance, buy theatre tickets, maintain a baby, and fit as snugly into the social structure as though the world were made for them alone. In my tramps about the city I had marked with professional interest the appearance of great colonies of bungalows which had risen within a few years, and which spoke with an appealing eloquence for an obstinate confidence in the marriage tie. In my late afternoon excursions through these sprightly suburban regions I had gazed with the frankest

admiration upon wholly charming young persons stepping blithely along new cement walks, equipped with the neatest of card-cases, or bearing embroidered bags of sewing; and maids in the smartest of caps opened doors to them. Through windows guarded by the whitest of draperies, I had caught glimpses of our native forests as transformed into the sturdiest of arts-and-crafts furniture. Flower and kitchen gardens alike were squeezed into compact plots of earth; a Gerald or a Geraldine cooed from a perambulator at the gate of at least every other establishment; and a 'syndicate' man-of-all-work moved serenely from furnace to furnace, from lawn to lawn, as the season determined. On Sundays I saw the young husbands hieing to church, to a golf links somewhere, to tennis in some vacant lot, or aiding their girlish wives in the cheerfulest fashion imaginable to spray rose-bushes or to drive the irrepressible dandelion from the lawn of its delight.

These phenomena interested me more than I can say. My aim was not wholly sociological, for not only did I wish in the spirit of strictest scientific inquiry to understand just how all this was possible, but the sentimental aspect of it exercised a strange fascination upon me. When I walked these new streets at night and saw lamps lighted in dozens of cheery habitations, with the lord and lady of the bungalow reading or talking in greatest contentment; or when their voices drifted out to me from nasturtium-hung verandahs on summer evenings, I was in danger of ceasing to be a philosopher and of going over bodily to the sentimentalists. Then, the scientific spirit mastering, I vulgarly haunted the doors of the adjacent shops and communed with grocers' boys and drug-clerks, that I might gain data upon which to base speculations touching this species, this

'group,' which presented so gallant a front in a world where bills are payable not later than the tenth of every calendar month.

'You may have the brown bungalow in Audubon Road, the gray one in Washington Hedge, or the dark green one in Landor Lane. Take any one you like; they all offer about the same accommodations,' said the architect. 'You can put such rent as you see fit in the nearest squirrel-box, and if you meet an intending purchaser with our prospectus in his hand I expect you to take notice and tease him to buy. We've always got another bungalow somewhere, so you won't be thrown in the street.'

I chose Landor Lane for a variety of reasons. There were as yet only three houses in the street, and this assured a degree of peace. Many fine forest trees stood in the vacant lots, and a number had been suffered to remain within the parking retained between sidewalk and curb, mitigating greatly the harsh lines of the new addition. But I think the deciding factor was the name of the little street. Landor had always given me pleasure, and while it is possible that a residence in Huxley Avenue might have been more suitable for a seeker of truth, there was the further reflection that truth, touched with the iridescent glow of romance, need suffer nothing from contact with the spirit of Walter Savage Landor.

Directly opposite my green bungalow was a dark brown one flung up rather high above the lane. The promoters of the addition had refrained from smoothing out the landscape, so that the brown bungalow was about twenty feet above the street, while my green one was reached by only half a dozen steps.

On the day that I made my choice I saw a child of three playing in the grass plot before the brown bungalow.

It was Saturday afternoon, and the typical young freeholder and householder was doing something with an axe near the woodshed; and even as I surveyed the scene the domestic picture was completed by the appearance of the inevitable young woman, who came from the direction of the trolley-terminus, carrying the usual neat card-case in her hand. Here was exactly what I wanted — a chance to study at close hand the bungalow type; and yet, Landor Lane was so quiet, its trio of houses so distributed, that I might enjoy that coveted detachment so essential to contemplative observation and wise judgments.

'I've forgotten,' mused the architect, as we viewed the scene together, 'whether the chap in that brown bungalow is Redmond, the patent lawyer, or Manderson, the tile-grate man. There's a baby of about the same vintage at both houses. If that is n't Redmond over there showing Gladstonian prowess with the axe, it's Manderson. Woman with child and cart; number 58; West Gallery; artist unknown.'—It pleased my friend's humor to quote thus from imaginary catalogues.—'Well, I don't know whether those are the Redmonds or the Mandersons; but come to think of it, Redmond is n't a lawyer, but the inventor of a new office-system by which profit and loss are computed hourly by a device so simple that any child may operate it. A man of your cloistral habits won't care about the neighbors, but I hope that chap is n't Redmond. A man who will think up a machine like that is n't one you'd expose perfectly good garden hose to, on dark summer nights.'

II

A Japanese boy who was working his way through college offered to assume the responsibilities of my house-

keeping for his board. Banzai brought to the task of cooking the deft hand of his race. He undertook the purchase of furniture to set me up in the bungalow, without asking questions, — in itself a great relief. In a week's time he announced that all was in readiness for my transfer, so that I made the change quite casually, without other impedimenta than a suit-case.

On that first evening, as Banzai served my supper, — he was a past master of the omelet, — I enjoyed a peace my life had not known before. In collecting material for my earlier sketches I had undeniably experienced many discomforts and annoyances; but here was an adventure which could hardly fail to prove pleasant and profitable.

As I loafed with my pipe after supper, I resolved to make the most of my good fortune and perfect a study of the bungalow as an expression of American civilization which should be the final word in that enthralling subject. I was myself, so to speak, a bungaloïd, — the owner or occupant of a bungalow, — and while I was precluded by my state of bachelorhood from entering fully into the life which had so aroused my curiosity, I was nevertheless confident that I should be able to probe deeply and sympathetically into the secret of the bungalow's happiness.

Having arranged my books and papers I sought the open. Banzai had secured some porch furniture of a rustic pattern, but he had neglected to provide pillows, and as the chairs of hickory boughs were uncomfortable, I strolled out into the lane. As I stood in the walk, the door of the brown bungalow opened and a man came forth and descended to the street. It was a clear night with an abundance of stars, and the slim crescent of a young moon hung in the west. My neighbor struck a match and drew the flame into his

pipe in four or five deliberate inhalations. In the match-flare I saw his face, which impressed me as sombre, though this may have been the effect of his dark, close-trimmed beard. He stood immovable for five minutes or more, then strolled aimlessly away down the lane.

Looking up, I saw a green-shaded lamp aglow in the front window of the bungalow, and almost immediately the young wife opened the door and came out hastily, anxiously. She ran half-way down the steps, with the light of the open door falling upon her, and after a hurried glance to right and left called softly, 'Tom!'

'Tom,' she repeated more loudly; then she ran back into the house and reappeared, flinging a wrap over her shoulders, and walked swiftly away in the direction taken by the lord of the bungalow.

Could it be possible, I pondered, that the happiness I had attributed to bungalow folk was after all of such stuff as dreams are made of? There had been almost a sob in that second cry of 'Tom!' and I resented it. The scene was perfectly set; the green-shaded lamp had been lighted, ready for that communing of two souls which had so deeply moved and interested me as I had ranged the land of the bungalow; yet here was a situation which rose blackly in my imagination. I was surprised to find how quickly I took sides in this unhappy drama; I was all for the woman. The glimpse I had caught of her, tripping homeward in the lane, swinging her card-case, had been wholly pleasing; and I recalled the joyous quick rush with which she had clasped her child. I was sure that Tom was a monster, eccentric, selfish, indifferent. There had been a tiff, and he had gone off to sulk in the dark like a willful, perverse child.

I was patrolling my verandah half

an hour later, when I heard steps and then voices on the walk opposite, and back they came. It is a woman's way, I reflected, to make all the advances; and this young wife had captured the runaway and talked him into good humor. A moment later they were seated beside the table in the living-room, and so disposed that the lamp did not obscure them from each other. She was reading aloud, and occasionally glanced up, whether to make sure of his attention or to comment upon the book I did not know; and when it occurred to me that it was neither dignified nor decent to watch my neighbors through their window, I went indoors and wrote several pages of notes for a chapter which I now felt must be written, on Bungalow Shadows.

Manderson was the name; Banzai made sure of this at the grocer's. As I took the air of the lane the next morning before breakfast, I saw that the Redmonds were a different sort. Redmond, a big fellow, with a loud voice, was bidding his wife and child goodbye. The youngster toddled after him, the wife ran after the child, and there was much laughter. They all stopped to inspect me, and Redmond introduced himself and shook hands, with the baby clutching his knees. He presented me to his wife, and they welcomed me to the lane in the cheerfulest manner, to the baby's cooing accompaniment. They restored me to confidence in the bungalow type; no doubt of the Redmonds being the real thing!

III

The lady of the brown bungalow was, however, far more attractive than her sister of the red one, and the Mandersons as a group were far more appealing than the Redmonds. My notebook filled with memoranda touching the ways and manners of the Mander-

sons, and most of these I must confess related to Mrs. Manderson. She was exactly the type I sought, the veritable *dea ex machina* of the bungalow world. She lived a good deal on her verandah, and as I had established a writing-table on mine I was able to add constantly to my notes by the mere lifting of my eyes. I excused my impudence in watching her on scientific grounds. She was no more to me than a new bird to an ornithologist, or a strange plant to a botanist.

Occasionally she would dart into the house and attack an upright piano that stood by the broad window of the living-room. I could see the firm clean stroke of her arms as she played. Those brilliant, flashing, golden things of Chopin's she did wonderfully; or again it would be Schumann's spirit she invoked. Once begun, she would run on for an hour, and Banzai would leave his kitchen and crouch on our steps to listen. She appeared at times quite fearlessly with a broom to sweep the walk, and she seemed to find a childish delight in sprinkling the lawn. Or she would set off, basket in hand, for the grocer's, and would return bearing her own purchases and none the less a lady for a' that. There was about her an indefinable freshness and crispness. I observed with awe her succession of pink and blue shirt-waists, in which she caught and diffused the sun like a figure in one of Benson's pictures; and when she danced off with her card-case in a costume of solid white, and with a floppy white hat, she was not less than adorable.

Manderson nodded to me the second day, a little coldly, as we met in the walk; and thereafter nodded or waved a hand when I fell under his eye. One evening I heard him calling her across the dusk of the yard. Her name was Olive, and nothing, it seemed to me, was ever more fitting than that.

One morning as I wrote at my table on the verandah I was aroused by a commotion over the way. The girl-of-all-work appeared in the front yard screaming and wringing her hands, and I rushed across the lane to learn that the water-heater was possessed of an evil spirit and threatened to burst. The lady of the bungalow had gone to town and the peril was imminent. I reversed all the visible valves, in that trustful experimental spirit which is the flower of perfect ignorance, and the catastrophe was averted. I returned to my work, became absorbed, and was only aroused by a tug at my smoking jacket. Beside me stood the Manderson baby, extending a handful of dahlias! Her manner was of ambassadorial gravity. No word was spoken, and she trotted off, laboriously descended my steps and toddled across the lane.

Her mother waited at the curb, and as I bowed in my best manner, holding up the dahlias, she called, 'Thank you!' in the most entrancing of voices. Mr. James declares that the way one person looks at another may be, in effect, an incident; and how much more may 'Thank you,' flung across a quiet street have the weight of hours of dialogue! Her voice was precisely the voice that the loveliest of feminine names connotes, suggesting Tennysonian harmonies and cadences, and murmuring waters of —

Sweet Catullus's all-but-island, olive-silvery Sirmio.

A bunch of dahlias was just the epistolary form to which a bungalow lady would resort in communicating with a gentleman she did not know. The threatened explosion of the heater had thus served to introduce me to my neighbor, and had given me at the same time a new revelation of her sense of the proprieties, her grace and charm. In my visit to the house I had observed its appointments with a discreet but

interested eye, and I jotted down many notes with her dahlias on the table before me. The soft tints of the walls, the well-chosen American rugs, the comfort that spoke in the furniture, reflected a consistent taste. There was the usual den, with a long bench piled with cushions; and near at hand a table where a tray of smoker's articles was hedged in with magazines; and there were books neatly shelved, and others, lying about, testified to familiar use. The upright piano, by the window of my frequent contemplation, bore the imprimatur of one of the most reputable makers, and a tall rack beside it was filled with music. Prone on the player's seat lay a doll — a fact I noted with satisfaction, as evidence of the bungalow baby's supremacy even where its mother is a veritable reincarnation of St. Cecilia.

The same evening Manderson came home in haste and departed immediately with a suit-case. I had hoped that he would follow the dahlias in person to discuss the housemaid's embarrassments with the plumbing and bring me within the arc of his domestic circle, but such was not to be the way of it.

He was gone three days, and while the lady of the bungalow now bowed to me once daily across the lane, our acquaintance progressed no further. Nor, I may add, did my work move forward according to the schedule by which it is my habit to write. I found myself scribbling verses, — a relaxation I had not indulged in since my college days. I walked much, surveying the other streets in Sherwood Forest Addition and gloomily comparing them with Landor Lane to their disadvantage. I tramped the shore of the little lake and saw her there once and again, at play with the baby. She and Mrs. Redmond exchanged visits frequently with bungalow informality. One afternoon half a dozen young women appeared for

tea on the deep verandah, and the Lane was gay with laughter. They were the ladies of the surrounding bungalow district, and their party was the merriest. I wondered whether she had waited for a day when her husband was absent to summon these sisters. It was a gloomy fate that had mated her with a melancholy soul like Manderson.

IV

I had written several couplets imploring the protection of the gods for the Lady of the Lane, and these I had sketched upon a large sheet of card-board the better to scrutinize them. And thereby hangs the saddest of revelations. My friend the architect had sent me a number of advertisements with a request that I should persuade Banzai to attach them to the adjacent landscape. Returning from a tramp I beheld Olive (as I shall not scruple to call her) studying a placard on a telephone post in the lane a little beyond her bungalow. It struck me as odd that she should be so interested in a mere advertisement of bungalows, when she was already cosily domiciled in the prettiest one the addition boasted. She laughed aloud, then turned guardedly, saw me, and marched demurely home without so much as glancing a second time in my direction.

After she had tripped up the steps and vanished into her house, I saw the grievous thing that Banzai had done. By some inadvertence he had thrust the card bearing my verses among the advertisements; and with all the posts and poles and tree-boxes in Christendom to choose from, he had with unconscious malevolence nailed my couplets to the telephone pole nearest the Manderson bungalow. It was an unpardonable atrocity, the enormity of which I shall not extenuate by suppressing the verses:—

VOL. 113—NO. 2

Spirits that guard all lovely things
Bend o'er this path thy golden wings.

Shield it from storms and powers malign:
Make stars and sun above it shine.

May none pass here on evil bent:
Bless it to hearts of good intent,

And when (like some bright catch of song
One hears but once though waiting long)

Lalage suddenly at the door
Views the adoring landscape o'er,

O swift let friendly winds attend
And faithful to her errands bend!

Then when adown the lane she goes
Make leap before her vine and rose!

From elfin land bring Ariel
To walk beside and guard her well.

Defend her, pray, from faun and gnome
Till through the Lane she wanders home!

It was bad enough to apostrophize my neighbor's wife in song; but to publish my infamy to the world was an even more grievous sin. I tore the thing down, bore it home, and thrust it into the kitchen range before the eyes of the contrite Banzai. Across the way Olive played, and I thought there was mockery in her playing.

Realism is, after all, on much better terms with Romance than the critics would have us believe. If Manderson had not thawed sufficiently to borrow the realistic monkey-wrench which Banzai used on our lawn-mower, and if Olive had not romantically returned it a week later with a card on which she had scribbled 'Many apologies for the long delay,' I might never have discovered that she was not in fact Manderson's wife but his sister. Hers was the neatest, the best-bred of cards, and bore the name incontrovertibly—

MISS OLIVE MANDERSON

44 *Landor Lane*

I throw this to the realists that they may chortle over it in the way of their grim fraternity. Were I cursed with the least taint of romanticism I should not disclose her maiden state at this point, but hold it for stirring dramatic use at the moment when, believing her to be the wife of the mournful tile-grate man, I should bid her good-bye and vanish forever.

The moment that card reached me by the hand of her housemaid she was playing a Chopin polonaise, and I was across the lane and reverently waiting at the door when the last chord sounded. It was late on an afternoon at the threshold of October, but not too cool for tea *al fresco*. When the wind blew chill from the lake she disappeared, and returned with her hands thrust prettily into the pockets of a white sweater.

It was amazing how well we got on from the first. She explained herself in the fewest words. Her brother's wife had died two years before, and she had helped to establish a home for him in the hope of mitigating his loneliness. She spoke of him and the child with the tenderest consideration. He had been badly broken by his wife's death, and was given to brooding. I accused myself bitterly for having so grossly misjudged him as to think him capable of harshness toward the fair lady of his bungalow. He came while I still sat there and greeted me amiably, and when I left we were established on the most neighborly footing.

Thenceforth my work prospered. Olive revealed, with the nicest appreciation and understanding of my needs, the joys and sorrows of suburban bungalowhood. The deficiencies of the trolley service, the uncertainties of the grocer's delivery, she described in the aptest phrases, and her buoyant spirit made light of all such vexations.

The manifold resources and subtleties of bungalow housekeeping were unfolded with the drollest humor. The eternal procession of cooks, the lapses of the syndicate hired man, the fitfulness of the electric light, — all such tragedies were illuminated with her cheery philosophy. The magazine article that I had planned expanded into a discerning study of the secret which had baffled and lured me, as to the flowering of the bungalow upon the rough edges of the urban world. Peace, Hope, Love, reinforced or expressed by the upright piano, the perambulator, the new book on the arts-and-crafts table, the card-case borne through innumerable quiet lanes — all such phenomena Olive elucidated for my instruction. The shrewd economies that explained the occasional theatre tickets; the incubator that robbed the grocer to pay the milliner; the home-plied needle that accounted for the succession of crisp shirt-waists, — into these and many other mysteries Olive initiated me.

Sherwood Forest suddenly began to 'boom,' and houses were in demand. My architect friend threatened me with eviction, and to avert the calamity I signed a contract of purchase, which bound me and my heirs and assigns forever to certain weekly payments; and, blithe opportunist that I am, I based a chapter on this circumstance, with the caption 'Five Dollars a Month for Life.' I wrote from notes supplied by Olive a dissertation on 'The Pursuit of the Lemon,' — suggested by an adventure of her own in search of the fruit of the *citrus limonum* for use in garnishing a plate of canned salmon for Sunday evening tea.

Inspired by the tender wistful autumn days I wrote verses laboriously, and boldly hung them in the lane in the hope of arresting my Rosalind's eye. One of these (tacked to a tree in a

path by the lake) I here insert to illustrate the plight to which she had brought me: —

At eve a line of golden light
Hung low along the west;
The first red maple bough shone bright
Upon the woodland's breast.

The wind blew keen across the lake,
A wave mourned on the shore;
Earth knew an instant some heartache
Unknown to earth before.

The wandering ghosts of summers gone
Watched shore and wood and skies;
The night fell like a shadow drawn
Across your violet eyes.

V

Olive suffered my rhyming with the same composure with which she met the unpreluded passing of a maid-of-all-work, or the ill-natured smoking of the furnace on the first day it was fired. She preferred philosophy to poetry, and borrowed Nietzsche from the branch library. She persuaded me that the ladies of the bungalows are all practical persons, and so far as I am concerned, Olive fixed the type. It had seemed to me, as I viewed her comings and goings at long range, that she commanded infinite leisure; and yet her hours were crowded with activities. I learned from her that cooks with diplomas are beyond the purses of most bungalow housekeepers; and as Olive's brother's digestive apparatus was most delicate she assumed the responsibility of composing cakes and pastries for his pleasure. With tea (and we indulged in much teasing) she gave me golden sponge-cake of her own making which could not have failed to delight the severest Olympian critic. Her sand tarts established a new standard for that most delectable item of the cook book. She ironed with her own hands the baby's more fragile frocks. Nor did such manual employments interfere in

any way whatever with the delicacy of her touch upon the piano. She confided to me that she made a practice of reviewing French verbs at the ironing board with a grammar propped before her. She belonged to a club which was studying Carlyle's *French Revolution*, and she was secretary of a musical society, — formed exclusively of the mistresses of bungalows, who had highly resolved to devote the winter to the study of the works of John Sebastian Bach.

It gradually became clear that the romance of the American bungalow was reinforced and strengthened by a realism which was in itself romance, and I was immensely stimulated by this discovery. It was refreshing to find that there are after all no irreconcilable differences between a pie well made and a Chopin polonaise well played. Those who must quibble over the point may file their demurrers, if they so please, with the baby asleep in the perambulator on the nearest bungalow verandah, and the child, awakening, will overrule it with a puckered face and a cry that brings mamma on the run with Carlyle in her hand.

VI

Olive was twenty-five. Twenty-five is the standard age, so to speak, of bungalow matrons. My closest scrutiny has failed to discover one a day older. It is too early for any one to forecast the ultimate fate of the bungalow. The bungalow speaks for youth, and whether it will survive as an architectural type, or whether those hopeful young married persons who trustingly kindle their domestic altars in bungalow fire-places will be found there in contentment at fifty, is not for this writing. What did strike me was the fact that Olive, being twenty-five, was an anomaly as a bungalow lady by

reason of her unmarriedness. Her domesticity was complete, her efficiency indisputable, her charm ineffable; and it seemed that here was a chance to perfect a type which I, with my strong scientific bent, could not suffer to pass. By the mere process of changing the name on her visiting card and moving from a brown to a green bungalow she might become the perfect representation of the most interesting and delightful type of American women. Half of my study of bungalow life was finished, and a publisher to whom I submitted the early chapters returned them immediately with a blank contract, so that I was able to view the future in that jaunty confidence with which young folk entrust their fate to the bungalow gods.

I looked up from my writing-table, which the chill air had driven indoors, and saw Olive on her lawn engaged in some mysterious occupation. She was whistling the while she dabbed paint with a brush and a sophisticated air upon the bruised legs of the baby's high chair.

At my approach Romance nudged Realism. Or maybe it was Realism that nudged Romance. I cannot see that it makes the slightest difference, one way or another, on whose initiative I spoke: let it suffice that I did speak. Realism and Romance tripped away and left me alone with the situation. When I had spoken Olive rose, viewed her work musingly, with head slightly tilted, and still whistling touched the foot-rest of the baby-chair lingeringly with the paint-brush. These

neat cans of prepared paint which place the most fascinating of joys within the range of womankind are in every well-regulated bungalow tool-closet — and another chapter for my book began working in my subconsciousness.

A little later Romance and Realism returned and stood to right and left of us by the living-room fire. Realism, in the outward form of W.D.H., winked at Romance as represented by R.L.S. W.D.H., in a pepper-and-salt sack-suit, played with his eyeglasses; R.L.S., in a velvet jacket, toyed with his dagger-hilt.

Olive informed me that her atrabilious brother was about to marry a widow in Emerson Road, so there seemed to be no serious obstacle to the immediate perfecting of Olive as a type by a visit to the young clergyman in the white bungalow in Channing Lane, on the other side of Sherwood Forest Addition. Romance and Realism therefore quietly withdrew and left us to discuss the future.

'I think,' said Olive with a far-away look in her eyes, 'that there should be a box of geraniums on our verandah rail next summer, and that a hen-house could be built back of the coal-shed without spoiling the looks of the yard.'

As I saw no objection whatever to these arrangements, we took the baby for a walk, met Tom at the car, and later we all dined together at the brown bungalow. I seem to recall that there was roast fowl for dinner, a salad with the smoothest of mayonnaise, canned apricots, and chocolate layer-cake, and a Schumann programme afterward.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF DANCING

BY HAVELOCK ELLIS

I

DANCING and architecture are the two primary and essential arts. The art of dancing stands at the source of all the arts that express themselves first in the human person. The art of architecture is the beginning of all the arts that lie outside the person. Music, acting, poetry, proceed in the one mighty stream; sculpture, painting, all the arts of design, in the other. There is no primary art outside these two arts, for their origin is far earlier than man himself; and dancing came first.¹

That is one reason why dancing, however it may at times be scorned by passing fashions, has a profound and eternal attraction even for those one might suppose furthest from its influence. The philosopher and the child are here at one. The joyous beat of the feet of children, the cosmic play of philosophers' thoughts, rise and fall to the same rhythm. If we are indifferent to the art of dancing we have failed to understand, not merely the supreme manifestation of physical life, but also the supreme symbol of spiritual life.

The significance of dancing, in the wide sense, thus lies in the fact that it is simply an intimate concrete appeal of that general rhythm which marks all the physical and spiritual manifes-

¹ It is even possible that, in earlier than human times, dancing and architecture may have been the result of the same impulse. The nest of birds is the chief early form of architecture, and Edmund Selous has suggested that the nest may first have arisen as an accidental result of the ecstatic sexual dance of birds. — THE AUTHOR.

tations of life. Dancing is the primitive expression alike of religion and of love, — of religion from the earliest human times we know of, and of love from a period long anterior to the coming of man. The art of dancing, moreover, is intimately entwined with all human traditions of war, of labor, of pleasure, of education, while some of the wisest philosophers and the most ancient civilizations have regarded the dance as the pattern in accordance with which the moral life of man must be woven. To realize, therefore, what dancing means for mankind, — the poignancy and the many-sidedness of its appeal, — we must survey the whole sweep of human life, both at its highest and at its deepest moments.

II

'What do you dance?' When a man belonging to one branch of the great Bantu division of mankind met a member of another, said Livingstone, that was the question he asked. What a man danced, that was his tribe, his social customs, his religion; for, as an anthropologist has recently put it, 'a savage does not preach his religion, he dances it.' There are peoples in the world who have no secular dances, only religious dances, and some investigators believe that every dance was of religious origin. That view seems too extreme, even if we admit that some even of our modern dances, like the waltz, may have been originally religious. It is more reasonable to suppose, with

Wundt, that the dance was, in the beginning, the expression of the whole man.

Yet among primitive peoples religion is so large a part of life that the dance inevitably becomes of supreme religious importance. To dance was at once both to worship and to pray. Just as we still find in our Prayer Books that there are divine services for all the great fundamental acts of life, for birth, for marriage, for death, as well as for the cosmic procession of the world as marked by ecclesiastical festivals, and for the great catastrophes of nature, such as droughts, so also it has ever been among primitive peoples. For all the solemn occasions of life, for bridals and for funerals, for seed-time and for harvest, for war and for peace, for all these things, there were fitting dances.

To-day we find religious people who in church pray for rain or for the restoration of their friends to health. Their forefathers also desired these things but, instead of praying for them, they danced for them the fitting dance which tradition had handed down, and which the chief or the medicine-man solemnly conducted. The gods themselves danced, as the stars dance in the sky, — so at least the Mexicans, and we may be sure many other peoples, have held, — and to dance is therefore to imitate the gods, to work with them, perhaps to persuade them to work in the direction of our own desires. 'Work for us!' is the song-refrain, expressed or implied, of every religious dance. In the worship of solar deities in various countries it was customary to dance around the altar, as the stars dance around the sun. Even in Europe the popular belief that the sun dances on Easter Sunday has perhaps scarcely yet died out. To dance is to take part in the cosmic control of the world. Every sacred dionysian

dance is an imitation of the divine dance.

All religions, and not merely those of primitive character, have been at the outset, and sometimes throughout, in some measure saltatory. This is the case all over the world. It is not more pronounced in early Christianity and among the ancient Hebrews who danced before the ark, than among the Australian aborigines whose great *corroborees* are religious dances conducted by the medicine-men with their sacred staves in their hands. Every American Indian tribe seems to have had its own religious dances, varied and elaborate, often with a richness of meaning which the patient study of modern investigators has but slowly revealed. The Shamans in the remote steppes of Northern Siberia have their ecstatic religious dances, and in modern Europe the Turkish dervishes — perhaps of related stock — still dance in their cloisters similar ecstatic dances, combined with song and prayer, as a regular part of devotional service.

These religious dances, it may be realized, are sometimes ecstatic, sometimes pantomimic. It is natural that this should be so. By each road it is possible to penetrate toward the divine mystery of the world. The auto-intoxication of rapturous movement brings the devotee, for a while at least, into that self-forgetful union with the not-self which the mystic ever seeks. Pantomimic dances, on the other hand, with their effort to heighten natural expression and to imitate natural processes, bring the dancers into the divine sphere of creation and enable them to assist vicariously in the energy of the gods. The dance thus becomes the presentation of a divine drama, the vital reënactment of a sacred history in which the worshiper is enabled to play a real part. In this way ritual arises.

It is in this sphere — highly primitive as it is — of pantomimic dancing crystallized in ritual, rather than in the sphere of ecstatic dancing, that we may to-day in civilization witness the survivals of dance in religion. The Divine Services of the American Indian, said Lewis Morgan, took the form of 'set dances, each with its own name, songs, steps, and costume.' At this point the early Christian worshipping the Divine Body was able to enter into spiritual communion with the ancient Egyptian or the American Indian. They are all alike privileged to enter, each in his own way, a sacred mystery, and to participate in the sacrifice of a heavenly Mass.

What by some is considered to be the earliest known Christian ritual — the 'Hymn of Jesus,' assigned to the second century — is nothing but a sacred dance. Eusebius in the third century stated that Philo's description of the worship of the Therapeuts agreed at all points with Christian custom, and that meant the prominence of dancing, to which indeed Eusebius often refers in connection with Christian worship. It has been supposed by some writers that the Christian Church was originally a theatre, the choir being the raised stage, — even the word *choir*, it is argued, meaning an enclosed space for dancing. It is certain that at the Eucharist the faithful gesticulated with their hands, danced with their feet, flung their bodies about. Chrysostom, who referred to this behavior round the Holy Table at Antioch, only objected to drunken excesses in connection with it; the custom itself he evidently regarded as traditional and right.

While the central function of Christian worship is a sacred drama, a divine Pantomime, the associations of Christianity and dancing are by no means confined to the ritual of the Mass

and its later more attenuated transformations. The very idea of dancing had a sacred and mystic meaning to the early Christians, who had meditated profoundly on the text, 'We have piped unto you and ye have not danced.' Origen prayed that above all things there may be made operative in us the mystery 'of the stars dancing in Heaven for the salvation of the Universe.' St. Basil, who was so enamored of natural things, described the angels dancing in Heaven, and later the author of the *Dieta Salutis* (said to have been St. Bonaventura), which is supposed to have influenced Dante in assigning so large a place to dancing in the *Paradiso*, described dancing as the occupation of the inmates of Heaven, and Christ as the leader of the dance. Even in more modern times an ancient Cornish carol sang of the life of Jesus as of a dance, and represented him as declaring that he died in order that man 'may come unto the general dance.'

This attitude could not fail to be reflected in practice. Genuine and not merely formalized and unrecognizable dancing, such as the traditionalized Mass, must have been frequently introduced into Christian worship in early times. Until a few centuries ago it remained not uncommon, and it still persists in remote corners of the Christian world. In English cathedrals dancing went on until the fourteenth century. At Paris, Limoges, and elsewhere in France, the priests danced in the choir at Easter up to the seventeenth century; in Roussillon up to the eighteenth century. Roussillon is a province with Spanish traditions, and it was in Spain that religious dancing took deepest root and flourished longest. In the cathedrals of Seville, Toledo, Valencia, and Xeres there was formerly dancing, although it now survives only at a few special festivals in the first. At Alaro in Majorca, also, at the present day,

a dancing company called *Els Cosiers*, on the festival of St. Roch, the patron saint of the place, dance in the church, in fanciful costumes, with tambourines, up to the steps of the high altar, immediately after Mass, and then dance out of the church. In another part of the Christian world, in the Abyssinian Church, — an offshoot of the Eastern Church, — dancing is said still to form a part of the worship.

Dancing, we may see throughout the world, has been so essential, so fundamental a part of all vital and undegenerate religion, that whenever a new religion appears, a religion of the spirit and not merely an anæmic religion of the intellect, we should still have to ask of it the question of the Bantu: What do you dance?

III

Dancing is not only intimately associated with religion, it has an equally intimate association with love. Here indeed the relationship is even more primitive, for it is far older than man. Dancing, said Lucian, is as old as love. Among insects and among birds, for instance, it may be said that dancing is often an essential part of courtship. The male dances, sometimes in rivalry with other males, in order to charm the female; then, after a short or long interval, the female is aroused to share his ardor and join in the dance; the final climax of the dance is in the union of the lovers. This primitive love-dance of insects and birds reappears among savages in various parts of the world, notably in Africa, and in a conventionalized and symbolized form it is still danced in civilization to-day. It is indeed in this aspect that dancing has so often aroused reprobation, from the days of early Christianity until the present, among those for whom the dance has merely been, in the words of a seventeenth-

century writer, a series of 'immodest and dissolute movements by which the cupidity of the flesh is aroused.'

But in Nature and among primitive peoples it has its value precisely on this account. It is a process of courtship and, even more than that, it is a novitiate for love, and a novitiate which was found to be an admirable training for love. Among some peoples, indeed, as the Omahas, the same word meant both to dance and to love. Here we are in the sphere of sexual selection. By his beauty, his energy, his skill, the male must win the female, so impressing the image of himself on her imagination that finally her desire is aroused to overcome her reticence. That is the task of the male throughout nature, and in innumerable species besides man it has been found that the school in which the task may best be learned is the dancing school. The moths and the butterflies, the African ostrich, and the Sumatran Argus pheasant, with their fellows innumerable, have been the precursors of man in the strenuous school of erotic dancing, fitting themselves for selection by the females of their choice as the most splendid progenitors of the future race.

From this point of view, it is clear, the dance performed a double function. On the one hand, the tendency to dance, arising under the obscure stress of this impulse, brought out the best possibilities the individual held the promise of; on the other hand, at the moment of courtship, the display of the activities thus acquired developed, on the sensory side, all the latest possibilities of beauty which at last became conscious in man. That this came about we cannot easily escape concluding. How it came about, how it happens that some of the least intelligent of creatures thus developed a beauty and a grace that are enchanting even to our human eyes, is a miracle effected

by the mystery of sex, which we cannot yet comprehend.

When we survey the human world, the erotic dance of the animal world is seen not to have lost but rather to have gained influence. It is no longer the males alone who are thus competing for the love of the females. It comes about by a modification in the method of sexual selection that often not only the men dance for the women, but the women for the men, each striving in a storm of rivalry to arouse and attract the desire of the other. In innumerable parts of the world the season of love is a time which the nubile of each sex devote to dancing in each other's presence, — sometimes one sex, sometimes the other, sometimes both, in the frantic effort to display all the force and energy, the skill and endurance, the beauty and grace, which at this moment are yearning within them to be poured into the vital stream of the race's life.

From this point of view of sexual selection we may better understand the immense ardor with which every part of the wonderful human body has been brought into the play of the dance. The men and women of races spread all over the world have shown a marvelous skill and patience in imparting rhythm and music to the most unlikely, the most rebellious regions of the body, all wrought by desire into potent and dazzling images. To the vigorous races of Northern Europe in their cold damp climate, dancing comes naturally to be dancing of the legs, so naturally that the English poet, as a matter of course, assumes that the dance of Salome was a 'twinkling of the feet.' But on the opposite side of the world, in Japan and notably in Java and Madagascar, dancing may be exclusively dancing of the arms and hands, in some of the South Sea islands even of the hands and fingers alone. Dancing may even

be carried on in the seated posture, as occurs at Fiji in a dance connected with the preparation of the sacred drink, *ava*. In some districts of Southern Tunisia dancing, again, is dancing of the hair, and all night long, till they perhaps fall exhausted, the marriageable girls will move their heads to the rhythm of a song, maintaining their hair in perpetual balance and sway. Elsewhere, notably in Africa, but also sometimes in Polynesia, as well as in the dances that had established themselves in ancient Rome, dancing is dancing of the body, with vibratory or rotatory movements of breasts or flanks.

The complete dance along these lines is, however, that in which all the play of all the chief muscle-groups of the body is harmoniously interwoven. When both sexes take part in such an exercise, developed into an idealized yet passionate pantomime of love, we have the complete erotic dance. In Spain the dance of this kind has sometimes attained its noblest and most harmoniously beautiful expression. It is in the relation of these dances to the primitive mystery of sexual selection that their fascination lies. From the narratives of travelers, it would appear that it was especially in the eighteenth century that among all classes in Spain dancing of this kind was immensely popular. The Church tacitly encouraged it, as an Aragonese canon told Baretti in 1770, in spite of its occasional indecorum, as a useful safety-valve for the emotions. It was not less seductive to the foreign spectator than to the people themselves. The grave traveler Peyron, toward the end of the century, growing eloquent over the languorous and flexible movements of the dance, the bewitching attitudes, the voluptuous curves of the arms, declares that when one sees a beautiful Spanish woman dance one is inclined

to fling all philosophy to the winds. And even that highly respectable Anglican clergyman, the Reverend Joseph Townsend, was constrained to state that he could 'almost persuade myself' that if the fandango were suddenly played in church the gravest worshipers would start up to join in that 'lascivious pantomime.'

There we have the rock against which the primitive dance of sexual selection suffers shipwreck as civilization advances. And that prejudice of civilization becomes so ingrained that it is brought to bear even on the primitive dance. The Pygmies of Africa are described by Sir H. H. Johnston as a very decorous and highly moral people, but their dances, he adds, are not so. Yet these dances, though in Johnston's eyes, blinded by European civilization, 'grossly indecent,' he honestly, and inconsistently, adds, are 'danced reverently.'

IV

From the vital function of dancing in love, and its sacred function in religion, to dancing as an art, a profession, an amusement, may seem, at the first glance, a sudden leap. In reality the transition is gradual, and it began to be made at a very early period in diverse parts of the globe. All the matters that enter into courtship tend to fall under the sway of art; their æsthetic pleasure is a secondary reflection of their primary vital joy. Dancing could not fail to be first in manifesting this tendency. But even religious dancing swiftly exhibited the same transformation; dancing, like priesthood, became a profession, and dancers, like priests, formed a caste. This, for instance, took place in old Hawaii. The *hula* dance was a religious dance; it required a special education and an arduous training; moreover, it involved the observance of important taboos and the exercise of

sacred rites; therefore it was carried out by paid performers, a professional caste.

In India, again, the Devadasis, or sacred dancing girls, are at once both religious and professional dancers. They are married to gods, they are taught dancing by the Brahmins, they figure in religious ceremonies, and their dances represent the life of the god they are married to, as well as the emotions of love they experience for him. Yet at the same time, they also give professional performances in the houses of rich private persons who pay for them. It thus comes about that to the foreigner the Devadasis scarcely seem very unlike the Ramedjenis, the dancers of the street, who are of very different origin, and mimic in their performances the play of merely human passions. The Portuguese conquerors of India called both kinds of dancers indiscriminately Balheideras (or dancers) which we have corrupted in Bayaderes.

In our modern world professional dancing as an art has become altogether divorced from religion, and even, in any vital sense, from love; it is scarcely even possible, so far as western civilization is concerned, to trace back the tradition to either source. If we survey the development of dancing as an art in Europe, it seems to me that we have to recognize two streams of tradition which have sometimes merged, but yet remain in their ideals and their tendencies essentially distinct. I would call these traditions the Classical, which is much the more ancient and fundamental, and may be said to be of Egyptian origin, and the Romantic, which is of Italian origin, chiefly known to us as the ballet. The first is, in its pure form, solo dancing, and is based on the rhythmic beauty and expressiveness of the simple human personality when its energy is concentrated in passionate movement. The second is concerted

dancing, mimetic and picturesque, wherein the individual is subordinated to the wider and variegated rhythm of the group. It may be easy to devise another classification, but this is simple and instructive enough for our purpose.

There can scarcely be a doubt that Egypt has been for many thousands of years, as indeed it still remains, a great dancing centre, the most influential dancing-school the world has ever seen, radiating its influence south and east and north. We may perhaps even agree with the historian of the dance, who terms it 'the mother-country of all civilized dancing.' We are not entirely dependent on the ancient wall-pictures of Egypt for our knowledge of Egyptian skill in the art. Sacred mysteries, it is known, were danced in the temples, and queens and princesses took part in the orchestras that accompanied them. It is significant that the musical instruments still peculiarly associated with the dance were originated or developed in Egypt; the guitar is an Egyptian instrument, and its name was a hieroglyphic already used when the Pyramids were being built; the cymbal, the tambourine, triangles, and castanets, in one form or another, were all familiar to the ancient Egyptians, and with the Egyptian art of dancing they must have spread all round the shores of the Mediterranean, the great focus of our civilization, at a very early date. Even beyond the Mediterranean, at Cadiz, dancing that was essentially Egyptian in character was established, and Cadiz became the dancing-school of Spain. The Nile and Cadiz were thus the two great centres of ancient dancing, and Martial mentions them both together, for each supplied its dancers to Rome. This dancing, alike whether Egyptian or Gaditanian, was the expression of the individual dancer's body and art; the garments played but a small part in it, they were frequently transparent,

and sometimes discarded altogether. It was, and it remains, simple, personal, passionate dancing; classic, therefore, in the same sense as, on the side of literature, the poetry of Catullus is classic.

Ancient Greek dancing was essentially classic dancing as here understood. On the Greek vases, as reproduced in Emmanuel's attractive book on Greek dancing and elsewhere, we find the same play of the arms, the same sideward turn, the same extreme backward extension of the body, which had long before been represented in Egyptian monuments. Many supposedly modern movements in dancing were certainly already common both to Egyptian and Greek dancing, as well as the clapping of hands to keep time, which is still an accompaniment of Spanish dancing.

It seems clear, however, that, on this general classic and Mediterranean basis, Greek dancing had a development so refined and so special that it exercised no influence outside Greece. Dancing became indeed the most characteristic and the most generally cultivated of Greek arts. It may well be that the Greek drama arose out of dance and song, and that the dance throughout was an essential and plastic element in it. It is said that Æschylus developed the technique of dancing, and that Sophocles danced in his own dramas. In these developments, no doubt, Greek dancing tended to overpass the fundamental limits of classic dancing and fore-shadowed the ballet.

The real germ of the ballet, however, is to be found in Rome, where the pantomime with its concerted and picturesque method of expressive action was developed; and Italy is the home of Romantic dancing. The same impulse which produced the pantomime, produced more than a thousand years later, in the same Italian region, the

modern ballet. In both cases, one is inclined to think, we may trace the influence of the same Etruscan and Tuscan race which so long has had its seat here, a race with a genius for expressive, dramatic, picturesque art. We see it on the walls of Etruscan tombs and again in pictures of Botticelli and his fellow Tuscans. The modern ballet, it is generally believed, had its origin in the spectacular pageants at the marriage of Galeazzo Visconti, Duke of Milan, in 1489.

The popularity of such performances spread to the other Italian courts, including Florence; and Catherine de Medici, when she became Queen of France, brought the Italian ballet to Paris. Here it speedily became fashionable. Kings and queens were its admirers, and even took part in it; great statesmen were its patrons. Before long it became an established institution with a vital life and growth of its own, maintained by distinguished musicians, artists, and dancers.

Romantic dancing, to a much greater extent than what I have called classic dancing, which depends so largely on simple personal qualities, tends to be vitalized by transplantation and the absorption of new influences, provided that the essential basis of technique and tradition is preserved in the new development. Lulli in the seventeenth century brought women into the ballet; Camargo discarded the fashionable unwieldy costumes, so rendering possible all the freedom and airy grace of later dancing; Noverre elaborated plot unraveled by gesture and dance alone, and so made the ballet a complete art-form.

In the French ballet of the eighteenth century a very high degree of perfection seems thus to have been reached, while in Italy where the ballet had originated it decayed, and Milan which had been its source became the nursery of a tradition of devitalized technique

carried to the finest point of delicate perfection.

The influence of the French school was maintained as a living force into the nineteenth century, overspreading the world, by the genius of a few individual dancers. When they had gone the ballet slowly and steadily declined. As it declined as an art, so also it declined in credit and in popularity; it became scarcely respectable even to admire dancing. Thirty years ago, the few who still appreciated the art of dancing — and how few they were! — had to seek for it painfully and sometimes in strange surroundings. A recent historian of dancing, in a book published so lately as 1906, declared that 'the ballet is now a thing of the past, and, with the modern change of ideas, a thing that is never likely to be resuscitated.' That historian never mentioned Russian ballet, yet his book was scarcely published before the Russian ballet arrived, to scatter ridicule over his rash prophecy by raising the ballet to a pitch of perfection it can rarely have surpassed, as an expressive, emotional, even passionate form of living art.

The Russian ballet was an offshoot from the French ballet, and illustrates once more the vivifying effect of transplantation on the art of romantic dancing. The Empress Anna introduced it toward the middle of the eighteenth century, and appointed a French ballet master and a Neapolitan composer to carry it on; it reached a high degree of technical perfection during the following hundred years, on the traditional lines, and the principal dancers were all imported from Italy. It was not until recent years that this firm discipline and these ancient traditions were vitalized into an art-form of exquisite and vivid beauty by the influence of the soil in which they had slowly taken root. This contact, when

at last it was effected, involved a kind of revolution; for its outcome, while genuine ballet, has yet all the effect of delicious novelty. The tradition by itself was in Russia an exotic without real life, and had nothing to give to the world; on the other hand a Russian ballet apart from that tradition, if we can conceive such a thing, would have been formless, extravagant, bizarre, not subdued to any fine æsthetic ends.

What we see here, in the Russian ballet as we know it to-day, is a splendid and arduous technical tradition, brought at last — by the combined genius of designers, composers, and dancers — into real fusion with an environment from which during more than a century it had been held apart: Russian genius for music, Russian skill in the use of bright color, and, perhaps, above all, the Russian orgiastic temperament and the general Slav passion for folk-dancing, shown in all branches of the race, Polish, Bohemian, Bulgarian and Servian. The result has been that our age sees one of the most splendid movements in the whole history of romantic dancing.

v

Dancing as an art, we may be sure, cannot die out but will always be undergoing a re-birth. Not merely as an art but also as a social custom, it perpetually emerges afresh from the soul of the people. Less than a century ago the polka thus arose, extemporized by the Bohemian servant girl, Anna Slezakova, out of her own head for the joy of her own heart, and only rendered a permanent form, apt for world-wide popularity, by the accident that it was observed and noted down by an artist. Dancing had forever been in existence as a spontaneous custom, a social discipline. Thus it is, finally, that dan-

cing meets us, not only as love, as religion, as art, but also as morals.

All human work, under natural conditions, is a kind of dance. In a large and learned work, supported by an immense amount of evidence, Karl Bücher has argued that work differs from the dance not in kind but only in degree, since they are both essentially rhythmic. In the memory of those who have ever lived on a sailing ship — that loveliest of human creations now disappearing from the world — there will always linger the echo of the chanties which sailors sang as they hoisted the topsail yard or wound the capstan or worked the pumps. That is the type of primitive combined work, and it is indeed difficult to see how such work can be effectively accomplished without such a device for regulating the rhythmic energy of the muscles.

The dance-rhythm of work has thus acted socializingly in a parallel line with the dance-rhythms of the arts, and indeed in part as their inspirer. Thus, as Bücher points out, poetic metre may be conceived as arising out of work; metre is the rhythmic stamping of feet, as in the technique of verse; it is still metaphorically so called; iambs and trochees, spondees and anapaests and dactyls may still be heard among blacksmiths smiting the anvil or navvies wielding their hammers in the streets. In so far as they arose out of work, music and singing and dancing are naturally a single art. Herein the ancient ballad of Europe is a significant type. It is, as the name indicates, a dance as much as a song, performed by a singer who sang the story and a chorus who danced and shouted the apparently meaningless refrain; it is absolutely the chanty of the sailors, and is equally apt for the purposes of concerted work. And yet our most complicated musical forms

are evolved from similar dances. The symphony is but a development of a dance-suite,—in the first place folk-dances,—such as Bach and Händel composed. Indeed a dance still lingers always at the heart of music, and even at the heart of the composer. Mozart used often to say, so his wife stated, that it was dancing, not music, that he really cared for. Wagner believed that Beethoven's seventh symphony—to some of us the most fascinating of all of them, and the most purely musical—was an apotheosis of the dance, and even if that belief throws no light on the intention of Beethoven it is at least a revelation of Wagner's own feeling for the dance.

It is, however, the dance itself, apart from work and apart from the other arts, which, in the opinion of many to-day, has had a decisive influence in socializing, that is to say in moralizing, the human species. Work showed the necessity of harmonious rhythmic coöperation, but the dance developed that rhythmic coöperation and imparted a beneficent impetus to all human activities. It was Grosse, in his *Beginnings of Art*, who first clearly set forth the high social significance of the dance in the creation of human civilization. The participants in a dance, as all observers of savages have noted, exhibit a wonderful unison; they are, as it were, fused into a single being stirred by a single impulse. Social unification is thus accomplished. Apart from war, this is the chief factor making for social solidarity in primitive life; it was indeed the best training for war, as for all the other coöperative arts of life. All our most advanced civilization, Grosse insisted, is based on dancing. It is the dance that socialized man.

Thus, in the large sense, dancing has possessed peculiar value as a method of national education. As civilization

grew self-conscious this was realized. 'One may judge of a King,' according to an ancient Chinese maxim, 'by the state of dancing during his reign.' So also among the Greeks: it has been said that dancing and music lay at the foundation of the whole political and military as well as the religious organization of the Dorian states.

In the narrow sense, in individual education, the great importance of dancing came to be realized, even at an early stage of human development, and still more in the ancient civilizations. 'A good education,' Plato declared in the *Laws*, the final work of his old age, 'consists in knowing how to sing well and dance well.' And in our own day one of the keenest and most enlightened of educators has lamented the decay of dancing. The revival of dancing, Stanley Hall declares, is imperatively needed to give poise to the nerves, schooling to the emotions, strength to the will, and to harmonize the feelings and the intellect with the body which supports them.

It can scarcely be said that these functions of dancing are yet generally realized and embodied afresh in education. For if it is true that dancing engendered morality, it is also true that in the end, by the irony of fate, morality, grown insolent, sought to crush its own parent, and for a time succeeded only too well. Four centuries ago dancing was attacked by that spirit, in England called Puritanism, which at that time spread over the greater part of Europe, just as active in Bohemia as in England, and which has indeed been described as a general onset of developing Urbanism against the old Ruralism. It made no distinction between good and bad, nor paused to consider what would come when dancing went. So it was that, as Rémy de Gourmont remarks, the drinking-shop

conquered the dance, and alcohol replaced the violin.

But when we look at the function of dancing in life from a higher and wider standpoint, this episode in its history ceases to occupy so large a place. The conquest of dancing has never proved in the end a matter for rejoicing, even to morality, while an art which has been so intimately mixed with all the finest and deepest springs of life has always asserted itself afresh. For dancing is the loftiest, the most moving, the most beautiful of the arts, because it is no mere translation or abstraction from life; it is life itself. It is the only art, as Rahel Varnhagen said, of which we ourselves are the stuff.

It thus comes about that, beyond its manifold practical significance, dancing has always been felt to possess also a

symbolic significance. Marcus Aurelius was accustomed to regard the art of life as like the dancer's art, though that Imperial Stoic could not resist adding that in some respects it was more like the wrestler's art. In our own time, Nietzsche, from first to last, showed himself possessed by the conception of the art of life as a dance, in which the dancer achieves the rhythmic freedom and harmony of his soul beneath the shadow of a hundred Damoclean swords. The dance lies at the beginning of art, and we find it also at the end. The first creators of civilization were making the dance, and the philosopher of to-day, hovering over the dark abyss of insanity, with bleeding feet and muscles strained to the breaking-point, still seems to himself to be weaving the maze of the dance.

THE PROTESTANT IN ITALY

BY ZEPHINE HUMPHREY

THE Protestant is to be pitied who, spending the winter in Italy, does not become, at least for the time being, a Catholic.

There are various reasons for the perhaps wholly unprecedented conformity. In the first place — to begin with the lowest considerations — the traveler can hardly expect to understand Italy at all unless he puts himself in touch with the Church which has for so many ages shaped Italy's destiny, and which still profoundly sways the lives of her people. In the second place, it is never well to neglect an opportunity of putting prejudice to the test, of

soliciting possible new aspects of truth. In the third place — but the third argument looks ahead and anticipates a result proved by many people — in the third place, there is a priceless treasure here, a heritage which no Christian can afford to overlook.

To some of us, the revelation may not be an entire surprise; for there is a strong Catholic tendency nowadays in our own country and in our Episcopal Church. But the great majority of us are of course still Protestants, and the Puritan tradition is in our blood. To us Presbyterians, Congregationalists, Unitarians, Methodists, the appeal of

the Roman Church comes with a shock that is disconcerting, alarming, funny, quickening, regenerating, all sorts of stimulating and excellent things.

The intensity of our Protestant prejudice is strange and bitter. Perhaps it is inevitable — and therefore not so strange after all; but it is certainly founded on misconception and ignorance; and so assured is our human ideal of reasonableness and wisdom that we must insist on counting strange those follies which defeat it. Just because the Catholic Church had faults, just because certain of our fathers lost patience and rebelled and broke away, just because a new Church has developed along different lines, must we, born members of the new, despise and condemn the old, looking on it with almost as severe a disapproval as on Mohammedanism? Ridiculous! Yet the shuddering aversion to the Scarlet Woman is common. We think her depraved, hypocritical, unscrupulous in her policy, a foe to the advance of civilization, a perverter of the teachings of Christ, a dealer in the outworn evils of superstition and mystery, a panderer to all the baser elements in the religious instinct. According to our varying temperaments, we tingle with indignation or smile with scorn at her gaudy trappings and her elaborate ceremonies. Mummery! hood-winkings! planned to entice the unwary and fool the credulous. We avoid the Catholic churches of our cities as if they were so many halls of sorcery, and really know nothing at all about them. We are as afraid of a Jesuit priest as Ulysses was of the Siren. All this, it will readily be admitted, is not an unfair description of the state of mind of the majority of American Protestants.

Then we go abroad for the winter, and what happens to us? In saying that the revelation comes with a shock,

I have perhaps seemed to imply that it is sudden. But of course it cannot be immediate. A prejudice that yielded in a moment would not do credit to any one; it would hardly be worth the pains of persuasion. An enlisted Puritan sticks to his colors a long time. And, for every reason, this is well. Thorough changes must be gradual; profound transformations creep slowly, like the dawn, awaking peak after peak, until a whole continent, looking on at the process, finds itself flooded with light. This looking on, this amazed awareness, this silent self-observation, is part of the value and moment of the experience. To see one's self change before one's own eyes is keenly interesting.

The process begins accidentally. The traveler enters one of the Roman churches in quest of a double-starred mosaic. He regards the place more as a museum than as a church. Of course he takes off his hat at the door, and, perhaps in spite of himself, he abates his swinging stride a little; but his sight-seeing eagerness of mind acknowledges no check. Crossing in front of the high altar, his heels clicking loudly on the marble floor, he takes out his opera-glass, twists, and turns until he gets the mosaic focused, and then gives himself over to a prolonged contemplation and a careful study of his Baedeker. In the midst of his scrutiny, he hears a sound of chanting behind him, and, turning, sees a procession emerging into the nave. He is a little disturbed, almost annoyed. He had set aside this particular hour for an inspection of the artistic treasures of the church, and now he is going to be interrupted by some meaningless service or other.

But, whether he wants to or not, he has to yield his present position, directly in the path of the procession; and grudgingly he steps aside, his finger in his Baedeker. On comes the pro-

cession. The wide marble nave — cool and shining and white — is threaded with a stream of color and song. The flickering processional lights are vaguely reflected in the polished floor and pillars, the red or purple cassocks of the priests warmly underscore the long line of the white surplices, a great crucifix goes ahead or in the midst of the company, and perhaps a cardinal brings up the rear, his flaming meteor train borne by acolytes. The whole thing makes an impressive picture.

Again, whether he wants to or not, the traveler stands gazing at it, with riveted attention. Then, as the procession enters the choir and the solemn service begins, he draws insensibly nearer and slips his Baedeker into his pocket. He would not deliberately have 'come to church' here (perish the thought!), but now that he is surprised on the spot, he thinks that he may as well stay and see what happens next. Along with the gathering citizens and contadini, he elbows his way nearer to the choir-rail, and looks on with that peculiar expression of mingled curiosity, amusement, superiority, and bewilderment which marks him for what he is, an unbelieving foreigner. The only wonder to my mind is that the Church does not pitch a person with an expression like that heels over head out of doors.

Well, what does happen next is of course entirely unintelligible to him. He has no clue to the comings and goings, the genuflexions, the changes of position, the carrying around of books, the blessings and incensings. And the effect upon him depends altogether upon his temperament. He may speedily become bored, and, extricating himself from the crowd of worshipers, may betake himself to the side chapels, there to study altars and frescoes until the way is clear for him to return to the mosaic. He may do a much worse

thing. Standing just where he is, conspicuous in the front rank of worshipers, he may whip out his Baedeker and resume his study over the heads of the priests, ignoring the conduct of his neighbors and the warning of bells, until perhaps some indignant Catholic plucks at him from behind. But with such dispositions and actions this paper has not to do. The more susceptible Protestant remains at attention during the whole of the mysterious service, watching with such a breathless interest that he gradually loses consciousness of himself; and when the bell rings and all the people who are not already on their knees prostrate themselves, he — well, no, he probably does not kneel down, his Puritan joints will not let him, but he bows his head and the odious expression disappears from his face. That is enough. Mother Church, seeing that, is very glad that she did not pitch him out of doors.

The chances are that, this first service being over, the traveler forgets all about his Baedeker and strolls out into the Roman sunshine, revolving many obscure cogitations. He hardly knows what to think about, what kind of an impression has been made upon him; but he is aware that something has happened to change the current of his inner life. Very likely he does not take the thing at all seriously — what should there be serious about it? — but it interests him, he wants to get to the bottom of it. How did it occur that, stopping to look at a curious spectacle, he lost himself, and, released by and by, found himself with his temper of mind completely changed? The mere effect of beauty? Perhaps. There certainly had been no lack of beauty in the recent service. But the mosaic was beautiful too, and so was the church, with the long straight lines of its grand, open nave; yet he had admired

them and had been ready to go right on to the next point in his schedule for the day. The service had upset his equilibrium, had worked some subtle change in him, so that now he has to collect and rearrange his ideas. Curious! But it does not matter. Put it down to æsthetics, curiosity, what you will, and then forget it. The whole of Rome waits to be explored, and there is no time to waste in studying accidental vagaries of one's own temperament. Resolutely, the traveler brushes the unimaginable cloud from his mind; and, pulling out his Baedeker, hurries away to the Colosseum.

It may be that these accidental seizures will have to happen again and again before their object gives them anything but a spasmodic, puzzled attention. But nothing in Rome is more frequent than such accidents. At every corner a church, in every church some treasure of art, at almost every hour of the day some Mass or Vespers or Benediction. The voice of the Church becomes gradually as familiar to the traveler as the voice of the fountains in the squares, as the solemn voice of Tiber flowing underneath the bridges.

Such familiarity may breed contempt in some people, who go strolling about the aisles with their Baedekers more and more profanely; but in the particular kind of person that we have under consideration it breeds a slow understanding and sympathy. He begins to find himself listening for the same prayers in their sonorous Latin, watching for the same gestures of adoration or benediction; and by and by — this marks a greater step than he knows — he drops in at Piale's and asks, vaguely, doubtfully, 'Have you a Roman Catholic Prayer Book? Is there such a thing?' Then, supplied with *The Key of Heaven* or some other collection of liturgies, he retires to a bench in the Pincian and gives himself over

to a careful investigation of that which has so strangely aroused his interest.

But to his surprise, he discovers that, whatever may have seemed to him strange in the outer form of the Catholic service, its actual words are as profoundly familiar as the Lord's Prayer. He is not an Episcopalian — or he would have scented this likeness before — but every one is more or less familiar with the English Prayer Book, and every one recognizes its transcendent utterances. Almost word for word its Communion service is found embedded in the Roman Mass.

Well! The traveler springs to his feet and hurries off to the nearest church; and there — if all this has not happened too late in the day — he for the first time intelligently 'assists' at a Mass.

The experience is — there is hardly a word to indicate the mysterious depth and scope of it. It goes far down into the roots of being and far back into the past, stirring all sorts of forgotten memories, lurking associations of love and penitence and forgiveness. We talk about the 'faith of our fathers.' But who are our fathers? Only the few immediately ancestral generations of Puritans? There have been three centuries of them, but they themselves were begotten by eight or ten centuries of Catholics; and the early loyalties are in our blood as well as the later. Nay, many of us, through the various strains of our heritage, reach obscurely back to the very foundation of the Christian Church. It may perhaps be suggested that, as the early Catholics are our fathers, so are the Druids; but the Christian religion was of an authority to shatter all previous sources when once it appeared. At any rate, there is no doubt about it, that the susceptible mind of the latter-day Presbyterian makes a profound echo and response to every word of the

solemn ritual of the Catholic Church; and, following it, he loses himself and his present day in the whole history of humanity.

That does very well for the hour. A Catholic Mass, intelligently followed, precludes all immediate questionings and hesitations. But there comes a reaction when the traveler returns to his hotel, laden with as many books of Catholic doctrine as he can lay hands on; and a period of conflict begins. The poor Puritan finds himself horribly 'in for it' when he seriously sets himself to study the Roman Church. For, though his remote ancestors may be persistent in their influence upon him, their voices have nothing like the clamorous power of his more immediate forebears; and the latter rush to rescue him from what they conceive to be the peril of his soul.

For a little while he sits reading serenely, his face full of eager interest. Then he begins to frown and shake his head. By and by, he restlessly changes his position, or perhaps gets up and takes a turn about the room. He ends, according to his temperament, either by flinging his book into a corner or by laying it firmly and resolutely aside. No use! no good! Well, he might have known that no modern, enlightened Protestant can scratch the surface of the Roman Church without coming upon gross impossibilities. This 'deposit of faith,' these dogmatic articles of belief — how absurd to expect a twentieth-century mind to credit them! He is very sorry, quite unreasonably cast down. The detection of error is usually rather exhilarating, but this prompt disillusionment is distinctly disappointing. It is well that it came so promptly, however; for he was evidently building higher hopes than he knew, hopes for which there could not possibly be any foundation. He will learn his lesson and profit by it.

Now that he has proved to himself that he cannot share the beliefs on which the Catholic ceremony rests, it would be dishonest in him further to haunt the altar-rails. So, with an immense determination, he puts his recent interest away, and does not even enter a church for several days.

But how many churches there are in Rome! Their ubiquity had once been grateful to the traveler, but now he finds it cruel. He has to pass them at every turn; and always their doors are open, and people are thronging in. Sometimes he hears a sound of chanting or catches a whiff of incense; and every evening, when he returns to his hotel, the doors of the church at the head of the street are thrown wide and the high altar blazes for Benediction. Blazes and beckons. Yes, he has all he can do to resist it, all he can do to remind himself that he is not, cannot be, of this fold, and that to visit it is to try to deceive himself and God and man. He is really unhappy. He had had no idea that this new interest was taking such a hold upon him and that he was going to miss it so when he gave it up.

Then some evening it happens that he has had disturbing letters from home, or perhaps has had no letters at all, and is feeling lonely; and, as he approaches the beckoning church and looks up suddenly to catch the gleam of its many candles through the dusk, he can no longer stand it to remain outside. He does not stop to reason the matter, he does not even decide it; he simply crosses the street, runs up the steps, enters the door, and falls on his knees among the crowding people just as the sacred Host is elevated. Oh! then with what a rush does God come down into his heart! He covers his face, he bends, he bows, he holds his breath in a suspension of thought, and prays as he has not prayed in

many days. He cannot help it, he is possessed, carried out of himself.

A few minutes later, erect on his feet, soberly descending the steps, he takes a somewhat bewildered counsel with himself. He is a little ashamed. Had he not fully decided that he could not honestly attend Catholic services? Had he not conscientiously promised God and himself to stay away? Yet here behold him, prone on his knees before that which he knew could be no more divine than any other broken bit of bread! He has perjured himself, he ought to feel false and unclean, he takes himself bitterly to task. But the curious fact is that he does not feel false in the very least; he has seldom known a more wonderful lightness of heart, a more blessed sense of relief and well-being. God is not punishing him at all, but is rewarding him.

It is all so strange that he has to resume his investigation of the mystery. He begins to go to church again, not as a worshiper (if he can help it!) but as a spectator and student. There is something here that he has not fathomed by his scrutiny and rejection of dogma. He must try to find out what it is that lays such imperative hold on the spirit, ignoring its doubts and denials as if they were so much thin air. He is immensely glad to be able to give himself a respectable reason for renewing his altar-hauntings.

Being now so familiar with the forms of service that he does not have to concentrate his whole attention upon them in order to understand them, he adopts a different method of inquiry. He turns his attention to the worshipers. After all, they represent half of the significance of the ceremony. It is for them that the Church exists; for their sakes every Mass and Benediction is celebrated. If one does not understand what the service means to them, one cannot understand what it

may mean to any one — even to God. Moreover, the traveler has been humbled by his recent failure to shape a correct analysis and to arrive at a solid conclusion from his own unsupplemented point of view. Having startled himself by his own refusal to abide by his own decisions, he thinks that he may just as well try to see how the matter under discussion looks to other people.

They are a heterogeneous lot, an Italian congregation, if indeed they are to be called by such an orderly word. The New England Congregationalist is at first inclined to be shocked by their casualness. They run in and out of their churches as if they were so many children darting home to have mother tie their apron-strings, and then, with a flying kiss, bounding away to their play once more. The figure seems to preclude reverence, and there is little awe in the demeanor of Italian worshipers. They are as much at home in their churches as in their kitchens or streets, and they treat the one precinct with just about as much deference as the other. Glorious marble pavements, dirt-floors, rough cobble paving-stones — these are all equally the highway of life. They bring all sorts of things to church with them: market-baskets, bundles, babies, even now and then a dog. They never think of 'dressing up' in honor of Heaven; a handkerchief thrown over the heads of the hatless women is the only change of costume a church-door requires. Rags and velvets, handkerchiefs and ostrich plumes make no demur at kneeling side by side, apparently unconscious of their own disparity. The clothes in which one habitually faces life are the most appropriate clothes in which to worship God. Even the grave and stately priests, in their magnificent vestments, inspire no deference. When the choir-rail does not intervene, the flock presses

close on the heels of the shepherd, crowding to the very steps of the altar. Many a little child runs and peers over the shoulder of an officiating Father, steadying himself, unreprieved, by the clutch of his tiny fingers at the gorgeous embroidered folds of cope or chasuble.

All this, as I suggested, is at first rather disconcerting to the New Englander, used to the punctual precision of his native congregations and to their solemnly respectful demeanor. In a church like Santa Maria Maggiore, where there are no seats at all,—let alone pews,—the whole body of the nave is pervaded with a shifting restlessness, a continual coming and going which seems open to the interpretation of sheer irreverence. How can people at the same time wander about and worship God?

Well, they can; there is no doubt about it. See them bend the knee every time they pass the significant red lamp before an altar; watch how swiftly they prostrate themselves at the first sound of the sanctus bell. They know what they are here for, and they attend to all the monitions of the Church; but they do it easily, naturally, from the ordinary level of their daily lives. They make no more ado about greeting God than about greeting their next-door neighbor. They treat Him carelessly simply because they feel so at home with Him.

Does He like it? One wonders. There is a tribute in our northern awe and veneration, a significance in our special, occasional services, for which we prepare ourselves and to which we bring our earnest, thorough attention. We make every effort to treat Heaven with respect. But perhaps Heaven, having first created man in its image and then having entered his flesh the better to redeem him, prefers love and confidence to veneration, would rather

see its worship a natural part of everyday experience than relegated to certain formal occasions. What does the Incarnation mean if not the complete condescension of Divinity, the perfect sharing of God with man?

This is the point which makes the first intellectual impression upon the inquiring traveler. He seizes upon it eagerly as a golden clue. For we Protestants have not for nothing exalted our intellects; we are now hag-ridden by the precious things, and cannot comfortably solve any problem without their coöperation. If it is true that the methods of the Catholic Church embody the principle of the Incarnation better than any other, then that is reason enough for its power. On solid ground at last (so he thinks), the traveler haunts his churches more diligently than ever and watches with wide interest.

It is certainly true that the Catholic Church as a whole is in touch with her children during every hour of the day. Not only through the many stated services, but, more significantly, when no bell rings an invitation, when altar and choir are deserted by the chanting priests. These silent intervals between Masses and Benedictions are more fruitful of love and conviction to the traveler than anything else. For never does he enter a church—no matter how obscure, how remote, how unadvertised—that he does not find some man or woman kneeling before an altar or a shrine, lost in supplication. There is reverence and concentration enough in these private worshipers. They prostrate, they abandon themselves, 'clinging Heaven by the hems'; they pour out their souls in adoration or in entreaty.

The traveler is greatly moved by them. Sometimes, with his finger on his lips, he steals away and leaves them to their communion; sometimes, averting

his face, he kneels at a distance and joins his prayer with theirs. Of the two actions, the latter is the truer — only that he really need not trouble to avert his face. For the Catholic sentiment is frank and open, knowing no shame, no selfconsciousness. It does not mind expressing itself in the face of the world.

Realizing this, the traveler also realizes, with something of a shock, how unconsciously he himself has already been moulded by Catholic influence. Now that he comes to think about it, when did he take to kneeling at altars or in corners of churches? When did he begin crossing himself, — as he suddenly finds himself doing, with all the swift spontaneity of long habit? Astonishing! He is surprised at himself, and also he is a little alarmed. Can it be that he is becoming a Catholic un-awares?

The question is an arresting one. Protestant circumspection feels bound to consider it carefully, to apply the usual methods of analysis and judgment to the situation. But a lifelong habit of being on one's guard can pall sometimes, can even irritate. The traveler does not want to pull himself up short, to watch and weigh, to sift and criticize. He is enjoying his new experience, and he would like to give himself up to it, to let himself go. Let himself go! It is a big moment in a Protestant's spiritual life when he contemplates the possibility of doing such a thing.

After all, what harm can ensue? There are other faculties in human nature besides judgment and intelligence. Every one knows that; but now and then it appears to an individual that there is a host of hidden and quite unsuspected faculties lurking in him. Where did they come from? What do they mean? How shall he deal with them? They are so shy, so unused to

the open, that the limelight of the intelligence (ah, the brave intelligence!) turned on them, disperses and shatters them at once; they will not stay to be analyzed. Therefore, even from the intellectual point of view, is it not better to leave them alone, to let them come out and assert themselves, and then, when they are in full action, turn on the light and investigate them? Time enough for judgment when the case is in hand.

Having, by such reasoning, characteristically fortified himself on the side of conscience as well as of desire, the traveler enters upon the happiest phase of his experience: he does, for almost the first time in his religious life, completely let himself go. He fairly lives in his favorite church; he is as much at home there as the beggars who have their regular seats at the door. He comes to know the Mass by heart. He sways with the rest of the worshipers, kneeling, prostrating himself, adoring the Host. Between services, he seeks an altar before which hangs a red lamp, and, kneeling again, gives himself over to a feeling of the Presence of God. Tired with sight-seeing in the late afternoon, he seeks the nearest church, and, at the showing of the Host, feels all his weariness slip from him and a wonderful refreshment of peace descend upon him. He does not question or argue now; he simply — lets himself go.

Once in a while, to be sure, it happens that he is caught by some statement of dogma in a sermon, and his recent ancestors rush in upon him, striving to save him, to rouse him to a proper sense of his intellectual dignity. 'Oh! that is not true, you know it is not,' they cry, urging him. 'Come away! This is no place for you.' But he pacifies them as well as he can. 'Wait,' he says. 'Your turn will come later. I am waiting too.' It is a great

experience. There has never been anything like it for completeness of abandon, for ecstasy.

It lasts — well, of course it might last forever, it has eternity in it. But the traveler does not allow that — at least, not without interruption; he has given his word to his intelligence and to his ancestors. After some glorious weeks or months of unreflecting worship, when he is thoroughly steeped in the spirit of the Catholic Church, when its services are as familiar to him as the processes of his own mind, he calls a halt and sits down to consider, once more on his guard, with all his wits about him. Surely by this time those strange faculties which evaded his scrutiny three months ago are sufficiently heartened by food and exercise to stand still and let him study them.

Indeed they are! No sooner does he turn on the valued limelight which he has reserved so carefully for the last three months than he discovers a positive wealth of material for it to play upon. It is amazing how fast and how greatly the aspect of one's mind can change, under the stress of experience, if one leaves it alone. Here are needs and hopes and aspirations, humilities and obediences, abnegations and resolutions, of whose existence the traveler had never dreamed. They are all very brave and confident too; and when he challenges them gently, loving them so at first sight that he holds his breath for fear of frightening and losing them, they answer back securely. It appears that, though it may be well to judge things in the light of reason, it is desirable first to let life supply the things.

In the light of reason, what can the Protestant make of the spiritually and emotionally convincing worship of the Catholic Church? This is the question which the traveler sets himself, and which he summons all his faculties, old and new, to help him answer. To his

joy, he finds that the ensuing phase of his experience is almost as exciting as that which immediately preceded it; for, instead of plucking his dream down from the sky, it hastens to build an unexpected foundation under it.

Take that cardinal doctrine, that belief on which the whole ceremony rests: the peculiar, actual Presence of God in the Sacrament. Can a Protestant justify the adoration of the Host? Yes, if only from the point of view of symbolism. God is everywhere — all Catholics as well as all Protestants understand that fully. But, such creatures of time and space are we mortals that that which is everywhere might almost as well be nowhere; we have to limit and define things before we can apprehend them. It is immensely valuable to us to be able, as it were, to focus God, to conceive Him as peculiarly present in one spot. The universe speaks of Him, but it also speaks of man and the devil. The red lamp before an altar speaks of but One Presence, and before it we do well to prostrate heart and body. Moreover, the Sacrament gives us the human joy of seeking God. A lover is glad to take some pains, to put himself to some trouble, for his beloved. It is blessed to long after God at a distance from any church, and, rising, make one's way over the streets, hurrying, running, scarce able to wait. 'Oh! that I knew where I might find Him!' That is the burden of the ages before Christ, the natural burden of all humanity. Christ understood it, and his Church has set itself to minister first of all to the thirsty need.

The Incarnation! Again it seems that the Catholic Church embodies the principle better than any other. The miracle is repeated each day; with the revolving sun, it is at every moment taking place somewhere on the earth. The Word is perpetually being made

flesh and dwelling among us. And the great sacrifice is forever accomplished. The Catholic Church has caught the spirit of eternity, in that it refuses to relegate the Birth and the Passion to their set periods, far in the past, but insists on regarding them as continually happening. Christ is as actually with us as He was with Peter and John.

The stateliness of the Catholic worship springs naturally from its conception of its august function. That which brings God to pass every day must behave itself very seemly, must use all possible means of impressing its significance upon the people. To that end the elaborate ceremonies, the symbolism of vestments and lights and incense, the gestures of authority and adoration. To that end also the over-decoration, even the tawdriness. For comparatively few people care for the finer, severer aspects of beauty, whereas hundreds of thousands love paper garlands and gaudy hangings and bright pictures. The Catholic Church exists for the multitude, and must see to it that the simple hearts are fed.

The authority of the Church is the claim over which the Protestant has the greatest difficulty. How can he bring himself to accept the doctrine of infallibility, how can he consent to have his own personal beliefs decreed for him? Very likely he cannot. On this point it is probable that his Puritan ancestors will win triumphantly. But, whether one accepts it or not, there is something to be said for the Catholic position. In all the warring, conflicting beliefs of the generations of men, something must be absolutely true and something false. It is hopeless to try to arrive at a common truth through individual dicta; for those shift not only from man to man, but also from year to year in the experience of the same person. Yet how can the world go on if it know not a common

truth? It has not gone on very well so far. Its progress has been so haphazard, so interrupted, so counter-balanced by collapse and retrogression, that many intelligent people deny that it has progressed at all. We pull too many ways. It would be interesting to try the experiment of pulling the same way for a change, of acknowledging — all of us — one standard of faith and morality, and working consciously for one end. We are at heart a great deal more alike than we are different, and we could easily and gladly work together. But somebody must set us our standard, and who is so fit to do that as the Church which has for ages concerned itself with spiritual matters, studying the teachings of Christ, interpreting them, and reconciling their inconsistencies?

The argument holds good in regard to the temporal as well as the spiritual supremacy of the Church. The two supremacies should not be sundered — that is the ultimate truth. All life is spiritual, all questions should be decided spiritually; it is not conceivable that a problem should ever arise which might not better be handled religiously than politically. The words of Christ are sufficient to cover the whole development of our civilization, and would save us from many a needless complexity if we followed them more closely.

Perhaps the idea of an infallible Church is not tenable, since popes and cardinals and priests are human. The Church's weakness undoubtedly lies in her presumption and rigidity. She forgets that the principle of all life is growth, and that if she is to maintain her vitality, she must adapt herself to changing conditions. But she is awakening to that understanding. Her Modernist movement is full of hope and promise to her well-wishers. Meantime, though she may make mistakes, she

probably makes fewer than any individual, trying out his own experiments; and her leadership is invaluable, even if her dogmatic decrees are sometimes at fault.

Her source of weakness is also her strength. There is a great force in that which has been maintained and believed for thousands of years, and the power of unity cannot be overestimated. The human heart loves tradition. Of course! Tradition builds up reality for it, helps it to find a foothold in the midst of the transient welter of immediacy. What millions of our fellow creatures have felt and have slowly shaped into expression out of their common need and understanding must have a bigger measure of truth than the uncertain guesses which any one of us is able to formulate. There is something elemental in the ritual of the Catholic Church, something of the command of the old sea and the mountains. But even the sea and the mountains change. The Church must not destroy herself by standing still.

Such a meditation as this on the part of the Protestant traveler may leave much to be desired from a Catholic point of view. But it is simply worlds removed from any meditation which he would have been able to make, or even conceive, three months before. He bears a changed heart — how deeply changed he realizes more

and more as his life goes on. When he returns to his own country and to his New England Church, he finds that all things look different to him. The nature of his reaction then (a re-reaction it is in truth), depends upon his temperament and his circumstances. He may remain unshaken in his allegiance to the denominational fellowship in which he has been brought up, or his new needs and aspirations may carry him away. In the former case, though the sectarian service will seem formal and matter-of-fact to him, he will also look deeper into it than he ever did before and he will find new echoes and meanings in its ungarnished rites. Unobtrusively, he will slip to his knees during the prayers, and he will create for himself the image of an altar and a glowing, darkling light. 'This is my body' — ah! never again can he hear those tremendous words without prostrating himself.

The conclusion? There is no conclusion. The experience is not an ordered process, with beginning and middle and end. It is a rich hue, dyeing the whole of life; or, better, it is a new light, the light of eternity, which passeth not away. The Protestant who has once learned to kneel devoutly in a Catholic Church will never thereafter wholly escape, for the altar before which he bows has been set up in his own heart.

THE CLINGING VINE

BY EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON

BE calm? And was I frantic?
You'll have me laughing soon.
I'm calm as this Atlantic,
And quiet as the moon;
I may have spoken faster
Than once, in other days;
For I've no more a master,
And now — 'Be calm,' he says.

Fear not, — fear no commotion, —
I'll be as rocks and sand;
The moon and stars and ocean
Will envy my command;
No creature could be stiller
In any kind of place
Than I . . . No, I'll not kill her;
Her death is in her face.

Be happy while she has it,
For she'll not have it long;
A year, and then you'll pass it,
Preparing a new song.
And I'm a fool for prating
Of what a year may bring,
When more like her are waiting
For more like you to sing.

You mock me with denial,
You dare to call me hard?
You see no room for trial
When all my doors are barred?
You say, and you'd say dying,
That I dream what I know, —

And sighing, and denying,
You'd hold my hand and go.

You scowl — and I don't wonder;
I spoke too fast again;
But you'll forgive one blunder,
For you are like most men:
You are, — or so you've told me,
So many mortal times,
That heaven ought not to hold me
Accountable for crimes.

Be calm? Was I unpleasant?
Then I'll be more discreet,
And grant you, for the present,
The balm of my defeat:
What she, with all her striving
Could not have brought about, —
You've done. Your own contriving
Has put the last light out.

If she were the whole story,
If worse were not behind,
I'd creep with you to glory,
Believing I was blind;
I'd creep, and go on seeming
To be what I despise.
You laugh, and say I'm dreaming,
And all your laughs are lies.

Are women mad? A few are,
And if it's true you say —
If most men are as you are —
We'll all be mad some day.
Be calm — and let me finish;
There's more for you to know.
I'll talk while you diminish,
And listen while you grow.

There was a man who married
Because he could n't see;

THE CLINGING VINE

And all his days he carried
The marks of his degree.
But you — you came clear-sighted,
And found truth in my eyes;
And all my wrongs you've righted
With lies, and lies, and lies.

You've killed the last assurance
That once would have me strive
To rouse an old endurance
That is no more alive.
It makes two people chilly
To say what we have said,
But you — you'll not be silly
And wrangle for the dead.

You don't? You never wrangle?
Why scold then, — or complain?
More words will only mangle
What you've already slain.
Your pride you can't surrender?
My name — for that you fear?
Since when were men so tender,
And honor so severe?

No more — I'll never bear it.
I'm going. I'm like ice.
My burden? You would share it?
Forbid the sacrifice!
Forget so quaint a notion,
And let no more be told;
For moon and stars and ocean
And you and I are cold.

THE STREET

BY SIMEON STRUNSKY

It is two short blocks from my office near Park Row to the Subway station where I take the express for Belshazzar Court. Eight months in the year it is my endeavor to traverse this distance as quickly as I can. This is done by cutting diagonally across the street traffic. By virtue of the law governing right-angled triangles I thus save as much as fifty feet and one fifth of a minute of time. In the course of a year this saving amounts to sixty minutes, which may be profitably spent over a two-reel presentation of 'The Moonshiner's Bride,' supplemented by an intimate picture of Lumbering in Saskatchewan. But with the coming of warm weather my habits change. It grows more difficult to plunge into the murk of the Subway.

A foretaste of the languor of June is in the air. The turnstile storm-doors in our office building, which have been put aside for brief periods during the first deceptive approaches of spring, only to come back triumphant from Elba, have been definitively removed. The steel-workers pace their girders twenty floors high almost in mid-season form, and their pneumatic hammers scold and chatter through the sultry hours. The soda-fountains are bright with new compounds whose names ingeniously reflect the world's progress from day to day in politics, science, and the arts. From my window I can see the long black steamships pushing down to the sea, and they raise vague speculations in my mind about the cost of living in the vicinity of Sorrento and Fontaine-

bleau. On such a day I am reminded of my physician's orders, issued last December, to walk a mile every afternoon on leaving my office. So I stroll up Broadway with the intention of taking my train farther up-town, at Fourteenth Street.

The doctor did not say stroll. He said a brisk walk with head erect, chest thrown out, diaphragm well contracted, and a general aspect of money in the bank. But here enters human perversity. The only place where I am in the mood to walk after the prescribed military fashion is in the open country. Just where by all accounts I ought to be sauntering without heed to time, studying the lovely texts which Nature has set down in the modest type-forms selected from her inexhaustible fonts, — in the minion of ripening berries, in the nonpareil of crawling insect life, the agate of tendril and filament, and the 12-point diamond of the dust, — there I stride along and see little.

And in the city, where I should swing along briskly, I lounge. What is there on Broadway to linger over? On Broadway, Nature has used her biggest, fattest type-forms. Tall, flat, building fronts, brazen with many windows and ribbed with commercial gilt lettering six feet high; shrieking proclamations of auction sales written in letters of fire on vast canvasses; railway posters in scarlet and blue and green; rotatory barber-poles striving at the national colors and producing vertigo; banners, escutcheons, crests, in all the primary colors — surely none of these things

needs poring over. And I know them with my eyes closed. I know the windows where lithe youths in gymnasium dress demonstrate the virtue of home exercises; the windows where other young men do nothing but put on and take off patent reversible near-linen collars; where young women deftly roll cigarettes; where other young women whittle at sticks with miraculously stropped razors. I know these things by heart, yet I linger over them in flagrantly unhygienic attitudes, my shoulders bent forward and my chest and diaphragm in a position precisely the reverse of that prescribed by the doctor.

Perhaps the thing that makes me linger before these familiar sights is the odd circumstance that in Broadway's shop-windows Nature is almost never herself, but is either supernatural or artificial. Nature, for instance, never intended that razors should cut wood and remain sharp; that linen collars should keep on getting cleaner the longer they are worn; that glass should not break; that ink should not stain; that gauze should not tear; that an object worth five dollars should sell for \$1.39; but all these things happen in Broadway windows. Williams, whom I meet now and then, who sometimes turns and walks up with me to Fourteenth Street, pointed out to me the other day how strange a thing it was that the one street which has become a synonym for 'real life' to all good suburban Americans is not real at all, but is crowded either with miracles or with imitations.

The windows on Broadway glow with wax fruits and with flowers of muslin and taffeta drawn by bounteous Nature from her storehouses in Parisian garret workshops. Broadway's ostrich feathers have been plucked in East Side tenements. The huge cigars in the tobacconist's windows are of wood. The enormous bottles of champagne

in the saloons are of cardboard, and empty. The tall scaffoldings of proprietary medicine bottles in the drug shops are of paper. 'Why,' said Williams, 'even the jewelry sold in the Japanese auction stores is not genuine, and the sellers are not Japanese.'

This bustling mart of commerce, as the generation after the Civil War used to say, is only a world of illusion. Artificial flowers, artificial fruits, artificial limbs, tobacco, rubber, silks, woolens, straws, gold, silver. The young men and women who manipulate razors and elastic cords are real, but not always. Williams and I once stood for a long while and gazed at a young woman posing in a drug-shop window, and argued whether she was alive. Ultimately she winked and Williams gloated over me. But how do I know her wink was real? At any rate the great mass of human life in the windows is artificial. The ladies who smile out of charming morning costumes are obviously of lining and plaster. Their smug Herculean husbands in pajamas preserve their equanimity in the severest winter weather only because of their wire-and-plaster constitution. The baby reposing in its beribboned crib is china and excelsior. Illusion everywhere.

But the Broadway crowd is real. You only have to buffet it for five minutes to feel, in eyes and arms and shoulders, how real it is. When I was a boy and was taken to the circus it was always an amazing thing to me that there should be so many people in the street moving in a direction away from the circus. Something of this sensation still besets me whenever we go down in the Subway from Belshazzar Court to hear Caruso. The presence of all the other people on our train is simple enough. They are all on their way to hear Caruso. But what of the crowds in the trains that flash by in the opposite direction? It is not a question of feel-

ing sorry for them. I try to understand and I fail. But on Broadway on a late summer afternoon the obverse is true. The natural thing is that the living tide as it presses south shall beat me back, halt me, eddy around me. I know that there are people moving north with me, but I am not acutely aware of them. This onrush of faces converges on me alone. It is I against half the world.

And then suddenly out of the surge of faces one leaps out at me. It is Williams, whose doctor has told him that the surest way of fighting down the lust for tobacco is to walk down from his office to the ferry every afternoon. Williams and I salute each other after the fashion of Broadway, which is to exchange greetings backward over the shoulder. This is the first step in an elaborate minuet. Because we have passed each other before recognition came, our hands fly out backward. Now we whirl half around, so that I who have been moving north face the west, while Williams, who has been traveling south, now looks east. Our clasped hands strain at each other as we stand there poised for flight after the first greeting. A quarter of a minute perhaps, and we have said good-bye.

But if the critical quarter of a minute passes, there ensues a change of geographical position which corresponds to a change of soul within us. I suddenly say to myself that there are plenty of trains to be had at Fourteenth Street. Williams recalls that another boat will leave Battery Place shortly after the one he is bound for. So the tension of our outstretched arms relaxes. I, who have been facing west, complete the half circle and swing south. Williams veers due north, and we two men stand face to face. The beat and clamor of the crowd fall away from us like a well-trained stage mob. We are in Broadway, but not of it.

'Well, what's the good word?' says Williams.

When two men meet on Broadway the spirit of optimism strikes fire. We begin by asking each other what the good word is. We take it for granted that neither of us has anything but a chronicle of victory and courage to relate. What other word but the good word is tolerable in the lexicon of living, upstanding men? Failure is only for the dead. Surrender is for the man with yellow in his nature. So Williams and I pay our acknowledgments to this best of possible worlds. I give Williams the good word. I make no allusion to the fact that I have spent a miserable night in communion with neuralgia; how can that possibly concern him? Another manuscript came back this morning from an editor who regretted that his is the most unintelligent body of readers in the country. The third cook in three weeks left us last night after making vigorous reflections on my wife's good nature and my own appearance. Only an hour ago, as I was watching the long, black steamers bound for Sorrento and Fontainebleau, the monotony of one's treadmill work, the flat unprofitableness of scribbling endlessly on sheets of paper, had become almost a nausea. But Williams will know nothing of this from me. Why should he? He may have been sitting up all night with a sick child. At this very moment the thought of the little parched lips, the moan, the unseeing eyes, may be tearing at his entrails; but he in turn gives me the good word, and many others after that, and we pass on.

But sometimes I doubt. This splendid optimism of people on Broadway, in the Subway and in the shops and offices — is it really a sign of high spiritual courage, or is it just lack of sensibility? Do we find it easy to keep a stiff upper lip, to buck up, to never say die, because we are brave men, or simply

because we lack the sensitiveness and the imagination to react to pain? It may be even worse than that. It may be part of our commercial gift for window-dressing, for putting up a good front.

Sometimes I feel that Williams has no right to be walking down Broadway on business when there is a stricken child at home. The world cannot possibly need him at that moment as much as his own flesh and blood does. It is not courage; it is brutish indifference. At such times I am tempted to dismiss as mythical all this fine talk about feelings that run deep beneath the surface, and bruised hearts that ache under the smile. If a man really suffers he will show it. If a man cultivates the habit of not showing emotion he will end by having none to show. How much of Broadway's optimism is — But here I am paraphrasing William James's *Principles of Psychology*, which the reader can just as well consult for himself in the latest revised edition of 1907.

Also, I am exaggerating. Most likely Williams's children are all in perfect health, and my envelope from the editor has brought a check instead of a rejection slip. It is on such occasions that Williams and I, after shaking hands the way a locomotive takes on water on the run, wheel around, halt, and proceed to buy something at the rate of two for a quarter. If any one is ever inclined to doubt the spirit of American fraternity, it is only necessary to recall the number of commodities for men that sell two for twenty-five cents. In theory, the two cigars which Williams and I buy for twenty-five cents are worth fifteen cents apiece. As a matter of fact they are probably ten-cent cigars. But the shopkeeper is welcome to his extra nickel. It is a small price to pay for the seal of comradeship that stamps his pair of cigars

selling for a single quarter. Two men who have concluded a business deal in which each has commendably tried to get the better of the other may call for twenty-five cent perfectos or for half-dollar Dreadnoughts. I understand there are such. But friends sitting down together will always demand cigars that go for a round sum, two for a quarter or three for fifty (if the editor's check is what it ought to be).

When people speak of the want of real comradeship among women, I sometimes wonder if one of the reasons may not be that the prices which women are accustomed to pay are individualistic instead of fraternal. The soda fountains and the street cars do not dispense goods at the rate of two items for a single coin. It is infinitely worse in the department stores. Treating a friend to something that costs \$2.79 is inconceivable. But I have really wandered from my point.

'Well, be good,' says Williams, and rushes off to catch his boat.

The point I wish to make is that on Broadway people pay tribute to the principle of goodness that rules this world, both in the way they greet and in the way they part. We salute by asking each other what the good word is. When we say good-bye we enjoin each other to be good. The humorous assumption is that gay devils like Williams and me need to be constantly warned against straying off into the primrose paths that run out of Broadway.

Simple, humorous, average American man! You have left your suburban couch in time to walk half a mile to the station and catch the 7.59 for the city. You have read your morning paper; discussed the weather, the tariff, and the prospects for lettuce with your neighbor; and made the office only a minute late. You have

been fastened to your desk from nine o'clock to five, with half an hour for lunch, which you have eaten in a clamorous, overheated restaurant while you watched your hat and coat. At odd moments during the day the thought of doctor's bills, rent bills, school bills, has insisted on receiving attention. At the end of the day, laden with parcels from the market, from the hardware store, from the seedman, you are bound for the ferry to catch the 5.43, when you meet Smith, who, having passed the good word, sends you on your way with the injunction to be good — not to play roulette, not to open wine, not to turkey-trot, not to joy-ride, not to haunt the stage door. Be good, O simple, humorous, average suburban American!

I take back that word suburban. The Sunday Supplement has given it a meaning which is not mine. I am speaking only of the suburban in spirit, of a simplicity, a meekness which is of the soul only. Outwardly there is nothing suburban about the crowd on lower Broadway. The man in the street is not at all the diminutive, apologetic creature with side whiskers whom Mr. F. B. Oppen brought forth and named Common People, who begat the Strap-Hanger, who begat the Rent-Payer and the Ultimate Consumer. The crowd on lower Broadway is alert and well set up. Yes, though one hates to do it, I must say 'clean-cut.' The men on the sidewalk are young, limber, sharp-faced, almost insolent young men. There are not very many old men in the crowd, though I see any number of gray-haired young men. Seldom do you detect the traditional signs of age, the sagging lines of the face, the relaxed abdominal contour, the tamed spirit. The young, the young-old, the old-young, but rarely quite the old.

I am speaking only of externals. Clean-cut, eager faces are very fre-

quently disappointing. A very ordinary mind may be working behind that clear sweep of brow and nose and chin. I have known the shock of young men who look like kings of Wall Street and speak like shoe clerks. They are shoe clerks. But the appearance is there, that athletic carriage which is helped out by our triumphant, ready-made clothing. I suppose I ought to detest the tailor's tricks which iron out all ages and all stations into a uniformity of padded shoulders and trim waist-lines and hips. I imagine I ought to despise our habit of wearing elegant shoddy where the European chooses honest, clumsy woollens. But I am concerned only with externals, and in outward appearances a Broadway crowd beats the world. Æsthetically we simply are in a class by ourselves when compared with the Englishman and the Teuton in their skimpy, ill-cut garments. Let the British and German ambassadors at Washington do their worst. This is my firm belief and I will maintain it against the world. The truth must out. *Ruat cælum. Ich kann nicht anders. J'y suis, j'y reste.*

Williams laughs at my lyrical outbursts. But I am not yet through. I still have to speak of the women in the crowd. What an infinitely finer thing is a woman than a man of her class! To see this for yourself you have only to walk up Broadway until the southward-bearing stream breaks off and the tide begins to run from west to east. You have passed out of the commercial district into the region of factories. It is well on toward dark, and the barracks that go by the unlovely name of loft buildings, are pouring out their battalions of needle-workers. The crowd has become a mass. The nervous pace of lower Broadway slackens to the steady, patient tramp of a host. It is an army of women, with here and there a flying detachment of the male.

On the faces of the men the day's toil has written its record even as on the women, but in a much coarser hand. Fatigue has beaten down the soul of these men into brutish indifference, but in the women it has drawn fine the flesh only to make it more eloquent of the soul. Instead of listlessness, there is wistfulness. Instead of vacuity you read mystery. Innate grace rises above the vulgarity of the dress. Cheap, tawdry blouse and imitation willow-plume walk shoulder to shoulder with the shoddy coat of the male, copying Fifth Avenue as fifty cents may attain to five dollars. But the men's shoddy is merely a horror, whereas woman transfigures and subtilizes the cheap material. The spirit of grace which is the birthright of her sex cannot be killed — not even by the presence of her best young man in Sunday clothes. She is finer by the heritage of her sex, and America has accentuated her title. This America which drains her youthful vigor with overwork, which takes from her cheeks the color she has brought from her Slavic or Italian peasant home, makes restitution by remoulding her in more delicate, more alluring lines, gives her the high privilege of charm — and neurosis.

Williams and I pause at the Subway entrances and watch the earth suck in the crowd. It lets itself be swallowed up with meek good-nature. Our amazing good-nature! Political philosophers have deplored the fact. They have urged us to be quicker-tempered, more resentful of being stepped upon, more inclined to write letters to the editor. I agree that only in that way can we be rid of political bosses, of brutal policemen, of ticket-speculators, of taxicab extortioners, of insolent waiters, of janitors, of indecent congestion in travel, of unheated cars in the winter and barred-up windows in summer. I am at heart with the social philoso-

phers. But then I am not typical of the crowd. When my neighbor's elbow injects itself into the small of my back, I twist around and glower at him. I forget that his elbow is the innocent mechanical result of a whole series of elbows and backs extending the length of the car, to where the first cause operates in the form of a station-guard's shoulder ramming the human cattle into their stalls. In the faces about me there is no resentment. Instead of smashing windows, instead of raising barricades in the Subway and hanging the train-guards with their own lanterns about their necks, the crowd sways and bends to the lurching of the train, and young voices call out cheerfully, 'Plenty of room ahead.'

Horribly good-natured! We have taken a phrase which is the badge of our shame and turned it into a jest. Plenty of room ahead! If this were a squat, ill-formed proletarian race obviously predestined to subjection, one might understand. But that a crowd of trim, well-cut, self-reliant Americans, sharp-featured, alert, insolent as I have called them, that they should submit is a puzzle. Perhaps it is because of the fierce democracy of it all. The crush, the enforced intimacies of physical contact, the feeling that a man's natural condition is to push and be pushed, to shove ahead when the opportunity offers and to take it like a man when no chance presents itself — that is equality. A seat in the Subway is like the prizes of life for which men have fought in these United States. You struggle, you win or lose. If the other man wins there is no envy; admiration rather, provided he has not shouldered and elbowed out of reason. That god-like freedom from envy is passing to-day, and perhaps the good nature of the crowd in the Subway will pass. I see signs of the approaching change. People do not call out, 'Plenty of

room ahead,' so frequently as they used to.

Good-natured when dangling from the strap in the Subway, good-natured in front of baseball bulletins on Park Row, good-natured in the face of so much oppression and injustice, where is the supposed cruelty of the 'mob'? I am ready to affirm on oath that the mob is not vindictive, that it is not cruel. It may be a bit sharp-tongued, fickle, a bit mischievous, but in the heart of the crowd there is no evil passion. The evil comes from the leaders, the demagogues, the professional distorters of right thinking and right feeling. The crowd in the bleachers is not the clamorous, brute mob of tradition. I have watched faces in the bleachers and in the grand-stand and seen little of that fury which is supposed to animate the fan. For the most part he sits there with folded arms, thin-lipped, eager, but after all conscious that there are other things in life besides baseball. No, it is the leaders, the baseball editors, the cartoonists, the humorists, the professional stimulators of 'local pride,' with their exaggerated gloatings over a game won, their poisonous attacks upon a losing team, who are responsible. It is these demagogues who drill the crowd in the gospel of loving only a winner — but if I keep on I shall be in politics before I know it.

If you see in the homeward crowd in the Subway a face over which the pall of depression has settled, that face very likely is bent over the comic pictures in the evening paper. I cannot recall seeing any one smile over these long serials of humorous adventure which run from day to day and from year to year. I have seen readers turn mechanically to these lurid comics and pore over them, foreheads puckered into a frown, lips unconsciously spelling out the long legends which issue in

the form of little balloons and lozenges from that amazing portrait gallery of dwarfs, giants, shrilling viragos and their diminutive husbands, devil-children, quadrupeds, insects, — an entire zoölogy. If any stimulus rises from these pages to the puzzled brain, the effect is not visible. I imagine that by dint of repetition through the years these grotesque creations have become a reality to millions of readers. It is no longer a question of humor, it is a vice. The Desperate Desmonds, the Newly-weds, and the Dingbats, have acquired a horrible fascination. Otherwise I cannot see why readers of the funny page should appear to be memorizing pages from Euclid.

This by way of anticipation. What the doctor has said of exercise being a habit which grows easy with time is true. It is the first five minutes of walking that are wearisome. I find myself strolling past Fourteenth Street, where I was to take my train for Belshazzar Court. Never mind, Forty-Second Street will do as well. I am now on a different Broadway. The crowd is no longer north and south, but flows in every direction. It is churned up at every corner and spreads itself across the squares and open places. Its appearance has changed. It is no longer a factory population. Women still predominate, but they are the women of the professions and trades which centre about Madison Square — business women of independent standing, women from the magazine offices, the publishing houses, the insurance offices. You detect the bachelor girl in the current which sets in toward the home quarters of the undomesticated, the little Bohemias, the foreign eating-places whose fixed *table d'hôte* prices flash out in illumined signs from the side streets. Still farther north and the crowd becomes tinged with the current of that Broadway which the outside

world knows best. The idlers begin to mingle with the workers, men in English clothes with canes, women with plumes and jeweled reticules. You catch the first heart-beat of Little Old New York.

The first stirrings of this gayer Broadway die down as quickly almost as they manifested themselves. The idlers and those who minister to them have heard the call of the dinner hour and have vanished, into hotel doors, into shabbier quarters by no means in keeping with the cut of their garments and their apparent indifference to useful employment. Soon the street is almost empty. It is not a beautiful Broadway in this garish interval between the last of the *matinée* and shopping crowd and the vanguard of the night crowd. The monster electric sign-boards have not begun to gleam and flash and revolve and confound the eye and the senses. At night the electric Niagara hides the squalid fronts of ugly brick, the dark doorways, the clutter of fire-escapes, the rickety wooden hoardings. Not an imperial street this Broadway at 6.30 of a summer's afternoon. Cheap jewelry shops, cheap tobacconist's shops, cheap haberdasheries, cheap restaurants, grimy little newspaper agencies and ticket-offices, and 'demonstration' stores for patent foods, patent waters, patent razors.

O Gay White Way, you are far from gay in the fast-fading light, before the magic hand of Edison wipes the wrinkles from your face and galvanizes you into hectic vitality; far from alluring

with your tinsel shop-windows, with your puffy-faced, unshaven men leaning against door-posts and chewing pessimistic toothpicks, your sharp-eyed newsboys wise with the wisdom of the Tenderloin, and your itinerant women whose eyes wander from side to side. It is not in this guise that you draw the hearts of millions to yourself, O dingy, Gay White Way, O Via Losteria Dolorosa!

Well, when a man begins to moralize it is time to go home. I have walked farther than I intended, and I am soft from lack of exercise, and tired. The romance of the crowd has disappeared. Romance cannot survive that short passage of Longacre Square, where the art of the theatre and of the picture-postcard flourish in an atmosphere impregnated with gasoline. As I glance into the windows of the automobile salesrooms and catch my own reflection in the enamel of Babylonian limousines I find myself thinking all at once of the children at home. They expand and fill up the horizon. Broadway disappears. I smile into the face of a painted promenader, but how is she to know that it is not at her I smile but at the sudden recollection of what the baby said at the breakfast-table that morning? Like all good New Yorkers when they enter the Subway, I proceed to choke up all my senses against contact with the external world, and thus resolving myself into a state of coma, I dip down into the bowels of the earth, whence in due time I am spewed out two short blocks from Belshazzar Court.

THE CHALLENGER

BY ALBERT KINROSS

THE city of Basel is a place you stop at and ask for hot coffee and rolls after a long night in the train. You break Italian journeys here, or wait an hour before going on to Lucerne and Interlaken and Chur and St. Moritz. The city of Basel is the gate of Switzerland, and, like most gates, it is entered and easily forgotten. Some tourists, indeed, have strolled out of the station and ventured as far as the bridge that spans the Rhine; a few have climbed to the cathedral; and fewer still have looked at the fine Holbeins in the Museum. They carried away with them the impression of a centre, mediocre and industrious, guarding placidly its sparse mediæval monuments, and possessing the oldest and most comfortable of hotels.

It was on the verandah of this hotel, overlooking the swirl of the river and the monotony of Little Basel, that I met a man to whom the city was something more than a railway junction and a gate for tourists. He had lived there, it appeared, a good many years ago, and he roamed it like a person in a cemetery.

'I could n't go through without stopping,' he said, 'though there's nothing much to stop for; and so I arranged with my wife to meet me here — she's on her way from Italy.'

He flicked a cigar-ash into the rolling Rhine, and, speaking with the drawling coolness of the Anglo-Saxon, 'You see a ghost of yourself in every little street,' he pursued; 'I was twenty when I came here — ever been twenty?'

In certain matters I was twenty still. I had got off at Basel because no one else ever gets off; I had lingered because no one else ever lingers.

'I'll show you the place — if you can stand my ghosts,' he offered. 'Things have n't altered much; I can find my way.'

And so that afternoon we sauntered out together, and he refreshed his memory; and there were reminiscences of the factory where he had been a clerk, of the university where he had matriculated, of the prison he had escaped. He peopled the cobbled streets with faces, with the curious life that attracts and is attracted by early youth. Here dwelt the man who had swindled him over a bicycle, here the young lady who had sold him cigarettes; or we paused at favorite cafés on whose billiard-tables he had performed, at beer-halls once famous for their waitresses; and in a main thoroughfare we found his hatter, his hosier, his tailor, and the shop where he had eaten fourteen cream-tarts for a wager and felt no worse. It went on pretty much as it had gone on then, a dull and rather unimaginative life in a dull and rather unimaginative city, very puritan, very thrifty, without art or the need of art.

'They're a little people,' he said, 'and the little peoples — are little. No great height, no great depths. And yet, when one's been young in a place, it counts; somehow one does n't forget it. You make your own comedy, your own tragedy, and there's no limit. It's up to you.'

I saw nothing of him the next morning, but, later on, he reappeared.

'I've been mooning about the cathedral and the cloisters,' he said, 'and I've had a turn in the swimming-bath; let's dine together if you've nothing better to do — I know a place. It's my last day,' he added; 'I've made the most of it.'

A second time we strolled, and beyond an ancient city gate, the slanting roof of which was decorated with green and white tiles, we came to the long road that leads to Alsace, and here, past a training college for missionaries, we drew up at a restaurant with a garden and summer-house and chairs and tables, where one could eat and drink and smoke and pass the evening.

'This used to be our garden,' he said, 'and the restaurant was a villa then. I lived here with a family called Fröhlich. They're dead and gone and the new owner made the change — You see, there's the garden — he's doing well, he says.'

Outdoors, in the open, we ate our meal, and Aveling's ghosts continued. That was the name on his card — Paul Treacher Aveling.

'There were the three students and I,' he pursued, 'and a cashier in a bank, and an old lady who was divorced — it's a simple matter in Switzerland. We all lived here and boarded. Old Fröhlich had been left the villa; it was too big for the family, so they started a *pension* in it. He was a man of some position in the university. The salaries are meagre, and he could n't have kept up the villa without running the *pension*. I came there because Mrs. Fröhlich was some connection of the people for whom I worked. I was an unpaid clerk — what they call a volunteer — in that factory. My father wanted me to learn French and German and see something of the world, and he was a very good customer to

those people, so they accepted me and made an arrangement with the Fröhlichs. We used to sit out here in the summer evenings, the three students with their beer, the ladies with their coffee and sewing, and me wondering what all the talk was about. For, you see, I could n't understand, and these German Swiss have a dialect which no one can understand for quite a year. I used to sit still and listen and look at Minna Fröhlich. She was the younger of the two girls, seventeen, and just finished with school, and her hair half up and half down — beautiful glossy hair it was, a dark chestnut and very fine. I would have liked to touch it. But there, I could n't even speak at first. I could only look and wonder, and feel I was n't a hundredth good enough for her.'

He paused, and I could see them in the evening light, seated round the tables brought out from the summer-house: the students with their beer; the girls, their mother, and the old lady, each with some small piece of needlework; and this young man who wondered and looked at Minna Fröhlich.

'I thought those students fine fellows,' he resumed, 'especially the two in the white caps and striped badges. They wore colors, they carried ivory-handled canes carved with the cipher of their corps; they seemed to lead a high and gallant life apart from ours, rising when they pleased, working or not working, and free of a clubhouse where they reveled, swung broadswords, and sang and sat up late. The third student, who was reading divinity, had none of this glamour. It was impossible to figure him as a duelist and carouser. He was poor, he wore an ordinary hat, and even a beard to save the cost of shaving; but he was a kind-hearted fellow, and sometimes spoke to me in English or helped me with my attempts at German.'

‘When I had been there three months I discovered that the two students were perpetually making fun of me in their atrocious dialect. I don’t quite know how it was I understood, but one evening, sitting in the garden, I fancied they were making fun of me to my face; criticizing my nationality, my personal appearance, my struggles with the language and my accent. They gave imitations and they laughed; perhaps a long impunity had made them overbold. Something of the kind had puzzled me for weeks, and, maybe, I had progressed more than they were aware, or I. It amused the elder girl; I caught the eye of the younger, and there was a look in her face that made a certainty of what I had suspected. In that moment I understood. I could prove nothing; I had no evidence to pin them down on; but I understood. And as it all came clear, a kind of wild joy possessed me. I had always wanted to be a hero waving a sword, to fight blazing duels, to lead a charge of cavalry, to know the glitter and the ring of steel; and here at last I had found my opportunity.

‘I don’t know whether other young men are the same. I am sorry for them if they are not. But a duel at twenty is irresistible. It is one of the few possible adventures left, and there is a glamour in the enterprise, a something fascinating and romantic; and, at that age, I had romance written all over me. I read romantic books, I loved Minna Fröhlich romantically, and, although in the factory I kept a day-book, journal, and ledger, and wrote letters in English, I felt that life would not end there and that one day I should do something brilliant and noble that would put my name on every tongue. What, exactly, I could not say. The aspiration was there, the vast desire. Adolescence, no doubt, nothing but adolescence — and some of my blood

is Irish and works loose. Time kills these visions, real enough, all too real, while they endure. Though my cavalry charge was still to seek, here, at length, had come my coveted duel. If those silly students showing off there had but known! I don’t think it ever occurred to them that the silent and harmless young man on yonder side of the table was a hot romantic, ripe for the assault, eager for steel and the clash of it; as much in love with a duel as he was with Minna Fröhlich, and hereby given his opportunity.

‘My chivalry was equal to the occasion. I chose the larger and the wittier one. Yes, I would challenge him, and, though I had never handled a broadsword in my life, I would fight him with that, his own weapon.

“‘Herr Grieder, may I have a word with you — alone?’” I interrupted them.

‘He understood me. “Certainly,” he answered, and came with me to the end of the garden — just there,’ said Aveling, pointing with his stick to a place where the graveled path skirted the villa and gave on to the street.

‘That’s the very spot. He leaned against the house, and we were on that path. I explained matters as best I could, and he neither denied nor admitted that he had insulted me openly, before those ladies.

“‘At home I would thrash you with a whip,” I ended, “but in this country I am willing to fight a duel.” I was superbly courteous.

‘He grasped my meaning. “You are a clerk,” he answered; “a student does not fight a duel with a clerk.” He bowed and left me.

‘I was speechless. I had never expected this. A moment later I heard a shout of laughter from the garden. He had returned to the others and had revealed to them my insolent challenge, that I, a clerk, had ventured to call him out.

‘To-day, perhaps, I would have used other weapons and swallowed my craving for romance. But I was twenty, and with those ladies in the garden, and especially Minna, I was determined to do nothing that was not chivalrous and fine. No, I would not hit him, though I ached to do so; though it was human nature and the way I had been trained. Instead, I walked the streets and thought it out. At last I had it. I would become a student, too. I too would wear a colored cap and badge and carry an ivory-handled cane of ebony, and sport a ribbon round my chest and quaff beer and belong to a corps. I would fight him on his own ground and in his own manner. Nothing should be wanting. My chivalry carried me along, my quixotism; it was a search for the ideal, and I reveled in it. Romance, of course — sheer unadulterated romance. This duel had come, eluded me, but now I had it fast. I roamed the streets and worked it out.

‘The garden was all dark on my return, and, instead of going indoors, I went toward the summer-house. Some instinct led me there; or perhaps it was because I wanted to smoke a last cigarette. I lit my match, and discovered Minna. The light showed me her face, her eyes. The light went out.

“‘I do not wish you to think too badly of us,” she said, “that we are all like that. I have waited here to say it to you.”

‘She spoke so slowly, so firmly; and I understood. I found her hand, and she let me kiss it, let it rest in mine.

“‘If you leave us,” she said, “you will not think too badly of us.”

“‘I will not leave you; I will never leave you,” I answered.

“‘But, after that,” she began.

“‘I am going to join the other students’ corps — the red Helvetians.”

‘I had made my effect. I had taken her breath away. I was magnanimous

and splendid. Does it matter whether she gave me her hand once more or whether she did n’t? It all happened in this garden — in that summer-house — out here — twenty or more years ago. I have never known a freshness such as hers, youth like hers. It was like holding flowers; it was the stuff of radiant dreams. I get the scent of the summer night over again, and she moving away from me like a spirit and leaving me out there to wonder whether it is true — whether it is really I — whether it was really she. Seventeen — little girls should be looked after more carefully when they are seventeen.

‘I had a good allowance, enough to keep me in comfort as a student. I had to win my father’s consent to the change, and I suppose I lied a little. He was a plain, straightforward man, easy-going as a rule, but unforgiving when deceived. I deceived him. I had lost all taste for business, I wrote home, and I wished to study medicine, here in Basel. I made it medicine because I had to make it something, and doctoring attracted me more than the rest. The divinity student helped me in all these matters. He was on my side; he told me so at the first opportunity; and a divinity student is the last person to shrink from a little purposeful casuistry. I obtained my father’s consent after he had challenged my seriousness. As I wrote to him then, I had never been more serious in my life. He must put up with it, he answered, if I really felt that way, although he had rather counted on me in the business, which would be a soft thing, a ready-made thing, for me — most young fellows would jump at my chances. He warned me, he put it clearly, so that there could be no mistake. He, good fellow, was not a romantic, and I knew it. He would have had no sympathy with my duel; but he

would have been entirely with me if I had taken a horsewhip and applied it there and then. I had to deceive him, and I did. I have always tried to feel sorry for that part of the game; but these things are beyond us; they lie in one's nature, in one's destiny, in that part of one's life that is shaped for us, that makes itself.

'Six months later I matriculated. It was evidence of hard work; and now, I fancy, my father really became interested. The divinity student had coached me and was proud of me. So were the older Fröhlichs. The University was a shining light to them, and all that escaped its rays inferior metal. From pewter I had turned to silver, from brass to sovereign gold. These academic people have a snobbery of their own, more comic than vulgar. For, inside of me, I was the same. But outside I wore the bright red cap of the corps Helvetia, its stripes, its ribbons, its badges. I had become a personage. The white caps were the Zofingia, and hardly ranked with us. We were such notorious blood-letters! With the white caps a duel was optional; with us enforced. We were a small corps but famous, and even took our broadswords into Germany and met the fiercest blades of Heidelberg or Munich, of all the south.

'I had the whole apparatus of revenge: the smartest colors, a fighting-ground, and equal or superior rank. No one except Minna and the divinity student suspected me. The two white caps had forgotten their offense and treated me now with an ironic respect. The older girl thought me a little mad; and perhaps she was right. There was a salt in the air in those days, a savor; you catch it now in a moment of sudden zest; a passing resurgence, that mocks you with some afterglow of youth, that sets you wondering whether it is forever gone. After a

hard hour's sport, for instance; or a something in a woman's face — you have your moment of illusion. Then it was reality, permanent, and as though invulnerably secure. You were rich beyond dreams.

How we dreamed — Minna and I! The future was one long fulfillment, I its hero, she its queen. Looking backward, I know her as she was, woman at the heart of her and asking little else than love and children and a home. That was her romance — to give herself to these. No vagueness, and little of idle sentiment. The women grow that way out here, and, in all probability, they are right. I did n't see it then as I see it now. I saw what I looked to see. It was enough.

'There was a brother Helvetian, one Burckhardt, who gave me my first lessons with a sword. He had a wrist of steel, and the strokes would rain down on the cage that enclosed my head. The student's weapon, as the students use it, delivers a shower of blows. Once you have begun, there is no pause, and, if you hesitate, the fight is over, your cheek laid open or your cranium. I got the hang of it, and even some skill, before I returned to my friend the white cap and told him exactly why I had become a student.

'One afternoon I knocked at his door knowing he was inside. He looked up blandly and quite unsuspecting. He erred on the fat side and was tall and would grow pompous.

'I brought my heels together and made my bow. "You declined my challenge last summer," I said, "because I was a clerk. Now I am no longer a clerk and you can accept it."

"But I thought that was all forgotten and over," he said.

"I have not forgotten, and it is by no means over," I replied.

"But this is too ridiculous," he said.

"It is so ridiculous that I have thrown up one career and am playing with another."

"Is — is that the reason you left the factory?"

"It had dawned upon him at last.

"It is the one and only reason."

"He had nothing more to say, apparently.

"And now you will meet me according to your corps rules and mine — when?" I prompted him.

"Is this necessary?" he asked.

"It is so necessary that if you do not fight I will have to treat you as I would treat — a clerk."

"Good, I will let you have my answer," he replied.

"You will receive a very bad insult, in public, unless it comes promptly," said I.

"Before Miss Minna, for instance?" he sneered.

"Before several ladies — that is how you yourself arrange such matters."

"I left him, and, instead of meeting my challenge, the wretched fellow went to old Fröhlich. I was a swash-buckling foreigner, he said, who wished to make trouble in the house. If I wanted a duel, why could I not seek some one outside? It was not that he was afraid, but he did not think it wise that there should be duels between the *pensionnaires*. Nor did old Fröhlich. He spoke to me very kindly, quite paternally. I had been insulted? It was so long ago, and, after all, the Swiss were not like the Germans, who made a great point of what they called honor.

"I could not discuss the question. The fellow should fight his duel. I left the matter to my friend Burckhardt, who reported that the white cap had declined to fight because it was, "against his principles."

Aveling had paused and ordered

fresh supplies of beer. Lights were shining from the villa that was now a restaurant. One heard the click of the billiard-balls and saw the players move against the open windows. The waiter began a round of illumination when he had done with us.

"Pros't," said Aveling, holding aloft his mug.

"What about that student?" I asked.

"I thrashed him. I beat him with his own stick, with my fists, with my open hand. I beat him till I was sick and disgusted; and when I was done with him, I started on the second white cap, who was kind enough to run away. I had just seen Burckhardt, and I came upon them hot, in this garden. They were going out together. I met them in the place where the big one had carried his despicable point last summer. He made no resistance. He seemed held down by fear. Under all the swagger and gilt of him he was the most abject coward I have ever known. And the other one, who ran away, except for that faint glimmer of reason, was just as bad. Between them, with their ivory-handled canes, they ought to have broken my head open. It was n't very nice of me; it was neither chivalrous nor romantic, nor any of the other things upon which I had plumed and prided myself. It was sheer savagery. But after all those months, and all those visions and manipulations — to have the bottom knocked out of my scheme like that! I suppose I reverted to myself, to the natural human man in me who all this time had been obscured. Why had n't I thrashed him at first and been done with him? It would have been wiser; it would have saved us all a deal of trouble.

"The first effect of this castigation was that old Fröhlich kicked me out. The other student, who ran away, had alarmed the whole household. I was, so

to speak, caught red-handed, and dismissed red-handed; and nobody made more fuss than the elderly divorcée. You have forgotten her? I never will. The row she made! She had watched it all from her bedroom window, and Herr Grieder was a gentleman and I was not. No gentleman would use his fists; that was good for butchers' assistants, for common people; and if she had n't seen it, with her own eyes! — Herr Grieder slunk off. I was left alone in this garden with that eloquent female and Professor Fröhlich who kicked me out. I remember Minna and her sister in the background, vague shapes in that blur of passion. I was heated and roused. I felt like taking all the white-capped students in Switzerland and bashing their heads together. By the evening I had packed my trunks and was out of the villa. I went to a small hotel near here, one of those opposite, that face the Rhine. The divinity student found me out there with a note from Minna. I was to be prosecuted for assault and battery; I would be fined and sent to prison — they mixed both punishments — unless, for there was an alternative — unless I apologized to the two students, which she knew I would never do, and must not do — not even for her sake, she ended. That was impossible — *unmöglich*.

'I met her secretly, behind the cathedral, in the cloisters. Go there one day, and you will find a quiet, a coolness, a remoteness from the busy world below. Sometimes a tourist comes, but nobody of Basel. You have those stone arcades to yourself, the mural tablets, with their scutcheons of the patrician families that once ruled here. Half a dozen times I met her there, and then a warrant was out for me and I had to scamper; for I had declined to apologize, and I was not going to prison, and I would not pay a fine. Those two rascally students should have no

such satisfaction. I crossed the frontier into Germany and snapped my fingers at them.

'I went to a little place called Lör-rach on the edge of the Black Forest, a dull hole and a lonely, except when Minna escaped and met me on the frontier. These visits ceased; they caught her, and she was sent away to an aunt who lived in one of the French towns. I might have followed her; but now my father stepped in too, and there were ructions. I had deceived him, he began; he had heard all about my goings on from one of my former business principals, the one who was some connection of Mrs. Fröhlich. I had brawled and fought and got entangled with the Professor's daughter, a child of seventeen; and my reason for giving up business was not that I wanted to study medicine, as I had persuaded him, but that I wanted to fight a duel. And now I had fought with my fists and the police were after me and I had cleared the country. What did I mean by it? he asked. I had disgraced him and myself — there were several pages of it. He had his story from a Swiss source, seen their way, not mine. He was pretty hard on me and I was in no mood for argument. We quarreled. We quarreled so bitterly that over went my allowance. I think I rejected it — I was fool enough for anything. I would make my own way, I thundered. "Well, make it," said he. I was raw from failure, from the loss of Minna Fröhlich — raw all over.

My father and I parted, and for six years we had no word. I wrote to Minna, and there was no answer. I wrote again, with the same result. They had put an effectual stopper on that. The bottom had tumbled out of my world! I had to make another.

'I sometimes think that these things have to be. A man, in the end, will

express himself and not the wishes of his father. I was never really cut out for commerce; as a student I was ridiculous. I came home. I spoke English once again; I was frightened at first, so many times I went near to utter shipwreck; but I held out; my craving for romance sustained me and upheld me. I owe it something. Your true romantic is flexible and as if made of India-rubber. I could not be broken, and so at last they let me in. I've made some kind of a reputation — journalism, law, politics — they lead to one another. My father was reconciled to me when he saw that I could stand without his help and had found my feet. It took me a good many years.'

Aveling had paused, and his words had obliterated the garden and all the little life of this Swiss city, roused by him into a sudden and transient animation. He had stepped out of Basel

into the bigger and more passionate worlds beyond. He sat there, silent, as though looking backward on the throes and mists of a career.

'It all came about because you had that row here,' I suggested.

'If it had n't been for that row — yes, I've often wondered what, precisely, would have happened.'

'And Miss Fröhlich?' I asked.

'She married a very good husband and lives now at Rorschach on the Lake of Constance. She wrote to me a long time afterwards, to my father's address, when she became engaged. She was free to write then, she said, and she owed me some explanation.'

'And you?'

'I congratulated her. I hardly had the money to buy the stamp — I was out of a job at the time, counting on a better one which I had just missed.'

IN NEW YORK WITH NINE CENTS

BY ABRAHAM MITRIE RIHBANY¹

I

It was no easy task for me on the morning of that seventh of October, 1891, to believe my senses when I first experienced that well-nigh overwhelming feeling that I was really in the great city of New York. As our little party proceeded on across Castle Garden up toward Washington Street, I felt the need of new faculties to fit my new environment. A host of questions besieged my mind. Was I really in New

York? Was I still my old self, or had some subtle, unconscious transformation already taken place in me? Could I utter my political and religious convictions freely, unafraid of either soldier or priest? What were the opportunities of the great New World into which I had just entered? What was awaiting me in America whose life, as I had been told, was so vast, so complex, and so enlightened? Whatever the future had 'of wonder or surprise,' it seemed that merely being in the United States was enough of a blessing to call forth my profoundest gratitude.

¹ Mr. Rihbany's autobiography began in the November number. — THE EDITORS.

But my revelry in such delicious fancies could not continue very long. The realization of the fact that my assets were only nine cents and my liabilities forty dollars quickly silenced my muse. My two good friends, having fulfilled their promise to lend me enough money to defray my necessary expenses until I reached New York, could do no more for me than recommend me to Abraham,¹ their townsman and the proprietor of the chief restaurant and lodging-house in the Syrian colony. Their recommendation was decidedly flattering, and it was not their fault that the beautiful picture of my character and attainments, which they put before the proprietor, contrasted distressingly with my actual financial circumstances. The forty dollars that I owed those friends being equally divided between them, I gave each of them a note (attested by two witnesses) for twenty dollars, for six months, they promising to extend the time further, if it was found necessary when the notes fell due.

When I handed the notes to my creditors, and we all understood that from henceforth so far as business matters were concerned each one of us was to go his own way and work out his own salvation, a distressing sense of loneliness came over me. Aside from my two companions I was not aware that I had an acquaintance within a thousand miles. I had the name of a young man whose family I had known in Syria, and who was in business in New York, but I would not seek him. My poverty made me feel as if every Syrian in New York would look upon me as a beggar and shun my acquaintance. It was, however,

by a fortunate accident that I met this young man on the street the next day after I landed. Perceiving my need, he offered to lend me a 'little money.' I accepted a loan of five dollars from him, which sum I vowed I would make last until I found work.

But what I was most keenly aware of when I first went into Abraham's restaurant with my 'load of cares,' was hunger. My protracted sickness and the lack of suitable nourishment on the steamer had reduced me to a state of starvation. My craving at the sight of food was ferocious. For a whole week, no matter how often or how much I ate, I never felt satisfied. To face such a state of things on a capital of half a franc was by no means conducive to peaceful repose. Soon after I had been introduced to the restaurant keeper my hungry eyes fell on a dish of *maamoul* — a delicious kind of Syrian sweet cakes — which stood on the counter before him. Asking no questions I reached for one of the cakes and proceeded to eat it, with my eyes fixed on the dish. 'Fletcherizing' was unknown to me at the time, the cake swiftly disappeared, accentuating rather than appeasing my hunger. When I was about to reach for another, discretion interrupted the proceedings, and I asked, 'How much are they?' 'Ten cents each,' answered the proprietor. I reached for my half franc and said, 'This is all I have.' 'Never mind,' said he, 'we will let it go at that.'

I turned my back on the rest of the cakes.

I spent my first night in New York at Abraham's lodging-house, at an expense of fifteen cents. Besides my sleeping accommodations I enjoyed the privilege of doing my morning ablutions in a dark hall on the ground floor, where a faucet gave forth a generous supply of cold water. A large cake of coarse yellow soap, and a public towel which

¹ The Syrians invariably address a person by his given name, prefixing the title Khawaja, or Effendi, on more formal occasions. The constant use of only the given names in the Bible, such as David, Samuel, Paul, John, etc., shows the antiquity of the custom. — THE AUTHOR.

bore the marks of extensive use, completed the appointments. Compelled by the circumstances to practice 'plain living and high thinking,' I planned my first breakfast in the New World so skillfully that it cost me only five cents. It was by no means satiating.

Realizing my helplessness while unable to speak the English language, I sought to 'master it' on the very first morning after my arrival in New York. I gazed at the multitude of store 'signs' with awe. The variety in the phrasing and lettering bewildered my brain. When should I ever be able to read such hieroglyphics? Certainly I must be up and doing. The only English book I could find in the bedroom was a small copy of the Bible, which belonged to one of my friends. I turned to the Book of Psalms and searched for a very short one of the songs of Israel, believing that a short psalm must consist of simple words. By the eternal fitness of things my hand was led to the One Hundred and Thirty-First Psalm: 'Lord, my heart is not haughty, nor mine eyes lofty; neither do I exercise myself in great matters, or in things too high for me. Surely I have behaved and quieted myself, as a child that is weaned of his mother: my soul is even as a weaned child.' My two companions helped me to understand the more difficult of the sacred words. They made me understand that the word 'haughty' was pronounced *hawty* and not *huffy*; they unsealed to my understanding the meanings of the words 'exercise' and 'behaved,' and, in so far as they themselves knew, they taught me how to distribute the emphasis over the measured lines of the Hebrew singer.

But my economic circumstances did not permit of extensive search for knowledge. To remain content with paying fifteen cents a night for my lodging savored of recklessness, there-

fore I went about seeking cheaper quarters in the colony. Some public-spirited countrymen, agreeing with me that a stricter exercise of economy was absolutely necessary to my welfare, informed me that another Syrian, whose name was Moses, kept a sort of lodging-house, 'good enough for a man in my circumstances,' and charged only five cents a night. Certainly that was the place for me, and I immediately sought the proprietor. Moses met me with a cordiality which made me feel that he and I had been fast friends for years. He explained to me that the chief reason why he provided lodging accommodations over his store at such low rates was to aid struggling Syrian immigrants, such as I was, to get on their feet. He explained also that he managed to maintain his establishment at these incredibly low prices by dispensing with bedsteads, soap, towels and other luxuries, and reducing the lodging-house business to the absolute essentials. And, since I had a bed (my steamer bed), he thought I would be very comfortable at his house.

I felt somewhat disquieted because of the absence of soap and towels at the new lodging-house, but the saving of ten cents a night was very compelling. It seemed to me, also, that Moses' cordiality ought to be properly valued. Lodging with him appeared to me like 'personally conducted' travel. Therefore I hastened back to the more expensive hostelry, took up my bed (tied up in a bundle), and left Abraham and went to Moses.

The jovial proprietor of the five-cent lodging-house led me up a squeaky stairway in the interior of his store, to a spacious corner off the first landing in which stood a bare board platform, which he most cordially offered to me as my sleeping quarters. The fact that the location afforded me no privacy whatever, seemed to Moses to be an

advantage rather than the reverse, as it provided me with an abundance of fresh air. I need not fear the intrusion of strangers, Moses remarked, because all those who went up and down the stairs were our own countrymen. Nor need I be disturbed by the noise which the peddlers, who came in to buy goods until late in the night, made in the store below, because I must be fully acquainted with the noisy bargaining of the Syrians. Lastly, in order to make my lot more acceptable to me, the genial Moses added, as he turned to go downstairs, 'If you should desire to wash in the morning, be sure to let me know.'

Sustained by the sense of honest economy, I spread my bed on the platform and, after casting a comprehensive look at the dingy paper on the walls and at an indescribable back yard, which I could see reasonably well through a small dirt-streaked window, I went out, promising to return after supper.

On my return in the early evening I found that two other boys had secured lodging accommodations on Moses's platform. It was wide enough for three persons, such as we were, under peaceful circumstances. But my fellow lodgers fell into a serious dispute early in the evening, over a charge and a counter-charge of stealing, which led them to intermittent fighting until late in the night. As a fellow countryman, and desiring to win the blessing promised to the peacemakers and, incidentally, a little much-needed repose, I made some attempts to restore peace between them. The nature of the belligerents, however, was such as to convince me that the vigorous urging of my arbitration measures would very likely cause them to unite their forces and attack me.

As I lay awake under Moses' roof that night I thought of all the good things

I had ever enjoyed in my life, of all the poetry I had learned, of the pride with which my breast had heaved as a 'learned man' among my kindred. Now I was in the New World, which did not seem to take immediate notice of my worth, tucked in a dingy corner, nay, crucified between two thieves!

I awoke early the next morning with a raging headache and a stiff neck, picked up my bed, and returned to Abraham. Moses was very kind and reasonable when I paid him my night's lodging and told him that I felt compelled to seek more comfortable quarters. He even pledged himself to be very diligent in looking out for some suitable employment for me in a Syrian store; and Moses was a man of his word.

II

The Syrian colony in New York consisted in those days of a few store- and restaurant-keepers, a multitude of peddlers of 'jewelry and notions,' and a few silk merchants who, although they peddled their wares, bore the more dignified designation of 'silk-sellers.' For lack of better pursuits, college men often took up silk-selling as a means of livelihood, which occupation, however, required capital and often letters of introduction to the well-to-do American families. My inquiries for something to do precipitated usually the following questions from the older colonists, who seemed to me to be steeped in wisdom:—

'Do you have money so that you can at least buy an interest in a store, or deal in silk?'

'No, I have no money at all.'

'Do you have letters of recommendation from missionaries in Syria to persons in this country?'

'No.'

'Can you speak the English language?'

'Not so that I can be understood.'

'How old are you?'

'Twenty-two.'

'Twenty-two! Too old to master the English language. The only thing you could do, and which thousands of Syrians are doing, would be to peddle "jewelry and notions."'

Call it pride, vanity, or whatever you please, whenever I thought of peddling 'jewelry and notions,' death lost its terror for me. The mere sight of those crude, greasy peddlers nauseated me. Come what might, I would not carry the 'keshah' (a colloquial Arabic name for the peddler's pack).

The period of painful suspense, which seemed to me to cover a whole year, lasted in reality only twelve days, at the end of which I found employment. During those twelve days, when not searching for work, I spent my time exploring New York, which overshadowed my soul like a vast mystery. I made my first appearance on Broadway on a Monday morning. I shall never forget the almost overwhelming impression which that great thoroughfare made upon my mind. The amazingly wide sidewalks were solid streams of humanity. Compared with the leisurely, swaying gait of Orientals, every one in that vast multitude seemed to be running. How limpid and how quiet that human mass appeared! No disputes and no demonstrative bargainings at the doors of those great stores! No shouting, 'Ho! your back! your side!' as in Beyrout. Almost complete silence prevailed, and the stupendous concourse of men and women moved as swiftly and gracefully as a perfectly adjusted and well-oiled machine.

I soon realized that while I was *in*, I was not *of* New York. I was afraid to do anything, even to walk freely, for fear of jarring the harmony of the surroundings. The memories of the

Turkish soldiery which haunted my soul made me fear every uniformed man I saw. I felt instinctively constrained to stand at attention whenever I passed a policeman. Men wearing silk hats inspired me with reverence. The close resemblance of this type of hat to the headgear of the Greek priests made me conclude that the wearers of the towering head-dress were all preachers, and confirmed in my mind what I had heard in Syria about the profound and universal religiousness of the American people.

Like a newly born babe, I needed to be completely adjusted to the new environment. In fact, it was neither to my interest, nor to that of New York, for me to act freely in public before I was properly trained. I remember very clearly when I went out to post my first letter in the great metropolis. I was directed by wise counselors to deposit the letter in a red iron box fastened to a post on the sidewalk. Reaching the first box of that description, I took hold of a shining handle and gave it a sharp turn. It was the fire alarm. An alert policeman, motioning to me vigorously with his club to stop turning the shining handle, ran to me, and, leading me to a letter-box, pointed out with some earnestness the difference between the fire-alarm box and the receptacle for missives.

Another strange situation confronted me when I visited the office of a New York business man, on the third day after my arrival in the city. One of my companions on the voyage had a letter of introduction to this man from a friend in Egypt, and we deemed it necessary that the three of us should visit the New Yorker and present the message to him in a body. Upon coming into the office building a boy admitted us into a little room—all made of iron—and closed the door. Seeing no open door anywhere in that room

I suspected some foul play. What! have I come to the great New World to have a mere boy play such a trick on me? As I was about to seize the little culprit and demand the release of the whole party, the entire room, floor and all, began to ascend. Then I remembered that in Sûk-el-Gharb, Syria, a few years before, one of the missionaries, while delivering an illustrated lecture before our school, had shown us the picture of a New York building, and told us that the Americans have such vertical means of transportation.

During my days of enforced and painful idleness in New York, Castle Garden was my chief resort. I would spend hours on those benches, either writing poetry, generally of a dolorous kind, or studying the many and varied ships which plied the deep before me, or picturing to myself the greater distress which I thought awaited me when my five dollars was all spent. But Castle Garden stands in my memory associated with much holier thoughts than these, for it was there that a spiritual vision came to me unique in my experience. It is, I believe, chiefly because of that vision that throughout my ministry I have preached with unshaken faith and unreserved devotion the precept that 'man's extremity is God's opportunity.'

Feeling deeply depressed and disheartened, late one afternoon, I strolled down to the famous park. The sea and sky were very beautiful, but I seemed to have no share in their beauty; I appeared to myself to be a fugitive in an unfriendly world. I sat on a bench and cast a vacant look on the world before me. I felt very lonely, and longed, as a babe, for my mother. But as the sun began to fade away from the sky, I began as by a miracle, to feel an inward supply of power and courage. The beauty of the sea and sky seemed to have been made for me; I was owner

of all that I saw. I seemed to myself for the moment to look upon the world through the mystic eyes of my Oriental ancestors, and see it, so far as a youth could, as the garment of God. Surely the Father was with me. 'Why art thou cast down, O my soul, and why art thou disquieted in me? Hope thou in God.' I remember with perfect clearness that I said audibly, 'The God who created me and these wonders before me will never forsake me,' and arose and walked like a strong man.

Now you have the privilege of explaining this experience as 'an uprush of reserve energy from the subconscious realm,' or as 'nervous reaction,' or whatever else you please. What I know is that the abiding worth of an experience ranks higher in the world of real life than that of any philosophy *about* it. From that day to this, notwithstanding the fact that I have often stumbled and fallen, doubt in God's providence has never secured a hold upon my mind, nor do I remember that I have ever failed to trust that He is mine and I am His. In my extremity in a lonely world, without Bible, preacher, priest, or sacrament, I came into living, first-hand contact with the Eternal Reality.

My very recent friend, Moses, did not forget his promise to be on the lookout for a position for me in some Syrian store, for on my tenth day in New York he sought and found me in Castle Garden, and, with a generous smile, told me of a merchant who needed a *katib*, — bookkeeper, — and Moses thought I was the man for the place. Realizing that I had never had any experience in bookkeeping, he instructed me not to be over-conscientious in confessing my ignorance, for he was certain that I could do all the bookkeeping that the merchant needed. The customers of the store were peddlers of 'jewelry and notions,' who did business on very simple lines, and

almost all the transactions were carried on in the Arabic language. If at long intervals some orders came to us in El-Anglezy — English — Moses promised to come and help me fill them in the proper manner.

In company with my beneficent friend I proceeded to No. 5 Carlisle Street, the store of Khawaja Maron, where the position of katib awaited me. Moses introduced me to the proprietor as 'one of the most efficient book-keepers he ever knew,' and departed. Maron told me that the salary of the position I was seeking was twenty dollars per month, and that I would be expected to perform the usual duties of a katib. I accepted the offer with gladness of heart, promising to be at my 'desk' at seven o'clock the following morning.

Recalling the time when as a school-teacher in Syria my salary was three dollars a month and my board, twenty dollars, seemed to me a species of 'frenzied financiering,' I had always known the position of katib to be most conducive to dignity and elegance, and an excellent opportunity for advancement in the commercial world; therefore I had every reason to imagine that my new position at 5 Carlisle Street was the gateway to riches and honor.

III

Before seven the next morning I was at the store. The proprietor, who slept in a room in the rear end of the building, was just out of bed and about half dressed. He greeted me very pleasantly, although his appearance just then, and the fact that he slept at the store, cooled my ardor considerably. After lighting a cigarette, he handed me twelve cents, explaining that my first duties in the morning were 'to go down to the corner,' buy a scuttleful of coal for ten cents, a bundle of kindling

wood for two cents, carry the ashes out and deposit them carefully in the barrel on the sidewalk, build a fire in the stove, sweep the store and the sidewalk, see that the boxes of goods on the shelves were in proper order, and then take up my clerical duties. It was not so much the *quantity* as the *quality* of the programme that pierced my heart with many sorrows. Was this what it meant to be a katib? Was this what I had come to America for? Whatever it was, necessity was laid upon me to humble my pride and accept the situation. Did I not consent to the spirit of the One Hundred and Thirty-First Psalm, my first scriptural lesson in America, when I repeated reverently, 'Lord, my heart is not haughty, nor mine eyes lofty'? The seemingly menial tasks of my new office came, perhaps, to test the sincerity of my prayer.

I applied myself to my duties as katib most conscientiously. My broom searched the remotest and darkest corners of the store, and, as it seemed to me, made the sidewalk in front of it the envy of our neighbors. The boxes of 'jewelry and notions' stood on our shelves in as straight lines as any courses of stone I ever laid as a stonemason. Even Khawaja Maron noticed the orderliness and cleanliness of the surroundings and pronounced them 'exceptionally good,' and I was really proud to have it known by every one who came into our store that it was I who put the establishment in such order.

But our store was put to other uses which were not strictly commercial, but which the social habits of our Syrian customers demanded. On rainy days it fell to me to entertain groups of peddlers who sat around the stove, smoked cigarettes of 'Navy Tobacco,' and indulged themselves in their simple but boisterous pleasures. At times they would buy a wash-pitch-

erful of beer and drink to one another's health out of one common glass. They would offer the 'learned katib' a foaming glass of the beverage, which was invariably refused.

On one occasion Maron offered the store to one of his customers for the celebration of a genuine Syrian wedding. The offer was accepted and our commercial establishment resounded with joy. Other than Syrian dwellers of the neighborhood flocked to doors and windows and feasted their souls on things which their eyes had never before seen nor their ears heard. We seated the bridegroom (the bride was in another building) in the place of honor — behind the counter. Beer and *arak* flowed like water. The men sang *aataba* and the women *zelaghet*, and we all partook of a bounteous feast which was spread on benches, cases, and chairs, while the straight rows of boxes of 'Fine Combs,' 'Collar Buttons,' 'Baby Rattles,' and so forth, looked down upon us from the shelves with Occidental serenity.

My salary of twenty dollars a month did not prove so ample for my every need as I had at first thought it would. Only by the strictest economizing was I able to secure food and shelter and other necessities at an outlay of only fifty cents a day, which left me but five dollars a month as a sinking fund with which to pay my debts and fortify myself against accidents and sickness. I had only two suits of clothing, one of which I reserved for Sundays. The winter was fast approaching and I had no adequate clothing for it. I envied every man I saw wearing an overcoat. Being already forty-five dollars in debt, I resolved that I would borrow no more under any conditions. Compared with the temperature of Syria, the cold in New York was as much of a revelation to me as the skyscrapers. How to keep warm out of doors was

a question which I could not safely evade. By the advice of a well-disposed acquaintance I bought a coarse, heavy shirt which, I was told, was made of camel's hair, and therefore very warm. I was glad to renew my acquaintance with the camel, even though in such a roundabout way, as well as to bear some resemblance to John the Baptist, but the coarseness of the shirt militated strongly against all my ideas of refinement. It was, however, my chief means of defense against the rigor of my first winter in America, my memories of whose blasts remain keen and clear.

Notwithstanding my humble position as katib, I was not long in New York before I began to dream dreams and see visions. How to acquire the priceless privilege of being an American citizen, was the first and foremost question in my mind. I was told that I did not need to be in such a hurry about this matter, but I thought differently, and on November 18, 1891, not quite six weeks after I landed at Ellis Island, I appeared in the Court of Common Pleas of the County of New York, accompanied by an interpreter, and asked to be 'admitted into American citizenship.' My heart never thrilled with holier emotion than when I assented to the oath of allegiance, 'that it is *bona fide* my intention to become a citizen of the United States and to renounce forever all allegiance and fidelity to any foreign Prince, Potentate, State or Sovereignty, and particularly to the Sultan of Turkey of whom I am a subject.' I felt such an inward sense of relief and exaltation that my countryman, the interpreter, appeared to me to be an alien. It seemed to me at the moment, although of course not so clearly as it does now, that by that act I had forever broken the shackles which had bound me and my forefathers for ages to the chariots of tyrants, and had become a citizen

of a country whose chief function was to make free, enlightened, useful men.

I soon also made the acquaintance of the few college men in the Syrian colony, foremost among whom stood Khawaja Najib Arbeely, the Syrian inspector of immigrants at Ellis Island, who examined me upon my arrival in New York. Being eager to enjoy the privileges which in the Turkish Empire we never dared even to talk about, I proposed the organizing of a society whose purpose should be the mutual benefit of its own members and the advancement of the various interests of the Syrians in general. The suggestion met with favor among the leaders of thought in the colony, and the 'Syrian Scientific and Ethical Society' was organized. Mr. Arbeely was elected president and, to my amazement and notwithstanding my shirt of camel's hair, I was elected vice-president. It is never an easy task to bind a large number of Syrians together in any enterprise. The oppression under which they have lived for ages has well-nigh crushed all public spirit and initiative out of them. The lifters being the very few, any attempt among them at collective action of any sort is beset with grave difficulties. But our proudly titled society flourished for a time beyond our most extravagant expectations. My deep interest in it, and in what I thought was to be its future, made me eager to serve it in almost any capacity. The subjects of our debates and discussions were large and various. History, philosophy, the good and evil of immigration, the greatness of the United States of America, the superiority of the Syrian to the Irish population of Washington Street, — these and many other subjects called forth the impassioned eloquence of the orators among us, who spoke with perfect confidence and freedom, and often regardless of the facts.

I was expected to make an 'oration' at any time and on any subject. Being one of the very few in the society who could speak the classical Arabic in extemporaneous address, I was looked upon by many of my fellow members as a 'real orator,' and credited with such a wealth of knowledge as would have dwarfed the resources of a Herbert Spencer. My most impassioned appeals in those 'orations' were for the stronger cohesion of the Syrian population in the great city in which we lived, and the endeavor on the part of our people to adopt the noble principles of American civilization, of which, however, I knew nothing at the time.

The headquarters of our society were established at Abraham's restaurant. He and his partner Abu-Khalil permitted us to hold our meetings at their eating place on condition that, after every regular session, on Wednesday evening, those of the members who were really interested in the welfare of the society, should purchase at least one plate each of a spread of Syrian sweets, such as wheat starch cooked with grape molasses, rice cooked in milk and sugar, and other dainties, which Abu-Khalil served with incredible promptness after it had been 'moved and seconded to adjourn.' Abu-Khalil's anxiety to 'do business' during the sessions greatly interfered at times with the proceedings. His customers came in at all hours, until late in the evening, and they had, of course, to be served. While our orators were toiling to round out their telling periods, Abu-Khalil would sit behind the counter smoking his *narghile*. Utterly unmindful of the significance, at least to the speaker, of an approaching climax, he would interrupt at the most critical moment by calling into the kitchen, 'One plate of stuffed squash for Khawaja Abdu-Allah!' Such behavior led the officers of the society to serious disputes with

Abu-Khalil as to how he should conduct himself during our sessions. God and Mammon could not be served together. 'The Syrian Scientific and Ethical Society' was driven out of Abraham's restaurant, and after some wandering and vain searching for a suitable shelter, perished.

While the untimely death of our society was a severe disappointment to me as one deeply interested in the welfare of the Syrian colony, individually I had every reason to be grateful for the results of my activities in it during its brief existence. I won the confidence and respect of my countrymen, which seemed to raise the level of my life and make me forget for the time being that I was a poor youth clothed in garments of camel's hair. After hearing my first 'oration' at one of the meetings, my employer, Maron, was so favorably impressed that on the next morning he informed me that he had added five dollars to my salary, declaring with childlike sincerity that he had never imagined that his katib was so 'learned.' His breast heaved with pride when many of our countrymen besought me to write letters for them to their feudal Lords in Syria, 'in my profound classical Arabic.' A month later he added another five dollars to my salary, promising, also, to give me a share in the business if I would agree to stay with him permanently. Friend Maron further concluded that I was too good to sweep the store, which duty he assigned to a peddler who lodged in the back room in the building.

All that was indeed glory and honor, and some money for me. But after having spent three months with Maron I discovered unmistakably that I was not made for a commercial career. I never could remember the prices of things from one day to another, while it was no effort at all for me to commit to memory a score of lines of poetry

by reading them only two or three times. To listen to those peddlers talk with gushing enthusiasm and satisfaction about how much money they had made on their trips, was really painful to me. Being in business for the sole purpose of making money appealed to me very faintly, even in my poverty. The ideal side of life gripped mightily at the strings of my heart. There was no idealism in the selling of hair-brushes, pipes, cuff-buttons and the like, therefore I did not deem it the proper occupation for me.

IV

While in such a frame of mind I was most naturally eager to accept another position which was offered to me early in the spring, and which seemed to me to combine both the commercial and the ideal aspects of life. About that time Mr. Arbeely, the president of our Scientific and Ethical Society, began the publication of *Kowkab America*,—the *Star of America*,—the first Arabic newspaper ever published in the Western hemisphere, and offered me the position of literary editor. He stated that my utterances in classical Arabic at the meetings of the society, and the public spirit which permeated them, convinced him that I was the man for such a position, and he hoped I might accept it.

With difficulty I restrained myself from shouting for joy. Was it possible that I was to occupy the commanding position of an editor, to become the fashioner of public opinion, so soon after my arrival in America? Certainly the supreme opportunity of my life had come; the open road to the realization of my hopes and ideals was now before me. My salary was to be the same at the start as that which I had been getting as katib, with the promise of a substantial increase in the not very far future. I was to be provided with

comfortable lodging accommodations in the office building on Pearl Street, and to have exclusive quarters, all my own, as the editor, from whom much was expected. Desirable as a larger income was, it appeared to me to be only a minor matter. The dreaming idealist in me had the upper hand of the prudent and practical commercialist.

The office of editor offered imperishable rewards. It meant intellectual expansion, moral and social victories, leadership of public opinion, and, in this case, perhaps the inauguration of a political movement in free America, which might at least mitigate the tyranny of the 'unspeakable Turk,' in our mother country. Last, but not least, was it not very probable that by virtue of my position as editor I would in due time be admitted to the circle of editors of the great New York dailies, and thus come in close touch with the highest and best in the life of America?

'Dreams are true while they last, and do we not live in dreams?' Woe to that youth who does not dream on a large scale. My expectations were not only laudable but commendable. I accepted Mr. Arbeely's offer the very day after it was made, promising to take up my duties in about two weeks.

My exalted opinion of the office of editor and its social requirements made me shed my camel's hair shirt and buy a real white stiff-bosomed American shirt, a turn-down collar and a four-in-hand necktie, ready tied. That was as far as I could go in acquiring suitable wearing apparel for my new office, and it really seemed to me a big step forward in my social evolution. During my career as katib I had shared a bed with another man in a Syrian lodging-house, at an expense of fifteen cents a night for both of us. Our room was possessed of a peculiar type of odor, which neither my bedfellow nor I knew how to modify. When I accepted

the new position it did not seem to me that that room was the most suitable lodging for the editor of the first Arabic newspaper ever published in the Western hemisphere, even for the two weeks, at the end of which I was to enjoy the comforts of a more desirable environment. I dissolved partnership with my bedfellow immediately and in a businesslike manner, leaving to him all the bedding I had brought with me from Syria, which had increased rather than decreased by use.

Our newspaper office force consisted of Najib Arbeely, the proprietor, a Damascene; Hbib Patrekian, the publisher, an Armenian; Yusuf Hajj, the compositor, a Beyrounine; and myself. Our journalistic enterprise began most auspiciously. Its advent was celebrated at headquarters by a large company of Syrians and a few Americans, largely reporters. The rooms, which the artful proprietor decorated with rich Oriental draperies, were packed with happy guests, and eloquence flowed no less copiously than beer and *arak*. The New York papers gave generous accounts of our undertaking, and the warm congratulations of educators, poets, and prelates poured upon us from all over Syria.

I was decidedly proud when, upon my arrival at the office to assume my editorial duties, I read on the door of a small room, 'The Editor's Room. No Admittance.' That was a justifiable and stimulating exclusiveness, which seemed to me to mark the beginning of a splendid career. My further acquaintance with the headquarters, however, tended to weaken my confidence that I was connected with a great enterprise.

Our offices occupied a small apartment, apparently intended originally for light housekeeping. It consisted of three rooms and a 'kitchenette.' The proprietor and the publisher slept in the main office, in folding beds which

were disguised in the day-time to appear as something else. The compositor slept among his type-cases, Mr. Arbeeley's brother in the kitchenette, and I in my 'editor's room.' Before many weeks the compositor rebelled against sleeping in the 'type room,' where the smell of benzine, oil, and paper threatened his health. By the direction of the proprietor he moved his bed into my room 'temporarily.' Soon after, the brother of the 'boss' discovered that it was utterly impossible for him to secure sufficient rest in the kitchenette, which was the wash-room for all the office force, and wondered whether he could not be accommodated 'for the present' in the editor's room. It was decided by his brother that he could. The three cots which beset my desk behind and before, with their complements of clothing and shoes, were hardly conducive to lofty flights of literary genius. But that was not all. The proprietor's other brother, who was a physician, would often bring his 'special patients' into my room for examination, and request me to 'kindly go into the other room for a few minutes.'

It soon developed also that my duties as editor had been intended by the proprietor to be as multifarious as were my duties as katib. I was required to keep the accounts, to look after the list of subscribers, attend to a large part of the business correspondence, solicit advertisements, do the work of a reporter, and even help fold the papers and prepare them for the mail, besides editing every item which went into the paper.

In the rather distressing circumstances a philosophical turn of mind came to my rescue. I tried to read the gospel of my destiny in the light of the years, and not the days and months, and to look upon the present difficulties as merely transient. Our enterprise was in its infancy, and as a healthy infant its potentialities were great. The

path of success and glory most often traverses swamps and deserts, and those who have the vision of ultimate triumph must learn to endure hardships as true soldiers. I thought of what the proprietor had often told me of the poverty and hard struggles of some great American editors at the beginning of their careers, and often quoted to myself the great saying of Mohammed, 'Heaven is under the shadow of swords!' Furthermore, by being obliged to translate the general news from the American newspapers, under the supervision of the proprietor and by the constant aid of the dictionary, I was acquiring a very serviceable English vocabulary.

I counted it a great honor also when I was sent to interview Dr. Charles Briggs, professor at Union Theological Seminary, when he was being tried for heresy by the New York Presbytery. By the aid of an interpreter I ventured to ask Dr. Briggs whether he still believed in Christ. The Professor smiled quizzically and answered me with a quotation from the First Epistle of John: "'And the blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin.'" The interview was 'satisfactory,' but I still entertain the suspicion that Dr. Briggs, inwardly, treated my pretentious visit to him as a joke.

With such means of consolation in mind I addressed myself to my task, for a whole year, with unreserved devotion and with the determination of a man who was bound to succeed. No Horace Greeley ever wrote editorials with a clearer sense of his own infallibility than I did in the *Kowkab*. My objective was no less than to be the disinterested reformer of my people, to whom I directed a series of editorials, brimful of fatherly advice.

Contrary, however, to my most confident expectations, the proprietor looked upon my policy with disfavor. He contended that my bugle-calls to

the Syrians to follow the path of American civilization were bound to arouse the suspicion of the Turkish authorities. The *Kowkab*, he said, was meant to be loyal to the Sultan, if for no other reason, because the majority of its subscribers were residents of Turkey. If Abdul Hamid should for any reason stop the circulation of the paper in his empire our whole enterprise must cease to be. The publisher also protested against any show of antagonism to Turkey in our columns, chiefly because his brother held office in one of the Turkish provinces, and he had written to our office that the least manifestation of disloyalty on our part might cost him not only his office, but his liberty as a citizen. That was a severe disappointment to me. The hand of the Turk was still heavy upon me, even on Pearl Street, New York.

v

Apparently the course of my destiny lay in another direction than that of journalism. The *Kowkab* did not make the forward strides I had expected it would. My task as editor grew harder at the end of the year and less dignified, rather than the reverse. Serious differences occurred between the proprietor and the publisher, which led them one evening to a fist fight. Discord ruled our office, and I concluded to seek new pastures outside New York. By exercising strict economy I had succeeded in paying my debts and buying an overcoat (at a fire-sale) and a new suit of clothes. Otherwise I was penniless.

It should be borne in mind, however, that my decision to depart from New York altogether was only in small part the result of my dissatisfaction with my lot as editor. The real cause lay much deeper. The Syrian colony in New York seemed to me to be simply Syria on a smaller scale. During my

stay of nearly eighteen months in it I did not have occasion to speak ten sentences in English. We ate the same dishes, spoke the same language, told the same stories, indulged in the same pleasures, and were torn by the same feuds, as those that had filled our lives on the Eastern shores of the Mediterranean. I seemed to be almost as far from the real life of America as if I had been living in Beyrout or Tripoli. The only glimpses I had of the higher life of this country came to me through the very few enlightened Syrians who mingled extensively with the better class of Americans, and who only occasionally visited our colony.

The sum total of my year-and-a-half's experience in New York convinced me that it was most difficult, if not impossible, for a foreigner to become really Americanized while living in a colony of his own kinsmen. Just as the birth of a new species can never take place without a radical break with the parent stock, so the thorough transformation of a foreigner into an American can never be accomplished without the complete departure, inwardly and outwardly, of that individual from his kindred.

I often asked myself, in those days, where and how do the real Americans live? Who are the people who foster and maintain that American civilization of which I hear so much, but which I have not yet known? I have seen a multitude of Irish, Italians, Poles, Russians, Chinese, and other human elements which make up the community in which I am living, but where are the Americans? It seemed to me that in a cosmopolitan city like New York it was well-nigh impossible for a poor foreigner like me to come into helpful contact with its real American families. Therefore I would leave the great city and seek the smaller centres of population, where men came in friendly

touch with one another, daily. It had been made clear to me that a purely commercial career could not satisfy me, that I had a deep longing for something more in the life of America than the mere loaves and fishes, therefore *that* something would I seek.

But, as has been already stated, at the end of my year-and-a-half's labors in New York, I found myself almost penniless. I had not enough money to carry me two hundred miles from that city. Whatever my *theory* of the 'loaves and fishes' may have been, the *fact* was that I sorely needed them.

It so happened that the most intimate friend I had in America at the time was a young man, a graduate of the Syrian Protestant College in Beirut, who was engaged by the Presbyterian churches of Pittsburgh as a missionary among the Syrians in that city. Amin sent me a most urgent invitation and money enough to come to him. He thought his salary would keep us both, until we had matured our plans for the future. We were 'to live and die together!'

Fortune smiled also from another direction. Several Syrian silk-merchants in New York, learning that I was about to leave the colony and that I was in straitened financial circumstances, offered to give me all the silk goods I might want to sell in my travels, 'to keep me alive until I found a more congenial occupation,' — for which goods I was to pay at my convenience. The selling of silk, or anything else, was really hateful to me, but the urgent necessity compelled me to carry with me a small quantity of the fabrics. The Syrian missionary in New York introduced me to the noted Presbyterian divine, Dr. David Gregg of Brooklyn, who gave me a letter of recommendation. In compliance with wise advice I went also to Dr. Henry van Dyke, then pastor of the Brick

Presbyterian Church, and requested his endorsement of Dr. Gregg's letter. Dr. van Dyke met me very cordially, but felt some hesitancy about giving a recommendation to one who was an entire stranger to him. But I said to him, in my broken English, not to be afraid because '*I was very good man*!' at which I saw him turn his face from me and smile. Reaching to the bookcase behind him he took out a book of a very strange character and asked me whether I could read that. I said, 'No. This must be Babylon writing.' Shaking with laughter, he said, 'It is shorthand.' He wrote on my letter, 'I join in Dr. Gregg's wish for Mr. Rihbany's success,' and so forth, and dismissed me with a 'God bless you.'

Armed with those weighty documents, on the strength of which a man of stronger commercial instincts than I possessed might have done much business, I started out of New York. Upon my arrival at the Pennsylvania Railroad station to take my first railway trip in America, the luxurious coaches seemed forbidden to me. Recalling to mind the rough and dingy 'third-class' car in which I was shipped from Marseilles to Havre, I thought certainly the plush-seated, mahogany-finished coaches which stood before me were not for penniless foreigners such as I was. Failing to find the humble conveyances I was looking for, I asked a uniformed man, 'Which the train to Pittsburgh?' Pointing to the train which I had inspected three times, he said, 'This.' Still afraid of getting into the wrong car I gazed at the man, who, perceiving my perplexed condition, took me by the arm to the door of one of those costly coaches and said, 'Get in here.' I immediately obeyed, and the moving palace carried me to Pittsburgh, where my friend Amin and I were to seek as our fortune the best things in the life of America.

(To be continued.)

FROM BEND TO BURNS

BY DALLAS LORE SHARP

THE clutch snapped in with a jump. Forward, backward shot the lever — we were rounding a corner in a whirl of dust, Bend behind us, and the auto-stage, like some giant jack-rabbit, bounding through the sage-brush for Burns, one hundred and fifty miles across the desert.

Think of starting from New York for Wilmington, Delaware, or from Boston for New Haven, Connecticut, with nothing, absolutely nothing but sage-brush and greasewood and stony laval ridges and a barely discernible trail in between! with a homesteader's shack for Providence, another shack for Norwich, then sage, sage, sage!

It was the size of the West and the spirit of the West — this combination of sage and automobile — that struck me as most unlike things back East, size and spirit commensurate. The difference was not one of race or blood. The new Northwest had very largely come out of the older East, the same blood there as here, but a different spirit. Spirit is an elastic thing; and if we had the spaciousness of that western country, we should doubtless have the soul to fill it, as the little town of Burns fills it for a hundred and fifty miles of sage, whichever way you go.

We were 'going in' from Bend, over the High Desert. We were to speak to the Rod and Gun Club of Burns. We were to visit the great Malheur Lake Reservation just south of Burns, and the vast wild lands of the Steins Mountains on farther south, which the State has since turned into a wild-animal re-

servation. We were also bringing in with us a carload of young trout to stock the Silvies River and the creeks about Burns.

Our telegram had gone around by Baker City, Sumpter, and Canyon City; thence had been relayed by telephone to Burns; our car-load of fingerling trout was to follow us by auto-truck from Bend over the desert; and we — the July morning found us heading over a horizon of gray sage into the sunrise, the purplish pine stems of the Deschutes Forest Reservation far to south and west of us, and over them, in the far northwest, the snowy peaks of Jefferson and the Three Sisters.

There was nothing else to be seen; not at this point, that is, for we were but just starting, and were using all our eyes to hang on with.

I had never ridden from Bend to Burns by auto-stage before, and I did not realize at first that you could hold yourself down by merely anchoring your feet under the rail and gripping everything in sight. It is a simple matter of using all your hands and knees and feet. But at the start I was wasting my strength, as, with eyes fixed and jaw set, I even held on to my breath in order to keep up with the car.

The desert was entirely new to me; so was the desert automobile. I had been looking forward eagerly to this first sight of the sage plains; but I had not expected the automobile, and could see nothing whatever of the sage-brush until I had learned to ride the car. I had ridden an automobile before; I

had driven one — a staid and even-going eastern car which I had left at home in the stable. I thought I knew an automobile; but I found that I had never been on one of western desert breed. The best buckner at the Pendleton Round-Up is but a rocking-horse in comparison. I doubt if you could experience death in any part of the world more times for twenty dollars than by auto-stage from Bend to Burns.

The trail takes account of every possible bunch of sage-brush and grease-wood to be met with on the way. It never goes over a bunch if it can go around a bunch; and as there is nothing but bunches all the way, the road is very devious. It turns, here and there, every four or five feet, — perhaps the sage-brush clumps average five feet apart, — and it has a habit, too, whenever it sees the homesteader's wire-fences, of dashing for them, down one side of the claim, then short about the corner and down the other side of the claim, steering clear of all the clumps of sage, but ripping along horribly near to the sizzling barbs of the wire and the untrimmed stubs on the juniper posts. Then off it darts into the brush, this way, that way, every way, which in the end proves to be the way to Burns, but no one at the beginning of the trip could believe it — no one from the East, I mean.

The utter nowhereness of that desert trail, of its very start and finish! I had been used to starting from Hingham and arriving — and I am two whole miles from the station at that. Here at Mullein Hill I can see South, East, and North Weymouth, plain Weymouth, and Weymouth Heights, with Queen Anne's Corner only a mile away; Hanover Four Corners, Assinippi, Egypt, Cohasset, and Nantasket are hardly five miles off; and Boston itself is but sixty minutes distant by automobile, Eastern time.

It is not so between Bend and Burns. Time and space are different concepts there. Here in Hingham you are never without the impression of somewhere. If you stop you are in Hingham; if you go on you are in Cohasset, perhaps. You are somewhere always. But between Bend and Burns you are always in the sage-brush and right on the distant edge of time and space, which seems by contrast with Hingham the very middle of nowhere. Massachusetts time and space, and doubtless European, as Kant and Schopenhauer maintained, are not world-elements independent of myself, at all, but only *a priori* forms of perceiving. That will not do from Bend to Burns. They are independent things out there. You can whittle them and shovel them. They are sage-brush and sand, respectively. Nor do they function there as here in the East, determining, according to the metaphysicians, the sequence of conditions, and positions of objects toward each other; for the sage will not admit of it. The *Vedanta* well describes the 'thing-in-itself' between Bend and Burns in what it says of Brahman: 'it is not split by time and space, and is free from all change.'

That does not describe the journey; there was plenty of change in that, at the rate we went, and according to the exceeding number of sage-bushes we passed. It was all change, though all sage. We never really tarried by the side of any sage-bush. It was impossible to do that and keep the car shying rhythmically — now on its two right wheels, now on its two left wheels — past the sage-bush next ahead. Not the journey, I say; it is only the concept, the impression of the journey, that can be likened to Brahman. But that single, unmitigated impression of sage and sand, of nowhereness, was so entirely unlike all former impressions, that I am glad I made the journey

from Boston in order to go from Bend to Burns.

You lose no time getting at the impression. It begins in Bend — long before that, indeed, being distributed generally over all this Oregon country. At Bend the railroad terminates. The only thing you can do at Bend is to go back, — unless you are bound for Burns. The impression does not begin at Bend, and it does not end at Burns. It only deepens. For at Burns there is not so much as a railroad terminus. You cannot go back from Burns, or 'out,' as the citizens say, until there are enough of your mind to charter the auto-stage. The next railroad terminus to Burns is at Vale, one hundred and thirty-five miles of sage beyond, somewhat north by east.

Not split by time and space, and free from all change, single, deep, indelible — gray is the desert from Bend to Burns.

It was 7.10 in the morning when we started from Bend, it was after eight in the evening when we swung into Burns. At noon we halted for dinner at a rude roadhouse, half of the journey done; at one o'clock we started on with a half of it yet to go — at the same pace; over the same trail; through the same dust and sun and sage, — the other car of our party, that had followed us so far, now taking the lead. There were details enough, there was variety enough, had one but time and the eyes to see. I had neither. This was my first day in the desert; and it was the desert that I had come out to traverse — it was the sage and the sand, the roll, the reach to the horizon, the gray, sage-gray that I had come out to see. I must travel swift and look far off. For you cannot compass the desert horizon at a glance. Nor can you see at a glance this desert gray. It is so low a tone, a color so hard to fix! I must see sage-gray until it

should dye the very grain of my imagination, as the bitter flavor of the sage stains the blood, and tastes in the very flesh of sage-hen.

A day was not long enough; one hundred and fifty speeding miles could not carry me fast enough or far enough to see the desert. And if I should stop to look for the desert life, for the parts, I would miss the whole. But I had my hand instinctively upon the driver's arm when a sage sparrow darted in front of the car. It was a new bird to me. Then a sage thrasher flitted away and alighted as the car sped past — another new bird! A badger drew into its burrow — I had never seen the badger at home; a lizard, a small horned-toad, a gray-and-yellow-winged grasshopper, a sage rat — two — three of them — all new, all children of the desert! A little shrike, a cluster of squat golden-balled flowers, a patch of purple things close to the sand, giving a drop of color to the stretch of gray; a slender striped chipmunk, a small brown owl dangling between the sage clumps, and calling like a flicker, another at the mouth of an old badger's den — the burrowing owl, to be sure, and the first one I have ever seen! Whir-r-r-r — the great sage-hen! and my hand shot out again — this time at the steering wheel.

The driver only grunted, and opened the throttle a little wider if anything. He was not after sage-hens; he was on the road to Burns.

If only he would blow out a tire! He did break a rear axle later on in the afternoon, and to my amazement and chagrin pulled a spare one out of his toolbox, and had it on as if it were part of the programme. But he gave me a chance to start my first jack-rabbit and send him careening over the plain. I crept up on a western night hawk, too; gathered the most glorious of American primroses, an almost stemless flower

like all of the desert plants, white and as large as a morning-glory. I snatched and threw into the car eight other new species of desert flowers; nibbled a leaf of the sage and some of the salty Shadscale; picked up a large fragment of black obsidian, and beside it a broken Indian arrowhead of the same laval glass; saw where a coyote had been digging out picket-pins; and was trying to capture a scorpion when the mended car overtook me—and on through the sage we rolled.

Another stop like this and my desert would be lost. One cannot watch a desert. But one can a scorpion, and to leave the only live scorpion I had ever seen was hard. As we whirled past a camping freighter, his horses outspanned in the sun, I envied him the ten days he was taking to cover what I was being hurled across in one. To freight it across the High Desert! to feel the beating sun at midday, and at midnight the bite of the frost! To waken in the unspeakable freshness of the cold dawn to the singing of the sage thrasher; and at twilight, the long desert twilight, to watch the life of the silent plains awaken, to hear the quaking call of the burrowing owls, and far off through the shadows the cry of the prowling coyotes!

If something else would happen to the car—something serious—all four axles at once! But it was not to be. We were destined to sleep in Burns—a restless sleep, however. I would much rather take my chances next time with the occasional scorpions in the sage. But we were due in Burns that night. We were to speak to the Rod and Gun Club. We were to tell them that the carload of young fish would be on the road by midnight; that we had seen the truck at Bend; that they could expect the fish surely by evening of the next day.

On we sped into the sage, on into the

lengthening afternoon. The scattered juniper trees, strangely like orchard trees at a distance, becoming more numerous, the level stretches more varied and broken, with here and there a cone-like peak appearing—Glass Buttes to the south, Buck Mountain to the north, with Wagon Tire and Iron mountains farther off. Early in the forenoon we had passed several homesteaders' claims,—spots of desolation in the desert,—and now, as the afternoon wore on, the lonely settler's shack and wire fence began to appear again.

I have seen many sorts of desperation, but none like that of the men who attempt to make a home out of three hundred and fifty acres of High Desert sage. For this is so much more than they need. Three *feet* by six in the sage is land enough—and then there were no need of wire for a fence or a well for water. Going down to the sea in ships, or into mines by a lift, are none too high prices to pay for life; but going out, on the desert with a government claim and the necessary plough, the necessary wire fence, the necessary years of residence, and other things made necessary by law, to say nothing of those required by nature and perhaps by marriage, is to pay all too dearly for death, and to make of one's funeral a needlessly desolate thing. A man ploughing the sage! his woman keeping the shack!—a patch of dust against the dust; a shadow within a shadow, and nothing then but sage and sand and space.

We were nearing Silver Creek, some forty miles, perhaps, from Burns, when ahead, and off to the right of us rose a little cloud of dust. I watched it with interest, wondering what it might be, until through the sage I made out a horseman galloping hard to intercept us, as I thought. I could not reach ahead with my eye to the

windings of our narrow road, but unless we made in his direction we should leave him far in the rear. He had measured the distance, too, for I saw him bend in the saddle and his horse sink deeper into the sage as they lay down to the race.

He was going to miss us surely, for we were driving like the wind. Then he snatched off his sombrero, waved it over his head, pulled hard to the right to catch us farther down on a curve, and sent his horse at a dead run over a ridge of laval stones, — a run to rob the rest of my automobile journey of all its terrors.

Our car slowed down, as the rider, a cowboy, lurched into the road.

'I've a dying man in here,' he began, jerking his hand toward a shanty off in the sage. 'Will you take him to the doctor in Burns?'

The driver did not open his mouth, but turned and looked at us. The car was crowded. Both running boards were piled with traps and luggage.

'He's dying of appendicitis,' said the horseman. 'An operation to-night might save him.'

The gray of the evening had already spread over the desert, and at the ominous words it darkened till it touched the sage with a loneliness that was profound.

One of us would have to get off in the sage and give the dying man a place, and I, for every reason, was the one to do it. Must I confess, that something like fear of that far-circling horizon, of the deep silence, of the pall of sage and shadow took hold upon me! Dying? A man — off yonder — alone?

Just then the second car, which we had passed some distance back, came up and a long lean man in a linen duster, who had eaten with me at the road-house, hearing the story, hurried with us over to the shack.

'I'm a doctor,' he said, leaving me

unstrapping some luggage on the car, and entered the door.

He was out again in a minute.

'On the wrong side. Bad strain in the groin, that's all. He'll soon be in the saddle.' — And we were racing on toward Burns, the purring of the engine now a song of distances, of wide slumbering plains of sage and sand, and overhead of waking stars.

The long desert dusk still lingered, but lights were twinkling as we slowed through the last sandy ruts into the main street of Burns. We were met by the local game-wardens and by some of the citizens of the town. Our talk was for to-morrow, Saturday, night. There was a 'Booster Meeting' on for to-night. The next day I picked up on the street a little flyer.

TO-NIGHT

Tonawama Theatre

The Harney County Rod and Gun Club invite their friends to meet with them at Tonawama Hall to-night at 8.30 to listen to a talk by State Game-Warden W. L. Finley, who is accompanied here by Prof. Dallas Lore Sharp. — A special invitation is extended to the ladies.

The ladies came; the children too. Not all of the thousand souls of Burns were out, for they had had the Booster Meeting the night before; but there was a considerable part of them out, to hear of the fish, the thirty thousand trout-fry, which were coming over the desert at the town's expense, to stock the Silvies River and the creeks about Burns. I say at the town's expense; at the expense, rather, of the Rod and Gun Club. But everybody belonged to the Rod and Gun Club. We had telegraphed our coming, and the gift of the fish, if the town would freight them in. The citizens got themselves together, raised the one hundred and

twenty-five dollars, sent one of their men out with a five-ton truck and met us at Bend. But the fish-train was delayed, and we came on ahead, leaving the truck to follow when the fish should get in. By this time however they should have been in Burns.

Yes, we had seen their man. He had come through. And the fish? They had been side-tracked at The Dalles, but were on the road — had arrived at Bend no doubt at 9.45 last night, and must be now nearly in. Yes — they could certainly expect them by early morning, barring accidents — a fine lot of fingerlings — Rainbows, Silver-sides and Eastern Brook trout — forty cans of them!

It was an enthusiastic meeting in spite of the aired grievances of many of the Club against the tightening game laws, for which the warden was largely responsible. Enthusiastic, and decidedly enlightened, too, it seemed to me, by the time it closed, and the warden had had a chance to explain the meaning of the relations between the sportsman, the game, and the state; and to enforce his points with that great load of young fish coming over the desert.

'Finley,' said I after the meeting, 'it's a long haul for fish.'

'So it is,' he replied.

'Suppose they don't arrive in good shape?'

'I was thinking of that; the long stop at The Dalles, to begin with; then this desert! They were shipped from the hatchery Friday. To-morrow's Sunday. They'll never make it!'

We said no more. There was a good deal at stake for the game-warden in this little town of Burns, the centre of influence over a wide region and a richer game country than, I believe, can be found anywhere else in the United States, fed as it is by the great Malheur Lake Reservation at the mouth of the Silvies, a few miles below.

At twelve o'clock that night I looked out into the sky. It was dark. The stars were shining, and a strong wind was blowing cold from the desert. The truck had doubtless been on the road now for twenty-four hours. Where was it with its living freight — its forty cans of young fish, its two wardens, dipping, dipping all day, all night, to aerate the water and keep the fry alive? Those men had had no sleep all Friday night, none all day Saturday, none to-night — all night. And the driver, the dusty, shock-headed driver who had met us at Bend! What did it mean to drive that heavy truck, with its perishing load, at top speed, without relief or sleep, over the tortuous trail and pulling sands of the High Desert, clear to Burns! And all for a few thousand fish! They had been on the road for twenty-four hours. Should they arrive before morning there still could be no rest for the wardens, for they must go from can to can, dipping, dipping, dipping, till the fish were put into the streams!

It was the dead of night, and away yonder, miles and miles over the starlit plain they were coming, a driver and a pounding engine fighting every dragging foot of the way, and two exhausted wardens fighting every dragging minute of the time for the freight in their care! Moving among the crowded cans in the lurching, plunging car, they were dipping with one hand, holding hard with the numbed fingers of the other, the desert wind piercing them and, at midnight, freezing the water as it slopped and splashed upon their clothes. And this in July!

It was a cruel haul. But it is the western way; and it is all in the day's work.

At six o'clock the next morning we scanned the sage-brush to the west for a sign of the coming car. There was no cloud of dust on the horizon. None

at eight o'clock. None at ten. Noon came and went. Little groups of men gathered at the corners or wandered in to talk with us at the 'hotel.' Buckboards and automobiles from distant ranches were waiting at the garage to take one can, or two cans, up and down the river twenty—thirty—forty miles away, when the truck should get in. The street was full of people—picturesque people, pure Americans all of them—'riders,' homesteaders, ranchers, townspeople, waiting for the fish-car. The local baseball nines announced a game; the local band came out to escort them to the grounds and, to the tune of 'There'll Be a Hot Time in the Old Town To-night,' went down to the field to play until the car should come.

Four o'clock. I had ceased to look or care. I felt sick. My one hope was that the car would not get in, that it was a total wreck somewhere in the hopeless sage-brush of Crook County, where the road, I remembered, was next to impassable. They had mercifully had a break-down, I was thinking, when there came a clatter of hoofs, a yelping of dogs, a shout,—a loud *chug-chugging*,—and up to the hotel-steps ground the truck, as grim an outfit as ever pulled in from a desert.

With the town a-trailing, the car went on to the garage, where the water was quickly changed and iced down, the ranchers given their allotments of the young fish, and the unclaimed cans reloaded and hurried out to the nearest running stream.

But it was too late. I emptied the first can, and a little swirl of tiny whitish fish curled into an eddy and sank slowly to the bottom. One of them

darted away—another keeled, curved out on its side, gasped, gulped the water, snapped himself into life at the taste, and swam weakly off—two out of eight hundred! It was so with every can.

We went back to the hotel. The driver of the truck, his clothes, hair, and skin caked with dust, his eyes blood-shot, and fearful exhaustion fastened upon his face, dropped almost through my arms to a box on the sidewalk.

'Damn it!' he muttered, more to himself than to me, his head upon his knees, 'they can pay me for the gas, and that's all they shall do.'

But he got his pay for his time also. The game-warden called the Rod and Gun Club together that night, and handed them back a hundred dollars, saying the state would foot the bill this time. 'You take your money,' said he, 'and we will build some hatching troughs in Cary Garden Creek with it to-morrow. I've telegraphed for fifty thousand trout-eggs in the eyed-stage—you can ship them in that stage, around the world—and a warden to come with them to show you how they are hatched and planted. We will stock Silvies River and every stream about Burns, and do it now.'

And so they did. In true Western style they started that hatchery the next day, and before the week had passed the work was done, the eggs were on the way, every man in the town interested, and every man won over to the side of the state in its fight for game protection and honest sport.

It is a great country, that Oregon country, as any one will say who makes the trip from Bend to Burns.

AMERICAN DEMOCRACY AND CORPORATE REFORM

THE DEMOCRATIC ANTI-TRUST PLANK

BY ROBERT R. REED

To the *Atlantic* for January, 1909, I contributed a paper bearing this same title. 'American Democracy' was then used, and is still used, in its broader sense. The trend of events has made the trust remedy then advanced the declared policy of the party now in power, but the principle on which that remedy rests is the common heritage of all who believe in democracy itself. That principle demands the solution of the trust problem without destroying the fabric of our institutions. It demands the prevention of monopoly, not its regulation. This proposal, made in 1909, I shall call the Williams bill proposal, because it has become identified with the Senate bill introduced by John S. Williams of Mississippi, who from its inception has been its most effective advocate.

Senator Williams wrote me early in 1909 that this proposal furnished the key to the trust situation, and asked me to draft the bill which he later introduced. Later he wrote, 'You have the right sow by the ear; hold on to her!' but his has been the grip that held, and the credit, if there be any credit, for its present position and promise of accomplishment, is chiefly his.

The proposal itself has been so fully established that there are now a number of pending bills based upon it, introduced by leaders of the different parties and factions; it is apparently accepted without question as both con-

stitutional and practicable. It calls in its simplest terms for a federal law excluding from interstate commerce corporations which fail to comply with such conditions as Congress finds and declares necessary to preserve the freedom of that commerce from corporate monopoly, — 'an effective prohibitory law stating in detail the conditions of incorporation, management, and governing laws necessary to enable a corporation to engage in interstate commerce.' It is based on a fact which is now undisputed, that monopoly is created by government and cannot exist without its aid, and that our modern monopolies have been created by the state grants of corporate powers necessary to their existence. This view was strongly stated by ex-Attorney-General Wickersham, in his notable address of February 22, 1910, in which he said that the resulting condition is strongly analogous to that which arose in the reign of Elizabeth by the express grant of royal monopolies.

The most complete and conclusive statement of the genesis and growth of monopoly under the grant of the state corporation laws is that made at the 1911 convention of the American Bar Association by its President, Hon. Edgar H. Farrar, of New Orleans. Judge Farrar particularly condemned the holding company and the unlimited capitalization allowed to modern corporations, and said, 'Monopoly comes

to them by virtue of their size, organization and strength just as surely as monopoly went to the East India Company by royal grant'; adding that 'Congress can drive out of interstate and foreign commerce all corporations with fictitious or watered stock, all corporations whose capital stock is so great as to constitute them practical monopolies or suspects of being such, all holding companies, and all companies whose stocks are owned by holding companies or by other corporations.'

This remedy had been proposed in 1909 and was, at the time Judge Farrar spoke, embodied in the Williams bill introduced in the Senate April 20, 1911, covering the specific items mentioned.

In September, 1909, the *New York World* called this proposal to the attention of the so-called Saratoga Conference which was deliberating on the future policies of the Democratic party, and urged upon it the importance of presenting a definite policy on the trust question. The platform adopted was negative on this question, and this omission was criticised by the *Outlook* in an editorial in which it said, 'As soon as the Democratic Party takes a stand on one side or the other of the giant struggle over the whole industrial problem that is paramount in this country, it will become vitalized, but until it does that it is negligible.'

Between 1909 and 1912 the entire aspect of the trust question changed. The banner of national socialism was raised at Ossawatimie, and the Democratic party seemed still to be unable to meet the issue squarely on one side or the other. But with the Supreme Court decisions in the Standard Oil and Tobacco Trust cases, the situation altered. Monopoly was attacked and defeated. Its origin and its methods became more clearly defined, and in particular the fact of its creation by and dependence upon corporate

devices became more clear to the general public. The Williams bill proposal was justified by the events which followed it, and gradually acquired strong individual support and public recognition. The Attorney-General of the United States, who in court and forum had contributed so largely to this result, publicly stated on March 30, 1912, that the Williams bill was 'the most practicable and indeed I think the only clearly thought out and intelligently conceived legislation in that direction,'—in the direction, that is, of prevention of monopoly by restrictive laws. The Democratic party in July, 1912, nominated Woodrow Wilson for President, and, on the initiative of Senator Williams, made its appeal to the voters with the following anti-trust plank, embodying the proposal which had been ignored by the Saratoga Conference:—

'A private monopoly is indefensible and intolerable. We therefore favor the rigorous enforcement of the criminal as well as the civil law against trusts and trust officials, and demand the enactment of such additional legislation as may be necessary to make it impossible for a private monopoly to exist in the United States. We favor the declaration by law of the conditions upon which corporations shall be permitted to engage in interstate trade, including, among others, the prevention of holding companies, of interlocking directors, of stock-watering, of discrimination in price, and the control by any one corporation of so large a proportion of any industry as to make it a menace to competitive conditions.'

The *Outlook* prediction was fulfilled. Democracy was vitalized, when for the first time in any party platform the restriction of corporate evils was declared to be the specific remedy for destroying private monopoly. The

average voter, I believe, grasps quite clearly the plain general meaning of this remedy. He has, wisely or unwisely, an inherited antipathy to corporate privileges, and whoever discusses the subject with him will find ready recognition of the fact that monopoly is the outgrowth of corporate privilege, and can be destroyed by its limitation. He is surprised not at the declaration, but at the failure to apply it long ago. He knows that 'a private monopoly is indefensible and intolerable.' In the words of a member of the English Long Parliament, quoted by Judge Farrar, he has found them, 'a nest of wasps—a swarm of vermin which have overcrept the land. Like the frogs of Egypt, they have gotten possession of our dwellings and we have scarce a room free from them. They sup in our cup; they dip in our dish; they sit by our fire. We find them in the dye-vat, washbowl, and powdering tub. They share with the butler in his box. They will not bate us a pin. We may not buy our clothes without their brokerage. These are the leeches that have sucked the commonwealth so hard that it is almost hectic.'

It is the purpose of this article to emphasize the need and meaning of the platform remedy, in connection with the situation now existing, and with the effort now being made to dispense with this remedy or to subvert it to the perpetuation of monopoly; also to make plain the fact that the platform pledge calls for certain definite things the effect of which will be as complete as the party promise 'to make it impossible for a monopoly to exist in the United States.'

The first platform pledge is for 'the rigorous enforcement of the criminal as well as the civil law against trusts and trust officials.' It was perhaps expected that the enforcement of the law would be more 'rigorous' and ef-

fective under Mr. McReynolds than under Mr. Wickersham, and the Union Pacific dissolution is cited as evidence that this has been the case. In justice to the subject, it must be said that the difference is largely one of form. In the Standard Oil case, the common-stock ownership was not disturbed, and so long as it continues the 'trust' remains. The Southern Pacific stock certificates allotted to Union Pacific stockholders were not allowed to be physically converted into actual stock by a Union Pacific stockholder, but *their exchange for actual stock by such a stockholder*, by sale and purchase on the Stock Exchange, was not restrained by the decree, and was accomplished at a cost of twenty-five cents a share brokerage. The common control has apparently been retained; if it was worth retaining it could not be destroyed by such a measure. I cite this simply to emphasize the futility of the 'rigorous enforcement' of the present law against corporate monopoly. It has not been and will not be destroyed in this way, nor, I believe, by 'the trusts eating out of the hands of the Attorney-General,' to quote the current characterization of a process that originated with the last administration and has some of the features of an 'immunity bath' for its fortunate victims.

The evil is an underlying one, and requires an underlying remedy; such was Mr. Wickersham's conclusion after four years of actual experience, and it is not apt to be ignored by his successor. If monopoly is destroyed to-day, it will be reestablished to-morrow, for the means by which it was created remains, and cannot well be controlled by judicial decree, or by adjustments similar to those of the Standard Oil and Union Pacific cases. The acceptance of such adjustments, as a permanent solution of the problem, involves

a surrender not by the trusts but by the Democratic party — a surrender in the face of an assured victory.

The platform recognizes this fact and demands 'the enactment of such *additional legislation* as may be necessary to make it *impossible for a private monopoly to exist* in the United States.' Monopoly is destructible, and will be destroyed. In these bold words the Baltimore Convention met the issue raised at Ossawatimie. Monopoly today is on the defensive. Its cause and the way to its removal are known to the electorate, and to the active leaders of Congress who were members of the Convention that adopted this declaration.

The platform pledge is strong and it is specific, but it is susceptible of subversion, and efforts have been and will be made to subvert it so as to effect the perpetuation of monopoly. It calls for certain definite, substantially unmistakable provisions of law, for a 'declaration by law' of certain 'conditions' which must be met.

The Williams bill proposal embodying these conditions had been thrashed out in the Senate Committee on Interstate Commerce and was known to all members of Congress at Baltimore who had followed the subject. It is embodied in the platform. The 'trade commission' proposal, and various proposals to amend the Sherman Act *so as in effect to permit a 'reasonable restraint of trade' by 'good trusts,'* were also well known, — if anything, more widely known than the Williams bill. They are not embodied in the platform. The danger of the subversion of this remedy is serious. It is evidenced by the report of the Senate Committee on Interstate Commerce, presented on February 26, 1913. Its only specific recommendation for legislation embodied the Williams bill proposal in the following words: 'Third, that it is de-

sirable to impose upon corporations now or hereafter organized under state law, and engaged in or proposing to engage in such commerce, further conditions and regulations affecting both their organization and the conduct of their business.'

The Senator who wrote the report, referring to '10 out of 20 manufacturing establishments heretofore in competition' desiring to consolidate, said: 'There ought to be a way in which the men in such a venture could submit their plan to the government, and an inquiry made as to the legality of such a transaction, and if the government was of the opinion that competitive conditions would not be substantially impaired there should be an approval, and in so far as the lawfulness of the exact thing is concerned there should be a decision, and *if favorable to the proposal there should be an end of that particular controversy for all time.*'

A more apt statement of the programme for the creation of monopoly under a federal bureaucracy could not well be made. It subverts the whole proposal adopted by the committee, and instead of 'conditions for the destruction of monopoly,' suggests 'regulations' under which it may be perpetuated '*for all time.*' Woe betide the American Republic, if combinations of industry can by executive approval make 'an end of that particular controversy for all time.' The proposal, if adopted, would be a new and greater mother of trusts. From its womb would spring, for the first time in our history, full-grown national monopolies, vested 'for all time' with the sovereign grant of the United States. There have been, and will be, many similar efforts to secure an executive discretion in the 'regulation of combinations,' issuing cards of admission or orders of exclusion directed to particular corporations.

They will be presented with great ability as authoritative embodiments of the platform plank, in several forms and from many sources. They can have but one certain result. Mr. Wickersham said in July, 1911, on the subject of federal regulation, 'It has been openly advocated quite recently by representatives of some of the largest combinations of capital, probably as a means of salvation and to preserve, under government supervision, great organizations whose continued existence is menaced by the recent interpretation of the Sherman Anti-trust Act.'

To 'preserve' them — this is the crux of the whole subject — *on the borderland of monopoly and as near to its accomplishment and rich rewards as the executive for the time being may permit.*

When the mind contemplates, in the light of history and with a knowledge of men, the vast meaning of this picture, it is small wonder that our executives, no less than our 'captains of industry,' have at times inclined to favor a power so full of possibilities. Its possibilities are different for different men. It appeals to the beneficent autocrat, with the idea of compelling industrial peace and justice through the land, a dream fit for a Marcus Aurelius. It appeals to political ambition, with its possibilities of a great political autocracy controlling the destinies of the nation. Last, but not least, it appeals to the man of large affairs, the business autocrat and monopolist, with its promise of salvation to existing combinations and of future growth. It means but one thing certainly, and that is, monopoly under the *possible* restraint of government. The sanction it will enjoy, but the restraint will not be felt. The thing is practically impossible in any government that is free and expects to remain free. It is

useless to speculate on a matter of such absolute certainty.

Ours is a republican form of government. The only problem of 'regulated monopoly' under it is to outwit, mislead, or corrupt the ever-changing powers that be, all the big brains and money, cunning and greed of the country working toward a common end, with nothing to check them but a handful of men, big and little, each holding a political office at a small salary until a better office or a better salary is offered him, and hoping for something worth while when he returns to unofficial life. Where are the presidential secretaries and bureaucrats of yesterday? The question is a fair one, and the answer tells the story of bureaucratic efficiency under a republic, of regulated monopoly in a democracy. The head of the Steel Trust is the most pronounced advocate of such a system, a system of the 'good trusts,' of great industrial combinations riveting the chains of commerce with executive permits, growing imperceptibly, but 'for all time,' and irresistibly, to the complete dominance of industry.

Fortunately the party elected to power is pledged to the destruction of monopoly, not by regulation, but by the enactment of specific legislation, which by the terms of the declaration excludes the idea and possibility of 'regulated combination.' Fortunately, also, there is one man in the United States who has kept his mind open on this question, not perhaps individually, but as President, nor has he expressed any other view but that the causes of monopoly are known, and we must act with that knowledge to destroy and prevent them. Correcting a popular impression to the contrary, he has very recently said with much emphasis, 'I conceive that to be part of the whole process of government, that I shall be spokesman for some-

body, not for myself. *I have to confine myself to those things which have been embodied as promises to the people at an election. That is the strict rule I have set for myself.*

The recent report of the Secretary of Commerce, which covered the field of possible legislation, contained no suggestion of federal regulation. Its specific recommendation of '*legislation looking to fundamental charter provisions for every corporation doing interstate business*' states the proposal and details of the Williams bill; it is the only recommendation that has not been adversely criticised by the press.

'Les hommes sont impuissants pour assurer l'avenir; les institutions seules fixent les destinées des nations.' (Men are powerless to assure the future; institutions alone fix the destinies of nations.) These were the remarkable words of Napoleon, the most powerful man of modern history. We are at the threshold of an era, the beginning and the end of which will, I believe, bear the lustre of the name of Woodrow Wilson; but it is an era remarkable, not for the man, but for the institutions which he is upbuilding and reëstablishing upon their original foundations, to bear the shocks of succeeding ages. In that work and that way lies undying fame. The other way, a Wilson or a Bryan disturbing the fabric of our institutions would soon surrender to a Debs the work and the fame of institutions yet untried.

A restored democracy triumphant over the monopoly-ruled paternalism from which we have suffered is the mission of the party now in power. The executive will not dictate the laws, nor will he ask or receive the power to enforce them 'with discretion.' Monopoly will be destroyed, but not by the officers or employees of a federal bureau, matching their knowledge and their wits against the trained special-

ists of our great trusts. The unfortunate episode of the Tennessee Coal and Iron acquisition should be sufficient as an experiment in so one-sided a programme.

The 'additional legislation' specifically demanded by the party platform is '*a declaration by law of the conditions*' necessary to the prevention of specific corporate evils. Congress is competent to exercise its prerogative of legislation, and the subject is one that can be completely covered by a remedial law. A 'declaration by law' is a political platform in itself. It disposes at once of all plans for the administrative control of business. It accords with our established principle of government, and requires a 'government of law and not of men.'

The things to be 'declared by law' are '*the conditions upon which corporations may engage in interstate trade.*' The programme of legislation is declared and does not admit of generalities. It recognizes the fact that monopoly is an act of government, and that the problem is not to prevent its growth by natural laws, for such growth is impossible, but to prevent its creation by special privileges by which alone it has its inception and fruition.

In the last five years, no one, lawyer or layman, has questioned this proposition, nor can it be questioned. Those who oppose it privately have publicly ignored it and will continue to do so. Nor has anyone ever explained just how, without the special privileges and facilities conferred by these state statutes, our modern trusts could have been created, or how, without them, they can now exist. Individuals might attempt to combine by private agreement, but such agreements never have been and never will be upheld or enforced, and without the aid of government in enforcing them they are worthless. They were uniformly held

illegal at the common law, and the original Standard Oil and Sugar trusts were destroyed by the courts of Ohio and New York, respectively, and then went to and obtained from New Jersey the statutory power to do what the courts had held illegal. Without this statutory power they could not have been created.

The Williams bill proposal is directed against the licensing of monopoly, as an un-American and sovereign abuse of governmental power, not against any proper function of the state. It is directed to the protection of commerce, to the preservation of the individual engaged in or dependent on commerce, against special privilege. It is based on the democratic function of the federal government; it demands a restrictive uniform law, and involves no vestige of grant or privilege, of executive discretion or administrative control. It removes the evil at the source, and leaves commerce and the individual free as they were before the inception of privilege and monopoly.

From one point of view, it may be said that, disregarding monopoly and competition, regulated or unregulated, and every other question affecting restraint of trade, except the undisputed fact that there are certain recognized corporate evils affecting commerce which can be corrected by federal law, it should be possible for all to unite in correcting these evils, pending their agreement or disagreement on other questions. No one can very well oppose such a law, except the few who are bold enough to demand that these corporate devices should be retained for the benefit of monopoly. Open opposition is impossible, but the trouble comes, and will come, from the attempts made, and to be made, to graft upon this simple measure one or another of the various other remedies desired by different interests. Correct

these specific 'charter-enacted' evils first, simplify the problem by reducing monopoly to its own 'inevitable evolution,' and we shall, I believe, be in a position clearly to understand and deal with 'economic combinations' and 'unfair competition.'

The proposed remedy does not demand, as some have thought, the immediate change of all the corporation laws of the states, but the amendment by the corporations themselves of their own charters under those laws, and, where necessary, their reorganization, so that they may become safe instruments of commerce. The state laws will be amended when their unsafe grants have become valueless.

The general proposal needs, I believe, little further explanation. It is not federal incorporation, although it may be taken as the democratic alternative for that remedy, and is neither so drastic nor so revolutionary in principle. It may have the effect, by restrictive provisions, of standardizing the essentials in state corporation charters. By requiring restrictive safeguards in the organization of corporations, Congress can accomplish everything that the creating state should accomplish, and yet remain entirely free to require further safeguards as they may be needed. The power asserted is one of complete control over the charter, organization, and conduct of corporations engaged in interstate trade, — a control, however, to be exercised restrictively by a general law, without any element of license or regulation, beyond requiring such publicity as may be necessary to insure compliance with the law.

The remedy no longer lies with the states, for any one of the forty-eight may perpetuate the evil; and, indeed, if they should all unite to-day to destroy it by amending their laws, we might awake to-morrow to find yesterday's

monopolies chartered by some South American republic. Congress alone can protect the commerce of the nation against this particular danger; acting for all the states and all the people, it can exclude from that commerce every corporation that is not by the law of its own being a safe and proper business agency.

What must be the prescribed conditions? The several items enumerated are, like the programme itself, specific and admit of little substantial variance in the legislation necessary to put them into complete effect. The first condition required is one to effect 'the prevention of holding companies.' At this suggestion, the Democratic member of Congress wants to consult the 1913 amendments of the New Jersey Corporation law, though President Wilson has denied that these amendments forecast in any way his idea of a federal law. His meaning is plain, when one reads in Section 49 as amended, that 'any corporation formed under this act may purchase property, real and personal, and the stock of any corporation, necessary for its business . . . provided further that the property purchased or the property owned by the corporation whose stock is purchased shall be *cognate* in character and use to the property used or contemplated to be used by the purchasing corporation in the direct conduct of its own proper business.' This amendment, the best that could be obtained with the conditions existing under the New Jersey laws, plainly furnishes no light on the problem of eliminating the holding company. On the contrary, it furnishes an instance of the charter-power under which the holding company exists; and a company with this power, as Senator Williams expresses it, is a 'potential monopoly.' According to Judge Farrar, 'The most vicious of all the provisions in the statutes above

enumerated is that authorizing one corporation to own and vote stock in another. This provision is the mother of the holding company and the trust. It provides a method for combining under one management and control corporations from one end of the nation to the other.'

Mr. Wickersham, who speaks with the authority of experience, is convinced that 'Probably no one thing has done more to facilitate restraint of trade and the growth of monopoly than the departure from the early rule of law that one corporation cannot own stock in another.' The holding company, according to President Taft's message of January 7, 1910, has been the 'effective agency in the creation of the great trusts and monopolies.'

What are the corporate conditions necessary for 'the prevention of holding companies'? Mr. Wickersham has said that if Congress should exclude them from commerce, 'the axe would indeed be laid at the root of the trust evil.' Judge Farrar would also exclude—and it is essential to exclude—'all companies whose stocks are owned or controlled by holding companies.' It is a simple matter to exclude holding companies, though Congress has waited a long time to do it; but it is not so simple to exclude companies controlled by holding companies. The corporation cannot prevent the holding company from acquiring its stock; the latter may remain in its own state and control the commerce of the nation. Professor John Bates Clark, in his recent edition of 'Control of Trusts,' suggests a remedy when he says that 'the incentive for forming such companies would be removed if it were enacted that the shares of industrial companies owned by holding companies should have no voting power.' This, however, must be enacted by the state or by the corporation itself as

a part of its charter; and as to existing companies it would have to have the assent of the stockholders whose right to vote is to be destroyed. This right is binding upon the state and corporation which are parties to it. It is not binding upon Congress.

Conceding, as we may, that Congress cannot change the state-made grant, it can exclude from commerce any corporation that holds this grant in a form inimical to the freedom of commerce. It can exclude every corporation in which any other corporation has the right to vote, and can in effect compel the surrender of that right by any person or holding company engaging in commerce as a member of the corporation, or compel the reorganization of the corporation under a new charter denying such right (a reorganization in some cases under state laws, instead of in all cases such as would be required by federal incorporation).

In every effort to deal effectively with the problem, we are brought back to the basic proposition that, in the words of Chief Justice Marshall, a corporation *'may be correctly said to be precisely what the incorporating act has made it — to derive all its powers from that act, and to be capable of exerting its faculties only in the manner which that act authorizes.'* And Chief Justice Waite has added that *'every corporation necessarily carries its charter wherever it goes, for that is the law of its existence.'* In a very real sense, the charter is the only law that it cannot ignore or evade, but it is also a law by the aid of which, if so designed, it can successfully evade other laws. There can be no permanent solution of the matter that does not reform the charter and make the corporation a safe instrument of commerce. Mr. Justice Brown has said that *'the corporation is presumed to be incorporated for the benefit of the public'*; and the Baltimore platform

has declared that it must be so incorporated if it is to engage in interstate trade.

This is the theory of the Williams bill, and I agree with Senator Williams that it is the only theory on which the proposal of 1909 can be made completely effective; and the only way in which monopoly, dependent for its existence on corporate devices, can be completely destroyed and prevented. It is the method indicated in the recent report of Secretary Redfield, urging *'fundamental charter provisions'* to be required of all interstate corporations.

The holding company is prevented by Senator Williams's bill, first, by requiring that the corporation shall not have the power to acquire or hold the stock of other corporations; second, by requiring a provision in its charter that no other corporation shall have any vote or voice, directly or indirectly, in its affairs. This may be supplemented, if necessary, by imposing the penalty of forfeiture on any member of the corporation who prevents it from amending its charter to conform to the law. It will, I believe, be sufficient for Congress to declare the law: its conditions will be met. The extent to which it is possible to go with charter restrictions is instanced by the following unwise provision in the charter of a Panama steamship corporation organized in New Jersey in 1911:—*'The power of any stockholder or director to vote on any question shall cease upon notice from the Postmaster-General of the United States that such a stockholder or director represents a competitive railway interest.'*

The second condition required is one to effect *'the prevention of interlocking directors.'* Here, also, the efficient remedy seems to be plain and unmistakable. It would be unjust to do as one bill introduced by a very able Senator attempted to do — exclude a

corporation from commerce if one of its directors happens to become a director of a competing company. He may do this after his election. The corporation cannot control him, and its life or death is in his hands. The corporation can be protected only by a charter provision against such an event. Senator Williams has, I believe, laid the axe at the root of the tree by requiring a charter provision declaring any director in a competing corporation ineligible as a director, extending this provision also to include any person representing any competing interest. I quote again from the charter of the existing New Jersey corporation to which I have referred: 'No person shall be eligible as a director who shall be a director in or an officer or agent of any corporation or association engaged in any competitive transportation business by rail.'

The Williams bill requires the charter to declare any person representing a competitive interest, including a director in a competing corporation, to be ineligible as a director. Such a charter provision is self-operating. The attempted election of an ineligible director is a nullity and the office remains vacant. The charter is safeguarded, and the corporation is a safe instrument of business.

The same method adapts itself to the third requirement, that of a condition preventing watered stock. It is unjust to provide, as one important Senate bill did provide, that a corporation should be excluded from commerce if it issued capital stock with a par value exceeding 'by more than ten per cent' the 'value of the property received therefor.' Under this provision, an honest business error in the valuation of the property would exclude a corporation from commerce and effect its ruin. What is needed, and all that is needed, is to nullify the dangerous

sanction that has been supposed to be given under some state laws, to issue stock at any valuation declared by the directors. Senator Williams, in the bill revised with his sanction and introduced in the lower House by Honorable William R. Smith of Texas, has entirely nullified the permissive statutory power by requiring that all stock shall be fully paid or payable, and permitting it to be paid in property only when its value has been determined on oath filed in a public office to be not less than the par value of the stock, or, in the case of stock authorized to be issued without par value, to be not less than \$5 per share. This condition applies after the passage of the law, but is required to be inserted in the charter within a limited time. It would completely nullify the permissive power offered under the state laws.

The fourth condition required by the Baltimore platform deals with 'management' rather than 'incorporation' or 'governing laws.' It must prevent 'discrimination in prices.' The Williams bill excludes any corporation which destroys competition by any unfair methods, including 'temporarily or locally reducing prices.' One of the New Jersey 'seven sisters' meets quite specifically the language of the platform. It declares it a misdemeanor 'to discriminate [in prices] between different persons . . . or sections . . . of the State . . . after making due allowance for the difference, if any, in the grade, quality or quantity, and in the actual cost of transportation . . . if the effect or intent thereof is to establish or maintain a virtual monopoly, hindering competition or restriction of trade' [*sic*]. This provision, applied to 'different persons and sections of the United States,' adapts itself admirably to the platform requirement. It is not possible to discuss here the various statutes relative to unfair competition,

or the various similar conditions that might be contained in the federal law, but I wish to express the thought that the state in creating a corporation, and Congress in admitting it to interstate commerce 'for the benefit of the public,' may well require of it the highest standard of business ethics, even as to matters with respect to which the same standard might not so justly be required as a restriction of the liberty of the individual.

The last condition demanded in the platform is one to effect 'the prevention of control by any one corporation of so large a proportion of any industry as to make it a menace to competitive conditions.' This is perhaps the one item in the platform declaration which is not entirely specific. It may be met by a general condition in the language quoted, excluding a corporation from commerce if it acquires a dominance of any industry. It may, and perhaps should, be met by a provision limiting the capital to be employed in a particular industry. *Limitation of capital was originally, and in theory is still, the rule in the creation of corporations.* But today the limit is fixed by the corporation charter adopted by it under a general law, and not by a special charter granted by the legislature.

There is, of course, no question of the power of Congress to limit the capital of corporations engaged in interstate trade. Judge Smith's revision of the Williams bill asserts this power with striking efficiency. It excludes a corporation from interstate trade if its authorized capital 'exceeds \$200,000,000, unless a larger capitalization shall be permitted by special act of Congress; subject also to any lower limitation of capital which Congress may at any time prescribe for corporations engaged in any particular industry.'

Let us summarize the conditions demanded by the platform. First, the

only conditions which can be imposed on corporations engaged in interstate trade to prevent holding companies are (1) a condition that the corporation itself shall not be a holding company, that is, that it shall not have the charter power to hold stocks of other companies; (2) a condition that its stock shall not be held by any holding company, which can only be effected by requiring a charter prohibition against such holding, and may be met in part by a charter prohibition against the voting of any stock so held. Second, the only condition that will prevent interlocking directors is one that the corporation shall not have as a director a person who is a director in any competing company, and that can justly be effected only by requiring a charter provision declaring any such person ineligible as a director. Third, the only condition that will prevent watered stock is one that requires the stock to be fully paid, or payable upon an actual valuation, and the most effective ultimate condition for this purpose is to make this a charter requirement; the charter law is the only one that is incapable of evasion. Fourth, the only condition that can be imposed by a 'declaration by law,' which will prevent discrimination in prices, is one similar to that contained in the New Jersey amendment approved by Governor Wilson. And fifth, the most effective, if not the only condition to prevent the control of an industry by one corporation, is one that limits the capitalization of corporations engaged in particular industries.

These are the only conditions specifically required by the platform. They are the chief conditions necessary to the prevention of monopoly. Had they prevailed in the past, monopoly would not now exist. Would their requirement now destroy existing monopolies? For instance, what effect would they

have on the common-stock control of the 'dissolved' Standard Oil and Tobacco trusts? Is it possible to meet the recent taunt of Senator Gallinger, made on December 3, 1913, following the reading of the President's message, when he is quoted as saying that attempts to suppress private monopoly would 'be about as successful as the Standard Oil suit, which has resulted in *no change of ownership, no reduction of prices or of profits.*' The Democratic party and individual members of Congress will wish to go before the country in a situation different from that which confronted the last administration. They must present a *fait accompli* according with the letter and spirit of the anti-trust declaration.

As an aid to the solution of this question of common-stock ownership, let us go back again to the origin of the corporation, and bear in mind the basic fact that 'it is presumed to be incorporated for the benefit of the public.' The state, in creating a corporation should, and Congress when admitting it to commerce can, write at the head of every charter and into its every provision the words, 'Salus populi suprema lex.' The state creates a corporation on the assumption and with the intent that it shall be an independent business unit. The state has a plain right so to condition its organization as to safeguard this intent. The incorporators themselves in the first instance would be apt to desire such safeguards. The 'buying-in' privilege peculiar to a corporation is a special privilege which does not exist with respect to a partnership. The state, in granting this privilege, should protect itself and the incorporators against the facility which it presents for the acquisition of control by competitive or monopoly interests. The simplest and most workable condition for this purpose is the requirement of a

charter provision similar to that of the Williams bill, that no person representing or holding stock in a competing company should be eligible as a director or have 'any vote or voice in its affairs.' If such a provision were inserted in the charters of the various Standard Oil corporations, it would not take very long to obtain competitive conditions between them. The several interests would separate themselves very quickly to secure the control of separate corporations. The Waters-Pierce interests have pointed the way toward such action.

It has been suggested that Congress might prohibit the voting of stock by a holder in a competing company, if done with intent to prevent competition. Even if such a law were constitutional, its enforcement would be extremely difficult and partial. The burden of proof would be upon the government, or possibly the contending stockholder seeking to establish the intent. In the absence of any strong contest, the actual control would continue as it is. Here, as elsewhere, the problem can be rightly solved, and permanently solved, only by going to the root of the evil, requiring the corporation to be safeguarded by its charter law against control by competing interests. It is a safeguard which the state should require in the first instance, which experience and present conditions show to be necessary, and which Congress can require as a part of the conditions it now aims to impose on corporate organization.

The 'interlocking' of corporate interests is the real evil. It can be made impossible only by charter safeguards which shall effectively prevent ownership of stock by a competitive interest. Short of this there are three degrees of prevention, if I may so express it. The first is the prevention of interlocking directors by the charter provision

above mentioned. This is, I believe, of little practical value in cases like that of the dissolved Oil Trust, where each director remains a stockholder in all the constituent companies. Competition between companies so officered is impossible. The second degree, which would seem to be much more effective, is to require a charter provision that no person representing a competitive interest, as director, stockholder, or otherwise, shall be eligible as director. The third, and much more effective, charter provision, is that no such person shall be entitled to vote as a stockholder. The fourth and completely effective provision is that first suggested, that no such person shall acquire or hold any stock or any interest therein, directly or indirectly, placing a heavy penalty on its secret ownership with intent to exercise control. This should and could be required of a new corporation created by a state if it is to be made proof against acquisition by competitive interests. Whether the federal law should go so far as to require so drastic a condition as to either existing or future corporations, is an open question. The power is there, and if at any time its exercise seems necessary, it should be used.

We cannot meet this problem if we surrender in advance to the view that the state grants have by a process of estoppel become binding upon Congress, or that the rights acquired under them are too complex to be dealt with by an effective law. *We should, I believe, prescribe conditions to take effect at once that will disintegrate and batter down the corporate walls of existing monopoly; but we must also prescribe conditions, to take effect within one, two, or three years, that will reach the creating power and prevent for all time the use of the corporate charter, whether granted by a state or by a foreign government, as a means of circumventing the Sherman Act*

or of monopolizing the nation's commerce.

Any bill that is drawn will have to be carefully guarded as to its effect on existing corporations, first, to compel without evasion the complete disintegration within a reasonable time of all existing monopolies; second, to allow reasonable leeway for the amendment of charters of other corporations with a view to ultimate complete uniformity in the substantial safeguards to be required. With respect to holding companies it may be said, that though they owe their origin to the demand for monopoly powers, they have acquired some incidental legitimate uses which it may be possible not to destroy. I do not mean by this that they should be permitted as an institution, and prohibited only when used 'with intent to create a monopoly,' a provision that would throw us back on the existing law; but that the prohibition asserted and expressed might be accompanied by an exception, in effect permitting one corporation to operate, under subsidiary charters, separate branches of one business, treating it in other respects as a single corporation, and not permitting it to hold less than ninety per cent of its subsidiaries' stock, or to combine competing properties.

The adjustment of this far-reaching corporate reform to the actual business conditions of the country will not, I believe, be as difficult or drastic as one might at first suppose. It is directed primarily to requiring an amendment of the charters of corporations organized under the so-called liberal state laws. This can be done by each corporation for itself under the broad power given it to make or amend its own governing law. Reorganization will be necessary in some cases, but, as every corporation lawyer knows, reorganization is not a destructive or necessarily burdensome measure; it is readily effected for a business advan-

tage or profit. Amendments of state laws will naturally follow, and a large amount of leeway can safely be given by the law to corporations already organized under conservative state laws. Permanent exceptions, however, need not, and I believe should not, be allowed as to existing corporations; and the ultimate aim should be to subject all corporations engaged in interstate commerce to a uniform standard of organization fully prescribed by a general federal law. *The result should be to give Congress the same complete power to protect the commerce of the nation from corporate evils that any independent sovereignty has over corporations doing business within its territory, whether created by itself or by a foreign power.*

The remedy proposed, says Senator Williams, 'is the right one: efficient, sufficient, operating in the open and by force of prescribed law.' Fully understood, it justifies rather than condemns the genius of our form of government. The power to grant corporate privileges remains in the state, subject always to the restrictive power of the general government, *a power that can be asserted not to create special privilege, but only to protect the liberty of the individual against it.* This, I take it, is the supremely democratic function of the federal government, the bulwark of our individual liberties, protecting the liberty of each by the force of all, against any special privilege created by the state governments.

CIVIL-SERVICE REFORM AND COMMON SENSE

BY FRANCIS E. LEUPP

NOTHING marks more clearly the growth of the American people in a single generation than their attitude toward their civil service. The federal statute establishing the merit system is now thirty years old. By one of those coincidences which sometimes make a bedfellowship in reform as strange as any in politics, its chief champion in the lobby was a public-spirited citizen who had almost lost his life in fighting lobbies of an evil sort; its chief sponsor in Congress was a Democratic senator who realized that he might be perpetuating Republican control of the executive machinery of the government; and it was approved by a President who two years earlier had ranked as a

prince royal in the kingdom of spoils. All three have been long dead; but the monument of their coöperation stands where they reared it, in structure unchanged, and in aspect only mellowed by the weathering of years.

Judged by what they had expected to accomplish, the 'Act to Regulate and Improve the Civil Service of the United States' was far from satisfactory to its projectors. Most of those who had memorialized Congress in its behalf, because they wished to abolish the headsman's holiday which followed every change of administration, regarded it as at best a compromise; and their disparaging view seemed to be confirmed in a ruling made by a Federal

judge who, though quite friendly to its aim, interpreted its terms as a general declaration of policy rather than as a measure of protection of anybody's rights. Its language was permissive, not mandatory, except as to a few exclusions from its benefits and certain provisions concerning the mechanical features of the system when established. Doubtless half the Congressmen who voted for it expected it to fail, as like attempts in the past had failed. The old guard of patronage-mongers accepted with avidity the challenge of the reformers, whom they publicly derided as 'pharisees and hypocrites,' or as 'sniffle-surface deformers,' with any other fling that would draw a laugh from the unthinking mob.

Membership in the Civil Service Commission was for a good while so unattractive that the President had difficulty in inducing men of the highest quality to accept appointment to it, and sometimes had to make his selections from a waiting-list of applicants for less unpopular positions. But, notwithstanding defects which were painfully obvious to its chief author and promoter, Mr. Dorman B. Eaton, the civil-service law of 1883 was the most effective legislation that could have been got from the Congress with which he and Senator Pendleton had to labor. Indeed, I am not sure that its very weaknesses may not have helped it to success, by calling out all the vigilance and resourcefulness of its defenders; for its hold to-day upon the common sense of the people is so strong that its repeal would cost tenfold the effort that was required for its enactment.

President Arthur played a more heroic part in the fruition of the reform movement than has been generally realized. The spoilsmen in his political following, scenting trouble in the bill, advised him to veto it. Instead, he signed it. Then they urged him to take

prompt advantage of it by filling the most desirable places with his henchmen, pushing the classifications through at top speed, and thus gaining upon his probable competitors for the Presidential nomination of 1884. He disappointed them again, and they charged his defeat in convention largely to his squeamishness. Before he retired from office, he had extended the cover of the law to about 15,500 persons out of a possible 100,000. Meanwhile, the election of 1884 had resulted in the choice of Mr. Cleveland for President, and his inauguration the following spring was the signal for the descent of a horde of office-seekers upon Washington. Illustrative of the spirit of the time, a whole marching-club of loyal Democrats had themselves photographed on the steps of the Treasury, and copies of the picture were widely distributed, bearing such inscriptions as:

At home, after May first.

This is the place we long have sought,
And mourned because we found it not.

Welcome the coming, speed the parting guests.

Other symptoms of a general breaking-up were manifest here and there, but came to nothing. The President read into the law the mandate it suggested rather than pronounced. He made some mistakes, but on the whole acted with great moderation, and in four years added nearly 12,000 to the total of inclusions. President Harrison's record was almost the same as President Arthur's, but was marred by one unfortunate incident. Mr. Cleveland had ordered the classification of the Railway-Mail service, setting February 15, 1889, as the date; but a clerical error in transcribing made the date March 15, which fell within Mr. Harrison's administration. A delay in winding up the business carried it over to May 1, and the spoils-

men improved the interval by emptying a couple of thousand clerkships and filling them with Republicans.

This aroused a demand for reprisals in kind by the Democrats, who, as soon as Mr. Harrison turned over the presidency again to Mr. Cleveland, made a raid upon the clerical force in the larger post-offices. In general, Mr. Cleveland withstood the pressure, but the conditions were much more trying than in his former term. He was pledged to the repeal of the Sherman Silver-Purchase act; Congress was hostile to this plan, and, as he saw the situation, his only chance of success lay in so treating with the individual members of both houses as to win over as many as possible. Carl Schurz described to me an interview he had with the President when he called to sound a friendly warning against the snares of patronage. Laying a hand on the visitor's shoulder, Mr. Cleveland said, —

‘Schurz, I am in a very trying situation. If I had only one interest to consider, you know how I would act. But I am working to save the American people from bankruptcy; and if, through tactlessness in handling these men who make the laws, I should lose my fight, no one would be quicker to condemn me than yourself.’

‘And,’ said Mr. Schurz, in recounting the incident to me, ‘I was obliged to confess that that was true. All I could do was to beg him to keep his hands as free from the pitch as possible.’

Sins which the world condones when committed separately, and in the stress of a great emergency, are less easily forgiven when committed wholesale under an impression, however honestly entertained, that they are the part of wisdom. This President McKinley was destined to learn a few years later. Mr. Cleveland had tried to make up for his early derelictions by extending

the civil service rules to 39,000 persons before retiring from office for the second time in 1897. Although the central fact won wide applause, the circumstance that more than four fifths of his total came in under a single ‘blanket’ order gave his successor an excuse for setting aside some of the classifications as too hastily made. Then came on the war in Cuba, with the riot of patronage which was expected to keep everybody patriotic. Finally, in May, 1899, was issued the order which marked the only deliberate backward step in the series that the government had taken since 1883, removing from the classified list between 4000 and 5000 positions that Mr. Cleveland had brought into it.

That, in going thus far, Mr. McKinley had still kept well inside the line drawn for him by some of his lieutenants, I am in a position to know; but how well the reform principle was already rooted in the esteem of the people was shown by the chorus of protest his action drew from the best of the press everywhere. Even so sturdy an adherent as the New York *Tribune* could not forbear saying, —

‘It is not possible to glory in this order as a concession to politics, as the breaking down of a bad system, as the restoration to the Republican party of the fruits of victory, without casting aspersions upon the honor of the party and representing the President's own words on civil service as mockery and deceit.’

A not less potent sign was the way that expert reader of the popular mind, President Roosevelt, undid the errors of his predecessor, and later made additions of his own to the classified service which brought his total up to almost 35,000, including 15,500 country postmasters, always till then the sport of politics. And the thirty years' procession ended with the retirement

of President Taft with 42,000 additions to his credit, by far the highest number reached in any single term.

President Wilson's advent was of course made the occasion for a tremendous broadside of threats, appeals and prophecies with regard to his distribution of party favors. Yet where in 1885 a hundred newspapers were urging Mr. Cleveland to 'turn the rascals out' at one merciless sweep, not a dozen are to-day concerning themselves with questions of patronage, and those which give most of their attention to positions of some note, like posts in the diplomatic service. Even the demand for consulships has fallen off considerably since it has been discovered that a consul now is expected to know something before he goes to his station, and to do something after he gets there. The Treasury and Post-Office departments seem to be bearing the brunt of the onslaught, doubtless because they embrace so many positions which the law still hedges about with conditions that preclude their being brought under the civil-service rules.

The campaign against the spoils system of office-distribution was waged, through its first stages, under difficulties proceeding from the rear as well as from the front. There was always within the lines a large body of reformers whose sincerity expressed itself in radicalism. They were impatient of delays, and exploded with wrath at everything they could denounce as a half-way measure. When a member of the Cabinet voluntarily broke through the encrusted practice of a half-century and began to select a certain proportion of his subordinates without regard to partisan considerations, they sent up a cry of protest against his 'percentage compact with the devil.' When a President ordered the classification of 5000 positions, they clamored at his failure to make it 50,000; and be-

sides that, they roundly criticized him for 'covering in' all the persons then occupying those positions, who, they said, having been appointed under the old system, must be presumed to be unworthy.

The answer to this complaint is obvious. A clerk in a custom house, for instance, if he has been at work two or three years, probably knows the duties of his position better than a novice. If not, he can be thrown out for incompetence as well after classification as before; and then, if he attempts to procure reinstatement, he finds the door closed against him till he can prove his fitness by the same tests that are required of a new clerk. For argument's sake, however, let us suppose that, with every order of classification, the President should have to empty the positions classified, and refill them by competitive examination: what would happen? Either business would be brought to a standstill till the matter was adjusted, which would mean disaster, or the old employees would remain at work till superseded, one by one, by appointees from the civil-service registers. But the latter is in effect what takes place now, though at a somewhat slower pace. Greater expedition would be possible only at a heavy cost of administrative efficiency, since every new employee is more or less of a dead weight till he has become familiar with his task.

As to the examinations themselves, there has always been a warm controversy over the respective merits of the 'scholastic' and the 'practical' tests. As usual, neither extreme can claim a monopoly of excellence. A favorite sneer of the spoilsmen in old times was that a letter-carrier did not need to be versed in astronomy, history, or foreign affairs. Quite true. But back of his ability to read and write, shoulder a bag of mail and ring door-bells, he does

need intelligence; and I suspect that even the scoffers would prefer to trust their valuable correspondence to a man who can reason out why the sun appears to rise in the east, and who knows that Lincoln freed the slaves and that England is a monarchy, rather than to one without such intellectual qualifications.

At first, it is but fair to say, there was a tendency to exaggerate the importance of the scholastic tests for indiscriminate application. It was Theodore Roosevelt who checked it. While he was Civil-Service Commissioner, a collector of customs in Texas who used a corps of line-riders, or mounted inspectors, to prevent smuggling across the Mexican border, loudly declared his preference for one old-fashioned cow-puncher, who could handle the job, to ten college graduates who could pass all the examinations but could n't bring in, or bring down, the law-breaker they were after. It took his breath away when Commissioner Roosevelt, instead of protesting, assented, and proposed an ordeal which would prove a candidate's ability to saddle and ride an unbroken mustang, shoot on the gallop, read cattle-brands, classify live stock according to age and condition, speak enough Spanish for ordinary questions and answers, and produce testimonials as to his courage and endurance and his cleverness at following difficult trails. A thrill of horror overcame many citizens of refinement at the thought of turning a dignified government function into a Wild West show; but the Commissioner carried his point, and his challenge dried up the springs of frontier sarcasm forthwith.

It is probably the competitive feature which, more than any other, has caused misapprehension of the purpose of the merit system. I hardly need say that the examinations afford no real

test of a candidate's ability to perform the duties of the position he is seeking: that can be determined only by experiment. What the examinations do effect is the elimination of the wholly unfit. The preference given, among the candidates who pass through the sieve, to the few who achieve the highest ratings, is mainly a protection for the appointing officer from importunities before he makes his choice and from charges of favoritism afterward.

Inside the service, there are many heart-burnings over promotions. A proposal to take all jurisdiction of this matter from the heads of departments and confer it upon the Civil-Service Commission was soon proved impracticable; for, although there is always danger of abuse of power, the safest broad rule is to leave the master-workman in charge of the internal discipline of his own shop, and call him to account for his transgressions as they occur. No outside body, however conscientious, can know the hundred contributory facts which go to show an employee's fitness for a higher class of duties. This is especially true when it comes to raising one from the ranks to a position of command. His efficiency record, or his examination for promotion, may tell only half the story, and not the more important half. If we are going to set him on a pedestal by way of commending his virtues to the emulation of his comrades, his obedience, his punctuality, his quickness, his industry, all are worthy of celebration; but if we are going to make him a captain, it is quite as necessary to ascertain his forcefulness, his manner of address, his general capacity for handling other men.

In his equipment for his new position, his personality will bear a notable share, and personality reveals itself but dimly, if at all, in examination papers or in office records. The very traits

which would make him an ideal high private might totally unfit him for a captaincy, long years of subordination or confined activity having extinguished the last spark of leadership in his composition.

I had this lesson brought home to me long before I became a government officer myself. President Cleveland sent for me one day and asked me in confidence to find him a man to fill a post of great responsibility and delicacy, of whose duties I had pretty intimate knowledge. After a fortnight's search I found one who seemed to fill every requirement. He had previously seen public service under former administrations, and had done his work so well and so tactfully that his political opponents were almost as enthusiastic in his praise as his associates. The President was highly pleased with the evidence I had gathered, and sent the nomination to the Senate at once.

No public functionary ever worked harder than this man to meet the expectations aroused in his behalf. Nevertheless, he proved a dismal misfit. The chief reason was that the offices in which he had formerly distinguished himself were at a distance from Washington. In them, he was surrounded by his old-time neighbors. They were, moreover, 'one-man' positions, as truly as an engineer's or a carpenter's. Thrown into the thick of great affairs at the Capital, associated with men of large calibre, maintaining direct relations with a powerful administration on the one hand, and badgered on the other by every cheapjack who could get a little advertisement by picking a grievance with him, he could not keep his footing, and soon dropped out of sight as well as out of influence.

A group of good men who in the early days helped make the fight for practical improvement difficult, were

those whose reform principles were not sturdy enough to stand up against a personal application. From a number of illustrative incidents let me relate one. A young man in the Western field-service of the Treasury Department had fallen into dissolute ways, and had been caught twice in acts of dishonesty. He was the decadent member of an eastern family in excellent social standing, who had done all that they could to make him mend, and who fancied that separation from his boon companions might strengthen him against temptation. On each of the two occasions when he had disappointed their hopes, they had made good his default as far as money would do it, and obtained another probation for him. When he committed a third offense, his chief refused further clemency. At this juncture, to the astonishment of all disinterested spectators, there suddenly came forward as champion of the culprit a civil-service reformer of wide reputation. He was a friend of the young man's family, and also of the Secretary of the Treasury, and by sheer insistence he wore out the strength of a government officer who was trying to administer real justice, and saved a scapegrace from the punishment that was his due!

Another prominent citizen who had made a considerable reputation as an enemy of bosses was called to take a cabinet portfolio. Within a month he informed me that, although in private life he had been a consistent defender of the civil-service law, a survey of things from the inside had modified his views so that he was preparing to recommend to the President that all fiduciary positions should be removed from under the rules. 'If I am going to appoint a man to take care of public funds for which I am responsible,' he explained, 'I want to know the man; I'm not satisfied to accept the

say-so of a commission over whom I have no control.'

While we were still discussing this point, there came in upon us a distinguished senator, bringing with him a Colonel X—, for whom, he said, he trusted the Secretary would 'do something handsome.' He proceeded to expatiate on the colonel's services during the Civil War, which, he thought, had never been properly recognized. The Secretary, who had become brusque with me to the verge of petulance, softened instantly, grasped the colonel's hand, and expressed a hope that the President would in a few days lift the civil-service incubus from one of the disbursing offices in his department, so that he could appoint so worthy a man to it. When the visitors withdrew, he turned to me in triumph. 'That's the kind of material I am looking for,' he exclaimed. 'I'll wager I could n't have got him through the Civil-Service Commission, in spite of his splendid war record.'

'No,' I admitted, 'for under their system his war record would have been eclipsed by his penitentiary record.' And with absolute candor I related the colonel's history, which I had known for years. All that the senator had said about his being a good soldier was true; but after the war he had drifted into politics as a professional 'veteran,' had been appointed to a place of trust under government, had conspired there with others in a mammoth scheme of fraud, had been detected, convicted, and sent to prison for a considerable term. Since his release he had lived by his wits in ways that were not creditable. For further particulars, I referred the Secretary to the principal dram-sellers in Washington. If I had struck him in the face he could not have shown greater indignation; but it was at the senator, for having dared introduce such a per-

son to him. His outburst became so violent at last that I could not forbear a word of remonstrance.

'Don't blame the senator too much,' I pleaded. 'Patronage is a part of his trade. He felt that his responsibility ceased when he had praised one of his protégés to you without telling you an affirmative lie. From that point he considered that it was your business to look out for yourself.'

Though the Secretary did not confess a change of heart as a result of this incident, I was amused to note how highly he commended, in his annual report, the usefulness of the civil-service rules. Heaven only knows to what lengths of recusancy he might not have gone but for so illuminating an experience early in his term.

Notwithstanding the imperfections of the civil-service law, its friends have never tried to amend it, lest the opening thus offered should be used by its enemies to press other amendments which would weaken the whole fabric. Its most serious defect, perhaps, is the provision for apportioning appointments 'among the several States . . . on the basis of population as ascertained at the last preceding census.' No excuse can be offered for this clause except that it was part of the price the advocates of the act had to pay for its passage. It was founded on the old pauper theory that government salaries are alms to be doled out to the needy; and the congressman who neglected to see that his constituents were sure of their share felt that he could never ask for a reelection.

Such an apportionment bears at least its negative condemnation on its face. On what plea can it be claimed, for example, that an accountant from North Dakota can keep a set of books at Washington more accurately than an accountant from Ohio? From the point of view of common fairness, this

requirement has nothing to commend it, since the eligibles in Ohio may have made better averages in the examinations than those in North Dakota; and the competitive principle, on the faith of which all these candidates submitted to the tests prescribed, may be defeated by the apportionment. The ostensible object of the merit system being to secure for the government the pick of the applicants for appointment, where these happen to reside makes as little difference as the color of their hair; and if the best is not too good for the service of our country, why not give her the best in the United States, instead of limiting her to the best in some particular State because its 'turn' happens to have come around?

Occasionally we hear an eligible who stands high on his register hurl accusations against the appointing powers who pass him by repeatedly in order to make a selection farther down the list. It is well to give these charges wide leeway; the appointing officers may have looked over several sets of examination papers, and selected the candidates who had drawn upon their logical faculties more than upon their book-learning for their answers. If, in private life, you were in need of a clerk, and, of two candidates, one could answer glibly every question about present conditions in your business, but lacked the imagination to tell you what he would do if confronted with certain hypothetical emergencies, while the other confessed to less knowledge of current routine, but showed a broader grasp of the philosophy underlying it, whether of the twain would you select?

A too common source of trouble in old times was the disposition of classified employees to regard the merit system as a device evolved for their protection rather than for that of the government. 'I'm under civil service —

they can't touch me now!' was an exultant declaration often heard among them when a change of administration was impending. In this confidence many presumed too far, as they learned to their cost. In a Southern post-office there was a clerk who gloried in loudly whistling 'Marching through Georgia' while sorting his mail. His immediate superior repeatedly bade him cease disturbing his fellow clerks with his noise; but he treated these admonitions with contempt, and, when dismissed for habitual insubordination, appealed his case on the ground that he was punished for being a patriot, his chief being a traitor and hating him because he was loyal to the Union. A Republican letter-carrier serving under a Democratic postmaster insisted on wearing his cap with the visor behind, defying any one to show him a word in the official regulations forbidding this practice. He, too, charged to partisanship the demand presently made for his resignation.

Instances like these recall a pithy saying of Edward Everett Hale's, that real civil-service reform depends as much on 'reforming out' as on 'reforming in.' An unfit clerk holding his place undisturbed is as noxious an influence, in his way, as a smallpox patient. The infection of his laziness or contumacy spreads among his fellow clerks, who suspect that some hidden and unwholesome power, loosely described by the cant term 'pull,' is at work in his interest. Outside censors of the merit system find in his case fresh proof either of the impotence of the civil-service law to keep poor material out, or of its use as a bulwark by the undeserving when they have once got in.

Even a rule which permits the head of a department to dismiss a valueless subordinate on filing reasons, has its distinct shortcomings; for a conscience-

less officer will not hesitate to file false charges if he has an end to gain, whereas no chief, good or bad, likes to part with a thoroughly efficient clerk, especially if he cannot supply his place with a friend or favorite. Hence it has always seemed to me that so long as we keep the entrance to the civil service well guarded, we can afford to let the door of exit swing on rather easy hinges.

A good deal has been said about making the civil service a 'career.' I doubt whether, in this respect, it will ever take its place beside medicine or letters, the pulpit or the bar. It is true that, at long intervals, a civil servant whose initiative is strong enough to withstand the morbid influence of routine, and who has a keen eye for opportunity, mounts from a low to a high level. No illustrative cases are oftener cited than those of George B. Cortelyou and Frank H. Hitchcock, who had their first taste of public life in clerical positions and retired as Cabinet officers. Yet, although both entered government employ after the enactment of the civil-service law, neither entered it through the Commission's examinations. Even Alvey A. Adee, whose worth has been recognized by his retention as an assistant secretary of state through seven administrations, started as a secretary of legation, a position fairly well up the diplomatic ladder and still in the patronage class.

The fact is, the young man who enters the service through the examinations does so, as a rule, with no conscious aspiration to achieve a career in it. The work it offers is respectable and not too hard, and the salary meets his modest needs and enables him to lay something by. If he cherishes any aim beyond the satisfactions of the moment, it is that of making his government place a stepping-stone to some profitable private occupation, or at

least a means of support while he is taking a course at a professional school. If he does care to stay in public employ, his ambition probably soars no higher than one of the better-paid departmental positions under the so-called protection of the civil-service law; and my confidence that this condition will never change, essentially, rests on two grounds. First, in the breaking-in of a new clerk, great emphasis is laid on honoring precedent. His instructor drills him in habits of minute research so that he shall know the whole history of a case before composing a letter about it; then, in the accuracy of every reference, at no matter what cost of tediousness; finally, in the most colorless and unhuman forms of expression; and, albeit such restrictions are reasonable enough under all the circumstances, they do not encourage originality of thought or stimulate invention, the chief levers by which men rise in the great world.

Again, when, in ascending the scale of official dignities, we reach the point where the domain of rules merges into the domain of policies, we shall always find partisan politics invading the public business. With every change of administration are bound to come changes of policy, few or many, designed to fulfill pledges given by the victorious party to the electors. The appointment of all officers of high enough rank to have a hand in the shaping of the policies of an administration must necessarily be left to the President, or to the President and Senate in coöperation. Any member of the clerical service, therefore, who mounts above the chiefship of a division, does so only by quitting the sphere into which the civil-service examinations admitted him, and taking his place among the class still subject to the patronage rule.

The Negro question has projected itself into the consideration of civil-

service matters many times since the act of 1883 was passed, but the crucial test bids fair to come during the present administration. The last Democratic President had been trained, his life long, in notions of the civic equality of the races. The new President has Southern antecedents and a Southern environment, and hence knows the race issue from a side unknown to Mr. Cleveland. As a fair-minded man, he will feel bound to look at it 'in the round,' as it were; and, however we may deplore the failure, all the laws we have put upon our statute-book to protect the civil rights of Americans of African descent have not been able to lay the spectre of instinctive blood-prejudice. With reason or without, white male clerks object to taking orders from colored chiefs; white women shrink from contact with colored fellow clerks in a crowded office; from isolated stations in the Indian and the Forestry and the Reclamation fields, where small groups of employees are unavoidably thrown into close companionship, there come constant protests against such compulsory mingling of races. The Railway-Mail service, in which clerks and messengers have often to share sleeping quarters, is the latest to make its voice heard.

The laws of the United States, often in letter and always in spirit, forbid race-discrimination. What, then, is a government officer to do, who is in his place, not to lead moral crusades or deliver lectures on ethnic ethics, but to accomplish certain results with the men and machinery at his command? To this end, he must maintain a proper *esprit de corps* among his subordinates; but how can he, if he undertakes to compel associations which, in the view

of those who object to them, fly in the face of nature's laws? The problem is a delicate one. Its discussion could fill many magazines and still remain inconclusive. I shall not touch it further than to crave the reader's charity for a chief here or there who, in the exercise of what he regards as tact, may blunder into something which wears a very different aspect in the sensational annals of the day.

All that I have said in this paper about civil-service reform, including criticisms of existing methods, has been offered in a sincerely friendly spirit. I have been in a position to see the effects of the old reign of patronage, and to contrast them with those of the merit system by close observation both from without and from within the great administrative army. No matter what their limitations in some respects, the government's civil servants will compare favorably with any corresponding body of citizens in private life. It is past question that the machinery of the merit system is furnishing, not always more faithfulness,—for stability of character is one of the *desiderata* for which there is no test save experience,—but a higher average of general intelligence and alertness, than the system of favor-dispensation which preceded it. And now that it is so firmly established that the most radical mutations of party control in the government fail to shake it, its strongest devotees can afford to take a common-sense view of those particulars in which its operation may have fallen short of their original ideals. The best of institutions suffers no harm from weighing its faults against its virtues, if it have virtues enough to send the other scale skyward.

GENIUS AT SCHOOL

BY EDMUND KEMPER BROADUS

To the average man there is something peculiarly daunting in the precocity of literary genius. Pope lisping in numbers; Charlotte Brontë at fourteen classifying her twenty-two manuscript volumes of 'works'; Elizabeth Barrett writing an epic when she was eleven; Macaulay composing at seven an epitome of universal history — what can the ordinary man make of such superhuman infants?

And when the ordinary person is a school-teacher by profession, and has served in the cause of all the muses (except Terpsichore) far longer than ever Jacob served for Rachel, and always in the hope that he may catch a genius young, these precocious beings begin to assume a kind of remoteness, a quality of unreality. They must have existed. Their works do follow them; the glowing pages of E. M. L. and the dogged statistics of D. N. B. equally attest their actuality; but neither the intuition of the moment, nor the retrospective wisdom which comes to the teacher when John and James and Henry have passed out of his immediate vision and made careers for themselves, has ever won for him a single glimpse through this east window of divine surprise.

Will it ever come, one wonders. And if it does, what on earth would one do? Would one help or hinder? Nay, rather, would one *know*? Ah, there's the rub. How many apparent geniuses has not the teacher seen rise through all the gradations of academic success, until in cap and gown, they mounted

the rostrum and pronounced the well-earned and well-turned lines of the valedictory!

Up the pinnacled glory reached, and the pride of my soul was in sight.

And then oblivion marked them for its own, and slowly disillusionment came to the eager teacher. Not discontent, for the work had always been worth doing, and worth enjoying; but at least so much of disillusionment as belonged to the discovery that academic attainment had not led and possibly never would lead him to that east window.

Moreover, the teacher remembered that he too had been the valedictorian of his year. He recalled the sea of faces in the great auditorium on Commencement Day, his gasping fear as he advanced to the front of the stage that he would forget the well-conned lines of his valedictory, the glow that suffused him as he got his grip again, and the way in which the audience hung upon his words. Did he not know himself to be a genius then? And in the growing wisdom of years, has he not seen the spark fade until he could not revive it, however much he blew upon the dimming embers? 'He who can, does,' says the cynical Mr. Shaw. 'He who cannot, teaches.'

No, academic attainment is not a certain way. He is proud of his good students, but he has not seen them become geniuses, and he is not so sure of his prize-winners as he used to be. How then shall he know? These real geniuses of the past once went to school, and some forgotten school-

master hugged the memory of them to his breast in his old age. May it not be that one will emerge even in this far corner of the Northwest? Stranger things have happened. But if he comes, will he seem only a queer erratic little fellow, hovering uneasily on the verge of the orderly routine? Will he remain

hidden
In the light of thought,
Singing hymns unbidden,

or shall his teacher, even he, surprise that young poetic soul into shy confidences and catch a moment's precious vision of the time when the world shall be

wrought
To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded
not?

But this is the stuff that dreams are made of. Every year has had its confessions, but so far there has been no hint of the east window. Meanwhile, leaving such happy chances in the lap of the gods, can he not find a standard qualification or two, an acid-test, to recognize the budding genius by? 'You defined genius, when here,' says J. R. Green in one of his letters, 'as a peculiar aptitude for a certain branch of study. Pardon me, that is talent. Genius is a much higher thing: the power of bending circumstances to our will.' That ought to do. These academic circumstances which pass into the currency of education as courses and lessons — how zealously young Artful Dodger bends them to his will! Herbert Spencer records in his autobiography that, at nine years of age, he 'rejected Latin grammar because of its lack of system.' Now the determined rejection of Latin Grammar at a comparatively tender age ought to establish a reasonable presumption that one has discovered a young Herbert Spencer. And when one reads further the same philosopher's confession, 'If ever I said a lesson correctly, it was

very rarely,' one really begins to believe that the evidence is accumulating.

And then there was Henry Thomas Buckle. The one thing which Buckle wanted was to escape the thralldom of a formal education. He did not like mathematics. His father offered him any reward he might name, if he would win the medal in that subject. The boy won it, and named as his reward — to be taken away from school. The teacher has never seen the thing accomplished in just that way in his own experience, but he has seen as much intelligence and systematic effort expended with a similar object, on more than one occasion. He knew a boy once who acted as the presiding genius (in both senses) of the court of how-not-to-do it during all the four years of his academic career, and whose right to that high office became a veritable tradition in after years. The teacher did not recognize this quality as a hallmark of genius at the time; but that boy has come nearer since to displaying the true quality of creative genius than any other person who ever fell under the teacher's personal observation.

The good obstinate rejecters! They are at least an encouragingly tangible type. The teacher is watching them, and he may catch a real genius among them some day.

And then there are the lazy ones — that ever-present horde of genial ne'er-do-wells who of the pleasant art of shirking have made avocation, and who will labor at it even as Falstaff did at purse-taking: 'Why, Hal, 't is my vocation, Hal. 'T is no sin for a man to labor in his vocation.'

The teacher found them irritating in his younger days, and daily warned them of the wrath to come. But as he grew in years and in knowledge of the past, he learned that even in such lowly tenements genius sometimes hath its seat. And while he spurred them

no less zealously to their work, he grew to threaten them less and to scorn them not at all. He remembered the beloved Stevenson, 'pattern of an idler . . . with infinite yawning during lecture and unquenchable gusto in the delights of truantry'; and glorious old Sir Walter, 'incorrigibly idle imp' at school, who loved to tell how at the University Professor Dalzell 'pronounced upon him the severe sentence that dunce he was, and dunce was to remain.'

And when these same amiable idlers had loitered along the pleasant by-paths of an education until they were like to become a permanent part of the college landscape, and by dint of passing an easy course here, and being boosted by eleventh-hour crammers through a hard course there, had at last 'come up' for a degree, the teacher again found his attitude changing with the years. Time was when he had looked suspiciously at his older colleagues in the faculty, opposing with bitter words their tendency to weaken if ever so little the barriers that hedged about the precious parchment. But as he grew older he began to catch glimpses of the fact that education is larger than technicalities, and that the production of 'grinds' is not its perfect consummation. He remembered Swift who, as he said of himself, 'was stopped of his degree for dullness and insufficiency and at last hardly admitted in a manner little to his credit, which is called in that college "*speciali gratia*."'

The degree of Bachelor of Arts, *Speciali Gratia* — B.A.S.G. Why not? It is true that the teacher has not seen his S.G.'s turn out to be Dean Swifts, but he has seen them play their parts manfully in the world. He has seen them become good business men, good lawyers, and in one or two cases good legislators. If they have not adorned

their letters and their speeches with the flowers of rhetoric for which he used to bespeak their admiration, they have — or at least he likes to think so — won a certain fineness of spirit from those spacious humanities about which at the time they seemed to care so little.

And so the teacher has come to view these perennial idlers in the groves of Academe not merely tolerantly but with a measure of expectancy, content to write S.G. after their names in his record, if only they seem to have the making of manly men in them; and always ready to catch, if so it may be, through the cloud of laziness and inertia, a glimpse of that glorious ray of genius which will mark their kinship with the golden idlers — the Scotts and Stevensons — of bygone days.

And if, in addition to the self-directed spirits who are independent of formal 'schooling,' and the amiably idle who are indifferent to it, there remains a residuum of the incurably ignorant, not even of these need the seeker despair. There is a kind of perfection, an orbicular wholeness about ignorance, sometimes, that is akin to genius itself. They are the leaven of the whole lump, indeed, these indomitable ignoramuses. They are the geniuses in the art of getting things wrong. The student who said that churches promote the mortality of the community, and his fellow who averred that churches are supported by the tribulations of their members, had that vatic quality which savage nations are accustomed to recognize and reverence in the weak-minded. The student who said in his ignorance that Leo X sent John Knox to Scotland to sell indulgences was endowed with a finer quality of irony than all the knowledge of the curriculum would have given him. The kings of olden days did well to keep a fool at court. It is almost, if

one but dared to admit it, a matter of regret to see the shades of the prison house begin to close upon these young geniuses of the perverse, and to see the splendid vision of their wise blundering

. . . fade into the light of common day.

What song the Sirens sang, or what name Achilles assumed when he hid himself among women, were but an unfruitful subject of speculation compared to the thought of what the world would have lost had Dogberry been put through the mill of Stratford grammar school. 'Ignorance is like a delicate exotic fruit,' says Oscar Wilde; 'touch it and the bloom is gone.'

Yes, the splendid follies of the freshman fade into the hopeful zeal of the sophomore and the dogged precision of the junior, and Diogenes trims his lantern and continues his search. It is well to be philosophical, and the geniuses of idleness and ignorance provide their measure of consolation. But the teacher's heart is still strong in the faith that some day a real genius will emerge. And when this sense of the imminence of genius does come, will it be born of the slow and cumulative realization of perfection in all things academic, so that in after years the teacher may repeat of his own pupil those lovely words of Fulke Greville's anent Sir Philip Sidney? 'I will report no other wonder than this, that, though I lived with him and knew him from a child, yet I never knew him other than a man; with such staidness of mind, lovely and familiar gravity,

as carried grace and reverence above greater years: his talk ever of knowledge, and his very play tending to enrich his mind, so that even his teachers found something in him to observe and learn above that which they had usually read or taught.'

Or instead of this slow ripening of many perfections brought to one perfect fruitage, will the advent of the young genius have the kind of abruptness traditional in the type, as of flood-gates suddenly released? Will he be a Cædmon, shrinking shyly from the music-makers till the angel touches him? 'Then Cædmon meditated all that he had heard and, like a clean animal ruminating, turned it into sweetest verse. And his songs were so winsome to hear that his teachers themselves wrote down his words and learned from him.'

Symmetrical Sidney or abruptly transmogrified Cædmon — which will it be? Whichever it may be, it is worthy of note that in the words of the venerable Bede and the reverent Greville, there is one thing in common. 'His teachers learned of him.' Shall the teacher then be wise enough to be gently helpful if so it may be, or humbly docile, if the wings are already strongly spread for flight — or shall the teacher be guilty of some atrocious sort of paranoia, due to the overstrain of long ungratified desire? There was once a certain Jane Brown, one of the early teachers of Dr. Samuel Johnson, who, when fame came to her old pupil, compiled a spelling book and dedicated it to the universe! *Absit omen!*

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

AMATEUR SELF-SUGGESTION

THE moment I came home from the West and heard that my favorite cousin, E., had (in the family phrase) 'picked up a new fad,' I drove over to the Corners to see her; pleasantly wondering, all along the Little River Road, whether it would be the latest list of simplified spelling, or Susanna Cocroft. Not the latter, at any rate; for as I hitched Billy to the butternut tree I observed her, seated on her piazza, looking ampler and more billowy than ever, sunk in a Sleepy Hollow chair in what seemed a delectable nap. But even as I tiptoed up the steps, she opened one eye, and instantly heaved herself out of the Sleepy Hollow and kissed me in the French fashion.

'Oh, dear, I woke you up,' I pretended to lament, with the usual genial hypocrisy of the caller.

'Not at all. I was only giving my hay-fever a dose of suggestion.'

'Suggestion!' I cried eagerly. 'So *that's* it! Then you can tell me all about the Emmanuel Movement, New Thought, and psychotherapy in general, without my bothering myself to read a lot of books about it.'

My cousin smiled.

'Well, it's after twelve o'clock; but I'm afraid I can tell you all I know about it before one, and still have time to show you the dahlias. They're really wonderful this year.'

'Hurry up, then, and begin,' I urged. 'Only don't go and tell me how you were "led" to try it, and how much So-and-So has been benefited by it. The part I want to know is *what* you do, and *how* you do it.'

'When you came up just now,' she replied, 'I was saying over and over to myself, with all the application I know how to exert, and keeping every sneaking care and bother out of my mind—'

'Stop!' I commanded. 'How do you keep them out?'

'Sometimes I imagine myself putting them into the rag-bag, and sometimes I imagine myself pulling them up like weeds in the garden, and throwing them, roots up, to shrivel in the sun.'

'Don't they sneak back again?'

'Dozens of times, at first; but if you're really firm with them, they learn, in time, to stay put.'

'Well: and when you've got rid of them, what is it you say, so carefully, over and over to yourself, that gives you that contented look?'

'I Steadily — Steadfastly — Desire and WILL — I WILL! — that all the Coming Night (Long, Quiet, Drowsy Hours of the Night) and all the Day (Brisk, Busy, Pleasant Hours of the Day) I may Forget to Sneeze, Forget to Fear to Sneeze: or if fears arise in my mind, that I may calmly Sweep them out, and let them Blow Away — blow far away and be lost and forgotten . . .'

I wish that capitals and tiny print could combine to express the rousing, bracing spirit with which she WILLED, the calm, receptive intensity with which she Desired, and the dreamy, drowsy manner in which she watched, and made me watch, those fears and sneezes blowing away, like dead leaves, and being lost and forgotten!

'But before I begin to impress that, or any other formula, on my mind — (for I change my formulas very often: they wear out quickly),' my cousin

resumed, 'I — rest my heart a little while, in the thought of the "Power not ourselves." Sometimes I do it by a verse from the Bible, sometimes by a line of poetry: and sometimes by reminding myself of a great picture of the Trinity I saw long ago in Italy; or of the sky clearing after a shower, in our old home valley in Vermont.'

I was listening eagerly.

'I used to think,' continued E. rather abstractedly, 'that it gave one such a rested feeling to swallow a raw egg! (And so it does.) But the preliminaries of suggesting induce a rested sensation, from top to toe, that is far more than the mere absence of fatigue; it's a positive, a literally delicious, sensation; it actually tastes sweet.'

Even to speak of it, as I could see by her expression, brought back a trace of that deep, delighting, honeyed calm.

After a short silence, I ventured, with a sense of getting back to earth, 'How much better is your hay-fever, anyway?'

'Well, it is n't entirely cured as yet. But it was less troublesome last year than the year before; and it's decidedly less troublesome this year than last. In short, it's slowly mending, where-as before it was slowly worsening.'

'What does the doctor think?'

'I wish I knew! He generally says, "Far be it from me to belittle the power of suggestion," and then he proceeds to belittle it. He's keeping on with the same treatment as before: only now I suggest each time that it shall be successful.'

'Do you psychotherapeutists believe in doctors?'

'Indeed and indeed we do! And in medicine and surgery and diet and exercise and massage and change of air, — plus suggestion. Or rather, perhaps, in suggestion plus these. We find, as we look about us, every sort of evidence that

A man is *not* a cage of bone,
To keep a jailed soul inside,

but literally

— one inextricable whole
Of thinking flesh, of sentient soul,
Together fused by heavenly art—

She paused, and looked at me with particular earnestness while she repeated the last line of the queer little poem, —

What God thus joins, let not man part.

'But why,' I wondered aloud, 'don't the doctors, *en masse*, lay hold of this doctrine and practice of yours?'

'Why did n't Adam discover it the first time he saw Eve cry?' demanded my cousin whimsically. 'There was the mental Eve pushing drops of actual water out of the physical Eve's eyes. Tears and blushes and clenched fists, and the trembling fingers and palpitating hearts, and mouths that water at the remembrance of mincepies, — what are they all but the most obvious evidence of self-suggestion? But you see, for one thing, it was n't discovered, or discoverable, by vivisection. Nobody could deduce it from the results of sewing a rabbit's ear to the hind leg of a mouse.'

'Still, I suppose the doctors have used (consciously or unconsciously) an element of suggestion on us for centuries,' I mused aloud.

'I suppose they have. But why be so stingy with it? There was enough suggestion to go round; enough for them and for us. And there's a certain brace, one finds, in doing a thing for one's self, that ordinary human beings don't get from having some one else do it for them; even the kindest of doctors.'

'Have you told your doctor you believe you're suggesting yourself well?'

'I'm not vain enough to believe quite that. I think he and I are doing it together, with some help from "Them Above,"' she said rather solemnly. 'If you'd care to hear my

philosophy of self-suggestion — but we have n't seen the dahlias yet!

'Never mind the old dahlias.'

'Well, then: Nature, I think, is always trying to get well. Faith and encouragement and an occupied mind and a contented spirit help her: fears and broodings and idleness and neglect and unwholesome conditions hinder her. Often and often, before I began to suggest, I put a spoke of discouragement and worry in Nature's wheels. To use a better simile, I poisoned her well. It's a great thing when one learns to take one's fruitless dwelling anxieties, like a pound weight, off the worrying symptom, and to put a fruitful productive thought somewhere else.

'Well, that's only the *a b c* of suggestion. We need n't stop with that. While Nature is thankful enough to have us stop teasing and hindering her with our fussy and panicky anxieties, we can just as well go further and help her a bit. We can call up the reserves of will and strength in our souls and bodies, and send them to reinforce the troops she's managed to raise alone. We can cry, "Lay on, Macduff!" and get into the game ourselves.'

'But do you really think self-suggestion would help all sorts of ailments, — more serious ones than yours, I mean?'

'I don't see why not.'

'But pain, for example!'

'I've found it a decided relief in both headache and toothache.'

'How about a broken bone?' I asked, — not without a grain of malice, — and was surprised at her instant and positive —

'Why, of course it would help a broken bone to knit faster, and especially it would help in keeping down the fever.'

'Ye-es, perhaps.'

'Not perhaps, but of course, if you'll excuse my correcting your inaccur-

acy. And by the way, if people only thought of suggestion as a help in all sorts of illness, they would n't be so apt to show that odd trace of resentfulness when you propose their trying it; and say, "I guess if you could *feel* my neuralgia, you'd think it was pretty real"; or, "I assure you I don't have dyspepsia for the fun of it!"'

E.'s smile was rather rueful, and a little color had come into her satiny freckled cheeks.

'I should have told you,' she resumed after a little thought, 'that it's a help, I find, in my own case at any rate, to imagine myself in a very intent, expectant attitude when I desire, and a very bold, commanding one when I will. Sometimes in desiring, I imagine myself dipping a cup in a deep spring in an evergreen forest; and often when I will, I imagine myself steering a vessel, or guiding a plough, or leading a regiment.'

'Do you ever use suggestion,' it occurred to me to inquire, 'in working out your verses?' For, surprising as it appears to all the family, E. does sometimes beguile a magazine into accepting one of her so-called poems.

'I'm glad you spoke of that. I use it very often to clarify decisions, and to help in selection; and above all, of course, in concentrating my mind; willing beforehand that I may have a clear idea of what's best to choose or leave out, and so forth. And there's one other thing. In fact, it's the most interesting, and valuable part of the whole subject. Of course you can guess what I mean — suggesting yourself good, you know.'

'How?' I asked comprehensively.

'Why, desiring and willing the qualities you most need, one or two at a time, of course. Such as bravery, and lightheartedness, and generosity and fellow-feeling, and especially, perhaps, what à Kempis calls "the quiet

single eye." This part gradually overshadows the others, and it's even a temptation to neglect the body's needs in the excitement of trying to improve your disposition.'

I partly listened, and partly followed where this idea led me, in the fields of my own thoughts.

'How is suggesting yourself good, as you call it,' I asked at length, 'in any way different from prayer?'

'I don't think it is very different. But many of my prayers used to be (like my old attitude toward doctors) quite passive. We ask for blessings to be rained down upon us when perhaps we might better gird ourselves up to find and win them. Suggestion, I should say, is a self-helpful form of prayer. I think it suits the needs of a Church Militant.'

We both sat silent a while, then my cousin rose, tied on her sunbonnet, and misquoting, under her breath,—

'Yet soul helps flesh not more than flesh helps soul,'

took me out to see the dahlias.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY ALMANAC

The *Almanac* has always given me the impression of magic. The very cover speaks of mystery, through the apocalyptic signs of the zodiac. The title-page gives promise of deliberate awe in the stately phrase: 'Astronomical calculations and sundry bits of valuable Information and Admonition.' Oh, altitude of a phrase! It does n't actually disturb this 'Pia Mater of mine' any more than other supernatural influences disturbed Sir Thomas Browne's; but, nevertheless, sufficient of primitive man is left in me, a remnant of old idolatry, to feel in the *Almanac* the mighty presence of the magician.

This survival of the primitive developed, after reading the *Atlantic Monthly Almanac*, into a firm conviction.

Nothing less than magic could account for the extraordinary revelations I discovered. The shadow of the supernatural was visible in the connection which the *Almanac* revealed between the Calendar and the Presidents of these United States. Mysteries were explained, secrets were uncovered, darkness passed away.

For example, in March I read, 'Grover Cleveland born 1837.' And right above this, in bold, brave, oracular type, 'St. Patrick's Day.' Of course he would win the Democratic nomination. Of course he would be the Democratic President once, yea, twice. The reason of his victories is now unmistakably apparent. St. Patrick was his aid. But there is a string to every oracle; and so, immediately under this promise of the conqueror, we read in very small type the admonition, 'Look out for pussy willows.' And alack the day! did not his party 'sing willow, willow' for many a day thereafter?

These revelations urged me to explore the *Almanac* regarding the life and works of President Roosevelt. And what wonders were revealed! For I discovered his illustrious name printed side by side with 'St. Simon and St. Jude.' St. Simon and St. Jude! What portentous names! What a prophetic day! For, as readers of Schiller's *Wilhelm Tell* especially will remember, this is a day of thunder and lightning, wind and storm, with rivers and lakes demanding a human life in sacrifice. And just above his name was the significant calculation: 'The Hunter's Moon.' No wonder he was Nimrod. He was born under an auspicious influence. And on the same page I read, 'St. Denys' Day.'

'St. Denys had his head cut off,
He did n't care for that,
He took it up and carried it
Two miles without his hat.'

Hat? Hat in the ring! Had his head

cut off! This sounds very familiar. This is strikingly coincident. Does n't this quatrain, one of 'sundry bits of valuable Information,' express and explain in poetic symbol and with the beauty of the apocalypse, certain important events? Of course there are two sides to every question and every oracle, and my interpretation may be quite incorrect. I do not pretend to know. Let the author of the *Atlantic Almanac* decide. All I say is that it is certainly very mysterious. And, moreover, right below the illustrious name of President Roosevelt, in unavoidable reference, the *Atlantic Almanac* has printed these whispering italics: 'Watch for fox sparrows coming from the north.'

Such astounding revelations encouraged me to see what 'sundry bits of valuable information and admonition' might be discovered regarding President Taft. And this, behold, was what I read: 'William H. Taft born 1858. The warblers are coming back from the north. Look out for shooting stars. They are called "the tears of St. Lawrence."'

Remembering that Mr. Roosevelt had much in common with shooting, and with stars, and with shooting stars, remembering also that Mr. Taft was in the habit of spending his summers on the St. Lawrence, is there not the shrill warning of the oracle in those words, 'Look out for shooting stars. They are called the "tears of St. Lawrence"'? I say again, I do not speak with authority as an interpreter. But it does sound very mysterious.

Last of all I searched the *Almanac* to see what things were true of President Wilson. And this dread antithesis confronted me: —

'Holy Innocents.

'Woodrow Wilson born 1856.'

That statement is in itself an exclamation and a shout. Many will declare that this describes the party in con-

trol, — 'Holy Innocents.' Others will be sure that this foretells the slaughter of the opposition, as ruthless and complete as the slaughter of the Innocents. Some within the controlling party, who have been a faithful remnant and democratic root, and have kept their hands and garments clean from the corruption of bosses and of graft, who in a word have been innocent of the great transgressions, will eagerly, gladly, and with shouts of joy interpret this auspicious antithesis as a promise of victory to Holy Innocents. On the other hand, a large number of people opposed to the income tax, convinced that it will fall heavily on the widow and the orphan, will see in this valuable information the prophecy of disaster to these Innocents.

Whatever may be our interpretations, one thing I am sure we shall all agree. There is magic in the *Atlantic Monthly Almanac*. There is mystery in these 'astronomical calculations and sundry bits of valuable information and admonition.' The voice of the oracle is heard in the land. Pythian Apollo speaks in the *Almanac*. Delphi has come to Boston.

A LETTER TO THE EDITOR

'The Contented Heart'

MADISON, WISCONSIN, Dec. 27, 1913.

TO THE EDITOR:

DEAR SIR, — There was once a man who had a Contented Heart. No matter what happened to him he was satisfied with it. One day he was run over and both his feet were cut off. 'Oh, well,' said he, 'they always were cold, anyway.'

The above favorite story of mine was brought to mind by the article in the December *Atlantic*.

Sincerely,

ALLETTA F. DEAN.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

MARCH, 1914

NEWSPAPER MORALS

BY HENRY L. MENCKEN

ASPIRING, toward the end of my non-age, to the black robes of a dramatic critic, I took counsel with an ancient whose service went back to the days of *Our American Cousin*, asking him what qualities were chiefly demanded by the craft.

'The main idea,' he told me frankly, 'is to be interesting, to write a good story. All else is dross. Of course, I am not against accuracy, fairness, information, learning. If you want to read Lessing and Freytag, Hazlitt and Brunetière, go read them: they will do you no harm. It is also useful to know something about Shakespeare. But unless you can make people *read* your criticisms, you may as well shut up your shop. And the only way to make them read you is to give them something exciting.'

'You suggest, then,' I ventured, 'a certain — ferocity?'

'I do,' replied my venerable friend. 'Read George Henry Lewes, and see how *he* did it — sometimes with a bladder on a string, usually with a meat-axe. Knock somebody in the head every day — if not an actor, then the author, and if not the author, then the manager. And if the play and the performance are perfect, then excoriate someone who does n't think so — a fellow critic, a rival manager, the

unappreciative public. But make it hearty; make it hot! The public would rather be the butt itself than have no butt in the ring. That is Rule No. 1 of American psychology — and of English, too, but more especially of American. You must give a good show to get a crowd, and a good show means one with slaughter in it.'

Destiny soon robbed me of my critical shroud, and I fell into a long succession of less æsthetic newspaper berths, from that of police reporter to that of managing editor, but always the advice of my ancient counselor kept turning over and over in my memory, and as chance offered I began to act upon it, and whenever I acted upon it I found that it worked. What is more, I found that other newspaper men acted upon it too, some of them quite consciously and frankly, and others through a veil of self-deception, more or less diaphanous. The primary aim of all of them, no less when they played the secular Iokanaan than when they played the mere newsmonger, was to please the crowd, to give a good show; and the way they set about giving that good show was by first selecting a deserving victim, and then putting him magificently to the torture. This was their method when they were performing for their own profit only, when

their one motive was to make the public read their paper; but it was still their method when they were battling bravely and unselfishly for the public good, and so discharging the highest duty of their profession. They lightened the dull days of midsummer by pursuing recreant aldermen with bloodhounds and artillery, by muckraking unsanitary milk-dealers, or by denouncing Sunday liquor-selling in suburban parks — and they fought constructive campaigns for good government in exactly the same gothic, melodramatic way. Always their first aim was to find a concrete target, to visualize their cause in some definite and defiant opponent. And always their second aim was to shell that opponent until he dropped his arms and took to ignominious flight. It was not enough to maintain and to prove; it was necessary also to pursue and overcome, to lay a specific somebody low, to give the good show aforesaid.

Does this confession of newspaper practice involve a libel upon the American people? Perhaps it does — on the theory, let us say, that the greater the truth, the greater the libel. But I doubt if any reflective newspaper man, however lofty his professional ideals, will ever deny any essential part of that truth. He knows very well that a definite limit is set, not only upon the people's capacity for grasping intellectual concepts, but also upon their capacity for grasping moral concepts. He knows that it is necessary, if he would catch and inflame them, to state his ethical syllogism in the homely terms of their habitual ethical thinking. And he knows that this is best done by dramatizing and vulgarizing it, by filling it with dynamic and emotional significance, by translating all argument for a principle into rage against a man.

In brief, he knows that it is hard for the plain people to *think* about a

thing, but easy for them to *feel*. Error, to hold their attention, must be visualized as a villain, and the villain must proceed swiftly to his inevitable retribution. They can understand that process; it is simple, usual, satisfying; it squares with their primitive conception of justice as a form of revenge. The hero fires them too, but less certainly, less violently than the villain. His defect is that he offers thrills at second-hand. It is the merit of the villain, pursued publicly by a *posse comitatus*, that he makes the public breast the primary seat of heroism, that he makes every citizen a personal participant in a glorious act of justice. Wherefore it is ever the aim of the sagacious journalist to foster that sense of personal participation. The wars that he wages are always described as the people's wars, and he himself affects to be no more than their strategist and *claque*. When the victory has once been gained, true enough, he may take all the credit without a blush; but while the fight is going on he always pretends that every honest yeoman is enlisted, and he is even eager to make it appear that the yeomanry began it on their own motion, and out of the excess of their natural virtue.

I assume here, as an axiom too obvious to be argued, that the chief appeal of a newspaper, in all such holy causes, is not at all to the educated and reflective minority of citizens, but frankly to the ignorant and unreflective majority. The truth is that it would usually get a newspaper nowhere to address its exhortations to the former, for in the first place they are too few in number to make their support of much value in general engagements, and in the second place it is almost always impossible to convert them into disciplined and useful soldiers. They are too cantankerous for that, too ready with embarrassing strategy of their own. One

of the principal marks of an educated man, indeed, is the fact that he does *not* take his opinions from newspapers — not, at any rate, from the militant, crusading newspapers. On the contrary, his attitude toward them is almost always one of frank cynicism, with indifference as its mildest form and contempt as its commonest. He knows that they are constantly falling into false reasoning about the things within his personal knowledge, — that is, within the narrow circle of his special education, — and so he assumes that they make the same, or even worse errors about other things, whether intellectual or moral. This assumption, it may be said at once, is quite justified by the facts.

I know of no subject, in truth, save perhaps baseball, on which the average American newspaper, even in the larger cities, discourses with unflinching sense and understanding. Whenever the public journals presume to illuminate such a matter as municipal taxation, for example, or the extension of local transportation facilities, or the punishment of public or private criminals, or the control of public-service corporations, or the revision of city charters, the chief effect of their effort is to introduce into it a host of extraneous issues, most of them wholly emotional, and so they contrive to make it unintelligible to all earnest seekers after the truth.

But it does not follow thereby that they also make it unintelligible to their special client, the man in the street. Far from it. What they actually accomplish is the exact opposite. That is to say, it is precisely by this process of transmutation and emotionalization that they bring a given problem down to the level of that man's comprehension, and what is more important, within the range of his active sympathies. He is not interested in anything

that does not stir him, and he is not stirred by anything that fails to impinge upon his small stock of customary appetites and attitudes. His daily acts are ordered, not by any complex process of reasoning, but by a continuous process of very elemental feeling. He is not at all responsive to purely intellectual argument, even when its theme is his own ultimate benefit, for such argument quickly gets beyond his immediate interest and experience. But he *is* very responsive to emotional suggestion, particularly when it is crudely and violently made, and it is to this weakness that the newspapers must ever address their endeavors. In brief, they must try to arouse his horror, or indignation, or pity, or simply his lust for slaughter. Once they have done that, they have him safely by the nose. He will follow blindly until his emotion wears out. He will be ready to believe anything, however absurd, so long as he is in his state of psychic tumescence.

In the reform campaigns which periodically rock our large cities, — and our small ones, too, — the newspapers habitually make use of this fact. Such campaigns are not intellectual wars upon erroneous principles, but emotional wars upon errant men: they always revolve around the pursuit of some definite, concrete, fugitive malefactor, or group of malefactors. That is to say, they belong to popular sport rather than to the science of government; the impulse behind them is always far more orgiastic than reflective. For good government in the abstract, the people of the United States seem to have no liking, or, at all events, no passion. It is impossible to get them stirred up over it, or even to make them give serious thought to it. They seem to assume that it is a mere phantasm of theorists, a political will-o'-the-wisp, a utopian dream — wholly

uninteresting, and probably full of dangers and tricks. The very discussion of it bores them unspeakably, and those papers which habitually discuss it logically and unemotionally — for example, the New York *Evening Post* — are diligently avoided by the mob. What the mob thirsts for is not good government in itself, but the merry chase of a definite exponent of bad government. The newspaper that discovers such an exponent — or, more accurately, the newspaper that discovers dramatic and overwhelming evidence against him — has all the material necessary for a reform wave of the highest emotional intensity. All that it need do is to goad the victim into a fight. Once he has formally joined the issue, the people will do the rest. They are always ready for a man-hunt, and their favorite quarry is the man of politics. If no such prey is at hand, they will turn to wealthy debauchees, to fallen Sunday-school superintendents, to money barons, to white-slave traders, to unsedulous chiefs of police. But their first choice is the boss.

In assaulting bosses, however, a newspaper must look carefully to its ammunition, and to the order and interrelation of its salvos. There is such a thing, at the start, as overshooting the mark, and the danger thereof is very serious. The people must be aroused by degrees, gently at first, and then with more and more ferocity. They are not capable of reaching the maximum of indignation at one leap: even on the side of pure emotion they have their rigid limitations. And this, of course, is because even emotion must have a quasi-intellectual basis, because even indignation must arise out of facts. One fact at a time! If a newspaper printed the whole story of a political boss's misdeeds in a single article, that article would have scarcely any effect whatever, for it would be far

too long for the average reader to read and absorb. He would never get to the end of it, and the part he actually traversed would remain muddled and distasteful in his memory. Far from arousing an emotion in him, it would arouse only *ennui*, which is the very antithesis of emotion. He cannot read more than three columns of any one subject without tiring: 6,000 words, I should say, is the extreme limit of his appetite. And the nearer he is pushed to that limit, the greater the strain upon his psychic digestion. He can absorb a single capital fact, leaping from a headline, at one colossal gulp; but he could not down a dissertation in twenty. And the first desideratum in a headline is that it deal with a single and capital fact. It must be 'McGinnis Steals \$1,257,867.25,' not 'McGinnis Lacks Ethical Sense.'

Moreover, a newspaper article which presumed to tell the whole of a thrilling story in one gargantuan installment would lack the dynamic element, the quality of mystery and suspense. Even if it should achieve the miracle of arousing the reader to a high pitch of excitement, it would let him drop again next day. If he is to be kept in his frenzy long enough for it to be dangerous to the common foe, he must be led into it gradually. The newspaper in charge of the business must harrow him, tease him, promise him, hold him. It is thus that his indignation is transformed from a state of being into a state of gradual and cumulative becoming; it is thus that reform takes on the character of a hotly contested game, with the issue agreeably in doubt. And it is always as a game, of course, that the man in the street views moral endeavor. Whether its proposed victim be a political boss, a police captain, a gambler, a fugitive murderer, or a disgraced clergyman, his interest in it is almost purely a sporting interest. And

the intensity of that interest, of course, depends upon the fierceness of the clash. The game is fascinating in proportion as the morally pursued puts up a stubborn defense, and in proportion as the newspaper directing the pursuit is resourceful and merciless, and in proportion as the eminence of the quarry is great and his resultant downfall spectacular. A war against a ward boss seldom attracts much attention, even in the smaller cities, for he is insignificant to begin with and an inept and cowardly fellow to end with; but the famous war upon William M. Tweed shook the whole nation, for he was a man of tremendous power, he was a brave and enterprising antagonist, and his fall carried a multitude of other men with him. Here, indeed, was sport royal, and the plain people took to it with avidity.

But once such a buccaneer is overhauled and manacled, the show is over, and the people take no further interest in reform. In place of the fallen boss, a so-called reformer has been set up. He goes into office with public opinion apparently solidly behind him: there is every promise that the improvement achieved will be lasting. But experience shows that it seldom is. Reform does not last. The reformer quickly loses his public. His usual fate, indeed, is to become the pet butt and aversion of his public. The very mob that put him into office chases him out of office. And after all, there is nothing very astonishing about this change of front, which is really far less a change of front than it seems. The mob has been fed, for weeks preceding the reformer's elevation, upon the blood of big and little bosses; it has acquired a taste for their chase, and for the chase in general. Now, of a sudden, it is deprived of that stimulating sport. The old bosses are in retreat; there are yet no new bosses to belabor and pursue; the newspapers

which elected the reformer are busily apologizing for his amateurish errors, — a dull and dispiriting business. No wonder it now becomes possible for the old bosses, acting through their inevitable friends on the respectable side, — the 'solid' business men, the takers of favors, the underwriters of political enterprise, and the newspapers influenced by these pious fellows, — to start the rabble against the reformer. The trick is quite as easy as that but lately done. The rabble wants a good show, a game, a victim: it does n't care who that victim may be. How easy to convince it that the reformer is a scoundrel himself, that he is as bad as any of the old bosses, that he ought to go to the block for high crimes and misdemeanors! It never had any actual love for him, or even any faith in him; his election was a mere incident of the chase of his predecessor. No wonder that it falls upon him eagerly, butchering him to make a new holiday!

This is what has happened over and over again in every large American city — Chicago, New York, St. Louis, Cincinnati, Pittsburg, New Orleans, Baltimore, San Francisco, St. Paul, Kansas City. Every one of these places has had its melodramatic reform campaigns and its inevitable reactions. The people have leaped to the overthrow of bosses, and then wearied of the ensuing tedium. A perfectly typical slipping back, to be matched in a dozen other cities, is going on in Philadelphia to-day. Mayor Rudolph Blankenberg, a veteran warhorse of reform, came into office through the downfall of the old bosses, a catastrophe for which he had labored and agitated for more than thirty years. But now the old bosses are getting their revenge by telling the people that he is a violent and villainous boss himself. Certain newspapers are helping them; they have concealed but powerful support among

financiers and business men; volunteers have even come forward from other cities — for example, the Mayor of Baltimore, himself a triumphant ringster. Slowly but surely this insidious campaign is making itself felt; the common people show signs of yearning for another *auto-da-fé*. Mayor Blankenberg, unless I am the worst prophet unhung, will meet with an overwhelming defeat in 1915. And it will be a very difficult thing to put even a half-decent man in his place: the victory of the bosses will be so nearly complete that they will be under no necessity of offering compromises. Employing a favorite device of political humor, they may select a harmless blank cartridge, a respectable numskull, what is commonly called a perfumer. But the chances are that they will select a frank ringster, and that the people will elect him with cheers.

Such is the ebb and flow of emotion in the popular heart — or perhaps, if we would be more accurate, the popular liver. It does not constitute an intelligible system of morality, for morality, at bottom, is not at all an instinctive matter, but a purely intellectual matter: its essence is the control of impulse by an ideational process, the subordination of the immediate desire to the distant aim. But such as it is, it is the only system of morality that the emotional majority is capable of comprehending and practicing; and so the newspapers, which deal with majorities quite as frankly as politicians deal with them, have to admit it into their own system. That is to say, they cannot accomplish anything by talking down to the public from a moral plane higher than its own: they must take careful account of its habitual ways of thinking, its moral thirsts and prejudices, its well-defined limitations. They must remember clearly, as judges and lawyers have to remember

it, that the morality subscribed to by that public is far from the stern and arctic morality of professors of the science. On the contrary, it is a mellow and more human thing; it has room for the antithetical emotions of sympathy and scorn; it makes no effort to separate the criminal from his crime. The higher moralities, running up to that of Puritans and archbishops, allow no weight to custom, to general reputation, to temptation; they hold it to be no defense of a ballot-box stuffer, for example, that he had scores of accomplices and that he is kind to his little children. But the popular morality regards such a defense as sound and apposite; it is perfectly willing to convert a trial on a specific charge into a trial on a general charge. And in giving judgment it is always ready to let feeling triumph over every idea of abstract justice; and very often that feeling has its origin and support, not in matters actually in evidence, but in impressions wholly extraneous and irrelevant.

Hence the need of a careful and wary approach in all newspaper crusades, particularly on the political side. On the one hand, as I have said, the astute journalist must remember the public's incapacity for taking in more than one thing at a time, and on the other hand, he must remember its disposition to be swayed by mere feeling, and its habit of founding that feeling upon general and indefinite impressions. Reduced to a rule of everyday practice, this means that the campaign against a given malefactor must begin a good while before the capital accusation — that is, the accusation upon which a verdict of guilty is sought — is formally brought forward. There must be a shelling of the fortress before the assault; suspicion must precede indignation. If this preliminary work is neglected or ineptly performed, the

result is apt to be a collapse of the campaign. The public is not ready to switch from confidence to doubt on the instant; if its general attitude toward a man is sympathetic, that sympathy is likely to survive even a very vigorous attack. The accomplished mob-master lays his course accordingly. His first aim is to arouse suspicion, to break down the presumption of innocence — supposing, of course, that he finds it to exist. He knows that he must plant a seed, and tend it long and lovingly, before he may pluck his dragon-flower. He knows that all storms of emotion, however suddenly they may seem to come up, have their origin over the rim of consciousness, and that their gathering is really a slow, slow business. I mix the figures shamelessly, as mob-masters mix their brews!

It is this persistence of an attitude which gives a certain degree of immunity to all newcomers in office, even in the face of sharp and resourceful assault. For example, a new president. The majority in favor of him on Inauguration Day is usually overwhelming, no matter how small his plurality in the November preceding, for common self-respect demands that the people magnify his virtues: to deny them would be a confession of national failure, a destructive criticism of the Republic. And that benignant disposition commonly survives until his first year in office is more than half gone. The public prejudice is wholly on his side: his critics find it difficult to arouse any indignation against him, even when the offenses they lay to him are in violation of the fundamental axioms of popular morality. This explains why it was that Mr. Wilson was so little damaged by the charge of federal interference in the Diggs-Caminetti case — a charge well supported by the evidence brought forward, and involving a serious violation of popular no-

tions of virtue. And this explains, too, why he survived the oratorical pilgrimages of his Secretary of State at a time of serious international difficulty — pilgrimages apparently undertaken with his approval, and hence at his political risk and cost. The people were still in favor of him, and so he was not brought to irate and drum-head judgment. No roar of indignation arose to the heavens. The opposition newspapers, with sure instinct, felt the irresistible force of public opinion on his side, and so they ceased their clamor very quickly.

But it is just such a slow accumulation of pin-pricks, each apparently harmless in itself, that finally draws blood; it is by just such a leisurely and insidious process that the presumption of innocence is destroyed, and a hospitality to suspicion created. The campaign against Governor Sulzer in New York offers a classic example of this process in operation, with very skillful gentlemen, journalistic and political, in control of it. The charges on which Governor Sulzer was finally brought to impeachment were not launched at him out of a clear sky, nor while the primary presumption in his favor remained unshaken. Not at all. They were launched at a carefully selected and critical moment — at the end, to wit, of a long and well-managed series of minor attacks. The fortress of his popularity was bombarded a long while before it was assaulted. He was pursued with insinuations and innuendoes; various persons, more or less dubious, were led to make various charges, more or less vague, against him; the managers of the campaign sought to poison the plain people with doubts, misunderstandings, suspicions. This effort, so diligently made, was highly successful; and so the capital charges, when they were brought forward at last, had the effect of confirm-

ations, of corroborations, of proofs. But, if Tammany had made them during the first few months of Governor Sulzer's term, while all doubts were yet in his favor, it would have got only scornful laughter for its pains. The ground had to be prepared; the public mind had to be put into training.

The end of my space is near, and I find that I have written of popular morality very copiously, and of newspaper morality very little. But, as I have said before, the one is the other. The newspaper must adapt its pleading to its clients' moral limitations, just as the trial lawyer must adapt *his* pleading to the jury's limitations. Neither may like the job, but both must face it to gain a larger end. And that end, I believe, is a worthy one in the newspaper's case quite as often as in the lawyer's, and perhaps far oftener. The art of leading the vulgar, in itself, does no discredit to its practitioner. Lincoln practiced it unashamed, and so did Webster, Clay, and Henry. What is more, these men practiced it with frank allowance for the naïveté of the people they presumed to lead. It was Lincoln's chief source of strength, indeed, that he had a homely way with him, that he could reduce complex problems to the simple terms of popular theory and emotion, that he did not ask little fishes to think and act like whales. This is the manner in which the newspapers do their work, and in the long run, I am convinced, they accomplish far more good than harm thereby. Dishonesty, of course, is not unknown among them: we have newspapers in this land which apply a truly devilish technical skill to the achievement of unsound and unworthy ends. But not as many of them as perfectionists usually allege. Taking one with another, they strive in the right direction. They realize the massive fact that the plain people, for all

their poverty of wit, cannot be fooled forever. They have a healthy fear of that heathen rage which so often serves their uses.

Look back a generation or two. Consider the history of our democracy since the Civil War. Our most serious problems, it must be plain, have been solved orgiastically, and to the tune of deafening newspaper urging and clamor. Men have been washed into office on waves of emotion, and washed out again in the same manner. Measures and policies have been determined by indignation far more often than by cold reason. But is the net result evil? Is there even any permanent damage from those debauches of sentiment in which the newspapers have acted insincerely, unintelligently, with no thought save for the show itself? I doubt it. The effect of their long and melodramatic chase of bosses is an undoubted improvement in our whole governmental method. The boss of to-day is not an envied first citizen, but a criminal constantly on trial. He is debarred himself from all public offices of honor, and his control over other public officers grows less and less. Elections are no longer boldly stolen; the humblest citizen may go to the polls in safety and cast his vote honestly; the machine grows less dangerous year by year; perhaps it is already less dangerous than a *camorra* of utopian and dehumanized reformers would be. We begin to develop an official morality which actually rises above our private morality. Bribe-takers are sent to jail by the votes of jurymen who give presents in their daily business, and are not above beating the street-car company.

And so, too, in narrower fields. The white-slave agitation of a year or so ago was ludicrously extravagant and emotional, but its net effect is a better conscience, a new alertness. The news-

papers discharged broadsides of 12-inch guns to bring down a flock of buzzards — but they brought down the buzzards. They have libeled and lynched the police — but the police are the better for it. They have represented salicylic acid as an elder brother to bichloride of mercury — but we are poisoned less than we used to be. They have lifted the plain people to frenzies of senseless terror over drinking-cups and neighbors with coughs — but the death-rate from tuberculosis declines.

They have railroaded men to prison, denying them all their common rights — but fewer malefactors escape to-day than yesterday.

The way of ethical progress is not straight. It describes, to risk a mathematical pun, a sort of drunken hyperbola. But if we thus move onward and upward by leaps and bounces, it is certainly better than not moving at all. Each time, perhaps, we slip back, but each time we stop at a higher level.

THE REPEAL OF RETICENCE

BY AGNES REPPLIER

THERE is nothing new about the Seven Deadly Sins. They are as old as humanity. There is nothing mysterious about them. They are easier to understand than the Cardinal Virtues. Nor have they dwelt apart in secret places; but, on the contrary, have presented themselves, undisguised and unabashed, in every corner of the world, and in every epoch of recorded history. Why then do so many men and women talk and write as if they had just discovered these ancient associates of mankind? Why do they press upon our reluctant notice the result of their researches? Why this fresh enthusiasm in dealing with a foul subject? Why this relentless determination to make us intimately acquainted with matters of which a casual knowledge would suffice?

Above all, why should our self-appointed instructors assume that because we do not chatter about a thing,

we have never heard of it? The well-ordered mind knows the value, no less than the charm, of reticence. The fruit of the tree of knowledge, which is now recommended as nourishing for childhood, strengthening for youth, and highly restorative for old age, falls ripe from its stem; but those who have eaten with sobriety find no need to discuss the processes of digestion. Human experience is very, very old. It is our surest monitor, our safest guide. To ignore it crudely is the error of those ardent but uninstructed missionaries who have lightly undertaken the rebuilding of the social world.

Therefore it is that the public is being daily instructed concerning matters which it was once assumed to know, and which, as a matter of fact, it has always known. When 'The Lure' was being played at the Maxine Elliott Theatre in New York, the engaging Mrs. Pankhurst arose in Mrs.

Belmont's box, and, unsolicited, informed the audience that it was the truth which was being nakedly presented to them, and that as truth it should be taken to heart. Now, it is probable that the audience — adult men and women — knew as much about the situations developed in 'The Lure' as did Mrs. Pankhurst. It is possible that some of them knew more, and could have given her points. But whatever may be the standard of morality, the standard of taste (and taste is a guardian of morality) must be curiously lowered when a woman spectator at an indecent play commends its indecencies to the careful consideration of the audience. Even the absurdity of the proceeding fails to win pardon for its grossness.

It is not so much the nature of the information showered upon us to which we reasonably object, but the fact that a great deal of it is given in the wrong way by the wrong people. Who made the Pankhursts our nursery governesses, and put us in their hands for schooling? We might safely ignore the articles of Miss Christabel Pankhurst in the *Suffragette* — articles which are a happy blend of a vice-commissioner's report and an amateur medical dictionary, — were it not that these effusions find their way into the hands of young women whose enthusiasm for the 'cause' lets down their natural barriers of defense. If Miss Pankhurst knows what she is writing about, — and let us hope she does n't, — it should occur even to her that more legitimate and, on the whole, more enlightened avenues may be found for the communication of pathological facts.

Are there no clinics at our gates,
Nor any doctors in the land?

A writer in *Harper's Weekly* assures us that Whittier would have approved of Miss Christabel's revelations, and that

he probably had something of the kind in mind when he wrote, —

your battle-ground
The free, broad field of thought.

Perhaps! It is a safe thing to say of a man who has been dead twenty-two years. But to most of us an alliance between Mr. Whittier and Miss Pankhurst sounds as desperately whimsical as the union recently suggested by a light-minded contributor to the *Atlantic Monthly* between John Halifax and Ann Veronica.

The 'Conspiracy of Silence' is broken. Of that no one can doubt. The phrase may be suffered to lapse into oblivion. In its day it was a menace, and few of us would now advocate the deliberate ignoring of things not to be denied. Few of us would care to see the rising generation as uninstructed in natural laws as we were, as adrift amid the unintelligible, or partly intelligible things of life. But surely the breaking of silence need not imply the opening of the floodgates of speech. It was never meant by those who first cautiously advised a clearer understanding of sexual relations and hygienic rules that everybody should chatter freely respecting these grave issues; that teachers, lecturers, novelists, story-writers, militants, dramatists, social workers, and magazine editors should copiously impart all they know, or assume they know, to the world. The lack of restraint, the lack of balance, the lack of soberness and common sense, were never more apparent than in the obsession of sex which has set us all a-babbling about matters once excluded from the amenities of conversation.

Knowledge is the cry. Crude, undigested knowledge, without limit and without reserve. Give it to boys, give it to girls, give it to children. No other force is taken account of by the vision-

aries who—in defiance or in ignorance of history—believe that evil understood is evil conquered. ‘The menace of degradation and destruction can be checked *only* by the dissemination of knowledge on the subject of sex-physiology and hygiene,’ writes an enthusiast in the *Forum*, calling our attention to the methods employed by some public schools, noticeably the Polytechnic High School of Los Angeles, for the instruction of students, and urging that similar lectures be given to boys and girls in the grammar schools. It is noticeable that, while a woman doctor was employed to lecture to the girl students of the Polytechnic, a ‘science man’ was chosen by preference for the boys. Doctors are proverbially reticent,—except, indeed, on the stage, where they prattle of all they know;—but a ‘science man’—as distinct from a man of science—may be trusted, if he be young and ardent, to conceal little or nothing from his hearers. The lectures were obligatory for the boys, but optional for the girls, whose inquisitiveness could be relied upon. ‘The universal eagerness of underclassmen to reach the serene upper heights’ (I quote the language of the *Forum*) ‘gave the younger girls increased interest in the advanced lectures, if, indeed, a girl’s natural curiosity regarding these vital facts needs any stimulus.’

Perhaps it does not, but I am disposed to think it receives a strong artificial stimulus from instructors whose minds are unduly engrossed with sexual problems, and that this artificial stimulus is a menace rather than a safeguard. We hear too much about the thirst for knowledge from people keen to quench it. Dr. Edward L. Keyes, president of the Society of Sanitary and Moral Prophylaxis, advocates the teaching of sex-hygiene to children, because he thinks it is the kind of infor-

mation that children are eagerly seeking. ‘What is this topic,’ he asks, ‘that all these little ones are questioning over, mulling over, fidgeting over, imagining over, worrying over? Ask your own memories.’

I do ask my memory in vain for the answer Dr. Keyes anticipates. A child’s life is so full, and everything that enters it seems of supreme importance. I fidgeted over my hair which would not curl. I worried over my examples which never came out right. I mulled (though unacquainted with the word) over every piece of sewing put into my incapable fingers which could not be trained to hold a needle. I imagined I was stolen by brigands, and became—by virtue of beauty and intelligence—spouse of a patriotic outlaw in a frontierless land. I asked artless questions which brought me into discredit with my teachers, as, for example, who ‘massacred’ St. Bartholomew. But vital facts, the great laws of propagation, were matters of but casual concern, crowded out of my life, and out of my companions’ lives (in a convent boarding-school) by the more stirring happenings of every day. How could we fidget over obstetrics when we were learning to skate, and our very dreams were a medley of ice and bumps? How could we worry over ‘natural laws’ in the face of a tyrannical interdict which lessened our chances of breaking our necks by forbidding us to coast down a hill covered with trees? The children to be pitied, the children whose minds become infected with unwholesome curiosity are those who lack cheerful recreation, religious teaching, and the fine corrective of work. A playground or a swimming-pool will do more to keep them mentally and morally sound than scores of lectures upon sex-hygiene.

The point of view of the older generation was not altogether the futile

thing it seems to the progressive of today. It assumed that children brought up in honor and goodness, children disciplined into some measure of self-restraint, and taught very plainly the difference between right and wrong in matters childish and seasonable, were in no supreme danger from the gradual and somewhat haphazard expansion of knowledge. It unconsciously reversed the adage, 'Forewarned, forearmed,' into 'Forearmed, forewarned,' paying more heed to the arming than to the warning. 'Trust in God, and keep your powder dry.' It held that the working-man was able to rear his children in virtue and decency. The word degradation was not so frequently coupled with poverty as it is now. Nor was it anybody's business in those simple days to impress upon the poor the wretchedness of their estate.

If knowledge alone could save us from sin, the salvation of the world would be easy work. If by demonstrating the injuriousness of evil we could insure the acceptance of good, a little logic would redeem mankind. But the laying of the foundation of law and order in the mind, the building up of character which will be strong enough to reject both folly and vice, — this is no facile task.

The justifiable reliance placed by our fathers upon religion and discipline has given place to a reliance upon understanding. It is assumed that youth will abstain from wrong-doing, if only the physical consequences of wrong-doing are made sufficiently clear. There are those who believe that a regard for future generations is a powerful deterrent from immorality, that boys and girls can be so interested in the quality of the baby to be born in 1990 that they will master their wayward impulses for its sake. What does not seem to occur to us is that this deep sense of obligation to ourselves and to our fel-

low creatures is the fruit of self-control. A course of lectures will not instill self-control into the human heart. It is born of childish virtues acquired in childhood, youthful virtues acquired in youth, and a wholesome preoccupation with the activities of life which gives young people something to think about besides the sexual relations which are pressed so relentlessly upon their attention.

The world is wide, and a great deal is happening in it. I do not plead for ignorance, but for the gradual and harmonious broadening of the field of knowledge, and for a more careful consideration of ways and means. There are subjects which may be taught in class, and subjects which commend themselves to individual teaching. There are topics which admit of *plein-air* handling, and topics which civilized man, as apart from his artless brother of the jungles, has veiled with reticence. There are truths which may be, and should be, privately imparted by a father, a mother, a family doctor, or an experienced teacher; but which young people cannot advantageously acquire from the platform, the stage, the moving-picture gallery, the novel, or the ubiquitous monthly magazine.

Yet all these sources of information are competing with one another as to which shall tell us most. All of them have missions, and all the missions are alike. We are gravely assured that the drama has awakened to a high and holy duty, that it has a 'serious call,' in obedience to which it has turned the stage into a clinic for the diagnosing of disease, and into a self-authorized commission for the intimate study of vice. It advertises itself as 'battling with the evils of the age,' — which are the evils of every age, — and its method of warfare is to exploit the sins of the sensual for the edification of the virtuous, to rake up the dunghills with the avowed

purpose of finding a jewel. The doors of the brothel have been flung hospitably open, and we have been invited to peer and peep (always in the interests of morality) into regions that were formerly closed to the uninitiated. Situations once the exclusive property of the police courts make valuable third acts, or become the central theme of curtain-lifters, unclean and undramatic, but which claim to 'tell their story so clearly that the daring is lost in the splendid moral lesson conveyed.' Familiarity with vice (which an old-fashioned but not inexperienced moralist like Pope held to be a perilous thing) is now advocated as a safeguard, especially for the young and ardent. The lowering of our standards of taste, the deadening of our finer sensibilities are matters of no moment to dramatist or to manager. They have other interests at stake.

For depravity is a valuable asset when presented to the consideration of the undepraved. It is coining money for the proprietors of moving-pictures, who are sending shows with lurid titles about 'White Slaves' and 'Traffic in Souls' all over the country. These shows claim to be dramatizations of Mr. Rockefeller's vice-commission reports, or of United States Government investigations. 'Original,' 'Authentic,' 'Authorized,' are words freely used in their advertisements. The public is assured that 'care has been taken to eliminate all suggestiveness,' which is in a measure true. When everything is told, there is no room left for suggestions. If you kick a man down stairs, and out of your door, you may candidly say that you never suggested that he should leave the house. One 'Great New York Sensation' is advertised as personally endorsed by Mrs. Belmont and Miss Inez Milholland; and again we are driven to ask why should these ladies assume an intimate knowledge

of such alien matters, and why should they play the part of mentors to such an experienced Telemachus as the public?

It is hard to estimate the harm done by this persistent and crude handling of sexual vice. The peculiar childishness inherent in all moving-picture shows may possibly lessen their hurtfulness. What if the millionaires and political bosses so depicted spend their existence in entrapping innocent young women? A single policeman of tender years, a single girl, inexperienced but resourceful, can defeat these fell conspirators, and bring them all to justice. Never were villains so helpless in a hard and virtuous world. But silliness is no sure safeguard, and to excite in youth a curiosity concerning brothels and their inmates, can hardly fail of mischief. To demonstrate graphically and publicly the value of girls in such places is to familiarize them dangerously with sin. I can but hope that the little children who sit stolidly by their mothers' sides, and whom the authorities of every town should exclude from all shows dealing with prostitution, are saved from defilement by the invincible ignorance of childhood. As for the groups of boys and young men who compose the larger part of the audiences, and who snigger and whisper whenever the situations grow intense, nobody in his senses could assert that the pictures convey a 'moral lesson' to *them*.

Nor is it for the conveying of lessons that managers present these photo plays to the world. They are out to make money, and they are making it. While one reputable Philadelphia theatre was regaling the public with 'white-slave' films, its next-door neighbor was elevating our moral tone with the listless dancing of Evelyn Thaw. We hear a great deal in these days about 'commercialized vice.' Miss Pankhurst

has hinted that it stands responsible for the protests against her pseudo-surgical articles in the *Suffragette*. But if the engagement of Evelyn Thaw to exhibit herself to theatre-goers is not a commercialization of vice, what meaning is there in the phrase?

In one respect all the studies of seduction now presented so urgently to our regard are curiously alike. They all conspire to lift the burden of blame from the woman's shoulders, to free her from any sense of human responsibility. It is assumed that she plays no part in her own undoing, that she is as passive as the animal bought for vivisection, as mute and helpless in the tormentors' hands. The tissue of false sentiment woven about her has resulted in an extraordinary confusion of outlook, a perilous nullification of honesty and honor.

To illustrate this point, I quote some verses which appeared recently in a periodical devoted to social work, a periodical with high and serious aims. I quote them reluctantly (not deeming them fit for publication), and only because it is impossible to ignore the fact that their appearance in such a paper makes them doubly and trebly reprehensible. They are entitled 'The Cry to Christ of the Daughters of Shame.'

'Crucified once for the sins of the world:

O fortunate Christ!' they cry:

'With an Easter dawn in thy dying eyes,

O happy death to die!

'But we, — we are crucified daily,

With never an Easter morn;

But only the hell of human lust,

And worse, — of human scorn.

'For the sins of passionless women,

For the sins of passionate men,

Daily we make atonement,

Golgotha again and again.

'O happy Christ, who died for love,

Judge us who die for lust.

For thou wast man, who now art God.

Thou knowest. Thou art just.'

Now apart from the offense against religion in this easy comparison between the Saviour and the woman of the streets, and apart from the deplorable offense against good taste, which might repel even the irreligious, such unqualified acquittal stands forever in the way of reform, of the judgment and common sense which make for the betterment of the world. How is it possible to awaken any healthy emotion in the hearts of sinners so smothered in sentimentality? How is it possible to make girls and young women (as yet respectable) understand not only the possibility but the obligation of a decent life?

It might be well if some of these hysterical apologists would read the torrent of disagreeable truths which Judge Lindsey poured out upon the heads of those members of the 'Woman's Protective League' of Denver, who had accused him of undue leniency to male offenders. The law of Colorado defines rape as entering into sexual relations with any unmarried female under eighteen, even should she solicit the relation. This permits a young woman, deeply acquainted with evil, to prey upon the passions, or the curiosity of youth, and then charge her associate with a criminal offense, — a merry life to lead. Girls of sixteen boasted to Judge Lindsey of the snares they had laid, one of them gleefully asserting she had entrapped no less than twenty-five boys, of whom she knew little or nothing. It is probable that this girl lied, — lying is inevitable under these conditions, — but we can hardly plead that such a young prostitute is 'atoning' for the sins of the world.

There would be less discussion of meretricious subjects, either in print or in conversation, were it not for the morbid sensibility which has undermined our judgment and set our nerves a-quivering. Even a counsellor so sane

and so experienced as the Reverend Hon. Edward Lyttelton, Headmaster of Eton, who has written an admirable volume on *Training of the Young in Laws of Sex*, drops his tone of wholesome austerity as soon as he turns from the safeguarding of lads to the pensive consideration of women. Boys and men he esteems to be captains of their souls, but the woman is adrift on the sea of life. He does not urge her to restraint; he pleads for her to the masters of her fate. 'The unhappy partners of a rich man's lust,' he writes, 'are beings born with the mighty power to love, and are endowed with deep and tender instincts of loyalty and motherhood. When these divine and lovely graces of character are utterly shattered and foully degraded, the man on whom all the treasure has been lavished tries to believe that he has made ample reparation by an annuity of fifty pounds.'

This kind of sentiment is out of place in everything save eighteenth-century lyrics, which are not expected to be a guiding force in morals. A woman with 'lovely graces of character' does not usually become the mistress even of a rich man. After all, there is such a thing as triumphant virtue. It has an established place in the annals and traditions, the ballads and stories of every land.

'A mayden of England, sir, never will be
The wench of a monarcke,' quoth Mary Am-
bree.

It is like a breath of fresh air blowing away mists to hear this gay and gallant militant assert the possibilities of resistance.

Forty years ago a writer in *Blackwood's Magazine* commented upon the amazing fact that in Hogarth's day (more than a century earlier) vignettes representing the 'Rake's Progress' and the 'Harlot's Progress' were painted

upon fans carried by young women. 'English girls,' said this sober essayist, 'were thus, by way of warning, made familiar with subjects now wisely withheld from their consideration.'

The pendulum has swung backward since 1874. Even Hogarth, who dealt for the most part with the robust simplicities of sin, would have little to teach the rising generation of 1914. Its sources of knowledge are manifold, and astoundingly explicit. Stories minutely describing houses of ill-fame, their furniture, their food, their barred windows, their perfumed air, and the men with melancholy eyes who visit them. Novels purporting to be candid and valuable studies of degeneracy and nymphomania. Plays and protests urging stock-farm methods of breeding the human race. Papers on venereal diseases scattered broadcast through the land. Comment upon those unnatural relations which have preceded the ruin of cities and the downfall of nations, and veiled allusions to which have marked the deepest degradation of the French stage. All these horrors, which would have made honest old Hogarth turn uneasily in his grave, are offered for the defense of youth and the purifying of civilized society.

The lamentable lack of reserve is closely associated with a lamentable absence of humor. We should be saved from many evils if we could laugh at more absurdities. We could clearly estimate the value of reform, if we were not so befuddled with the serious sensationalism of reformers. It is touching to hear Mr. Percy Mackaye lament that 'Mendelism has as yet hardly begun to influence art or popular feeling'; but he must not lose hope, — not, at least, so far as popular feeling is concerned. 'Practical eugenics' is a phrase as familiar in our ears as 'intensive farming.' 'How can we make the desirable marry one another?' asks Dr.

Alexander Graham Bell, and answers his own question by affirming that every community should take a hand in the matter, giving the 'support of public opinion,' and the more emphatic support of 'important and well-paid positions' to a choice stock of men, provided always that, 'in the interests of the race' they marry and have offspring.

This is practical eugenics with a vengeance, but it is not practical business. Apart from the fact that most men and women regard marriage as a personal matter with which their neighbors have no concern, it does not follow that the admirable and athletic young husband possesses any peculiar ability. Little runts of men are sometimes the ablest of citizens. When nature is in a jesting mood, her best friends marvel at her blunders.

The connection between Mendelism and art is still a trifle strained. It is an alliance which Mendel himself — good abbot of Brunn working patiently in his cloister garden — failed to take into account. The field of economics is not art's chosen playground; the imparting of scientific truths has never been her mission. Whether she deals with high

and poignant emotions, or with the fears and the wreckage of life, she subdues these human elements into an austere accord with her own harmonious laws. She is as remote from the crudities of the honest but uninspired reformer who dabbles in fiction and the drama, as she is remote from the crudities of the shameless camp-followers of reform, who use its passwords for their own base ends, and whose diversion it is to see how far they dare to go.

'Far rolling my ravenous red eye,
And lifting a mutinous lid,
To all monarchs and matrons I said I
Would shock them, — and did.'

For this amiable purpose, no less than for our instruction and betterment, the Seven Deadly Sins have acquired their present regrettable popularity. Liberated from the unsympathetic atmosphere of the catechism, they are urged upon the weary attention of adults, embodied in the lessons of youth, and explained in words of one syllable to childhood. Yet Hogarth never designed his pictures to decorate the fans of women. Suetonius never related his 'pleasant atrocities' to the boys and girls of Rome.

THE MONROE DOCTRINE AND LATIN AMERICA

BY F. GARCIA CALDERON

IN the *Atlantic Monthly* for June, 1913, Professor Hiram Bingham discusses the celebrated Monroe Doctrine as 'An Obsolete Shibboleth.' Listening to him one would suppose it an elaborate and sterile theory of the past. But the dead are hard to destroy; this policy of intervention and coercion is alive and active. A North-American Senator, Mr. Lodge, is the author of a recent resolution forbidding European nations to purchase land belonging to feeble Spanish republics of the New World. Forced by the logic of his doctrine, might he not endeavor to restrict immigration to the south of the Rio Grande, or even to demand that all Spanish-American loans be henceforth placed in the market of New York, the headquarters of South American finance?

Far from growing antiquated and disappearing, Monroeism is winning new adherents hitherto antagonistic to its influences. In the United States the Democrats are becoming its zealous defenders. They are abandoning their irreproachable attitude of sympathetic neutrality toward the efforts of new peoples. Their enthusiasm now surpasses the ardor of the Republicans, who are naturally inclined to expansion and to war. Henceforth imperialism is destined to form part and parcel of the great national tradition. Its influence depends but little upon rivalry of parties and changes of administration.

After all the discussions of the North-American Senate upon the Panama affair, after the frank acknowledg-

ment of error pronounced by farsighted statesmen, the United States, in its relation to Mexico, is assuming a position which seemed to have lapsed into desuetude: treating this great neighboring nation as if it were a conquered colony; interfering in the melancholy quarrels of this uneasy and unhappy people; sitting in judgment and condemning *ex cathedra*, with a dangerous assumption of infallibility. And herein lies a new aspect of this old doctrine, so extolled by some, so roundly condemned by others — of powerful guardianship, generous protection, conquest in disguise, according as times and men happen to interpret it. In Europe one could indeed wish that this doctrine were becoming an 'out-worn shibboleth.' Every one is familiar with the opinions of the German professor, Hugo Münsterberg, set forth in his book upon the Americans. He condemns 'the error and the folly of the Monroe Doctrine' and he hopes that it will perish from the mere fact of North-American indifference toward it. But, at the same time, Professor Münsterberg is a sympathetic believer in the efforts at colonization which Europe will make after the abandonment of this much-decried defense, and he writes, 'No Russian or French or Italian colony in South America would ever in the world give rise to a difficulty with the United States through any real opposition of interests.' Is not this the naïve avowal of an imperialism which feels its hopes thwarted by the protection which the United States persists

in granting to the endangered republics?

When Professor Burgess, in his celebrated discourse at Berlin, denounced the haughty policy of his compatriots, the Pan-Germanists were loud in exultation. They coveted the great American continent so jealously guarded against European aggression. The recent discussion between Great Britain and the United States, concerning the free navigation of the Panama Canal, has embittered British imperialists, who are irritated by this *ne plus ultra*, from which their commercial ambition must suffer. Everywhere there is a general desire to limit or to destroy the application of this theory, formulated a century ago by an audacious executive against a Europe still in the trammels of mysticism and feudalism. In the guise of declarations of idealistic policies, European nations seek to denounce the covetousness and the ambition of an insatiate plutocracy. The Paris *Temps* recently stated that the acts of President Wilson might perhaps be accounted for by the competition for the possession of rich oil-bearing territories. The newspaper declared that this Puritan idealogue was obeying unwittingly the corrupt pressure of Wall Street, and suggested that a precise title given to the future war between Mexico and the United States would reveal its true character: that it might be styled the 'Oil War,' after the fashion of the 'Opium War' of China.

When North America is under discussion, there is always talk of the menace of the United States, of its political duplicity, and its financial invasion of countries to the South. At the last Pan-American Congress, which met at Buenos Ayres, the delegate from San Domingo, M. Americo Lugo, publicly attacked the hypocritical influence of the United States and the periodic

holding of these useless conferences wherein the envoys from Washington sit enthroned, and wherein colorless debates always end in the acceptance of the projects advanced by the North-American delegation. The disinterestedness of the United States toward Cuba, its quixotic war against Spain, were not sufficient to convince the more distrustful spirits of the advantage of Saxon guardianship. Has not the United States dispensed liberty after the fashion of the heroes of mythology? Has it not cleansed the cities and purged the finances of the marvelous island? Schools, roads, industries, — a splendid impetus along the path of progress had created all these after the long domination of inquisitorial Spain. True, Cuban autonomy was not complete, but under the beneficent guardianship of the great liberating people the republic was to live and to prosper. In San Domingo a treaty made with Washington stipulated for intervention in the island's finances. Even if Porto Rico is a colony, Cuba and San Domingo are timid republics of the type of the Australian 'Commonwealth' and of other states of precarious liberties. The United States is sovereign in the Antilles, — 'paramount,' according to the haughty formula of Mr. Secretary Olney.

Latins do not invariably condemn this insistent pressure of the north — this civilizing mission which does so much toward maintaining internal peace. Even the Dominicans have come to recognize that their revolutions have diminished in importance since the United States declared that the conquering chieftains might no longer loot the national treasury. It is not worth while to squander the moneys raised by loans when their expenditure is audited by the guardian nation. In Cuba, education and hygiene have made rapid strides under American

control, and, in spite of the danger of future intervention, liberty in that uneasy island is a respected fact.

But there are limitations of this generous guardianship. It may weigh heavily upon nations when divisions exist. Indeed, it has already overpassed the boundaries of that affectionate intervention which characterized the romantic struggle for Cuban independence. In Panama, in Nicaragua, in the frequent convulsions of Central America, the action of the United States contradicts all its political principles. It divides a country; it favors revolutions; it marches straight toward conquest. In order to make itself mistress of Panama, it improvises a republic and treats the historic rights of Colombia with contempt. Instantly its prestige begins to diminish. The United States no longer ranks among the liberators but among the conquerors. It has forgotten the idealism of the Pilgrim Fathers and has become a violent servant of Caliban. Its action in Mexico assumes the form of a protectorship of the most audacious character. The Panama Canal seems, then, destined to fix the provisional limits of North-American Imperialism. To the South a continent newly severed from the North will for many years, perhaps forever, retain the autonomy which its natives have so boldly won; but to the north of the Canal nothing seems likely to check the progress of the haughty overlord.

It is not true, as Professor Bingham maintains, that amongst the republics which form the A B C Alliance, Argentina, Brazil, and Chile, powerful and solidly organized states, one finds any jealous opposition to the neo-Saxon power—such as would explain, according to Professor Bingham's theory, the alliance of these ambitious peoples. On the contrary, among these nations, out of range of North-American action, the

liveliest sympathy with the politics of the United States is discernible. Chile, of course, has not forgotten the Allsop affair with its disastrous consequences. The humiliation to which this warlike nation was subjected has made her react sharply against that vague sentiment of brotherhood prated of by ill-informed politicians. Brazil and Argentina have always acted in concert with their great sister republic. They have followed her examples; they have admired her statesmen and her institutions; and, in the periodic congresses which convene sometimes at Washington, sometimes at Rio de Janeiro, and sometimes at Buenos Ayres, the nations of Spanish origin have accepted without hesitation the leadership of North America.

It is rather in the 'zone of influence' of the United States, between the northern frontier of Mexico and Panama, in the Antilles, in Colombia and in Venezuela, that hatred against the United States has become a popular passion. It is in these territories also that the encroachments of the North Americans are visible, and have often threatened national independence. It would, then, be quite possible to divide Latin-America into two clearly defined zones, according to the state of the political and sentimental relations between these Latin countries and the Saxons across the seas.¹ If you draw a line from the northern boundary of Peru to the river Para in Brazil, and continue it to the distant mouths of the La Plata, you will outline the territory wherein the prestige of the United States has not been lessened. Its politics and its civil methods are admired by statesmen, and one finds only occasional intellectuals who criticize the excesses of North-American imperialism.

As for the perils of this influence to

¹ The author now lives in Paris. — THE EDITORS.

the autonomous development of the Latin republics, one is disposed to see in them only one of those deceptive nightmares which perpetually haunt the tropical imagination. Even Chile, dominated by very definite schemes of its own and by a shrewd materialistic policy, can very readily forget the injuries of her sister republic, and remember only the practical common sense of which they alone in South America are the fortunate possessors. Quite recently, at Buenos Ayres, a former Minister of Foreign Affairs, Mr. Estanislao Zeballos, in the course of a much-quoted speech, misrepresented the part played by the British in securing Argentine independence. He passed over the happy initiative taken by Canning and extolled the policy of Monroe, the true defender of the new republic. He demanded that one of the streets of the beautiful Latin capital should bear the name of the famous president, and selected that very one which the gratitude of his compatriots had already dedicated to the memory of the great Liberal minister. At Rio de Janeiro, a Monroe Palace testifies to the respect of Brazil for this beneficent protectorate of the north.

It is true that an eminent historian and diplomat of Brazil, Mr. de Oliveira Lima, has taken a stand against the all-powerful influence of the New Saxons, in his book, *Pan-Americanismo*, where, in he writes, 'The Monroe Doctrine was invariably in its earlier stages a selfish policy intended to reserve America economically and diplomatically for the most important nation of the American continent. Nevertheless it was by the help of this doctrine that all the other states escaped from the domination of their parent nations in Europe, which were certainly no more monopolistic in their policy than the United States has been.' But this opinion runs contrary to the general belief of Mr. Lima's

compatriots, and he himself admits that the Monroe Doctrine is 'a useful instrument to the whole continent so long as it does not undergo alteration,—that is to say, so long as, continuing to be an arm of protection, it does not become an arm of guardianship, indeed of domination, by means of territorial annexations.'

But must we see in the Monroe Doctrine merely a formula whose significance has been allowed to lapse? I do not believe it. European expansionists realize that the doctrine creates for them a hard-and-fast limitation of all territorial acquisition, but does not interfere with their economic influence, which is so essential to the development of Latin-America. Professor Bingham writes correctly that, 'Had it not been for the Monroe Doctrine, the American republics would have found it very much more difficult to maintain their independence during the first three quarters of a century of their career.' This has reference, however, rather to a moral guarantee than to any practical assistance, for the United States did not defend Peru and Chile in 1866 against the Spanish projects of reconquest, nor did it attempt to shield Argentina, then under the rule of the tyrant, Rosas, from the menace of the French and English navies. When the danger was nearer home, when a foreign prince at the time of the War of Secession in the United States sat on the Mexican throne and planned to found there a 'liberal empire' like that of Napoleon III, the republic of the United States grew uneasy and in the name of the classic doctrine took action against the exotic dynasty. Historians have maintained that the French Emperor wished to champion in Mexico the independence of the Latin idea against Saxon guardianship. In thwarting this ambition, the United States did more than simply defend the au-

tonomy of a nation, thenceforward subject to its uncontrolled suzerainty.

Just here occurs the first stigma upon the traditional policy of the United States. It has only pronounced its *veto* in especial cases, often when its immediate interests were involved. For fifteen years South America in armed rebellion struggled against Spanish rule. Where are the valiant soldiers of North America in the records of 1808 to 1824? You will find there Irishmen, Frenchmen, Germans, fighting in the armies which freed the New World from its ancient servitude; but there the United States played no part. It remained indifferent to this great epic *mêlée*. It did not even hasten to recognize the newly won independence of its 'sister Republics.' The French came with their glorious assistance to the American Saxons in their struggle against the mother-country. What a splendid career for a North-American general to become a pioneer in the fierce combats of South America! In their history you will find a Lord Cochrane, an O'Leary, but no captain who came like Lafayette to be the Don Quixote of a noble crusade.

In spite of this estrangement, the Monroe Doctrine is becoming in the sequel a bulwark of South-American independence. The projects of European colonization are vanishing and America, land of the free, is enabled to live far from the lusts of the imperialistic peoples of the Old World. Only, this noble theory is very far from being a stable principle unsusceptible of further growth. It alters continuously; it protects or it bullies; it is a servant of peace or of anarchy. I have made a study of these serious transformations in my book, *Latin America*. May I recall them here? The Monroe Doctrine is passing from the defensive to intervention, from intervention to the offensive. From a theory which opposes

all attempts of Europe to make political changes among the democracies of the New World, — a theory which forbids all acquisition of territory, which opposes all transfer of authority from a weak to a strong power, — is evolved the doctrine of President Polk, who in 1845 decrees the annexation of Texas on account of the fear of foreign intervention. In 1870 President Grant demands the seizure of San Domingo as a measure of national protection — a brand-new corollary of the Monroe Doctrine. President Johnson is greedy to possess Cuba in the name of the 'law of political gravitation which forces little states into the maw of great powers.' In 1895, Secretary of State Olney, at the time of the dispute between Great Britain and Venezuela, declares that the United States is, in very fact, sovereign in America. From Monroe to Olney, the doctrine of defense becomes a doctrine of moral guardianship.

And what is more serious still, the very nation which condemns foreign colonial enterprise in the New World, itself takes possession of neighboring territory. The new doctrine of imperialism is grafted upon the outworn theory of moral idealism. An enormous territory is open to the ambition of neo-Saxons, and yet they covet Mexican provinces — and actually acquire them in 1848 and 1852. Henceforth Monroeism becomes a doctrine to be looked on with suspicion by the republics which it protects from European expansion. There is even undeserved prejudice against the intentions of the United States, generous as they often are, and the union of the North Saxon and the South Latin is checked or rendered impossible by the very principle which seemed destined to create a great moral confederation stretching from Washington to Buenos Ayres.

The lack of discipline of the Spanish republics, their surly individualism,

their Castilian pride, revolt against every infringement of their power and especially against any organized protectorate. There is nothing more difficult to manage than the *amour propre* of the nations of the south, who look upon any kind of interference as a menace to their independence. They would choose anarchy, destruction even, rather than suffer the unlawful intrusion of any foreign power which ventured to interfere in the internal affairs of a free country. North Americans have often forgotten this attitude of their 'brothers' of the south. Likewise, with no consideration for their tempestuous pride, they have carried their influence in southern matters to the point of provoking violent outbursts of nationalism. They make parade of their superiority, and the South Americans, proud of their traditions and their ancient cities, revolt angrily against the wise counsels of the protecting nation.

Like all Latins, the South Americans have a feeling for form, and respect for the proprieties. They are naturally subtle and Byzantine. Nothing ruffles them more than the rudeness of Washington politicians, who scarcely take pains to disguise a certain contempt for these inferior and turbulent peoples. Mr. Roosevelt cynically says, 'I took Panama.' He believes in the efficacy of the 'big stick' in the relations between the two Americas. He is scarcely a psychologist in these matters. It is far easier to get what one wants from these Latin democracies through flattering proposals, through courteous replies, through a delicate, nicely shaded diplomacy. Violence accomplishes nothing beyond the embitterment of the South American temper. The bookish President has ventured to write that the Spanish republics will, perchance, reach the degree of civilization possessed by Portugal. This opinion, which the South American looks

upon as contemptuous, is made without regard to the extraordinary progress of Brazil and of Argentina. Such imprudent words make it very difficult for the Saxons and the Latins oversea to understand one another.

The behavior of business men whose desire it is to dominate the finances of South America is another factor in aggravating the readily distrustful attitude of the south for the north. These men are not the aristocrats of the banking world, but commonly mere ignorant adventurers who have made up their minds to despise the southerners; rough business men who have become fomenters of anarchy. They interfere in political disputes; they instigate revolutions in order to obtain from the conquerors huge concessions of land, or railway privileges, or loans calculated to ruin the country. To republics which have no conception of the power and the idealism of the United States, such men as this stand as representatives of a vulgar and immoral nation. They have earned for themselves the troublesome reputation of busybodies. One of these men was told that the Supreme Court of the country opposed his projects, and he, without further preliminaries, asked, 'How much does it cost to buy the Supreme Court?' When someone spoke to an unscrupulous banker of the honesty of certain judges, he retorted that honest people always fetch a higher price than the venal. This is the moral preached abroad by Americans who despise the political vagaries of Latin nations. To the perils of internal anarchy they add the still more disquieting danger of financial corruption.

The contempt of politicians, the thwarted ambition of bankers, estrange the southern democracies from the republic which really desires to help their political advancement. So long as the Monroe Doctrine is allowed to pander

to the covetousness of some and to the unscrupulousness of others, Pan-Americanism, the dream of a statesman, Mr. Blaine, will make no progress.

But after denouncing the dangerous influence of these two concomitants, political tutelage and imperialism for profit, have we said all that can be usefully said concerning this doctrine? Monroeism can be enlarged. Without losing hold of its historic influence, it can change both its method and its aim. Instead of abandoning this traditional principle, it would be entirely practicable to adapt it to the new social conditions of Latin America. A Colombian diplomatist, Mr. Santiago Perea Triana, in a notable publication, has already made a study of the transformation of the doctrine of tutelage. According to him, the instinct for spoils has once again established itself among the great European nations who are sharing the plunder of Tripoli and of Morocco. If their ambition does not look with envious eyes upon Latin America, the reason is that there is another doctrine which opposes it, the 'gift which nations just born into the world find in that cradle of liberty which they have won with so much pain.' He calls upon South-American nations to make a proclamation in their turn, and to declare solemnly that foreign conquest is henceforth banished from the New World. If the United States, says he, would affirm that it also is in accord with the sovereign republics of the south, that it respects the territorial *status quo* in this American continent which its own triumphant expansion seems to threaten,¹ an American system of law would be established, and the union of the two races which govern this huge continent would become a political fact of most

far-reaching consequence. We should be face to face, then, with a new Monroeism as the doctrine of American autonomy accepted and proclaimed by all the people oversea, who would agree to protect one another against all future attempts at conquest, and then, in place of this vexing and harassing tutelage, we should have a sturdy declaration of American solidarity.

Even by 1911 these generous plans showed signs of development. The United States, Brazil, and Argentina, through friendly intervention, averted an imminent war between Peru and Ecuador. When they pacified Central America, Mexico came to their aid, and thenceforward their action no longer bore any resemblance to the intrusion of foreigners. It was in the name of a doctrine not only North American, but Pan-American, that the peoples of the New World addressed the powerful nations which stood ready to tear them in pieces. No one then criticized this intervention of the great countries of the New World, of North Saxon and South Latin. The United States played its part; also, — which made its moral influence acceptable, — the Spanish American nations.

Moreover, the celebrated Drago doctrine is only a single consequence of Monroeism, a single economic development of the troublesome old theory. It was an America threatened by creditors which sought this weapon to defend its autonomy. President Monroe had condemned the colonization of American territory by European peoples. The Argentine Minister, Drago, foresaw the possible occupation of the territory of debtor countries as security for the payment of uncertain debts. The protective doctrine became an accepted theory among southern nations in spite of their abhorrence of an Anglo-Saxon guardianship. With the same idea in mind, during the last Peace

¹ President Wilson has given beautiful expression to this new doctrine in his Mobile speech. — THE EDITORS.

Congress at The Hague, the Spanish-Americans succeeded in proving to indifferent Europe that the peoples of Spanish origin also possessed an ideal of their own, a sharply defined individuality and a jealous care for their traditions and their liberty. In principle the Monroe Doctrine is an essential article in the public code of the New World. Two newspapers of Buenos Ayres, *La Argentina* and *La Razón*, have come to recognize it as such. In them we read that the United States is 'the safeguard of American interests,' and they praise the North-American republic for the paternal protection which it offers. It is only the brutal expression of the doctrine, the cynical imperialism which is deduced from it, which becomes dangerous to the moral unity of the continent.

The wisest statesmen have no thought of divorcing this doctrine from the future history of America, even when they criticize its excesses most severely. If you suppress its moral influence, the relations between Europe and the New World will change on the instant, and the imperialism of conquering nations will awaken to new attempts at colonization, to be checked by the patriotic resistance of the people whose territories are invaded. South-American nations are jealous of one another in spite of their fraternal proposals. The violent spirit of nationalism divides them. It would be difficult indeed to combine them afresh in a single burst of enthusiasm for liberty such as that of a century ago. The powerful republics of Brazil and Argentina are often forgetful of their duties toward nations of the same race which are less rich and less important than they. Mr. Archibald Coolidge, a plain-spoken professor of Harvard University, has seen very clearly the moral danger of this disintegration of interest. The democracy of the North has evidently a sense of

organization and of self-discipline. It is in her power to maintain strong and helpful ties between the republics in the south.

In place of a single Policeman State, a number of governments should form a kind of ideal confederation whose beneficent influence would be felt by all the republics. In proportion as new peoples succeeded in establishing their independence, in sloughing off the ancient anarchy and in developing themselves in peace, this union would enlarge and take them to its bosom. It would be a civilizing organization without any definite powers, in which the two great political systems, Saxon and Latin, the United States and its sister republics, would balance each other; and America would find therein a pledge of peace, of solidarity, and of progress. Thus we should avoid the danger of war between homogeneous nations. The richest people would come to the aid of those whose development is still imperfect, and Pan-Americanism would become an actuality.

The United States cannot now shrink into isolation and give up an influence which its power and its wealth amply justify. In proportion as its uncontrolled action presages danger in the affairs of the New World, just so its complete withdrawal from the struggles of South America would work injury to the progress of the still divided countries of the southern continent. The ambitions of Europe and Japan, as well as North-American imperialism, are dangers which keep the Latin countries of the New World in a state of chronic anxiety. The ambitions of these several countries run counter to each other, and the struggle between them is a perpetual reassurance of independence to the nations of the Equator and to the south of it. Furthermore, the men of the North have a civilizing function to fulfill in a continent wherein

they exercise supreme power. If their behavior is disinterested, if they prevent war, if they fertilize these new countries abundantly with the gold of their banks, if they become apostles of peace and international justice, no one will ever forget the grandeur of their political rôle in the world's politics. We shall inevitably be reminded of France in 1792, the universal liberator of peoples, — a crusade against tyranny.

In considering the behavior of the United States toward its neighbors, we must distinguish quite clearly between its attitude regarding Panama and its policy toward countries south of the Isthmus. In Cuba the United States has respected the liberty which it has bestowed upon this island which has profited so little from its experience; but elsewhere, especially at Panama, many a revolution which it has not condemned, many an example of the lust for advantage, has interfered with the performance of its fine promises. Toward South America its intervention deserves only respect. The purely selfish interest of the United States evidently lay in the acceptance of war and anarchy, in accordance with the classical formula, 'Divide and rule'; yet the United States has kept the peace. From Panama to the La Plata it is working for the union of the peoples and for civilization.

Here, then, is an aspect of the Monroe Doctrine of perpetual usefulness: the struggle against the wars which threaten to ruin the New World, still poor and thinly populated — intervention with the olive branch. In stimulating the union of South American republics, the United States is at the same time protecting its own commercial interests, menaced by this perpetual turmoil. If its action were to halt there, if it renounced all territorial acquisition and set its face against all interference with the internal affairs of

every state, the doctrine so often condemned would seem born anew and no one would dare to criticize its efficacy. Most of all, it is on the score of irregular political practices, of fomenting revolution, that the excessive tutelage of the United States comes in for most widespread condemnation. An Argentine writer, Manuel Ugarte, has summarized this sentiment in the phrase, 'We wish to be brothers of the North Americans, not their slaves.' Even if this tutelage were designed to prepare democracies without democratic tradition for self-government after the Saxon method; even if, as in the case of Cuba, it granted partial liberty and provisional privileges, the passionate feeling for independence which is so widespread throughout America would be exceedingly irritated by this rather contemptuous method of education. Great Britain pays more respect to the autonomy of her colonies than the new Saxon democracy is willing to bestow upon the still fragile independence of some American republics. What would be thought of the attitude of a Conservative minister of Great Britain who put a veto on the action of the Socialist government of Australia by dissolving the colonial Parliament, and criticized the laws of the free 'Commonwealth'? One cannot comprehend the policy which American peoples are often obliged to endure in their relations with Washington.

If from the political point of view the influence of this powerful republic should surely be reduced to the necessary minimum, it should certainly be encouraged from an intellectual and moral point of view. If the behavior of the United States were always disinterested and on the side of civilization, we should in that case better understand the nature of its interventions when they are unselfish and intended to further the cause of civilization. In Latin

America, people do not understand the United States. A few offhand judgments often control the decision which leads Latin Americans to antagonism or to unreflecting infatuation. The Americans of the North are thought to be 'practical people.' Men say that they are intensely covetous of riches. They have no morality. The business man, always hard and arrogant in mind and brutal in method, is the symbol of the nation. Ideals, dreams, noble ambitions, never stir their breasts. These characteristics of the North American the men of the South, according to their individual ideas, admire or despise. They forget how austere is the grandeur that Americans of the North acquire from their superb idealism, from their strong Puritan tradition, from the lust for gold made subservient to ambition for power and for influence over men. They are ignorant of the mysticism which forever flourishes in the United States, continually creating new sects, the perpetual Christian Renaissance whose energy was so greatly admired by William James. We must admit that in South American countries, with their narrow and superficial religiosity, we do not find this great concern regarding the line which divides the ideal from the fact. The example of the United States, the reading of its poets, the study of Emerson, the influence of its universities, an examination of the part which wealth has played in this democracy would, I conceive, go far toward reforming the bad manners of the South and make it appreciate the true fundamentals of the grandeur of North America.

The United States has often been imitated with no proper conception of the spirit of its institutions, and this imitation has been fraught with misfortune to the Spanish republics. For this reason the federal idea among the nations of South America has served only to di-

vide them the more, and to multiply the anarchy by the number of states created by the federation. Whilst among the neo-Saxons the sovereign states have tightened their bonds and welded themselves into a powerful union, the states of South America have passed from an absolute centralization to a chaotic division. In the same way the presidents of South America govern for a period of four years, after the example of the United States, and their ephemeral rule has been powerless to found a stable régime. It would be a great gain to South America to be enabled better to understand the social and political aspects of North-American life, to see its strength and its weakness, to appreciate the part played by idealism and the part played by common sense, to understand the disinterestedness and the imperialism, to appraise the 'big stick' and the loyalty to an idea. Even to-day South Americans grasp very imperfectly the moral idealism which inspires President Wilson to condemn a government which from its very birth has been bloody as the hands of Lady Macbeth. Latin-American peoples, like sceptical Europe, accept the excuse of reasons of state, of necessary crime, and too often forget the relations between politics and morals.

Professor Bingham maintains that the South Americans consider themselves 'more nearly akin to the Latin races of Europe than to the cosmopolitan people of the United States.' If this is true, the prestige of the guardian republic does not suffer thereby. Men do not love it, but they habitually fear and admire it, and these feelings smooth the way for love. In my book on Latin democracies, I have set forth the contrasts which may easily be established between the Catholicism of the Spanish Americans, the state religion, uniform and formal, and the restless and active Protestantism of the United

States: between the mixture of races in the South, and that racial pride, 'the white man's burden,' which controls northern opinion. It would be very easy to push this analysis further and to set forth the strength of aristocratic prejudices among the Spaniards and the very definite democratic spirit which exists among the Saxons; to contrast the idealism of the North with the less vast, less generous ambition of the South; or the stanch, puritanical domestic life among the South Americans with a certain license of morals which exists in North America.¹ But, in spite of this sharp contrast, there are resemblances not less evident than the divergent traits, an Americanism which gives a certain unity to the entire New World. All evidence points to the conclusion that if the United States acts in accord with Latin America, if the Monroe Doctrine loses its aggressive character, the influence of these twenty nations will be a force in the world's progress which cannot be despised.

There are certain general principles, like democracy and arbitration, which are scarcely disputed in America. Two eminent professors, Mr. W. R. Shepherd and Mr. L. S. Rowe, have acknowledged that the idea of arbitration as a judicial means of deciding international differences, owes its origin to Bolivar, the Liberator of the New World. This principle has become American: all the republics accept it, and, in a magnificent burst of impulsive ardor, Mr. Taft wished to impose the principle upon Europe. Self-conscious classes, proud of the privilege of caste, do not exist in this young continent, open to world-wide influences. No religious prejudice over here halts the mingling of races. In Buenos Ayres, just as in New York, the foreigner who

throws off his allegiance to Spain or to Great Britain becomes a patriot. The continent is the smelting-pot of all immigrant races. Analogous intellectual interests are preëminent in the North and in the South, with no preliminary agreement, no subjection of Latin America to the influence of the United States. Poetry sings of the race and its exploits, liberty, and life. We South Americans also have our Walt Whitmans. Social sciences throughout the whole continent have made greater progress than metaphysics and theology. Rivals of Giddings and Lester Ward teach in South-American universities, and over against the work of Wheaton we can set the work of Calvo. Pragmatism, the philosophy of North America, is also the philosophy of Spanish South America, and, in the books of Alberdi, a sociologist of Argentina, we find thoughts to which William James and his disciples subscribed half a century later. We are forced, then, to believe in the definite relationship between the physical order and the moral order. The New World has a geography and a policy which give it genuine originality as compared with Europe.

And the New World must become conscious of this individuality. It must be proud of it. It must come to a full realization of the usefulness of an understanding between the Saxons and the Latins overseas, as races complementary each to each. The Latins must learn to appreciate the United States more fully and to judge it more fairly. On its part the United States must renounce all aggressive policies and must give over a Monroeism at once rigid and perilous. Then it will be possible to apply to the whole continent of America the verses of Walt Whitman upon democracy, whose epic poet he was, when he said of his countrymen,

I will make the most splendid race the sun
ever shone upon.

¹ The writer here refers to the fact that divorce is not permitted in Latin (Catholic) countries. — THE EDITORS.

THE GREATER ART

BY LAURA SPENCER PORTOR

I

EARLY May in Paris! The pushcarts in the rue des Petits Champs made a sober blaze of color against the wet asphalt street, where the sky was reflected in uneven blue patches. There were daffodils, carts of them; and roses, tea roses, in wicker baskets, from Nice; and pansies, whole masses of them.

Ellen Whitelaw bought some daffodils; then, with these in her hands, entered the little dairy to get a bottle of cream and a pat of butter; then went on a little farther to buy the rolls. When she mounted the second flight of stairs of Madame Tontine's house, she found Tilton waiting for her on the top step.

'I'm sorry to be late,' she said, 'but the morning was so beautiful, and the color was so wonderful, I stayed longer than I should have. Will you take these for me?'

They entered. He arranged the daffodils in a bronze bowl for her while she made the coffee and set a small studio table.

'I'm going to warm the rolls for you,' he said, 'because I never saw a Virginian yet who did not pine for hot bread.'

'I don't,' she answered.

She was standing with her head tilted back a little and her eyes half closed, to catch some likeness of color at the heart of the daffodils, and a note of the same color beyond in the soft fabric covering the picture on the easel.

'You don't!' he said indulgently.

'No, I don't; I really don't. And

what is worse, I don't pine for Virginia. I am just so thankful, so devoutly thankful for this,' she glanced around the room, 'I am so thankful to know that outside there, all around, everywhere, is Paris! To understand what it means to me you must have lived just the life I have lived.'

'You always wanted to paint but could n't leave home. Well, I know a little about that,' he said.

'You see, I was the eldest,' she explained. 'After Geoffrey left home, I could n't leave. Then James left, then Letitia needed me. Letitia always needed steadying. If I had n't been there she might have married Colby. I've told you about Colby. Then by and by Colby went away. The thing was broken off. Then, I don't really know just how it happened, by a kindly "sweet miracle" I came here. At first I used to worry about having left mother. Three of us going away, you know, and only Letitia there. But I don't worry any more now. I am here where I so greatly longed to be.'

'I see,' he said. 'I understand perfectly. Oh, do I not!' he raised his hand with a little characteristic and dismissing gesture. 'I know exactly. It was art and self-expression that you longed for. For self-expression, the expression of what we each see as beauty, that and nothing else is art. This joy and the exhilaration you feel all the time, now you are here, comes from the effort to express yourself. That is the whole joy, the creative joy. How does the picture come on? May I see it?'

Without hesitation or affectation she removed the cloth from the picture on the easel. He looked long and critically at it. On a large canvas was painted the figure of a young French market-woman, a woman of the pushcart market, a seller of daffodils. She held a little child on one arm. The other hand and arm were stretched out, selecting for a purchaser a certain bunch of daffodils from a pushcart heaped full of them. To her skirts another child, only a little older, clung; and a boy of nine or ten tied the daffodils that had fallen apart.

'It is to be called "The Mother,"' she said, looking at it a little longingly.

'It seems to me,' he replied at last, with a quiet reverence, 'it may easily be the picture of the spring exhibition. You have gone on wonderfully, wonderfully. Let me see, how long have you been here?'

'Oh, let us not talk of it,' she said. 'I'm afraid to think about it for fear something might happen, *might* happen to make it seem that I ought to go home. And you see,' — she turned an appealing look from the picture to him, then back to the picture, — 'you see for yourself that I cannot!'

'Of course I do,' he said eagerly. 'Of course you cannot. In another year! — Bouvet praises rarely, but you know what he has said about your work.'

He turned his head on one side, a little serious, a little light. 'And you know he never said such things about mine — nothing like that anyway.'

He remembered, too, though he did not speak of it, what Bouvet had said about the girl herself; Bouvet who taught and growled and growled and taught, and spoke rarely; Bouvet who had muttered under his breath as he saw her, one day, lovely and absorbed before her easel: 'Quel type! Mon Dieu, quel type de femme!' What a

type she was, too! Tilton considered her as she moved about the studio.

'It is good to have you say I must not go home. I know that I must not, but now and then I am so afraid of something happening to make it seem that I ought to go. At such times, it steadies me to hear you say that I must not go. I know, I *know* I must not.'

There was a knock at the partly open door, and fat little Madame Tontine came in. She carried a box of strawberries.

'My sister sent me some from Nice, mademoiselle. These are for you.'

Tilton flung his hand on his heart and cast his eyes to heaven in the extravagant appreciation that Madame Tontine loved.

'Madame Tontine! Have I not *told* you, have we not all told you — *all* of us — that you are an angel, and now — behold you bring *strawberries*!'

'La! La!'

The little fat French woman laughed, raised one hand, and turned her head away with a pretty affectation. 'I have always said to Alphonse,' — she spoke rapidly and with coquetry, — "'Alphonse, my angel, when you see that I am dying — run quick, *quick* and get me strawberries! Let me die eating strawberries — then I shall already be in heaven, with no perilous journey!'

She ended with her voice high, and a little laugh.

Some one called from below stairs, —

'Madame Tontine! Madame Tontine!'

Her face took on suddenly a look of distress. She fumbled in the bosom of her dress and brought out an envelope.

'Something for you, mademoiselle! See! The strawberries are good! Be sure to eat them! See how red! How beautiful!'

Tilton always remembered the look of Ellen Whitelaw's hand as it was

stretched out now to take the telegram. He put down the berries; his face was very sober. He watched her fingers as she opened the envelope.

'What is it?' he said, glancing at her face.

A moment later she met his eyes; only, some light had gone out of her own!

'It is a cablegram from James. Letitia has run away and married Colby after all.'

He did not answer, but watched her keenly.

She folded the paper and slipped it in its envelope. When she spoke her voice had to him a far-off sound.

'It never would have happened if I had been there. It never would have happened. Letitia needed me. She needed somebody steadier, wiser. Mother would n't do, beautiful as mother is.'

His eyes did not leave her face, but his thought went defensively to the picture on the easel.

'You see, you see,' — she was picturing it all rapidly in her mind — 'this leaves mother alone. James is away too, now. I must go home.'

He flung his head back as though to be rid of some impatience. He spoke with a kind of forced quietness. His face, with its noticeably fine line of brow and cheek, showed indignant color, suddenly, like a girl's.

'See here,' he said, 'you are wrong; dead wrong. You must not go and leave your work. You must listen to me. At a time like this your judgment cannot be clear — you've got to think it out with me. There are two kinds of art, two kinds of duty, the lesser and the greater. Sometimes we are so bewildered by the events of life, that we cannot tell one from the other. But nevertheless one is the greater, and one the less. You must not forget that. It is for us always, always, to cling to the

greater. Your greater duty is right here; the greater duty and the greater art are right here. I have been all through the thing myself. I have a mother, an old mother. I dote on her; I tell you I *dote* on her. Yet I came away. She is there at home, alone. Do you think it does not take courage to stay here and think of her?'

He was not even sure she had heard him. His feeling was one of real indignation, indignation colored too by his own preference. He felt that art could not afford to lose her; but added to that sufficient fact was his own loss. Who in heaven's name were Letitia and Colby! Who indeed! That Letitia was pretty he knew. Ellen had told him she was 'exquisite, beautiful'; that she was utterly selfish he had thought out for himself. And Colby! one of the many and variegated types of masculine human selfishness. The old pitiful trifling claims that drag at a woman's skirts, and make of her an inferior creature! Why, the lives of men could be so cut up too, if men would allow them (he thought again of his mother), *allow* them to be!

When he brought his indignant look back to her, he was struck anew by the loveliness of her face. He remembered long afterwards the peculiar evening stillness there was about her; he had seen it before only in a clear western sky after the sun is gone, and the look in her eyes that told him he had not moved her.

II

At the familiar little Virginia station no one met her. She had not let any one know that she was coming. She walked along the country road, noting the fallow fields. It was late afternoon. The old white house, when she came in sight of it, looked still and thoughtful in the late light that was almost dusk. Against a clear yellow in the western

sky, the smoke from the low kitchen chimneys rose blue and straight, and cut across a remote young moon in the heavens. She took the short path across the fields, which brought her to the side entrance of Braeton. There was wistaria over the entrance, just coming into bloom. She opened the door. The knob of it felt familiar to her hand. She entered the hall. The house was very still. A few steps brought her to the library door. The rooms seemed smaller than she remembered them to be. There was the quiet self-possessed air of refinement that she knew so well, but added to it the slight look of shabbiness which, though it was perfectly familiar to her, she had not remembered during her absence.

The library door stood partly open. She paused on the threshold. In a low arm-chair by the window in the fading light sat her mother. There was quiet in the whole figure. The face was turned somewhat; she was looking out on the driveway. She was dressed in the accustomed black dress, with the soft white collar and cuffs. Her hands rested on an open letter in her lap. Ellen recognized it as one of her own letters, written on the dun-colored paper that she used to buy from Madame Tontine's brother-in-law, in a little *boutique* on rue des Petits Champs. At sight of it, suddenly, without warning, a surge of almost intolerable homesickness came over her. In the flash of an instant all that she had left was before her, even to Madame Tontine's little gay ways, seriousness, and coquetry. Then suddenly too, it was as though a veil were drawn away.

Paris, the pushcart market, Tilton, fat sympathetic little Madame Tontine, with her hand on her heart and her eyes to heaven — they were swept away, like a piece of changing scenery, and she saw distinctly what was before

her. She saw that the familiar figure by the window was changed by some subtle change. The slender almost girlish shoulders drooped a little more than they used to do. The whole figure was a little thinner. The black dress was too large, a little too large everywhere. The face, partly turned away, had a little added delicacy, the hair was noticeably more gray.

The girl on the threshold knew suddenly and poignantly that the woman at the window had been lonely for her. For herself the time had been short there in Paris; but here, you see, where nothing happened, where the birds built their nests, and the familiar summer came slowly and shone as of old on the fields, and the trees across the shaded driveway bent their branches toward each other continually, and lost their color in the dusk and had it given back to them in the dawn, day after day, patient, submissive; here, where no voices were heard — a year, two years! Two years at that age, under those circumstances! Two years of loneliness had passed their hands over this woman and had wrought this thing. The familiar figure in the familiar chair in the accustomed place! Geoffrey and James and Letitia, and she herself, they had all gone; and this woman, the mother of all of them, was left there in the dusk with a little bit of dun-colored paper in her lap.

Her mother had never complained of loneliness, but something aloof and alone in the little figure told its own story. This was not only Ellen White-law's mother, it was a mother, any mother grown old and left alone; a mother whose children were gone from her; a mother sitting in the dusk of her life, looking out on a road which does not bring them back to her. There was a time when the children were little and clung to her skirts, and when she directed their comings and goings.

We are wont to think of a mother as young, with children, little children dependent on her; this younger type, the daffodil-seller of the pushcart market, was the type Ellen Whitelaw had chosen to paint; not this later crown of motherhood, this loneliness, this renunciation at the last.

Suddenly the whole wonderful picture, as the girl saw it, swam in quick tears. With a swift step she traversed the little space. The little dark figure rose uncertainly in the dim light.

'Ellen! *Ellen!*'

'O mother, mother! Are you alone? Here I am! I've come back!'

All that evening she followed her mother with eyes that noted anew with a kind of passionate pity the unconscious loneliness of the little figure. Why, the cheerfulness, the delighted cheerfulness at Ellen's return, — was ever anything at heart so lonely as that! On every side the quiet house seemed thinking, meditating.

That night as she lay in her own bed the stillness and loneliness seemed to her intolerable. The homesickness swept over her again, almost unendurable. Tilton's words came back to her, and with them the old comradeship. How wonderful it had all been! She knew now so much better than she had known over there in Paris. Dearly as she had loved Paris then, how infinitely dearer it was now that it was lost to her. She might have remained there, and in time she and Tilton would have married, no doubt. She had refused him once, and he had taken it quietly and had been willing for the time to give her up to her art. But together, they could have served art together, in time. In time doubtless he would have come to mean everything to her. She remembered keenly now the loveliness of their association. The flower of it, the very flower of it, was his understanding of her art, his

ambition for her. She recalled his words. 'The great duty is here; the greater duty to the world is here. I have been through it all, myself.' And that about his mother, — 'I tell you I dote on her. Do you think it does not take courage to stay here and think of her?'

Tilton seemed, suddenly, to have outstripped her in strength and spirituality. Whereas sometimes he had seemed to her light, now she saw in his devotion to art a strength superior to her own. She turned over miserably on her pillow. Why, why had she come away! Why had she not stayed, stayed and finished the picture?

She remembered her promise to Tilton. How he held her, even at this distance, to her art! She would fulfill the promise somehow. But how paint a picture off here, with the inspiration, the atmosphere gone; with no Tilton to encourage her, no Bouvet to inspire her, no Madame Tontine, no rue des Petits Champs, no blaze of daffodils, no pushcart market.

A little breath came in at the window, stirring lightly the scrim curtains and sweeping across her face. It was the breath of fresh-turned fields; a breath sweet but strange; for there were no tilled fields at Braeton and for good reason: there was no one there to till them since Geoffrey was gone and James was in the mill at Richmond. Yet this was unmistakably the breath of earth freshly turned over by the plough. With the scent of it sweet in her consciousness, and a great homesickness for the light of daffodils in rue des Petits Champs, she fell asleep.

III

The next day, in crossing the fields, she found the answer to the question of the night before. Reynold Ambry was at home. The Ambry place adjoined

Braeton. Reynold Ambry was ploughing. She waited for him at the end of a furrow. He lifted the plough, turned it aside, and threw the reins over the horses' backs.

'You came then, despite my cable.'

'I received only a cable from James,' she said. 'Did you cable me also?'

He arranged a place for her on the grass nearby, under a tree.

'Won't you sit down? Yes, I cabled you asking you not to come. I've been all through it, this thing of leaving one's art for the nearer duty. I've been all through that torment myself. I wanted you to be spared the homesickness and the loneliness. I knew I could run in and look after your mother. I knew I could see her often. I knew she would manage somehow, and I wanted you spared, that is all; that is all there is to it. So I took it upon myself to send the cable.'

She turned her clear eyes on him.

'So you have been through it too.'

He nodded.

'Why, you see, it is this way.' He turned his head away from her, considering, with his eyes on the horizon; then he brought his glance back to hers, clear and direct. 'You see, I've always meant to be a writer. I worked and studied in New York, and then I went abroad. I wanted to write plays, in time, good plays. There's such an awful need of them, you know; and I felt I had something to say. But — well, of course I needed study, and I needed life, and great cities, and comradeship, and the press of other lives, and art, art, all that one gets over there. You know what I mean.'

He gave his attention apparently to scratching the earth with a little stick.

'It's a thing you can't talk about to any one who has n't been there, — who does n't know.' He threw the twig away and looked off to the horizon

again. 'But you've been. You know what I mean.'

'Yes, yes.' The words were quick and understanding.

'Well,' he continued, 'I had it all, for six years, for the six years after I left college; and I was getting somewhere; good art is slow work, but I was getting somewhere; and then Cousin Betty died and left Cousin Molly alone. You see Cousin Molly has raised me; she's been a mother to me; and' — he hesitated — 'I'm all she has.'

'So you came home.'

He nodded.

There was silence between them.

'That was why I took the liberty,' he said, at last. 'I wanted you to be spared the torment. I wanted you to be spared those awful nights after you first get back, and you think you can't stand it, really can't stand it; when you wake in the morning and wish it were Paris, with the wet asphalt and the pushcart markets; and with the Arc de Triomphe, and the boulevards, and the Pont Neuf, and the Madeleine, and the Luxembourg, and Cluny all there, somewhere, though you don't see them; all there, like friends, in the morning. And you long for the sound and the smell of it all; and what you hear is nothing but a couple of meadowlarks going about their business, and what you smell is nothing but the breath of fresh fields, and you know that all around you is nothing but Virginia, miles of Virginia. I wanted you to stay over there and follow your art.' He finished abruptly.

She was silent a moment. Then, there was the suggestion of a smile and she looked far off, it might have been toward Paris.

'And you thought you could plough the land for both of us.'

'I thought,' he said, with great simplicity, 'I thought I would do anything to spare you suffering.'

The deep lines and the great earnestness in his face impressed her. She had known him always, but she had never known before that his face was like this — so strong. He was a man who had faced things.

‘What was the picture you were painting? Your mother told me of it,’ he said, a little as though he were changing the subject.

‘A picture to be called “The Mother.”’

She described it to him briefly. He, in his turn listened with his gaze far away, as though he too saw Paris. At last he turned to her.

‘And you cannot finish the picture here?’

She shook her head.

‘No. It needs Paris and the pushcarts and the wet asphalt and the narrow streets, and the boulevards, and the light of the daffodils; daffodils not as they grow here in small clumps and scraggly borders, but as they are found there, heaped up, in bunches, thousands of them, as one sees them on the pushcarts or beside the Madeleine; concentrated there, as life itself is concentrated; not only beauty here and there, but enough of it, enough of it!’

‘I understand,’ he said quietly.

It was a few moments later that she left him, on her way over the fields to the village, to mail the letter to Tilton, saying she had arrived home safely.

Ambry watched her across the fields, his hand on the plough. He followed her with a pity he would gladly have spared her, mingled with an appreciation of her, something such as Bouvet had had. What a type of woman she was, to be sure.

IV

The summer drifted by. Ambry was at Braeton often. Then for a while Ellen did not see him, could see no one.

She was painting, painting. It was the picture for the autumn exhibition, the painting that was to fulfill her parting promise to Tilton.

At last it was finished; and Ambry was allowed to come over and look at it.

‘It is a portrait of my mother,’ she said simply.

Mrs. Whitelaw stood by, an anxious little figure.

‘It is beautifully painted,’ she said, ‘but I rather wish it were a little less sad. If any one who knows me sees it they will say, “How Nancy has aged!” I don’t think she realizes she’s made the hair a *little* too gray.’

‘Then personally,’ she told Ambry when Ellen was away, ‘I should like it better without the letter in my hands. It looks a little bereft, — you know; I don’t know why; I don’t believe Ellen quite realizes that either — but, as though my children had left me.’

Ambry hardly heard. He was looking intently at the picture. He had not guessed she painted so well. It was not only the technique, although the technique seemed to him remarkable, but the inner heart of the thing, that so called to him.

For a while the days settled into the commonplace again, after the picture was gone. Sometimes the old homesickness came to her, but it was rare now, and different. She and Ambry, after that first talk in which each had shown the other such swift sympathy, such full understanding, spoke nothing of the big experience they had been through — or were, rather, in the very midst of.

Then one day Ambry, returning from the village, brought her a cable from Tilton. He watched her as she opened it.

‘Is it honorable mention?’ he said eagerly, as eagerly, almost, as Tilton himself would have said it.

She handed it to him.

'Yes, and more. The first prize.'

Her eyes shone with sudden tears that were gone almost as suddenly.

Neither spoke for a moment or two. She was far away from him in thought, and her eyes saw Bouvet's herculean shoulders, as he bent with his near-sighted squint, close to the picture, to see just her manner of painting it; then saw him straighten up again and puff his cheeks and blow out a great breath like a halted steam-engine, as he did when he was pleased and moved.

To Ambry the thought of her homesickness, what he knew must be her homesickness, was something demanding reverence, something one does not talk about. But he questioned in his own mind why she should be here when she could do such things as this,—win prizes over who knows how many competitors, by merely locking herself away from every one, and painting.

V

A letter from Tilton followed in time; a warm characteristic letter. She and Ambry were down by the brook when it came.

'I wish,' the letter said, among other things, 'you had called it "A Portrait of my Mother." Just to call it "The Mother" is to call one's attention to the motherhood only, and it is poignant, too poignant. But it is great as art. When are you coming back?'

She let Ambry read the letter.

He read it, folded it, and returned it to her.

'It is the larger art!' he said simply and reverently. 'When are you going back?'

'I am not going back.'

He looked at the brook a long while as it flowed quiet over the brown stones. They were very used to silences,—he who was often planning

plays, and she who caught sight here and there all the while of things that grouped themselves into pictures she wanted to paint. He turned at last and met her eyes with his grave ones.

'Is n't it strange! I renounced art and came back here; and you did; and we found your mother and Cousin Molly;—and then'—he turned more fully to her, 'we found each other.'

She shrank a little from him.

'I suppose I shall always want to paint pictures,' she said vaguely.

'Yes,' he admitted, 'and you will paint them of course. And I shall try to write plays, and some day perhaps I shall accomplish it. But there is the greater art first—the greater art that you and I thought was the less.'

'What?' she said, not looking at him.

'The planting of these fields; the making of home; the love and laughter of little children; the peace of duty fulfilled; and the smiles of the old.'

She looked at him now with a kind of wonder in her eyes.

'There is the painting of motherhood,'—he continued. 'There is art with all its glories and renunciations; and that is great. Then there is motherhood itself, with all the glories and renunciations of it. There is life for you and me, for you and me, my beloved. There is life itself,—the greater art.'

They sat silent for a moment. For a moment she seemed to see the light of daffodils in rue des Petits Champs, and the little dairy where she used to buy cream and rolls, and the little stairs, and the studio, and Madame Tontine and Tilton; and then it seemed that all this, wonderful and beautiful as it was, was something painted, unreal, something like a picture to be put in a frame, to hang on some wall of her life; but real and wonderful before her sat Ambry, his arms

bared to the elbow, the ploughed field back of him, the blue smoke from the old thoughtful house rising against the quiet sky; above all, the strength and force in his face which made its great beauty; the beauty of a man with purpose and will, and with insight to know and choose.

He leaned forward and took her hands, his whole face lit up with some inner glory.

'Have I spoken too soon, my beloved? Have I been hasty? I knew this

thing perhaps before you knew it. Are you ready to understand? Do you know, too, have you discovered, — here in these brown fields, here at home, — that life is the greater art? Are you ready to live it with me, here? Not to paint motherhood, but to know it? Or will you go back?'

For answer she hid her face on his hands with a little shudder and with a little unconscious leaning toward him, that blessed him with its loveliness and its surrender.

THE EDUCATION OF THE GIRL

BY MARY LEAL HARKNESS

I do not know why an utterance on that subject in yesterday morning's paper stirred me up more than similar ones which I am constantly seeing in print. Perhaps it was because the utterer was advertised as an 'authority' on 'vocational education,' for his words did not differ essentially from the current platitude. 'The problem of girls' education is simple,' he said in effect, 'since what you have to do is merely to train them to be home-keepers; to teach them the details of the management of the house and the care of children, and not to despise domestic duties.'

I regret that I inadvertently gave away the paper this morning, for I should be glad to quote the 'authority's' own statement as to the complexity of the problem of the boy's education as contrasted with the perfect simplicity of that of the girl's. He does recognize that it may be difficult to de-

termine just what vocation may satisfy the physical and spiritual needs (I put the physical first, of course, because that is the up-to-date order of consideration) of a boy between the ages of fourteen and twenty-one, and admits that a good deal of anxious thought should be given to the question by the truly conscientious educator. But he evidently considers that it is a peculiar token of the dispensations and compensations of an all-wise Providence that time for this is given to the thoughtful pedagogue through the fact that he has to spend practically none in guessing at the possible destiny of the girl.

Considering that even in the remote days of Carthaginian Dido '*varium et mutabile femina*' seems to have been a proverb, and that ever since, in various tongues and under various skies, woman has been described always as 'uncertain, coy and hard to please,'

there is a note of originality in this serene assumption that in one respect, and that the supreme one, she is invariable, and perfectly easy to please, and I almost feel constrained to apologize for calling it a 'platitude.' On the whole, however, I think I shall let my descriptive term stand, for the definition of a platitude does not demand that it should also be inconsistent with some other platitude.

But why, I beg to ask, does every one know that the vocation which is sure to delight every girl and in which she is sure to succeed (always provided, of course, that she is given the proper 'practical' training in her school-days) is housekeeping and the rearing of children, when even the cocksure vocationalist has to admit that he cannot always foretell with absolute certainty whether a boy of fourteen was made to be a carpenter or an engineer, a farmer or a Methodist preacher? In our outward configuration of form and feature we women confessedly differ as greatly from one another as do men. Why this assumption that in the inward configuration of character, taste, and talent we are all made upon one pattern? I must say that the perpetual declaration on the 'woman's page' of modern periodicals that 'every woman should know how to cook a meal, and make her own clothes, and feed a baby' fills me with scorn unutterable. But then for that matter the mere fact of a 'woman's page' fills me with scorn. Why not a 'man's page,' with a miscellany of twaddle, labeled as exclusively, adapted to the masculine intellect? The idea that literature is properly created male and female is no less absurd than the idea that there is one education of the man and another of the woman. And it is no more essential to the progress of the universe that every woman should be taught to cook than that every man should be taught to milk a cow.

I do not propose to enter into any discussion of the possible mental superiority of either sex over the other (although I cannot resist quoting in an 'aside' the recent remark to me of a teacher of distinguished judgment and long experience: 'The fact is, girls are much better students than boys'), but only to maintain this: that girls show as much diversity of taste in intellectual work as boys, that their aptitude for work purely intellectual is as great, and that, therefore, whatever variation is made in the present plan of their education, it should not be based upon the narrow foundation of preconceived ideas of differences inherent in sex. I do not believe that anything necessarily 'becomes a woman' more than a man, except as our superstition has made it seem to do so.

Yet, as a matter of fact, superstition begins to hamper a girl's education almost at the very beginning, and one of the first forms which it takes is 'consideration for her health.' Consideration for the health of a child of either sex is more than laudable, if it be intelligently exercised; but I really cannot see why our daughters deserve more of such consideration than our sons. And the typical consideration for the health of the little girl and the young maiden is not infused with a striking degree of intelligence, as is evidenced by the very small amount of intelligence with which we invariably credit the girl herself. For absolutely the only kind of activity which we ever conceive to be injurious to her is mental activity.

One might perhaps agree to the reiterated parental excuse for half-educated daughters that 'nothing can compensate a girl for the loss of her health,' if parents would explain how they think that anything can compensate a boy for the loss of his. But they take that risk quite blithely, and send him

to college. Personally I have never seen any evidence that the risk for either sex is more than a phantom, and I believe that it is yet to be proved that the study of books has ever in itself been responsible for the breaking down in health of any human being. Many foolish things done in connection with the study of books have contributed to the occasional failure in health of students, but there is, I firmly believe, no reason but prejudiced superstition for the unanimity with which the fond mamma and the family physician fix the cause of the break-down in the books, and never in the numerous and usually obvious other activities. And in the spasms of commiseration for the unfortunates whose 'health has been ruined by hard study' nobody has taken the trouble to notice the by-no-means infrequent cases of young persons, and girls especially, of really delicate health, who have stuck to their studies, but with a reasonable determination not to try to stick to ten or a dozen other side issues at the same time, and have come out of college, not physical wrecks, but stronger than when they went in. And who shall say with what greater capacity for enjoying life than those who have devoted the principal energy of their adolescence to the conservation of their health — frequently with no marked success?

So far as the normal child is concerned, his — and her — brain is naturally as active as his body, and it is not 'crowding,' nor yet 'over-stimulation,' to give that active and acquisitive brain material worth while to work with. Therefore, the pathetic picture which has been painted recently in certain periodicals of the lean and nervous little overworked school-girl may be classed, I think, among the works of creative art rather than among photographs taken from life. Such pictures, as Art, may rank very high, but do not de-

serve great commendation as a contribution to the science of education. I am not saying that there are not many abominations practiced in our schools, especially of primary and secondary grade; but they are not in the direction of over-education.

The thing against which I pray to see a mighty popular protest is the wasting of children's time, and the dissipation of all their innate powers of concentration, through the great number of studies of minor (not to use a less complimentary adjective) educational value, which is now one of the serious evils in our schools. And I think that this evil is bearing rather more heavily upon the girls than upon the boys, for more than one reason.

First, if there is actually a difference, innate or developed by years of artificial sex-distinction, in the attitude of boys and girls toward their studies, it is that girls generally do seem inclined to take their school work somewhat more seriously than boys, whether this be due to greater interest in the work itself, or greater sensitiveness to failure. Consequently the mere effort to give conscientious attention to so many different subjects may produce a nervous condition; but not because a girl is learning too much, or even, in a certain sense, working too hard.

Secondly, because this multiplication of the trivialities of education in the lower grades means the neglect or postponement of subjects which even the 'progressives' still allow to approximate, at least, the fundamentals, there is a congestion of all these more important subjects, besides a fresh array of time-devouring frills, in the high-school years, — the one period in a girl's life when, if ever, she does run some risk of physical break-down from over-strain. As a result, if she be conscientious and ambitious, she does

sometimes give way under the dread of failing to carry the suddenly increased load for which she has not been properly trained. But this, remember, is not the result of hard study; it is the natural consequence of never having been taught how to study hard.

But thirdly, the multiplicity of facts now being pursued in the schools is particularly deadly to the girl because it gives a fresh impulse to the thing which has long been the peculiar foe of woman's development: the tendency to dissipate her abilities in the pursuit of an infinity of trivial activities. Trained in school to think that there are 'so many things that it is nice for a girl to know how to do,' she goes on into womanhood, and through it, still thinking that there are so many things that it is nice for a woman to do, and she ambles along, doing them, so far as time and strength permit, until she comes up to that final function, which, it is truly refreshing to think, demands even of a woman her undivided attention. How pleasant to remember that not even the most domestic will ever have to turn back from the gate of Death to embroider a centrepiece or heat the milk for the baby.

Would men ever get anywhere, do you think, if they fussed around with as many disconnected things as most women do? And the worst of our case is that we are rather inclined to point with pride to what is really one of the most vicious habits of our sex. We have all seen the swelling satisfaction with which the comely young school-ma'am, complimented upon a pretty gown, announces, 'I made it myself.' And we have all heard the chorus of admiring approbation following the announcement — joined in it, perhaps, and asked to borrow the pattern. But really, viewed in the light of reason, what is there about the feat upon which she should so plume herself? Suppose

that a man should point proudly to his nether garments, and say, 'Lo! I made these trousers.' I have not a mental picture of even the most economical of his fellow clerks, or mail-carriers, or clergymen, or school-teachers, crowding around to admire and cry, 'What a splendid way to spend your time out of business hours! And it looks just like a tailor-made.' (Which last is just as truly a lie when we tell it to our fellow women as it would be if men told it to men.)

The truth is, most school-teachers who make their own clothes ought to be ashamed of it, for they are stealing time which belongs to their profession and their patrons. And if they defend themselves, as many of them have pitifully good reason to, with the plea of salaries so near the starvation point that they might go unclad (which would disturb the minds of the Ohio Legislature) unless they fashioned their own covering, I would reply that perhaps the general average of the salaries of women teachers might be appreciably raised, if any considerable number of them spent their time out of school hours in efforts to make themselves worthy of even the salary they now receive. It is a somewhat advertised fact that I can iron shirt-waists, not to mention other garments. I have no objection to doing it (I have never 'despised domestic duties') whenever it seems expedient. But I should consider it very close to a sin for me habitually to do my own laundry work, not because I should be taking the work from a poorer woman who needs it, — I wonder why a certain type of social theorist accuses women like me of doing that by entrance into professional life, and then is so calm when we 'save money' by keeping her regular work from the dressmaker or laundress, — but because I should be taking my time and my energy from the pupils to whom

I am pledged to fit myself to teach Latin as well as I possibly can.

But my objection to the whole movement to 'redirect' the education of girls is not that many very good things are not put into the redirected curriculum, but that its whole direction is wrong. I cannot say that it is not a good thing for *some* women to know how to cook and sew *well*, for it is indeed both good and necessary to civilized life. I cannot say that some of the subjects introduced into a good domestic-science course are not educative and truly scientific, because I should be saying what is not true. But I do believe that the idea at the basis of it all is fundamentally false. For the idea is this: that one half of the human race should be 'educated' for one single occupation, while the multitudinous other occupations of civilized life should all be loaded upon the other half. The absurd inequality of the division should alone be enough to condemn it. The wonder is that the men do not complain of being overloaded with so disproportionate a share of the burden. I dare say it is their chivalry which makes them bear it so bravely.

This statement of the division is not inconsistent with my complaint that women try to do too many things. They do, but they are all things which are supposed to be included in some way or other within their 'proper sphere,' the maintenance of the home. Sometimes I grow so weary of The Home that if I did not love my own I could really wish that there were no such thing upon this terrestrial ball. I do love my own home, but I protest that the primary reason is not because my mother is a good cook, although she *is*, notably. Even as I write these words I thrill with the thought of my near return to her strawberry shortcakes. But I know other homes where there is also strawberry shortcake of a

high order, in which I yet think that even filial devotion would have a hard task to make me feel much contentment. I might say the same of the various things that make my home attractive to look upon. Yet the course of study which would graduate 'home-makers' is based upon the principle that 'home' consists primarily of these things. I am aware that its makers would include certain studies supposed to contribute to 'culture,' but even where these are well taught, they are still, in my opinion, rendered largely ineffectual by the false motive for study inculcated from the beginning, which makes them all, for women, only side-issues.

I cannot see that girls were created essentially to be 'home-keepers' any more than boys. Men and women, so far as they choose to marry, are to make a home together, and any system of education which so plans the division of labor between them that the woman shall 'make' and stay in a place for which the man pays and to which he returns once in twenty-four hours, is wrong for at least two good reasons. It trains to two such different conceptions of responsibility that true companionship and community of interest is diminished, and often almost destroyed; and it so magnifies a specialized manual training for the woman that it places her at the end in the artisan class, and not in the educated. If a woman so trained knows how to care for the minds of her children as well as she knows how to feed and dress and physic and spank them, she owes it to the grace of Heaven and not to her 'vocational' education 'for motherhood.' But I do not believe that girls should be 'educated to be mothers' at all, in the absurdly narrow sense in which such education is now conceived.

Every form of special instruction as

a preparation for parenthood that can be necessary for a girl is necessary for a boy also. For what does it profit a woman or her offspring to have kept herself strong and clean, to have learned the laws of sex-hygiene and reproduction, or of care of the child, if the father of that child has failed to do the same?

But I cannot see how the world can have gone so mad as it has over the idea that *the birth of the child*, and its few subsequent months of existence, constitute the epochal point, the climax, as it were, in the life of any married pair. Surely, it is a very narrow view of life which fails to see how much is to be done in the world besides rearing children. It is true that society does perhaps in a way recognize this, but it seems to wish all active doing relegated to the men, while the woman's contribution is confined to 'influence' exerted while nursing a numerous progeny through the diseases of infancy in a happy and perfectly sanitary home. It is time for a more general recognition that such 'feminine influence,' like honesty, *laudatur et alget*. The average woman only influences her husband or children to anything good through her brains and character, and the degree of power to express either brains or character depends mainly upon education. It sounds well to proclaim the mothering of the world as woman's greatest profession, her truest glory; but it would be well also to consider that such 'mothering' as is mostly done — and will be, so long as women are taught to prepare only for its physical demands, its purely material services — is never going to be either great or glorious. An education which can give the greatest intellectual strength, the completest mental sanity, and so the broadest outlook upon life, is the need and the right of girls and boys alike.

But surely it cannot be said that

their need is met alike unless the likeness in their education extends also to the ideal of the use that is to be made of it after school-days are past. If the colleges in which women are taught have failed at all in accomplishing their full possibility, it has been in the comparatively small degree to which they have succeeded in removing even from the minds of the young women themselves the hoary idea that, after all, the principal thing to be expected of the higher education of women is still the diffusion of an exceptionally exalted type of the afore-mentioned 'influence.' It does seem rather a small return for years of collegiate effort that the best that can be said of them is that a woman's mental attainments have proved a great assistance to her husband's career as a Cabinet officer. I cannot think that we shall have what wholly deserves to be called an educated womanhood until we have dissipated the idea, still so prevalent even among women themselves, that a woman needs to have a definite occupation only until she marries, or if she fails to marry. That 'a woman must choose between marriage and a career' is the most detestable of all the woman platitudes in the entire collection, because, while most of these platitudes are merely stupid, this one is wholly vicious. It has been so incessantly reiterated, to the accompaniment of much shallow sentimentalizing on the sacredness of home and mother, that the public has never been allowed a quiet moment to reflect on its injustice, and to realize how possible, and therefore imperative, is its removal along with other ancient injustices.

As I have urged in a previous article, the recently born and phenomenally growing department of education which styles itself variously Domestic Science, Household Economy, and I believe one or two other impressive

things, might be the pioneer in this great work of justice, if it would. So far as that educational movement adds to woman's ability to become a good citizen by leading her to an intelligent interest in the civic problems of housing, feeding, teaching, and amusing not alone her immediate family group, but a whole community, it does more in the right direction. But the very women who are themselves making a successful profession of teaching this group of subjects (thanks mainly to their having received the sort of education they now deprecate for women in general) apparently claim for them no greater mission for the average young woman than ability to guard her husband from ptomaine poison in his ice-cream, or to make gowns and shirt-waists well enough so that she can earn a living, 'if she ever has to work.'

Shall we never cease to hear that contemptible reason for a girl's education? An age in which women have proved themselves possessors of intellects might naturally be expected to recognize as a province of their education the ability to discover some particular intellectual bent whose training and development for life-long use are not contingent upon matrimony and the financial condition of two men — their fathers and their husbands respectively. It is held rather reprehensible to say it, but I do not see why every

girl has not as good a right as every boy to dream of fame, and to be put in the way of reaching fame. If ninety-nine per cent of the girls fail of even the smallest title to fame, just as ninety-nine per cent of the boys do, yet the level of their lives must inevitably be raised by the education and the educational ideals which we should provide for them all for the sake of the hundredth girl. The supreme ideal which I hope that our schools may some day inspire is that every girl should discover something, whether of fame-bringing probabilities or not, which will seem to her worthy of being a life-work.

In nearly every present plan for the education of girls there lurks the same fatal weakness; girls are not made to realize as boys are that they are being educated for a business which must last as long as life lasts; that they are to feel an interest in it and grow in it, — to develop it, if possible; they are not taught that a definite purposeful share in the outside world's work is a privilege not a misfortune. My own theory is that the only way in which such a state of feminine mind can be made general is by broadening woman's education on the purely intellectual side; but of course I am open to conviction that the result can be better attained by 'scientific' bread-making, — even to the exclusion of Latin and Greek.

WIND-SONGS

BY GRACE FALLOW NORTON

I

THIS was the secret of my mind:
That I was made Sister to the Wind.

Oh, I seemed a woman in my ways;
I sang for man's praise or dispraise;

I spun, I wove unto their will;
Yet ever calling over the hill

And through the forest, from the sea,
I heard the voice of one more free,

Of one heart-brother unto me.

II

Bar the doors, he calls again.
(Ye would hold my hands in vain.)
Bar the doors, make fast the chain —
He is calling low.

Bind me, but think not to still
This wild heart or this wild will;
Bind, if ye would keep me till
He shall moan and go.

Bring the lights; watch me askance;
Bar the doors and bid me dance,
Forward, backward, in a trance
Swaying to and fro.

WIND-SONGS

All my days a trance I deem,
 All my dancing but a dream.
 Wildly, Wind, this heart redeem,
 That desires thee so!

Come within the unguarded night,
 Shake the earth with thy mad might,
 Stay the stars and quench their light —
 Seize my hand and go!

III

What is the singing that I hear?
 It is thy mother, child.
 O no, it is my Brother Wind,
 He sings more shrill and wild.

What is the sobbing that I hear?
 'T is for thy mother, child.
 O no, it is my Brother Wind,
 He weeps unreconciled.

For now she sleeps, the sweet white flower,
 And happy still, and mild . . .
 My Brother Wind cries, cries for me,
 The lonely little child.

IV

Mayhap I was not mothered
 Save in this flower-leaf flesh;
 Thus strangely to be brothered —
 Caught in the mother-mesh
 From blue deep boundless seas of sky,
 Where winds float and fly.

Mayhap I was not mothered
Save in this flame-wrought clay;
Thus strangely to be gathered,
Fruit of a wider day,
And poured, an alien unseen wine,
Within this cup of thine.

V

She made my body beautiful,
She moulded me as fair
As lilies by a woodland pool,
She tressed my midnight hair,

She bore me to a green hid vale
And laid me in a grove
Of oak and ash, 'mid aspens pale
And lilies of her love.

She kissed my wide and wondering eyes
To make me wonder-blind.
She kissed my lips — O wild and wise —
To save me from the wind.

She kissed my hair, she kissed my heart,
She kissed my hands, she laid
Swift kisses on my feet that start,
So swift and unafraid.

She kissed me, O she kissed me, O
She tried to make me hers,
To hush me, hap me, hold me so,
From the White Whisperers.

WIND-SONGS

And I would be hers only now
But that the wild wind came
And kissed me once upon the brow —
O hope, desire and dream!

VI

I lay in the meadow
And prayed as I lay
To the lord of the shadow,
The lord of fair day,

The god of white water
And the dark god of earth,
For I am their daughter,
And one with my birth

Rose fear of their power;
So fearful I pray
To the gray gods that lower
And the god of fair day.

And then my soul wakened
And spake to its kind.
(Swift beauty betokened
My brother, the Wind.)

And I lay in the meadow
And laughed as I lay
For he rent the cloud-shadow
From the face of fair day!

VII

Have pity on all things,
Even on the wind that sings.

Often he feels he is alone,
Hearing his sister moan.

Have pity on the bright restless gay
Leaves; they grow weary, even they.

Have pity on the little waves
That are born in their graves.

Have pity on all souls!
Those also who wear aureoles

And shine and stir and hear the wind —
Even they are bound and blind.

(They too who, hearing, shake with fear,
Knowing not the voice they hear;

They too who turn away
And stop their ears with clay.)

VIII

The wind died
In the dead of the night.
He faltered, sighed,
And ceased outright.
I move, I live —
(I live, they say) —
O gray, gray life
With the wind away.

WIND-SONGS

The wind died.
 I took my glass
 To the fireside.
 Gray breath did pass
 Across its gray:
 I lived, I knew.
 O would I were dead,
 Or would the wind blew!

The wind died
 And Song died too.
 Fear, with his bride,
 Gray Terror, grew.
 I live, I move,
 Like a living thing,
 But what is the worth
 Of such living?

IX

When I lay within the mire —
 (O my soul, white flower of fire) —
 When I lay there, broken, stained,
 No one knew the wind had waned.

Rise, O Wind, I crave thee! Come
 From Heaven's high lit halls, thy home!
 Sandal thee and stalk with keen
 Sword in thy strong hand unseen!

Rise, O Wind, I crave thee! Call,
 Loud through Heaven's high echoing hall!
 See, I rise from out the mire!
 (O my soul, white flower of fire!).

X

To be bound so long and now to be free!

(Brother, Brother, hearest thou me?)

The cord is loosened, the arrow sped,

The golden bowl broken, the wild bird fled,

O wild eyrie, to thee!

The clasp of the clay was sealed by a spell;

(Brother, Brother, hearest thou well?)

But a chain for my mind no magic could find

And the wings of my soul were the wings of the wind;

Brother, they bore me to thee!

And now my body lies white on the wave,

(O ivory beauty no wind-wish could save!);

O come, let us sing ere it sinks in the deep,

And pray the sea-sisters to lull it to sleep,

For wakeful it wandered with me.

I would pray the sea-sisters remember its grace,

As I remember its burdening embrace.

O tears and wild laughter, dark pain and mad play!

'T was my friend and my foe when together we lay,

What dreams it hath dreamèd with me!

Then reach me and teach me thy wind-speech again —

Brother, Brother, I've lived among men!

Prove me the range of the sea and the sky,

The leagues that I longed for, the heights I would try,

Restore and reveal them to me.

For I prayed but one prayer — incarnate of air,

With Space and with Song and with Silence to lair,

To flee, shod with joy, past the uttermost bars

Of night's height, on and on up the stair of the stars,

Forever and ever with thee!

THE SPIRIT OF THE HERD

BY DALLAS LORE SHARP

No more interesting group of animals can be found the world over than those in the zoölogical garden of the average farmyard. The history of their domestication is exceedingly, humanly interesting; but still more interesting is the phenomenon itself — what it has wrought in the animals, and what it has left unchanged. For if domestication has not changed the leopard's spots, it is because the leopard has never been domesticated. There is little in the style of spots that domestication cannot change. Color, size, and shape are as clay; habits and tempers, even, have been made over. But not the creature itself, not the wild instinctive thing within the fur or the feathers; for this has hardly been touched by domestication.

That some species of animals are more amenable than others, are predisposed to domestication, is evident. Nothing in wild life is more amazing than the suddenness and the completeness of the elephant's yielding to the howdah and the ankus — as if his slow years had been only a waiting for some rajah to take him from his jungle. The zebra, on the other hand, though a true horse, has never been tamed, or, rather, domesticated; he is irredeemably wild. So is the Asiatic ass, which stood to the ancient Hebrew writers for the very symbol of freedom and untamable wildness; whereas the Nubian wild ass (the parent of our deeply domesticated donkey) is readily brought to harness.

For many reasons, we are likely to add new species from time to time to

our domesticated family. The establishment of fox-farms is pretty sure, in the end, to yield a domesticated fox; and this may yet happen even to the bison, and to many species of birds now wild. In Oregon the China pheasant is almost a domesticated fowl, and waits only to be clucked into the coop. He is pretty nearly as tame as the tame turkey.

But the tame turkey is essentially a wild bird, and none of our farmyard creatures shows more strikingly than he how hardly feather-deep is the domestication which he wears. He has learned nothing new in his hundreds of years in the farmyard (he was domesticated by the Indians of Mexico long before the 'discovery' of America); nor has he forgotten one of the old wild things he came from the woods knowing. He accepts the fenced and cluttered farmyard, turns it into the tall, timbered river-bottom, and lives his primal forest life among the corn-cribs and Baldwin-apple trees as of old. He has not turned by one quill's breadth aside from his original wild ways. He roosts in the bare tops of the apple trees or along the ridge-pole of the barn, as if the jaguars and panthers were still prowling for him; he wakes in the night, gobbles, ducks, and spreads his round targe of a tail over him to ward off the swoop of the imaginary owl. He breaks the hen's egg out of jealousy, in order to prolong the honeymoon; she steals her nest from him and covers her eggs in leaving the nest, just as she used to; and when the small

turkey-bands of any neighborhood are gathered into a flock to be driven to market, as they still are in the less settled parts, the old flock-spirit returns to them, and they fall into the old migration habits of their wild forbears, who used to gather in great numbers in the autumn and follow the course of the river-banks, sometimes across several states, as they fed on the autumn mast.

Stroke kitty the wrong way and she spits. Yet she sleeps in the kitchen by the fire. What of it! The very lap of her mistress has not counted with the cat in her. The cat in kitty is wild to the top of her twitching tail. Watch her — if she has n't already scratched you — as, crouched in the grass, she makes her way toward some unsuspecting bird. A shiver runs through you. You can feel her claws — so tiger-like is she, so wild and savage, so bent on the kill. Or come upon her at dead of night in some empty, dimly lighted alley. She is on the prowl. The light of the narrow, gulchlike street falls on her with a startling largeness and marks her silent shadow on the flags. She moves stealthily out to the corner, and, well within the shadows, stops to glance furtively up and down the open cross-street. But the people are all within the shut doors. There is no one for her to devour.

The other day I stood in the edge of the woods when a fox-hound, hot on the fresh trail, came baying through the trees toward me, his whole body working convulsively, in a very agony of eagerness, so absolute, single and compelling was his one wild, masterful desire. He saw nothing, heard nothing, because he was tasting the warm scent. I spoke to him, but I might as well have spoken to a tree. Neither hunger nor fear could stop him. He could not feel hunger or fear or weariness. He had forgotten utterly — gone wild.

None of our domestic animals is milder-eyed or of a meeker mien than the cow. She is never abject like the donkey; but centuries of gentling and giving down have made her cowl-like, until she is in danger of forever losing her horns. She is not in any danger of forgetting how to use horns, however. More than once have I been chased in the evening by the cow I had driven peacefully to pasture in the morning. On one occasion I narrowly escaped with my life from the kindest of old cows, one which I had been driving to the meadows all summer. Her newborn calf was the trouble. She had hidden it among the mallows, stationed herself nearby, and waited for me, as a thousand years before she had waited for the wolf or the bear. Her swift and unexpected lunge was the very fury of wildness.

Little as domestication has changed the individual animal, it has changed still less the animal group — the herd, the flock, the pack. The spirit of the pack and herd springs from deep and primal needs — common fear, or hunger, or the call of kind to kind. The gregarious animal must be separated from its clan to be domesticated. Allowed to return to the herd or pack, it lapses promptly into the wild state; for the spirit of the herd is wild.

Our western cattle are none of them native. There is no wild native stock except the bison. Our cattle are all European, and they represent centuries of careful breeding. I have never attempted to trace their several lines back to Aurochs, the European bison, — if they can be traced; but the wild black blood of that anarch old must have ceased running in their veins long, long ago. Not so his spirit in them. A herd of heavy, bald-faced Herefords, just beneath their corn-fed coats, may be found as wild and dangerous as a herd of buffalo.

We were trailing the 'riders' of P Ranch across the plains to a hollow in the hills called the 'Troughs,' where they were to round up a lot of cattle for a branding. On the way we fell in behind a bunch of some fifty cows and yearlings which one of the riders had picked up; and, while he dashed off across the desert for a 'stray,' we tenderfeet drove on the herd. It was hot, and the cattle lagged, so we urged them on. All at once I noticed that the whole herd was moving with a swinging, warping gait, with switching tails, and heads thrown round from side to side as if every steer were watching us. We were not near enough to see their eyes, but the rider, far across the desert, saw the movement and came cutting through the sage, shouting and waving his arms to stop us. We had pushed the driving too hard. Mutiny was spreading among the cattle, already manifest in a sullen ugly temper that would have brought the herd charging us in another minute, had not the cowboy galloped in between us just as he did — so untamed, unafraid, and instinctively savage is the spirit of the herd.

It is this herd-spirit that the cowboy, on his long, cross-desert drives to the railroad, most fears. The herd is like a crowd, easily led, easily excited, easily stampeded, — when it becomes a mob of frenzied beasts, past all control, — the spirit of the city 'gang' at riot in the plains.

If one would know how thin is the coat of domestication worn by the tamest of animals, let him ride with the cattle across the rim-rock country of southeastern Oregon. No better chance to study the spirit of the herd could possibly be had. And in contrast to the cattle, how intelligent, controlled, almost human, seems the plainsman's horse!

I share all the tenderfoot's admiration for the cowboy and his 'pony.'

Both of them are necessary in bringing four thousand cattle through from P Ranch to Winnemucca; and of both is required a degree of daring and endurance, as well as a knowledge of the wild-animal mind, that lifts their hard work into the heroic, and makes of every drive a sage-brush epic — so wonderful is the working together of man and horse, a kind of centaur on the plains.

From P Ranch to Winnemucca is a seventeen-day drive through a desert of rim-rock and greasewood and sage, which, under the most favorable conditions, is beset with difficulty, but which, in the dry season, and with anything like four thousand cattle, becomes an unbroken hazard. More than all else on such a drive is feared the wild herd-spirit, the quick, black temper that, by one sign or another, ever threatens to break the spell of the riders' power and sweep the maddened or terrorized herd to destruction. The handling of the herd to keep this spirit sleeping is oftentimes a thrilling experience.

Some time before my visit to P Ranch, in the summer of 1912, the riders had taken out a herd of four thousand steers on what proved to be one of the most difficult drives ever made to Winnemucca. For the first two days on the trail the cattle were strange to each other, having been gathered from widely separated grazing grounds, — from Double-O and the Home Ranch, — and were somewhat clannish and restive under the driving. At the beginning of the third day signs of real trouble appeared. A shortage of water and the hot weather together began to tell on the temper of the herd.

The third day was long and exceedingly hot. The line started forward at dawn, and all day kept moving, with the sun cooking the bitter smell of the sage into the air, and with sixteen

thousand hoofs kicking up a still bit-terer smother of alkali dust which in-flamed eyes and nostrils and coated the very lungs of the cattle. The fierce desert thirst was upon the herd long before it reached the creek where it was to bed for the night. The heat and the dust had made slow work of the driving and it was already late when they reached the creek, only to find it dry.

This was bad. The men were tired, but the cattle were thirsty, and Wade, the 'boss of the buckaroos,' pushed the herd on toward the next rim-rock, hoping to get down to the plain below before the end of the slow desert twilight. Anything for the night but a dry camp.

They had hardly started on when a whole flank of the herd, suddenly breaking away as if by prearrange-ment, tore off through the brush. The horses were as tired as the men, and, before the chase was over, the twilight was gray in the sage, making it neces-sary to halt at once and camp where they were. They would have to go without water.

The runaways were brought up and the herd closed in till it formed a circle nearly a mile around. This was as close as it could be drawn, for the cat-tle would not bed — lie down. They wanted water more than they wanted rest. Their eyes were red, their tongues raspy with thirst. The situation was a difficult one.

But camp was made. Two of the riders were sent back along the trail to bring up the 'drags,' while Wade, with his other men, circled the uneasy cat-tle, closing them in, quieting them, and doing everything possible to make them bed.

They were thirsty; and instead of bedding, the herd began to 'growl' — a distant mutter of throats, low, rum-bling, ominous, as when faint thunder

rolls behind the hills. Every plains-man fears the growl, for it too often is a prelude to the 'milling,' as it proved to be now, when the whole vast herd began to stir — slowly, singly at first and without direction, till at length it moved together, round and round a great compact circle, the multitude of clicking hoofs, of clashing horns and chafing sides, like the sound of rushing rain across a field of corn.

Nothing could be worse for the cat-tle. The cooler twilight was falling, but, mingling with it, rose and thick-ened and spread a choking dust from their feet which soon covered them, and shut from sight all but the wall of the herd. Slowly, evenly, swung the wall, round and round, without a break. Only one who has watched a milling herd can know its suppressed excitement. To keep that excitement in check was the problem of Wade and his men. And the night had not yet begun.

When the riders had brought in the drags, and the chuck-wagon had lum-bered up with supper, Wade set the first watch.

Along with the wagon had come the fresh horses — among them Peroxide Jim, a supple, powerful, clean-limbed buckskin, that I think had as fine and intelligent an animal-face as any crea-ture I ever saw. And why should he not have been saved fresh for just such a need as this? Are there not superior horses as well as superior men — a Peroxide Jim to complement a Wade?

The horse plainly understood the situation, Wade told me; and though there was nothing like sentiment for horse-flesh about the boss of the P Ranch riders, his faith in Peroxide Jim was absolute.

The other night-horses were saddled and tied to the wheels of the wagon. It was Wade's custom to take his turn

with the second watch; but shifting his saddle to Peroxide Jim, he rode out with the four of the first watch, who, evenly spaced, were quietly circling the herd.

The night, for this part of the high desert, was unusually warm. It was close, still, and without a sky. The near, thick darkness blotted out the stars. There is usually a breeze at night over these highest rim-rock plains that, no matter how hot the day may have been, crowds the cattle together for warmth. To-night not a breath stirred the sage as Wade wound in and out among the bushes, the hot dust stinging his eyes and caking rough on his skin.

Round and round moved the weaving shifting forms, out of the dark and into the dark, a gray spectral line like a procession of ghosts, or some morris dance of the desert's sheeted dead. But it was not a line, it was a sea of forms; not a procession, but the even surging of a maelstrom of hoofs a mile around.

Wade galloped out on the plain for a breath of air and a look at the sky. A quick cold rain would quiet them; but there was not a feel of rain in the darkness, no smell of it on the air. Only the powdery taste of the bitter sage.

The desert, where the herd was camped, was one of the highest of a series of table-lands, or benches; it lay as level as a floor, rimmed by a sheer wall of rock from which there was a drop to the bench of sage below. The herd had been headed for a pass, and was now halted within a mile of the rim-rock on the east, where there was a perpendicular fall of about three hundred feet.

It was the last place an experienced plainsman would have chosen for a camp; and every time Wade circled the herd, and came in between the cattle and the rim, he felt the nearness of

the precipice. The darkness helped to bring it near. The height of his horse brought it near — he seemed to look down from his saddle over it, into its dark depths. The herd in its milling was surely warping slowly in the direction of the rim. But this was all fancy, the trick of the dark and of nerves, — if a plainsman has nerves.

At twelve o'clock the first guard came in and woke the second watch. Wade had been in the saddle since dawn, but this was his regular watch. More than that, his trained ear had timed the milling hoofs. The movement of the herd had quickened.

If now he could keep them going, and could prevent their taking any sudden fright! They must not stop until they stopped from utter weariness. Safety lay in their continued motion. So the fresh riders flanked them closely, paced them, and urged them quietly on. They must be kept milling and they must be kept from fright.

In the taut silence of the stirless desert night, with the tension of the herd at the snapping-point, any quick, unwonted sight or sound would stam pede them; the sneezing of a horse, the flare of a match, would be enough to send the whole four thousand headlong — blind, frenzied, trampling — till spent and scattered over the plain.

And so, as he rode, Wade began to sing. The rider ahead of him took up the air and passed it on until, above the stepping stir of the hoofs, rose the faint voices of the men, and all the herd was bound about by the slow plaintive measures of some old song. It was not to soothe their savage breasts that the riders sang to the cattle, but to prevent the shock of their hearing any loud and sudden noise.

So they sang and rode and the night wore on to one o'clock, when Wade, coming up on the rim-rock side, felt a cool breeze fan his face, and caught a

breath of fresh, moist wind with the taste of water in it.

He checked his horse instantly, listening as the wind swept past him over the cattle. But they must already have smelled it, for they had ceased their milling. The whole herd stood motionless, the indistinct forms close to him in the dark, showing their bald faces lifted to drink the sweet wet breath that came over the rim. Then they started again, but faster, and with a rumbling from their hoarse throats that tightened Wade's grip on the reins.

The sound seemed to come out of the earth, a low, rumbling mumble, as dark as the night and as wide as the plain, a thick inarticulate bellow that stood every rider stiff in his stirrups.

The breeze caught the dust and carried it back from the gray-coated, ghostly shapes, and Wade saw that the animals were still moving in a circle. If he could keep them going! He touched his horse to ride on with them, when across the black sky flashed a vivid streak of lightning.

There was a snort from the steers, a quick clap of horns and hoofs from far within the herd, a tremor of the plain, a roar, a surging mass — and Wade was riding the flank of a wild stampede. Before him, behind him, beside him, pressing hard upon his horse, galloped the frenzied steers, and beyond them a multitude, borne on, and bearing him on, by the heave of the galloping herd.

Wade was riding for his life. He knew it. His horse knew it. He was riding to turn the herd, too, back from the rim, as the horse also knew. The cattle were after water — water-mad — ready to go over the precipice to get it, carrying horse and rider with them. Wade was the only rider between the herd and the rim. It was black as death. He could see nothing in the sage, could scarcely discern the pounding,

panting shadows at his side; but he knew by the swish of the brush and the plunging of the horse that the ground was growing stonier, that they were nearing the rocks.

To outrun the stampede was his only chance. If he could come up with the leaders he might yet head them off upon the plain and save the herd. There were cattle still ahead of him; how many, what part of the herd, he could not tell. But the horse knew. The reins hung on his straight neck, while Wade, yelling and firing into the air, gave him the race to win, to lose.

Suddenly they veered and went high in the air, as a steer plunged headlong into a draw almost beneath their feet. They cleared the narrow ravine, landed on bare rock and reeled on.

They were riding the rim. Close to their left bore down the flank of the herd, and on their right, under their very feet, was a precipice, so close that they felt its blackness — its three hundred feet of fall!

A piercing, half-human bawl of terror told where a steer had been crowded over. Would the next leap carry them after him? Then Wade found himself racing neck and neck with a big white steer, which the horse, with marvelous instinct, seemed to pick from a bunch, and to cling to, forcing him gradually ahead till, cutting him free from the bunch entirely, he bore him off into the sage.

The group coming on behind followed its leader, and in, after them, swung others. The tide was turning. Within a short time the whole herd had veered, and, bearing off from the cliffs, was pounding over the open plains.

Whose race was it? Peroxide Jim's, according to Wade, for not by word or by touch of hand or knee had he been directed in the run. From the flash of the lightning the horse had

taken the bit, and covered an indescribably perilous path at top speed, had outrun the herd and turned it from the edge of the rim-rock, without a false step or a tremor.

Bred on the desert, broken at the round-up, trained to think steer as his rider thinks it, the horse knew as swiftly, as clearly as his rider, the work before him. But that he kept himself from fright, that none of the wild herd-madness passed into him, is a thing for wonder. He was as thirsty as any

animal of the herd; he knew his own peril, I believe, as none of the herd had ever known anything; and yet, such coolness, courage, wisdom, and power!

Was it training? Was it more intimate association with the man on his back, and so, a further remove from the wild thing which domestication does not seem to touch? Or was it all suggestion, the superior intelligence above riding, — not the flesh, but the spirit?

WAR AND THE INTERESTS OF LABOR

BY ALVIN S. JOHNSON

WAR, to the modern industrial laborer, is stark calamity and nothing more. It is a trade in which the price he pays may include pain of body and anguish of spirit, wounds, disease, and death, distress to his family and perhaps its dispersal and utter ruin. And the things thus dearly bought, national victory and national aggrandizement, are of no profit to the industrial worker. His private possessions are not increased; his toil is not lightened, his life is not made brighter. War may increase his country's dominions, but the extension of boundaries offers no wider prospect to the worker or to his children. Grant that they participate in the feeling of enlarged personal significance which accompanies national greatness: it is a feeling that does not often kindle a consciousness dulled by toil. The luxury of the large map, — what a thing for a wage-worker to die for!

To the exposition of such a doctrine of war in its relation to labor, thousands and tens of thousands of socialistic writers and lecturers are devoting much of their energies. The doctrine may sound strange to many of us, but among the eight or ten millions of Socialists there can hardly be one to whom it sounds strange, and very few who would consider it false. Although the Socialists are most active in its promulgation, we should be greatly in error if we supposed that it was taught by Socialists alone. Organized labor everywhere hears it repeated, not by revolutionists, but by the most conservative labor leaders. Others may win or lose through war; the laborer can only lose. It is a theory; but it is a theory more widely held and more unreservedly accepted than many other theories which have played an important part in the history of the world.

Much turns upon the question

whether this theory is true or false. For if it is true that, whether his country is victorious or suffers defeat, the laborer necessarily incurs heavy losses and gains nothing at all, we are justified in looking upon the gathering force of the labor parties as a powerful factor making for universal peace. In former times disastrous wars were fought over trifles; both parties to the conflict have in the end laid down their arms exhausted by losses from which they recovered only after generations. Such wars, it would seem, have been possible only in default of an active political party opposed to war. If modern warfare is inevitably disastrous to the workingman, the labor parties of the several powers will furnish such a continuous, organized criticism of policies likely to lead to hostilities that no group of international trouble-makers, however active, can seduce a nation into undertaking a serious war.

In earlier times there have been, it is true, wars of sentiment and of principle, holy wars, race wars, wars of independence, conflicts of competing civilizations. Such wars we may have in the future also. In the case of wars of this character, calculations of cost and gain are beside the point. Racial existence, political freedom, immunity from religious oppression, are values to be won at any cost. There can be no question of the distribution of these values among the several classes in society. Most wars, however, in all ages, have been fought over questions of material interests. Goods and lands, concessions and markets, have been the prizes of victory. These are measurable values, comparable with the costs of winning them. They are capable of distribution among the different social classes. It is the contention of the labor theorists that these values are not as a fact impartially distributed; that the working class gets none of

them. Our present task is to determine the validity of this contention.

No extended study of history is required to prove that the doctrine of the profitlessness of war to the working class is not valid for all times. From a successful campaign the warrior of antiquity returned well provided with slaves or loaded with booty. The inhabitants of a conquered state and all they possessed, chattels and land, were free prize, and there is no reason for doubting that the common soldier — the working-class representative — shared in the distribution of such gains. War, to men born in poverty, was a trade, like husbandry or the handicrafts. It was fraught with greater risks than these, but its prizes were far more attractive. In the Middle Ages the looting of captured cities appears frequently to have enriched common soldiers as well as officers. The better share of the winnings fell naturally to the men of higher rank, but no military leader could have retained his popularity without granting even the lowest class of his followers a share in the plunder.

In comparatively recent times, also, the material gains from war have been shared by the common soldier and his class. In our own colonial period, for example, the backwoodsman fought the French and Indians partly for patriotic reasons, but partly also for the sake of the hunting grounds and rich valleys to the westward which should provide him and his children with homes and means of livelihood. The Texan heroes fought no doubt for Anglo-Saxondom and liberty; prospective 'headrights' were, however, something also well worth fighting for. A square league of rich land, to be selected in the vast territory cleared of Mexicans — such was the prize that even a private soldier might win.

Almost unnoticed, however, a pro-

found change has taken place in the institutions regulating the conduct of wars. In the last two hundred years the concept of private property has undergone a notable extension and intensification. The lands of the world which are fit for homes of men of the expanding races are almost all private property—the private property of civilized men. And gradually the idea has become fixed in the modern consciousness that such property is to be held inviolable, even through conquest. The clearing of a conquered province of its inhabitants, and the distribution of the land among the soldiers of the victorious army, is now unthinkable. Movable goods are still liable to seizure, under the laws of war; but on land they are not, in fact, seized without compensation, except in so far as they may be regarded as instrumentalities of war. When Germany wrested Alsace-Lorraine from France, the German soldier gained neither land nor loot. On the sea, since 1854, the enemy's goods under a neutral flag have been exempt from seizure; and the public opinion of the world is almost ripe for the establishment of the general principle that private property at sea must be held inviolate.

There is only one way for a citizen of the conquering nation to secure land or chattels within the borders of a conquered province: to buy it. And this he could have done as well without the costs of conquest. For the same social process which established the inviolability of private property has erected into almost universal law the freedom of migration and freedom in the buying and selling of goods. Before the Franco-Prussian war German citizens were privileged to migrate to Alsace-Lorraine and acquire property there; they have no greater privileges now. Capitalism, or the social order dominated by the property concept, has practi-

cally removed struggles for land and goods from the field of international conflict. Under our existing economic system there is nothing to prevent a race from steadily extending its actual borders. The Irish are free to win back the whole soil of Ireland, if they can develop a superiority to English landholders in industry, thrift, and perhaps craft. The Slavs may advance upon the Teutons unchecked by military force, provided that they are economically the better race. In the United States we accept as a matter of course the supplanting of the original Anglo-Saxon population by Germans, Slavs, Hungarians or Italians. All the prejudices created by wide differences in race and in culture are required to arouse us to action against the conquest of land by the process of infiltration of population.

Public property is still subject to seizure by a conquering nation; but such property is seldom of a character to yield profit even to the state; it never yields rewards to the common soldier. Indemnities may be levied; and these, theoretically, may benefit the common soldier and his class through relief of taxation. The benefits from indemnities, however, are intangible, and it would be difficult to produce instances of men enlisting in the army for the purpose of securing them.

There is no material interest of the working class that can be furthered by the conquest of a state in the same stage of civilization, but are there not profits to be gained through the subjugation of states in a different cultural stage? The partition of Africa and the scramble for position in China indicate that statesmen believe that their respective nations have, as a whole, much to gain from the control of such states. Has the working class, as such, anything to gain?

The land in the greater part of Asia, and in a considerable part of Africa, is already private property; native titles would hardly be disturbed upon the assumption of control by a colonizing power. The land not now occupied is desert or swamp or jungle, and is inaccessible to members of the working class. The building of railways, the exploiting of forests and mines, offer valuable opportunities to some of the citizens of the ruling nation, but these are not members of the working class. The flotation of a company to construct a railway in a Chinese province may yield large profits to its promoters. The enterprise may offer attractive investments to capitalists. The business class will be drawn upon to provide managers, the professional class to provide engineers. The road will be constructed, however, with native labor, and native labor, chiefly, will be employed in its operation. The services of the working class of the colonizing nation may perhaps be drawn upon for steel and other supplies. But it stands to lose through the draining away of capital which would otherwise have financed a local venture.

Such enterprises, if successful, establish in the imperial nation a class of persons who draw their incomes from the toil of half-enslaved colonials. It is such a class that most accentuates the differences between the men who toil and the men who possess. The magnate with fortune securely invested in colonial railways or rubber or sugar is likely to be a convinced adherent of the doctrine that the employing class is also the ruling class, whose determinations it is treason to oppose. Colonial exploitation, however much it may enrich certain members of the property-holding class, can hardly fail to be a disadvantage, both material and moral, to the working class.

Colonial dominion, it may be urged,

carries with it the control of markets; and the workingman, as well as the capitalist, profits from an expanding market. The colonial market may even be an exceptionally profitable one; it is almost certain to be such if an exclusive commercial policy is pursued by the colonizing nation. The true measure of the value of a branch of trade to the working class is not, however, its lucrativeness. A better measure is its volume. It is of more importance to labor to export a hundred millions' worth of products at an advance of ten per cent than to export fifty millions at an advance of fifty per cent. The best measure of all is the amount of wages represented by the goods exported; and this amount is likely to be in inverse ratio to the lucrativeness of a branch of trade. Our export of wheat to England is not very lucrative; for every dollar we receive from it, about seventy-five cents has been paid out in wages to the laborers employed in producing and transporting the wheat. Our export of cigarettes to a Chinese province — if we possessed one — would probably be very lucrative; of every dollar received seventy-five cents would represent rent, good-will, business profits and other property income. But our workingmen are interested in exporting, not good-will, but labor 'embodied' in goods and paid for. It is therefore not the closed colonial market, where monopoly profits are to be secured, that is most advantageous to the workingman, but the great, open markets of the world where business is conducted on small margins of profit. A working-class commercial policy would concentrate its action upon the latter field, and would look askance at any tendency in the direction of diverting the national capital and enterprise to the former field.

It is not to be denied that some gain may accrue to the laborer from the

colonial market, provided that it can be secured without injury to the larger and more advantageous open trade. If even twenty-five per cent of the price of cigarettes for China represents the wages of labor, this is in itself a gain to the working class. But the nation that sets about to develop a closed market is almost certain to neglect the open markets, if not to place barriers in the way of those who wish to resort to them. All through the eighteenth century the interchange of goods between France and England was practically prohibited, largely as a result of jealousies originating in the colonial trade. We have no reason to question the justice of Adam Smith's observation that freedom of trade would have been of inestimable advantage to both nations. It certainly would have been worth more to the workingmen of both countries than the colonial trade to which it was sacrificed.

Preoccupation with a closed colonial market is at best a source of inefficiency in a nation's commercial policy. Almost inevitably the exclusion of other nations from a given country's colonial possessions leads to retaliation, and the retaliatory policy never confines itself to colonial affairs. We may exclude Japan from the Philippines by heavy tariffs; Japan may exclude us from Korea and Southern Manchuria by similar means. The matter does not end here; ultimately the direct trade between the United States and Japan, which is far more important to labor than the Philippine or the Korean trade, is impeded by restrictive legislation. On the whole it is doubtful whether a closed colonial trade is ever worth so much to labor as it costs, in terms of open trade alone. If it is necessary to subjugate the colony by arms, the necessity is excessively paid for twice over. And if finally the colony must be defended in a war against

a great power, the price labor pays for the share in the venture becomes colossal in its extravagance.

Modern warfare offers no increase of wealth to the members of the working class; the acquisition of markets through war is of no value to the workingman. This fact does not, however, preclude the possibility that war may offer a powerful appeal to the working class, and thus command its political support. In past wars there have been brilliant prizes for the brave and fortunate. After the Civil War almost every community, North or South, had its instances of men who had fought their way up from the ranks to titles of great popular esteem. The war had bestowed upon them distinction through life, such as they could never have gained in times of peace. A brigadier-generalship won by a man of the people was a stimulus to thousands. It is beside the point to say that the prize was not worth the cost incurred by all those who sought it. Actuarial computations of gains and costs have never governed the actions of masses of men, and probably never will. So long as war remained a lottery, offering splendid prizes to some, the mere fact that its blanks were disproportionately numerous was not sufficient to check the spread of war sentiment.

War, however, becomes less and less of a lottery with every advance in its technique. The training needed by a general to-day is highly specialized. That it may be acquired by a man from the ranks in the brief and sanguinary campaigns that characterize twentieth-century warfare is possible, indeed, but only in rare instances. The European nations which prepare seriously for war provide themselves with trained and competent officers for every emergency. It is these officers, men from the upper and middle classes, who will gain whatever distinction a war

may offer. The man who enters the army as a private, at the beginning of a war, will remain a private to the end of the war. The working-class soldier who rises to a position of high command is destined eventually to take his place alongside of the mythical wandering youth, elevated by freak of fortune to a kingship.

Promotion, however, is only a part of the romance of war which lures men of the working class to the colors. Adventure, new scenes, new experiences, how much these have meant to the young men of restless disposition to whom the environment in which they have been bred seems tame and tedious! Such were the youths who used to run away to sea, or to swear additional years upon themselves in order to be accepted as soldiers. They were once numerous enough to form large armies, and the bellicose statesman could always count upon them as eager to fight in any cause. They seem not so much in evidence now; at any rate, we have difficulty in recruiting men enough even for our small army, and our navy is never too fully manned. There is a consensus of opinion among those who urge political measures for the rehabilitation of our merchant shipping that special inducements will be needed to tempt men to enter the sailor's life. And the British mercantile marine is remarkably dependent upon Lascars and other foreign sailors.

What has become of the adventurous youth of earlier generations? They are largely on the railroad, which sends its spurs into every valley, offering a ready means of escape to the young man who finds the rural quiet intolerable. Or they are in some one of the other wandering occupations which have developed to such extraordinary proportions in these days of expanding trade relations. It is no longer neces-

sary to go to war in order to see the world or to experience life.

And as civil life becomes richer in variety and in romance, war becomes poorer. The military campaign of to-day does not consist, as formerly, of long marches over a strange territory, leisurely sieges, interminable garrisoning of captured cities. The modern campaign is short and sharp; the armies are hurried on fast trains to battle, like cattle to the abattoir. The private soldier's game of life and death is played quickly to its end, and he returns half-dazed to his home, or returns no more. Warfare is becoming mechanical, like a large-scale industry. Its chief distinction is its appalling accident rate. Accident? How does death on the battlefield, nowadays, differ from death in a mine explosion or a railway collision? Bulgars and Turks may still strive with bayonets and sabres; but Germans and French would meet death unromantically, at long range.

Like material gain, glory and adventure are rapidly withdrawing themselves from the reach of the common soldier, if they are not already unattainable. Their tradition remains, however, not without potency. In reality men who enlist may be destined to be mowed down ingloriously by machine guns; but among the motives which appeal to the imagination of the recruit are atavistic yearnings for the excitement of the hand-to-hand conflict. The Scottish fighting tradition is still alive, although two centuries have passed since Scot and Saxon were reconciled, and since the Lowland kine that were once the spoil of the Scottish clansmen came to be vested with the sanctity of 'capitalistic' private property. The warlike tradition, however, cannot forever survive the reality of the personal prize. The statesman of to-day wisely bases his

hopes of military predominance upon universal service. The conscript must serve the purposes of national aggrandizement, since volunteering cannot be relied upon to provide sufficient men for a great war. And with conscription official recognition is given to the fact that war is no longer worth while, from the point of view of the class that furnishes the private soldiers — the working class.

While the gains from war to members of the working class are dwindling to the vanishing point, the costs of war to be borne by labor grow steadily heavier; so at least it is often asserted. If by the costs of war merely the losses and suffering in the field are meant, the assertion is probably not true. The campaigns of the future, to judge from the results of the Russo-Japanese and the Balkan wars, will be more sanguinary than the campaigns of the past, but war will be less protracted. We shall have no future Seven Years' War, much less a Hundred Years' War. Furthermore, if a greater number of soldiers die in battle than formerly, fewer die from disease. It is also to be borne in mind that losses in battle are distributed more impartially than formerly among all classes; mortality among officers in the Boer and Russo-Japanese wars was at least as heavy as mortality among the common soldiers.

But the costs of war do not rest exclusively upon the soldiers at the front. The working population at home has to bear the burden of war-taxes, the hardships attendant upon commercial and industrial disturbances, and the loss of the services of many of its most productive members. These costs, it would appear, are growing heavier. That this is true of the financial burden of war is matter of common knowledge. That it is true of the other incidents of war also follows naturally from the fact that the modern state is

coming to be prevailingly urban. An urban state is less fitted than a rural state to bear the strain of war.

One hundred years ago only 45 per cent of the population of England, already a highly developed industrial country, was found in cities and towns. To-day the urban population forms a higher percentage than this in Germany (54), and in the United States (46.3). In France the percentage is only slightly less (41). In England to-day 77 per cent of the population is city-dwelling.

As a consequence of the concentration of population in the cities the economic life of a nation has come to be very delicately balanced. Food, fuel, and materials must be supplied to the cities with the utmost regularity; the products of the city must find an unobstructed outlet; otherwise a crisis is inevitable, with its attendant unemployment and distress. Even were a nation practically self-sufficing, it could hardly engage in a great war without a serious disturbance of its economic balance.

Few modern states, however, are self-sufficing. The United States is perhaps less dependent upon foreign supplies and foreign markets than any other great power. Yet half a million men in the United States earn their living in the production of goods for Great Britain alone. A war with Great Britain would force all these men to seek new fields of employment. A considerable period of time would elapse before the readjustment of industry could be completed. During the process, our whole economic organism would be seriously disturbed in its functioning.

The city-dwellers, as we have seen, already represent a very large percentage of the population of the modern state, and this percentage is everywhere increasing. If we confine our atten-

tion to men of military age, we can see at once that the percentage of this class found in the cities must be even greater. Young men, and men in the prime of life, flow steadily to the city; the aged and the very young remain in the country. Accordingly, the great war of the future, if such a war ever occurs, will be fought largely by city industrial workers, drawn to the standards under some form of universal military service law. Not merely those who are without dependents, but those who have wives and children, parents and sisters, relying upon them for support, will be required for national defense.

It has been just as true in the past that a great war has required the enrollment of those who had families dependent upon them. When the head of a rural household, however, enlists in the army, he leaves his family with a roof of their own for shelter and with cleared fields which will afford means of subsistence, although the labor of tillage may fall heavily upon them. The industrial worker possesses, as a rule, neither roof nor means of production. When he is drafted into military service his wife and children must fall back upon employment in the factory or the sweat-shop. And such employment is not to be secured with certainty, especially if war is attended, as is almost inevitably the case, by commercial disturbances.

It is doubtful whether, in the whole history of the world, the secondary hardships of war ever rested so heavily upon any class as they would rest upon the industrial working class of the present day. The industrial workers live from hand to mouth; war strikes off the hand. Yet there are persons who would have us believe that working-class anti-militarism is merely a surface phenomenon, which would disappear with the first call to arms.

An aftermath of war is the heavy

addition to the national budget: interest on the war debt and payments on the principal, compensation for property destroyed, and military pensions. There is a belief widely held that this country, at least, is rich enough to accept the financial burden, even of a great war, without serious injury to its people. In an ultimate sense the United States, like all other countries, is poor. It is too poor to meet the obligations that the current formulation of political ethics imposes upon it. Current political ethics requires the state to free its citizens from the costs of epidemic disease; to segregate from its life-stream the elements carrying mental and moral degeneracy; to educate its children properly so as to bring to light all their hidden resources for work and life. These obligations the state does not meet, or it meets them inadequately; it lacks the means to do more. From the point of view of current political ethics, the modern state is an honest and well-meaning bankrupt, meeting some of its obligations in full, others in part, and repudiating still others altogether. Saddle the state with the additional and preferred lien of a war debt, and its moral obligations to its people will be more sadly neglected than they now are.

It is obviously the common people, the working class, whose interests are most seriously prejudiced by any neglect by the state of its social obligations. It is the working class that suffers most severely from faulty sanitation and inadequate hospital service; from contamination of blood through the presence in society of defective strains. It is the children of the working class whose education is most likely to be neglected, and whose chances in life are consequently impaired. Accordingly it can hardly be denied that there is at least a modicum of truth in the statement that, whoever pays the

war taxes, it is upon the workers that the whole burden finally rests.

Occasionally one hears the assertion that war is worth its cost because of the quickening of the national life which follows it. The 'national life,' of which much of the conscious life of the individual is a part, is no doubt a social product, and is capable of undergoing rapid and profound changes. Were a great war to sweep over the modern world, it would affect in some measure every expression of thought and every manifestation of feeling. Nationally and individually, we should be transformed, perhaps. Possibly we should have a richer literature and art, a more significant social and political life. These, however, are not working-class values, and it is in working-class values that our present interest lies.

The most significant interest of the working class is involved in the readjustment of the relations of labor and capital. In every industrial state, labor and capital present conflicting economic interests; they present, further, conflicting conceptions of rights and duties. Employer and employee are far from an agreement as to the meaning of a 'right to a job,' or of a right to a continuous income from invested capital. Of the two systems of asserted rights, that of the employer is the more intelligible to the general public. It is nothing but a transference to the employment of labor of the principles long accepted as properly regulating the purchase and sale of commodities. The laborer's system of rights is something new in the world, and therefore not readily understood.

The laborer would convince the general public — the ultimate arbiter in this as in other matters — that the labor contract differs materially from other contracts, and should be interpreted in the light of a special tradition. Although the public accepts free

competition as a satisfactory principle governing the purchase and sale of commodities, the laborer would have the public accept the principle of the closed shop as regulative of the labor contract. An agreement of dealers and producers to raise prices is a conspiracy against the public; an agreement of laborers for the purpose of raising wages is not a conspiracy, according to the advocates of the labor programme. A merchant who should post a clerk at the entrance to a competitor's place of business, to dissuade prospective customers from entering, would very quickly feel the whole weight of the law. The laborer who 'pickets' an 'unfair' shop, feels that he is quite within his rights, so long as he limits himself to peaceable persuasion. The laborer, evidently, is attempting to introduce a new system of rights. Possibly the system is sound, and conducive to the public welfare. But the burden of proof is upon those who introduce new systems.

Of this new system the general public has already accepted some elements. The right to organize is generally granted. The principle of collective bargaining rules in an extensive part of the modern industrial field. The labor contract is being differentiated from other forms of contract: this is already evident. The process is a slow one, however, and makes head only as a result of persistent efforts on the part of the leaders of labor. But persistence alone would accomplish little; the support of the public is essential; and the cause of labor is greatly strengthened if the more broad-minded and generous employers regard it sympathetically. If, for example, labor can convince the more liberal employers that an eight-hour day is desirable, the public is likely to regard with favor a strike to force other employers also to limit the working day to eight hours. The strike will

receive wide popular attention, and, if successful, will be credited with the victory. The preliminary work of preparing the public mind, and winning a certain amount of support among employers, although indispensable, remains unrecorded. Hence the progress of labor is likely to be regarded as the result of a series of struggles between employers and employees. But it is just as truly the outcome of a conflict of principles in the social mind.

Peace, domestic and international, is a prerequisite to the working out of this conflict of principles, and to the social validation of the laborer's scheme of rights. A war in progress distracts the public attention; its influence is inevitably reactionary. Further, the conclusion of the war injects into civil life large numbers of men who have been trained to drastic action upon quick judgments. The industrial world is filled with little Alexanders, slashing away with their swords at apparent Gordian knots that civilian patience might have unraveled. Let it be granted that the warlike ex-officer, in the rôle of employer, is no more of a menace to the interests of the working class than is the

warlike ex-private in the ranks of labor to the interests of capital. It is none the less the laborer's interest which is most seriously prejudiced by the substitution of the spirit of war for the spirit of peace. The influence of strife and turmoil is reactionary in the end. It strengthens, rather than weakens, the hold upon the social mind of the employer's ethical formulation.

The interests of industrial labor are bound up with peace. Recent historical tendencies, we have seen, have steadily encroached upon the field of possible gain to labor from war, until that field has practically disappeared. Recent tendencies have also steadily increased the weight of the burdens imposed by war upon labor, until these burdens have become intolerable. The hopes of labor for general social recognition of its claims, and for their realization through appropriate institutions, can prosper only through the spirit of peace. All these things the men of the working class are beginning to realize. They are therefore justified in their claim that the labor movement throughout the world is the best guaranty of peace.

THE SECOND VOICE

BY HARRIET LEWIS BRADLEY

I

SHE was the 'Dearest Woman in the world.' This was the universal verdict. One of the doctors who had been in attendance spoke of her as a 'star.'

Her summer had been planned according to the pleasantest conceivable fashion. But it happened, just as she was making arrangements for a children's party, that a mortal illness overtook her and all plans ended. She was a woman whose eighty-odd years had not brought even the remotest idea of withdrawal from a life of far-reaching activity. Consequently there were circles upon circles of intimate friends and pleasant acquaintances, and there were always her especial comrades the children, to whom death meant nothing but a departure to a beautiful country.

George, aged thirteen, said something of the kind to Stephen Gray who had come to take charge.

'She is going to be better off,' said George convincingly.

'She was very well off before,' returned Stephen. 'She has always been well off.'

'But this will be better,' said George; 'she told me so herself.'

George came every morning with a cup-custard nicely done up in a napkin. The custard was duly eaten by some one else, but that did not discourage the boy from bringing another. She had always particularly enjoyed his mother's custards. It would be better to have one at hand. She might rouse and feel hungry.

There is a theory that the way to keep young is to associate with children. If this be true, it must be true also that one of the ways to lose childhood would be for the young to associate with the aged. In the case of the children and the 'Dearest Woman' however, it was not a question of growing old or of keeping young, but simply of friendship.

A piano stood in the neighboring room. Mary, also aged thirteen, used to go in and play little old songs and hymns which the 'Dearest Woman' loved. She always seemed soothed and quieted when Mary played. Sometimes George took the place of the nurse and sat by the bedside, gravely stirring the air with a palm-leaf fan. A grown-up person, seeing George thus occupied and Mary playing softly, observed, 'This is no place for children.'

The nurse (she was the kind spoken of as a 'trained nurse') thought otherwise.

When one dies there are many little things which demand attention; matters perhaps of no especial significance considering the greater ones of time and eternity, but seeming at the moment of much importance. As for instance, what shall be worn on the occasion of one's last appearance on earth, what gown, what article of personal adornment, what telegrams shall be sent, what letters written, how many carriages shall be ordered, who shall go in them, what words shall be read, what hymn sung.

Perfectly reliable persons bore wit-

ness that she who had died desired to be dressed in a certain satin gown which had never been worn, owing to some delay in its completion. Other persons, equally reliable, mentioned a gown of quite another color and fabric. Some one spoke of a ring, saying she had intended it should be given to the one she loved best. Others testified to the number of times they had heard her express a wish that the ring should never be removed from her hand.

Fortunately she had left a written paper of directions. Fortunately also, it was presently discovered. Not that it had been at all difficult to discover, every precaution having been taken to keep it in a place as open to the public eye as the town records. Perhaps for this very reason it had at first escaped attention. In this paper the satin gown and many of the personal ornaments, including the ring, were distinctly specified as to their final disposition, thereby ending all uncertainty in the matter. It was such a document as every human being should thoughtfully compose and put in a place of easy discovery, — clear, concise, and of a nature to prevent all discussion.

II

Stephen Gray went to call on the pastor.

‘We thought Sunday afternoon would be the best day,’ he said. ‘Sunday afternoon at three. There are people who might not be able to come on a week-day, and then again Sunday is more convenient for the organizations. You see she was n’t like a private person. She had so many public interests.’

The pastor acquiesced. Yes, certainly, Sunday would be the best day.

‘The representatives of various organizations came to see me last evening’ Stephen Gray went on. ‘They

spoke of wishing to take some part in the service. I promised to consult with you. One of them, he was a man with a fine Scotch accent, told me she had been a member of his particular society for more than sixty years and that he desired to show her especial honor because of the wonderful work she had done and because they loved her so.’

‘Because they loved her so,’ the pastor repeated, as he opened a note-book and wrote in it.

‘Then there was a woman,’ said Stephen, ‘who told me the children would send flowers and that I was to see they were placed as near as possible, otherwise the children’s hearts would be broken, because they loved her so.’

The pastor wrote in his note-book, ‘The children loved her so.’

‘I regret to disappoint any of her friends,’ he said, ‘but I feel it would please her best to keep everything simple. My preference would be that some one person who knew her well should speak, only not longer than five minutes.’ And he asked if there were any favorite hymns she might have liked sung.

It was then that Stephen Gray remembered the paper of directions, and he read from it aloud: ‘I wish the pastor of my church to conduct the service and to make it as simple as possible. I wish hymn No. 583 to be sung by John Wilson, and I wish him to get some one to sing it with him. I am sure he will be willing.’

‘That is precisely what he will not be willing to do,’ said the pastor. ‘He never sings with any one. It’s his peculiarity. He sings alone or not at all.’

‘Not if it were a written request?’

‘No, not if it were a written request. Of course I shall tell him, but it won’t make a particle of difference. He always sings alone.’

III

The church was filled with people. The light fell through the stained glass of the windows upon a wealth of flowers from field and wood and garden, for the season was midsummer. The little girls were in Sunday frocks and ribbons. The little boys sat with serious faces. The officers of the different organizations came in the regalia of their orders, and the rich hues of their dress gave an added touch to the coloring.

The words were repeated, 'I am the Resurrection and the Life' — 'In My Father's House are many Mansions.' — The prayers were offered, the brief address given.

'Whatever I may be able to say,' so the pastor began, 'can be of little import beside the one sublime thing that every one loved her, men, women, and little children' —

It had been decided that the allotted five minutes should be given to the Scotchman, he of the fine accent. He spoke out of a full heart and with a tender lingering on his concluding words, 'Good-night and good-morrow!' as if he might have been alone with her, his hand upon hers.

People brushed the tears from their eyes, and yet there was nothing sad about the words, 'Good-night and good-morrow.' Quite the contrary.

Stephen Gray listened with divided attention. He hoped everything had been done in the way she would have approved and that he had not forgotten any little detail which he ought to have kept in mind. Certainly all her wishes had been complied with; or at least, they had been until John Wilson began to sing.

It was a sweet old hymn, of sleep and peace and a happy waking; but exactly as had been predicted, John Wilson sang it alone. Stephen Gray

glanced at the faces in the pews nearest to him. Evidently no one had expected any deviation from John Wilson's usual custom. It was probable that, with the exception of the pastor, no one had known of the request. That she should have made this request seemed rather curious. It might be that she had thought two voices would sound better. She must have really desired it or she would not have written it down.

There passed through his mind how one of her strong characteristics had been the power of always accomplishing her desires, doing it perhaps in some unexpected manner, which in the end surprised no one. George and Mary were sitting together across the aisle. Mary was trying to keep from crying, George, dry-eyed, sat straight and observant.

Why should one grieve? Had she not told him herself many and many a time that she was going to be better off? Did not the hymn say so?

Asleep in Jesus, blessed Sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep —

At the beginning of the hymn Stephen Gray noticed that the boy turned his head suddenly and looked searchingly about. Then he resumed his attentive attitude. In the pew just in front was a little figure in black with a strong trustworthy face, which was neither old nor young. She had been pointed out to Stephen as one of the 'Dearest Woman's most devoted friends.' Later he remembered having noticed that she too had turned and looked around.

IV

'I heard her voice singing all through the hymn.'

This was what George told Stephen Gray the next morning.

The boy made the statement as if he

were only relating one of the many occurrences of the day before and as such to be received without comment.

Stephen Gray's thoughts went back to the written directions and he asked the boy if he had read them.

No, only the page where his own name was put down as one of the 'persons to be notified.' She had shown him that.

In the evening Stephen had occasion to call upon the little woman who had

sat in the pew in front. She was full of sweet sorrow and memories and they talked till late. When he rose to go, she said, almost as if it were an afterthought with nothing unusual about it, 'I heard her voice singing in the church yesterday. She sang with John Wilson all the way through the hymn. You remember her voice. It had such a beautiful quality. For a moment I forgot what had happened and looked round. It sounded close behind me.'

THE OTHER SIDE

LIKE every other attentive reader of our periodical literature, I am increasingly aware of our persistent exposure of sin and wrong-doing in high places and in low; like many another attentive reader, I am growing a bit rebellious against this constant demand and supply in the matter of information regarding recent evil. Have we not grown over-alert in the search for this special kind of news? We take vice with our breakfast porridge; perjury with our after-dinner coffee; our essayists vie with one another in seeing who can write up the most startling story of crime; and it is a bankrupt family nowadays that cannot produce one member to expose civic or political corruption. Undoubtedly much genuine ethical impulse lies back of all this; undoubtedly, too, much of the picturesque and spectacular treatment springs from a desire to startle, and ministers, in many a reader who would scorn paper-covered fiction, to a love of the sensational. Surely it must seem to the people of other countries that we take pride in the immensity of

our sins, as we take pride in Niagara, in the length of the Mississippi, in the extent of our western plains.

Many may be, and must be, the good effects of throwing the searchlight upon dark places, but the constant glare of the searchlight bids fair to rob us of our normal vision of life. My poor mind has become a storehouse of misdeeds not my own. I am sick with iniquity; I walk abroad under the shadow of infamy, and I sup with horrors. I shrink from meeting my friends, — not that they are not the best people in the world, but I dread lest they pour into my ears some newly acquired knowledge of wrong-doing. For me, as for others, the sun of noon-day is clouded by graft, bribery, treachery, and corruption; and I fear to close my eyes in the dark because of the pictured crimes that crowd before them. Suppose poor Christian had had to drag after him not only his own bag of transgressions, but those of Mr. Worldly Wiseman, Mr. Facing-both-ways, and all the denizens of Vanity Fair, what chance would he ever have

had of getting out of the Slough of Despond?

It is not that I wish to shirk; I am not afraid of facing anything that I ought to know, and I have not the slightest doubt that we are all, in great measure, responsible for our neighbors' sins. But I am not sure that we are taking the wisest way to mend them. It seems to me incontestable that, with the large issues of individual and of national well-being in mind, we are overdoing the exposure, and slighting the incentives to right action; emphasizing the negative at the expense of the positive; and that, with our weakening convictions regarding the things that are right, it is dangerous to go on loudly proclaiming the things that are wrong. We are much in the position of a village improvement society which has pulled down a bridge because it is rotting, and is impotent to build another and a better. We have invested our national all in wrecking machinery, and have nothing left for constructive tools. It is said that in our explosive setting forth of civic and national wrongdoing, we are all too prone to stop with the explosion, as if mere knowledge of these things would set them right. Mere knowledge never yet set anything right; only the ceaselessly active, creative will can fashion a world of law out of chaos.

Of the criticism often made that exposure of wrong should be followed, more closely than is done here, by constructive action, if anything is to be really effected, it is not my task to speak. The aspect of the matter which interests me especially concerns the youth of the land; it is the educational aspect. Not through loud wailing over evil can a nation be built, but through resolute dwelling with high ideals. In certain ugly tendencies of recent years among the young, as, for instance, the unabashed sensuality of much of the

modern dancing, may we not detect, perhaps, a cynical assumption that life is at basis corrupt, — a natural result of continued harping on evil things, and of failure to keep before them images of moral beauty? Our magazine writers would be far better employed, if, instead of making our ears constantly resound with reports of civic iniquities, they were, part of the time at least, studying Plato's *Republic*, and filling mind and soul with the hope of the perfect state. Wrong things we dare hope are of small and fleeting consequence as compared with the right; it is not the sin of Judas Iscariot, but the righteousness of his Master, that has brought the human race a gleam of hope and possible redemption. When I was told, not long ago, of a student in one of our great universities who had elected 'Criminology 16,' I could not help reflecting that he might far better have taken Idealistic Philosophy 1.

Whether or not our study of evil should be lessened, our study of the good needs to be vastly strengthened. We are losing the vision! 'Your old men shall dream dreams, your young men shall see visions,' said the prophet, in promising wonders in the heavens and in the earth, after his account of fasting, weeping, mourning, and beating the breast. There is a time for beating the breast and for tearing the hair, and of this we have had our day, but perpetual sitting upon the ash-heap and howling will not raise the walls of state. Sitting there may, in time, even become a luxury; can it be that we are doing so much of it partly because it is easier, and because the heaven-sent task of building up and shaping is too hard for us?

Take away from youth the power of seeing visions, of dreaming dreams, and you take away the future. It would behoove us to remember, per-

haps, that the eras of great deeds have not been eras of analysis, but eras when the creative imagination was at work. Yet our modern mental habit is overwhelmingly a habit of analysis, for which science, in teaching us to pick the world to bits, is partly, though not wholly, responsible. It has brought us an immense amount of interesting information; it has brought also a danger whose gravity we can hardly estimate, in the constant lessening of the synthetic power. The power to image, to fashion high ideals, and to create along the line of the imagining, is weakening, instead of growing more strong. In the glorious days of Queen Elizabeth, in the unparalleled days of Periclean Athens, great ideals formed themselves before men's eyes and great achievements followed; emotion, hope, vision, shaped human nature to great issues. I wonder what influence those perfect marble representations of perfect form had upon the very bodies of the youths and the maidens of Athens, what creative force they exercised, — the imaginative grasp of the perfect reaching forward toward perfectness in the human being. I wonder what influence the character of Sir Philip Sidney alone, with 'high-erected thoughts seated in a heart of courtesy,' has had upon succeeding generations of English youth. 'A man to be greatly good,' said Shelley, 'must imagine intensely and comprehensively.'

Here my quarrel with our present intellectual trend and our present system of education becomes more acute. We are not only losing the habit of mind that fosters idealism, but we are more and more breaking with the past. The door of that storehouse of noble thought and noble example is being slowly but firmly closed, and there is little in modern teaching that can meet the inroads made by the devastating knowledge of evil of which we have

been speaking; little that can build up where this tears down. Study of Greek life, with its incomparable power of shaping existence toward the beautiful, is all but cast aside; most unfortunately now, when, with the rush of ignorant peoples to our shores, it might have a far-reaching potency never attained before. The ignorance of contemporary youth regarding that other and finer loveliness of 'Gospel books' is amazing. More and more we are stripped of the humanities; the incredulity of science in contemplating philosophy, art, literature, as part of the educational curriculum, is full of menace. There has never been, I think, in the history of the civilized world, a time when people were so anxious to cast off the past. In our eager Marathon race of material and physical progress we want to go as lightly equipped as possible. The *æroplane* carries small luggage; our light modern mind is ever ready to throw overboard even its precious heritage, in its eagerness for swift flight. As earlier days have revered the old, we reverence the new, and are all too insistently contemporaneous.

We need, as we never needed before, a broader and deeper study of history, of philosophy, of literature; for most of our young, a knowledge of the mental and spiritual past of the race is of far greater importance than a knowledge of the physical past, at the *amœba* stage, or any other. Science, much as it can do for us, can never meet our deepest need; the world of imaginative beauty and the world of ethical endeavor are apart from its domain. It has no spring to touch the will, yet that which has, the magnificent inheritance of our literature, is more and more neglected for the latest machinery that applied science has devised, or the most recent treatise on insect, bird, or worm. It is well to study insect, bird,

and worm, for they are endlessly interesting, but I maintain that neither the full sum of knowledge concerning them, nor even the ultimate fact about the ultimate star, can be a substitute for knowledge of the idealism of Thomas Carlyle, of the categorical imperative of Kant, — for that study of the humanities which means preserving, for the upbuilding of youth, that which was best and finest in the past, as we go on toward the future.

If the swift retort should come, from those who think the present the only era of attainment and the physical world the only source of wisdom, that the past is full of villainies, of lapses from high standards, one can but say that for ethical purposes our study should be frankly a selective study, emphasizing the fine and high, subordinating the evil. There is no hypocrisy in such selection; there is deliberate choice of the higher upon which to dwell, as a formative power, quickening feeling and imagination. I have heard it said that a woman, by resolute dwelling on things noble and pure, may shape the inner nature of her unborn child, and I have faith to believe it. Even so should the nation yet to be shaped by resolute dwelling on the good. It was not all cowardice, as many a present writer thinks, that led the mothers of earlier days to say little to their sons and daughters regarding evil things, and much regarding right things. Doubtless greater frankness would have been better, yet I doubt if our protracted dwelling on the evil will produce better results.

Should any one object that this emphasis on the good means suppression of the truth, we can but reply that, for the rational soul, the truth is not necessarily the mechanically worked-out sum of all the facts. That we have forgotten the distinction between fact — that which has indeed come to pass,

but which may be momentary — and truth, which endures, is one of the many signs of what William Sharp calls the 'spiritual degradation' of our time. Much of our modern thinking and teaching, much of our realistic fiction, rests upon a failure to make the distinction; much that is indisputable in individual instances of wrong-doing may be, thank God! false in the long run.

'That is not true, scientifically true,' we hear often in regard to some fine hope or aspiration of the race; but in the real import of the term there is no such thing as scientific truth. It is a pity that a word of such profound and distinctive meaning should come to be more and more exclusively identified with the observation of physical phenomena, and the formulation of physical laws, whereas the very root-meaning of the word true, from Anglo-Saxon *treowe*, signifying faithful, gives justification for the idealist's belief that vital truth is partly a matter of the will, not of mere perception and of intellectual deductions drawn therefrom. We have need of deeper truth than that of mere fact; and the truth that shall set us free is a truth of choice, of selection; it embraces that part of human thought and human experience which is worth keeping.

Faithfulness to the best and finest in the past and in the present, rather than horrified gaping at the present's worst, is the attitude that means continued and bettered life, for we become what we will. What are we offering, in the way of concrete examples, or of finely expressed thought about virtue, to the young, to the ignorant nations who are pouring in upon us, that will help them form their vision of the perfect? With our narrowing knowledge of the greater past, our choice of heroes becomes more and more local and national, yet our hierarchy of sacred dead is too

small to afford that variety of heroic action and heroic choice that should always be kept before the minds of youth. We teach them that George Washington never told a lie; we teach them something — and there could be nothing better — of Lincoln; but those two figures are lonely upon Olympus, and the great tragic story of the way in which Lincoln faced the greatest crisis in our history will not alone suffice to help the everyday citizen shape his thought and action toward constructive idealism. The lesser heroes of our young republic have acquitted themselves nobly in this struggle and in that, but the struggles have been too closely akin in nature to give the embryo hero that breadth and depth of nurture that he requires. We need an enlarged vision of history, and the sight of great men of all ages faithful to small tasks as to great; we need the companionship of heroes of other times and of other nations, and not of military heroes alone. Saint Francis with his unceasing tenderness to man and beast, Father Damien at work among the lepers, might far better occupy the pages of our magazines, than the pictured deeds of criminals and the achievements of contemporary multimillionaires.

If we need a wider range of concrete examples of the good, we need still more a wider range of nobly expressed ideals. Our thought grows narrow; we smother for lack of breathing space. Benjamin Franklin's philosophy was far from grasping the best of life, yet we remember him better than we do our Emerson, whose plea for spiritual values as the only real ones is lost in the louder and louder groaning of the wheels of our machinery. The idealism that is taught the young in Sunday schools, is too often inextricably bound up with unnecessary theology; and many and many a pupil, in discard-

ing the latter, discards the other also. The ideal of success upheld in much journalistic admonition is often rather mean and low; the young of this country need no printed incentives to urge them into commercialism and the vic-tories of trade. The best influences that are being brought to bear upon them are those which concern social responsibilities and the needs of the poor. Yet all this thought and endeavor should supplement and not supersede, as it is doing, a deep concern with the things of the spirit; and no admonition regarding hygiene for one's self or others is a substitute for —

A sense sublime

Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean, and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man;
A motion and a spirit, that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought
And rolls through all things.

The great things of the past in all nations, history can teach us; the possible, both literature and philosophy can teach us. We must forego no noble expression of idealistic faith, lest we impoverish our own souls, and beggar those who come after us. The pure intellectual passion of Bacon's *Advancement of Learning*, the noble stoicism of Marcus Aurelius, the spiritual vision of Plato, of Spenser, the heroic strain of Wordsworth's 'Liberty Sonnets' and his 'Happy Warrior,' Shelley's ardent and generous sympathy, Browning's dynamic spiritual force, should make up part of our life and thought, checking our insistent impulse toward mechanical things, and correcting the evil within and without. More than anything else, we need a revival of interest in great poetry.

'Now therein of all sciences,' said Sir Philip Sidney, 'is our poet the monarch. For he doth not only show the way, but giveth so sweet a prospect

into the way as will entice any man to enter it. . . . He cometh to you with words set in delightful proportion, either accompanied with, or prepared for, the well-enchanted skill of music; and with a tale, forsooth, he cometh unto you, with a tale which holdeth children from play, and old men from the chimney-corner, and, pretending no more, doth intend the winning of the mind from wickedness to virtue.'

The poet's 'perfect picture' of the good, the great image, causes noble passion, wakes us out of our 'habitual calm,' and stirs us almost beyond our possibilities. The imagination is the miracle-working power in human nature; through it alone can the human soul come to its own. Only that which is fine and high can feed it aright, while baseness can make of it a destructive tool of terrible power. As I think back to childhood, I can remember the devastating effect that one tale of cruelty had upon my mind, haunting me by day in vivid pictures, turning my dreams to horror, and making me, while the obsession lasted, believe that the world of grown folk must be all alike cruel. So, too, the compelling vision of the good came through concrete instances; and the people, both the living and the dead, in whom I passionately believed, shaped all my faith.

The imagination of youth, — there is no power like it, no machine that can equal it in dynamic force, nothing so full of power, so full of danger. We become that which we look upon, contemplate, remember; it is for this that I dread the ultimate effect of the long, imaginative picturing of our neighbor's sins now presented in our periodicals. Images of evil can hardly help dimming and tarnishing the bright ideals

of youth; is there no way — with all our modern wisdom can we find no way — of limiting our exposure of crime to the people who can be of service in helping check it, and keeping it from those who cannot help, but can only be silently hurt? A moment, an hour of some fresh vision, and a child's destiny is perhaps decided for good or for ill. One afternoon's reading of Spenser made the boy Keats a poet; who, knowing the potency of brief experience in the flush of youth, can doubt the lasting wrong wrought again and again by the sudden shock of contact with things evil?

Many images of wrong must of necessity come to the young; let them not be multiplied in our feverish and morbid fashion of to-day. Above all, let them be crowded out by constant suggestion of noble images and noble thought, which will work both consciously and subconsciously, shaping the dream when the dreamer is least aware. To hold up before the ardent and impressionable young that which they may become in strength, in purity, would surely be better than placing before them this perpetual moving-picture show of our civic and national transgressions. I can but believe, as I read article after article of exposure, that this continued presentation to youth of the unholy side of life, with our increasing tendency to make education a mere matter of the intellect and of the eye, is bound to lessen the moral energy of the race. Would it not be better if we were more diligent in searching history, philosophy, literature, for 'whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report,' and in bidding the young think on these things?

OUT FROM MY KINDRED

BY ABRAHAM MITRIE RIHBANY¹

I

WHEN, in the late winter of 1893, I left New York for Pittsburg, at the urgent invitation of my friend Amin, I had no definite object in view. My vague longing 'to become an American' did not spring from any actual knowledge I had of American life and institutions, beyond the fragmentary information I had obtained from the missionaries in Syria and some countrymen in New York. I turned my back on the Syrian colony because of my dissatisfaction with its business and social life, and went out led by one of my alluring dreams. It seemed to me that the future could not be less fortunate than the past, and that it might prove greater and much more beneficent. The small assortment of Oriental silks which I carried in a valise, and the letters from Dr. Gregg and Dr. van Dyke, testifying to my honesty, were the only visible supports of my optimistic hopes for the future.

In Pittsburg, where I sojourned for about two months, Amin and I, like our countrymen of the primitive church in Jerusalem, 'had all things common.' We abrogated the law of private property between us altogether. Whether of books, clothing, money, or even letters, there was no 'This is mine' and 'This is thine'; all that we possessed was *ours*. Oriental sentimentalism and brotherly feelings reached their height with us when we vowed that 'so long as we

both shall live, we will have a common purse and share to the utmost each other's joys and sorrows.' In our sharing the one bed and eating our meals at a restaurant on one 'twenty-one-meal ticket' there was nothing particularly interesting to the public. But when we wore one another's clothes, being different in size, we attracted some attention.

Our final plan for the future was that we would enter college together at the earliest possible date. Amin, as I have already said in the preceding chapter, was a graduate of the Syrian Protestant College of Beyrout, Syria, but he was wise enough to suppose that there were 'more things in heaven and earth' than he had yet learned, and that a course of study in the higher branches of knowledge in one of the leading universities of this country would not, in his case, be superfluous. To secure funds for this worthy purpose we decided to travel in these states, and, wherever possible, lecture before churches and societies on the Holy Land, sell goods, seek financial aid by whatever other honorable means, and, as soon as our financial circumstances warranted, apply for admission at that great university which happened at the time to be nearest to us. My friend, who had a very fair knowledge of the English language, was to be the senior member of the firm. He was to address the large assemblies on Sundays and other occasions, and I, who had never spoken English in public, was to screw my courage to the sticking point and

¹ Mr. Rihbany's autobiography began in the November *Atlantic*. — THE EDITORS.

address small groups, in parlors and at prayer-meetings. Our choice of a vocation was to be made while in college, with the assistance of our professors.

But our snug plan was ere long destined to fail, and our fraternal vow to be broken. We started out on our 'lecturing' tour in the summer, when the activities of the churches are at their lowest ebb. We encountered the absorbing excitement of the World's Fair, which was in progress at Chicago, and plunged into the memorable financial panic of 1893. The public mind was not in tune for lectures on the Holy Land, or any other land, and there was very little money available in the hands of the public to invest in Oriental silks. And what I felt was the severest trial to me was that my beloved friend, Amin, proved decidedly 'infirm of purpose.' The least difficulty discouraged him. He was a complete failure as a public speaker, and whenever he could dispose of a piece of silk, he sold it at cost and spent the money in defraying his expenses. Late that summer, utterly crushed by the many difficulties which beset our way, he left me, for aye, and joined some members of his family who were at the World's Fair.

I was left alone, battling against a sea of trouble. However, I made a resolution which never was broken, namely, that, while I longed passionately for that unaffected, juvenile warmth of Syrian friendship, I would enter into no new partnership of any sort with any one of my countrymen. I thought I could hear the same voice which said to my namesake, Abraham, 'Get thee out of thy country, and from thy kindred, and from thy father's house, into the land I will show thee.' I renewed my resolution to do my utmost to secure a college education, or in some other way relate myself to the higher life of America.

Shortly after the departure of my

friend Amin, my career as a 'silk-seller,' which had by no means been an ideal success, came to an end. I certainly lacked to a very large extent the sagacity of the merchant. I did not believe in letting the customer 'look out for herself'; I deemed it my duty to guard her interests with a scrupulous care. I would point out to the prospective purchaser all the flaws in a piece of silk, in advance, believing that the excellencies were too obvious to be detailed. Whenever I was asked whether the goods were all handmade, I would answer that while I was morally certain that they were, 'I could not swear to it,' because I had never seen the process with my own eyes. Such conduct was not due to the fact that my honesty never was accustomed to failing, but to my theory that the business I was in was mean enough without lying about it. Consequently, the high prices of the goods, coupled with my uncalled-for conscientiousness, were by no means conducive to winning the confidence of would-be purchasers and to doing a 'rushing business.' I returned the goods to the merchant who had been my source of supply in silks during my business career, and decided to pursue my life's ideal as a 'lecturer.'

My struggles with the English language (which have not yet ceased) were at times very hard. It is not at all difficult for me to realize the agonizing inward struggles of a person who has lost the power of speech. When I was first compelled to set aside my mother-tongue and use English exclusively as my medium of expression, the sphere of my life seemed to shrink to a very small disk. My pretentious purpose of suddenly becoming a lecturer on Oriental customs, in a language in which practically I had never conversed, might have seemed to any one who knew me like an act of faith in the miraculous gift of tongues. My youthful desire

was not only to inform but to *move* my hearers. Consequently, my groping before an audience for suitable diction within the narrow limits of my uncertain vocabulary was often pitiable.

The exceptions in English grammar seemed to me to be more than the rules. The difference between the conventional and the actual sounds of such words as 'virtuals' and 'colonel' seemed to me to be perfectly scandalous. The letter *c* is certainly a superfluity in the English language; it is never anything else but either *k* or *s*. In my native language, the Arabic, the accent is always put as near the end of a word as possible; in the English, as near the beginning as possible. Therefore, in using my adopted tongue, I was tossed between the two extremes and very often 'split the difference' by taking a middle course. The sounds of the letters *v*, *p*, and the hard *g*, are not represented in the Arabic. They are symbolized in transliteration by the equivalents of *f*, *b*, and *k*. On numerous occasions, therefore, and especially when I waxed eloquent, my tongue would mix these sounds hopelessly, to the amused surprise of my hearers. I would say 'coal' when I meant 'goal,' 'pig man' for 'big man,' 'buy' for 'pie,' 'ferry' for 'very,' and *vice versa*. For some time I had, of course, to think in Arabic and try to translate my thoughts *literally* into English, which practice caused me many troubles, especially in the use of the connectives. On one occasion, when an American gentleman told me that he was a Presbyterian, and I, rejoicing to claim fellowship with him, sought to say what should have been, 'We are brethren in Christ,' I said, 'We are brothers, by Jesus.' My Presbyterian friend put his finger on his lip in pious fashion, and, with elevated brows and a most sympathetic smile, said, 'That is swearing!'

But in my early struggles with English, I derived much negative consolation from the mistakes Americans made in pronouncing my name. None of them could pronounce it correctly — Rih-ba'-ny — without my assistance. I have been called Rib'-beny, Richbany, Ribary, Laborny, Rabonie, and many other names. An enterprising Sunday School superintendent in the Presbyterian Church at Mansfield, Ohio, introduced me to his school by saying, 'Now we have the pleasure of listening to Mr. Rehoboam!' The prefixing of 'Mr.' to the name of the scion of King Solomon seemed to me to annihilate time and space, and showed me plainly how the past might be brought forward and made to serve the present.

II

But my struggles with the technicalities of language were not the only pains of my second birth into the new environment. The social readjustments were even more difficult to effect. Coming into the house in Syria, a guest removes his shoes from his feet at the door, but keeps his fez or turban on. It was no easy matter, therefore, for me, on going into an American home, to realize instantly which extremity to uncover.

The poetic Oriental mind extends hospitality in a very warm and dramatic manner. The would-be guest, although able and willing to accept an invitation to dinner, expects to be urged repeatedly by the would-be host, to have all his feigned objections overruled, to be even pulled bodily into the house before he gives his consent. By following such tactics in this country, I lost many a precious privilege. The brevity of the American invitation distressed me greatly. Whenever I was told, 'We should be much pleased to have you come in and have dinner with

us, if you can,' I would answer, 'No, thank you; I cannot possibly come,' when I had it in mind all the time that I would gladly accept if they would only urge me. But they would let me go! They would take me at my word (as they should not do, I thought, in such matters) to my great disappointment. It was not very long, however, before I became on this point thoroughly Americanized.

The prominence of woman in domestic and social affairs seemed to me, when I first came in close touch with American society, a strange and unnatural phenomenon. While in Syria, contrary to the view which generally prevails in this country, the woman is not *considered* a slave by the man, yet in all important domestic and social matters she is looked upon as only his *silent* partner. The American woman is by no means silent; she finds it neither convenient nor necessary to assume such an attitude.

The first opportunity I had of making close observation of the social position of the American woman was at the home of a Methodist minister where I proved sensible and fortunate enough to accept 'without controversy' an invitation to dinner. His wife presided at the table with so much grace and dignity that my astonishment at the supreme authority she exercised on the occasion was deeply tinged with respect. How harmonious the husband and wife seemed! What mutual regard! What delicacy of behavior toward each other! But I could not avoid asking, subjectively, 'Is all this really genuine? Does this man treat his wife in this manner always, or only when they have company? Why, my host seems to be in the hands of his wife like the clay in the hands of the potter! Why should a woman be given so much latitude?' and so forth. When, later in the evening, upon retiring, the lady said to

her husband, 'Good-night, dear,' and *kissed him in my presence*, the act seemed to me distressingly unseemly. It is no longer distressing to me.¹

It should not be counted against an Oriental that he is unable in a very short period of time to invest such phases of conduct with high idealism. If his instincts are normal, intimate associations with the better class of Americans cannot fail to change his sentiments and clarify his vision. Not many years will be required to reveal to him the elevating beauty of a woman's being the queen of her home, with her husband as a knight-errant by her side; to teach him that America, as the heir to the noblest traditions of northwestern Europe, has discovered that which neither the Oriental peoples, ancient Egypt, Greece nor Rome succeeded in discovering, namely, that true civilization can arise only from a mutual regard of the equal rights, and, within the family circle, the mutual love of man, woman, and child.

All such discipline, however, was not to be compared with the economic difficulties which beset my way, put my optimism to the severest test, and seriously threatened my stoutest resolutions. In my travels westward, the expressions, 'These are very hard times,' 'The summer is a dull season for the churches,' 'Not many people care for lectures this time of year,' tortured my hearing everywhere. It was so difficult for me to secure money enough to keep soul and body together. In Oil City, Pennsylvania, I longed for the first time for the 'flesh-pots of Egypt' and wished that I had never left Syria. In my search for a cheap lodging-place, I was directed by a police officer to an old house which seemed to me the symbol of desolation. An

¹ Mr. Rihbany has been for many years happily married to an American lady. — THE EDITORS.

elderly lady, who appeared very economical in smiling, 'showed me into my room' and disappeared. As my weary arm dropped the valise inside the door, every sustaining power in me seemed to give way. Sobs and tears poured forth simultaneously with, 'Why did I ever leave Syria?' 'Why did I not stay in New York?' 'Is this what America has for me?' and other questions with which I besieged the deaf ears of a lonely world. The fact that my hostess served no meals afforded me an excellent excuse to ask her to direct me to a 'real' boarding-house. She did so, and I transferred my headquarters to a more cheery dwelling, where the landlady smiled graciously and generously, and the presence of fellow guests helped to lighten my burdens.

The veiling of the future from mortal eyes, is, I believe, a divine provision whose purpose seems to be to tap the springs of heroism in human nature and to equip the soul with the wings of hope. Nevertheless, this blessed mystery has its drawbacks. Prolonged uncertainty of the future in those days of loneliness and poverty threatened to sink the goal of life below the horizon and make of me a wanderer in a strange land. The alternation of life between the two extremes, feast and famine, is never conducive to connected planning and constancy of endeavor.

At Columbus, Ohio, I spent a whole week in strenuous but utterly fruitless endeavor to secure opportunities to earn some money. Having had to pay in advance for my week's keep at a very frugal boarding-house, I had only ten cents left, which I put in the 'collection plate,' at a Salvation Army meeting. To be penniless was not entirely new to me, but as the week drew to a close, the question where I was going to secure money enough with which to leave Columbus became terribly oppressive. There was one

more venture for me to make. I had the name of a Methodist minister, a Mr. Jackson, whom I had not yet seen during my sojourn in the capital of Ohio. My courageous plan was to call on this clergyman and request him either to give me the chance to lecture in his church for a small financial compensation or to lend me money enough to enable me to leave Columbus. The distance from my boarding-house to his residence measured, if I may trust my memory, twenty-four blocks, which I walked in what seemed to me the hottest day in the calendar of the years.

My general appearance when I arrived at the parsonage was not exactly what I should call a clear title to confidence and the securing of credit. Nevertheless, I made my application with a creditable show of firmness, placing in the hands of the clergyman, who was just recovering from a long illness, my letters of recommendation. He disposed of my request to lecture in his church by saying, 'There is no possible chance for the present.' When I applied for a loan of five dollars, his pale face lighted up with a short-lived smile as he asked, 'Do you expect you will get it?' 'Y-e-s,' I answered, 'and to return it, also.' 'When would you return it?' he asked again. Falling back upon the Biblical language of my kinsmen, I said, 'If God prolong my life and prosper me, I will pay you.' Assuming the attitude of perplexed charity, Mr. Jackson said, 'I do not know whether you are the man to whom these letters pertain, nor, if you *are* the man, how you secured them in the first place; but I am going to try you. Here is five dollars.' 'Certainly God has not left this world,' I said inwardly, as I received the money from the good man's hand. It was only a week thence when God did prosper me just enough so that I was able to return to Mr. Jackson his money and I re-

ceived a letter from him (which I still treasure) thanking me for my 'promptness' and wishing me all kinds of success.

But the choicest of the events of my Wilderness-of-Sinai discipline since I had left New York, occurred at Elyria, Ohio. I reached that town late in the evening with a very small sum of money in my purse — something less than two dollars. The severe economic struggles of the immediate past had taught me to be abnormally cautious in spending money. Failing to secure accommodation at either of the two cheap boarding-houses in the town, I ventured into a hotel with very noticeable timidity. As soon, however, as the clerk told me that my lodging there would cost me seventy-five cents, I departed. I had the name of a prominent minister in the town on whom I thought I would call first, and, if he promised me the opportunity to lecture in his church, I might feel free to indulge in the luxury of lodging at a hotel.

My experience with that divine was not pleasant enough to permit of the mention of his name and denomination. When I stated my case to him, he assumed a decidedly combative attitude. I was so weary that I should have been most grateful for a few minutes' rest in one of the many upholstered chairs which graced the living-room, but the elderly gentleman stood in the door and kept me standing in the hall, while he quizzed me as follows: —

'Did you say that your purpose in lecturing in the churches is to secure funds to go to college?'

'Yes.'

'Well, I doubt it. I have seen many fellows such as you. What college do you expect to enter?'

'I do not yet know, but it will be some good college.'

'You don't even know what college you expect to enter? I can say one

thing for all of you "traveling students." You are very cunning.'

'But I can show good letters of recommendation from —.'

'It would do no good. Keep your letters to yourself. I have seen many such documents.'

'Now, Dr. W., all I ask for is that you give me the chance to prove to you that I am an honest man, for I feel badly hurt by your words.'

'Do not trouble yourself about that. At any rate, I am sorry I can do nothing for you. Good-night, sir!'

The unexpected assault upon my integrity and veracity intensified the darkness of the night into which I plunged again, wounded to the heart. It was distressing enough to be homeless, weary, and in want; but to be accused of being a swindler seemed to overshadow all other trials. But hope triumphed over despair and pointed me to the best which was yet to be. I returned to the railway station with the intention of spending the night there. But the ticket-agent thought differently. His 'orders' required him to lock the doors of the station at a certain hour in the night, leaving no transient lodgers inside. I moved from the station to the park and stretched my weary mortal coil on one of the benches. The air was balmy, and I had as good a pillow (the iron arm of the bench) as my countryman of old, Jacob, had at Peniel. There I would spend the night under the beneficent heavens, meditating while awake upon the time when I should close the doors of some great university behind me, departing not thence until I had become a full-fledged scholar.

At about midnight, the sequel of the balmy air which enabled me to sleep in the park comfortably without extra covering arrived. The heavens wept over me large generous tears which drove me to a pretentious hotel near

by, where the 'night clerk' met me in a stern business-like manner and most cruelly charged me fifty cents for half a night's lodging in the cheapest room he had.

III

But life's smiles are, on the whole, much more numerous than its frowns, and, notwithstanding all its afflictions, this world is keyed to goodness. My first appearance before an American audience occurred at New Brighton, Pennsylvania, where, if I remember correctly, a minister of the United Presbyterian Church permitted me to speak on the Holy Land at his prayer-meeting. As the meeting (which was not of the ordinary drowsy type) progressed, my whole soul said, 'Lord, it is good to be here.' The minister, who was past middle age and wore a most benignant countenance, conducted the service with such simple dignity and sweetness of spirit that the whole scene was transformed into a benediction. His lesson was from Acts XII, the story of Peter's miraculous release from prison. I shall never forget the sweet, informing, and persuasive modulations of that preacher's voice as he sought to show that although the band of Christians who were gathered together at the house of Mary, the mother of John, were praying for the release of the imprisoned apostle, yet when they were told by the damsel, Rhoda, that Peter stood at the door, they were afraid to open and receive the answer to their prayer. 'They prayed God to bring Peter to them,' said the preacher. 'God did bring the apostle to the door, but those praying Christians were afraid to open and say, "Come in!"'

I have never been able to ascertain the initial cause of my decision to enter the ministry, nor to point to the exact time when I was 'called' to it. What I

am certain of, however, is that the influences of such occasions as the one mentioned above did more than any others I know to lead me to the pulpit. It was the virile and irresistible leaven of the characters of those Christians of the various denominations, who did not so much profess correct creeds as reflect the life of the Master in their own lives, which led me in a mysterious way to add to my decision to enter college the decision to make my life-work the holy ministry of religion.

When I stood up to address the meeting, the cordial, sympathetic attitude of the audience soon calmed the violent beating of my heart and stopped the knocking of my knees together, but it had no appreciable effect on my grammar and diction. The nouns and the verbs often stood at cross-purposes in my remarks, and the adjectives and adverbs interchanged positions, regardless of consequences. My impromptu literal translation of Arabic into English greatly puzzled the minds of my hearers, and, at times, it was difficult even for me to know fully what I was saying or wanted to say. Notwithstanding all that, however, I managed in closing to shift from Syria to America and eulogize George Washington. The minister asked for a contribution for me to help me go to college. As my engagement to speak had not been made known to my hearers before they came to the meeting, many of them were unprepared to give; the contribution was therefore small, but the meeting was rich in good things, and I went away in a happy and optimistic frame of mind.

If any one had told me on that evening in New Brighton that less than three years later I was to become the regular minister of an American congregation and a 'stump speaker' in favor of the 'gold standard,' I should have considered him a very flighty day-

dreamer. But America, the mother of modern wonders, began to reveal itself to me and in me. I soon became possessed by the consciousness that the whole country was a vast university which offered a thousand incentives to progress; that I had the privilege of being born again in a land which more than any other on our planet establishes the truth of the New Testament promise, 'Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you.'

The Oriental, as a rule, lives his life in a general way, allowing a large portion of its area to remain rather chaotic. The American lives his life in detail, with order as its basic principle. I was very curious to know, after leaving New York and Pittsburg, how the smaller towns of America would impress me. Were they as insignificant and as wanting in enterprise and culture compared with those large cities, as the Syrian towns compared with Beyrout and Damascus? I was rapturously amazed to find every small city and town to be New York on a smaller scale. Each town had its 'Main Street' and 'Washington Street' and many other streets. Each town had its Town Hall, post-office, banks, newspapers, schools, and churches. And, oh, the home libraries, the musical instruments, the pictures on the walls, the 'striking' clocks, and, above all, that idealism which makes the American woman, after doing her housework, 'dress up for the afternoon,' dash a little powder on her nose and turn to her books or her piano. Certainly, such a nation is not 'sunk deep in crass materialism.'

I was told while in Syria that in America money could be picked up everywhere. That was not true. But I found that infinitely better things than money — knowledge, freedom, self-reliance, order, cleanliness, sovereign

human rights, self-government, and all that these great accomplishments imply — can be picked up everywhere in America by whosoever earnestly seeks them. And those among Americans who are exerting the largest influence toward the solution of the 'immigration problem' are, in my opinion, not those who are writing books on 'good citizenship,' but those who stand before the foreigner as the embodiment of these great ideals.

The occasions on which I was made to feel that I was a foreigner — an alien — were so rare that they are not worth mentioning. My purpose in life, and the large warm heart of America which opens wide to every person who aspires to be a good and useful citizen, made me forget that there was an 'immigration problem' within the borders of this great Commonwealth. When I think of the thousand noble impulses which were poured into my soul in my early years in this country by good men and women in all the walks of life; when I think of the many homes into which I was received in my uncomely appearance and with my crude manners, where women who were visions of elegance served me as an honored guest, of the many counsels of men of affairs which fed my strength and taught me the lasting value of personal achievements, and that America is the land of, not only great privileges, but great responsibilities, I feel like saying (and I do say whenever I have the opportunity) to every foreigner, 'When you really know what America is, when you are willing to share in its sorrows, as well as its joys, then you will cease to be a whining malcontent, will take your harp down from the willows, and will not call such a country "a strange land."'

Of all the means of improvement other than personal associations with good men and women, the churches

and the public schools gripped most strongly at the strings of my heart. Upon coming into a town, the sight of the church spires rising above the houses and the trees as witnesses to man's desire for God, always gave me inward delight. True, religion in America lacks to a certain extent the depth of Oriental mysticism; yet it is much more closely related than in the Orient to the vital issues of 'the life which now is.' Often would I go and stand on the opposite side of the street from a public-school building at the hour of dismissal (and this passion still remains with me) just for the purpose of feasting my eyes on seeing the pupils pour out in squads, so clean and so orderly, and seemingly animated by all that is noblest in the life of this great nation. My soul would revel in the thought that no distinctions were made in those temples of learning between Jew and Gentile, Protestant and Catholic, the churched and the unchurched; all enjoyed the equality of privilege, shared equally in the intellectual and moral feast, and drank freely the spirit of the noblest patriotism.

My progress in the English language was as surprising to me as it was delightful. When I first met Edward Everett Hale in Boston, in 1903, the first thing he said to me when I slipped my hand into his ponderous palm was, 'How in the world have you managed to speak English so well?'

'I do not know,' was my answer.

I really did not. It is wonderful what even a few months can do to equip with linguistic facilities a person who listens with his ears and his understanding alike. The vocabulary of every succeeding day shames that of the day before. My being entirely cut off from using the Arabic language was my greatest aid in acquiring English. My vocabulary, which has become varied and flexible enough for my pur-

poses, was not acquired from a forced study of the classics. It poured into me from the lips of living men in all the walks of life. I listened with eager sympathy to the words of preachers, merchants, artisans, farmers, hack-drivers, housewives, and others who spoke as they *felt* in dealing with the various issues of life.

I owe a great debt to the live language of the English Bible. On occasions, I would open my Arabic Bible at church and follow the scripture lesson as read by the minister, and thus learn what the English words meant. On other occasions, I would open my English Bible and learn how the words were pronounced. Thus the English has come to me saturated and mellowed with feeling. The phrases of the English Bible are elemental human sentiments made tangible.

IV

It was in Chillicothe, Ohio, that I had my first glimpse into American history. The 'hard times' did not prevent me from buying *A Brief History of the United States*, the contents of which I virtually devoured. My instructors were my fellow guests at a comfortable and respectable boarding-house. I would retire into my room, ponder the annals of this modern 'chosen people' until I reached a passage whose words proved too big for my mind to grasp (which was often the case), when I would go out and demand light on the subject from the first guest I happened to meet. A physician's wife and the genial gray-haired proprietor of the boarding-house manifested deep interest in me and were ever ready to aid my strenuous endeavor to become 'an enlightened American citizen.'

The proprietor who, I believe, had fought in the Civil War, would relate

to me events of that great conflict in such a droll manner that my study of history under his supervision was a supreme delight.

'Yes,' he would say, 'we did hang Jeff Davis on a sour-apple tree, or we would have done it but for our respectability. We whipped those fellows down there pretty soundly. We spanked them so hard that I am certain they never will do it again.'

But the genial proprietor enlightened me on other subjects than that of the Civil War. He gave me my first real lesson in English on table-manners. One day he asked me, 'How do you like our grub?' 'What is your grub, sir?' I asked. With a mischievous smile which scarcely agitated his weeping-willow moustache and thick beard, he said, 'It is the things we eat, you know. And — and — it is part of good manners to show — in — in — some way that we like the grub, just to please our host.' That was to me a most welcome bit of information. I had been greatly at a loss to know how to express my appreciation of a good dinner in the English language. Certainly now I had no longer an excuse to omit such a cultured formality. It was only a short time thereafter that I happened to dine with a Lutheran minister whose gracious wife served for the occasion a bounteous and elegantly appointed dinner. I could hardly wait for the proper moment to express my great appreciation of the repast. When the moment came, I turned to my hostess with cheerful dignity and said, 'Mrs. F., I have greatly enjoyed your grub.' But when her husband laughed so that he fell from his chair, I suspected that my instruction in table-manners at Chillicothe was somewhat defective.

It was in the little town of Elmore, Ohio, in the early autumn of 1893, that I felt for the first time that I could hold the attention of an American

audience. There I was permitted to address a union meeting of the churches in the Presbyterian church on a Sunday evening. The little building was crowded to the doors. My subject was 'Turkey and America Contrasted.' I do not know what did it, but my auditors were so deeply moved that they interrupted me twice with loud and prolonged applause, regardless of the fact that the service was essentially religious, the time Sunday, and the place a Presbyterian church. At the close of the meeting, the minister of the church with a cordial handshake reinforced my ambition with the generous prophecy, 'My brother, whatever else you might, or might not, become, you are going to make a very effective public speaker. Keep right on.'

Well, I am still keeping on.

It was in that little town also that I first heard *America* sung. The line, 'land where my fathers died,' stuck in my throat. I envied every person in that audience who could sing it truthfully. For years afterward, whenever I tried to sing those words, I seemed to myself to be an intruder. At last, a new light broke upon my understanding. At last, I was led to realize that the fathers of my new and higher self did live and die in America. I was born in Syria as a child, but I was born in America as a man. All those who fought for the freedom I enjoy, for the civic ideals I cherish, for the simple but lofty virtues of the typical American home which I love, were *my fathers*! Therefore, I could sing the words, 'Land where my fathers died,' with as much truth and justice as the words, 'Land of the pilgrim's pride.'

From Elmore I proceeded to Wauseon, Ohio, a town which numbered then about three thousand inhabitants, and where a new chapter was opened in my life's history. Upon my arrival in this town, I called on the Congrega-

tional minister, and, finding him willing to open his church for me to lecture,' requested him to direct me to some 'Christian boarding-house.' The friendly divine conducted me to a private house where lived two widowed sisters who had room and time enough to care for a few of the 'good class' of boarders. I was not long in that modest home before I discovered that the two ladies were lovers of good books and profoundly religious. Through the kinship of our spirits, and upon hearing my story and learning of my life's purpose, they became deeply interested in me. They said they seemed to perceive that I had 'a bright and useful future' before me and they wished to share in its realization.

The two good sisters, Mrs. Susan Baldwin and Mrs. Rosa Kolb, were not rich in this world's goods. But they had a home, and, so long as I had none, I was most cordially invited to share that home with them as a younger brother. There I might return from my travels and find sympathetic friends ready to aid me, by their counsel and other friendly services, to conquer my difficulties and get nearer to my life's goal. In my wanderings up to that time, I had not lacked words of encouragement and inspiration which seemed to pour out from the heart of a nation whose spirit is friendliness and whose genius is progress. Notwithstanding all that, however, my being tossed about by every wind of difficulty while I had nowhere to lay my head, had begun to tell on me. Down beneath my conscious resolution a counter-current had set in. A keen yearning for friends and a fixed abode (which is strongest in the Oriental nature) would at intervals flood my soul with sadness. No doubt that friendly, though humble, home in Bethany furthered mightily the triumph of the Gospel.

The gracious, friendly offer of the two sisters came to me as a most timely reinforcement. When I think how my strength and courage were renewed and my cup of inspiration was refilled by their manifold and never-failing services to me, I realize most clearly that we do not need to be rich in order to be helpful, nor known to fame in order to be inspiring. I cannot contemplate what success I have achieved or might achieve in life without feeling that but for the influence of those two good women the story of my life might have been entirely different from what it is.

V

In the state of Indiana I first came into close touch with the well-known religious 'revivals,' and formed a clear idea of what Protestantism calls 'conversion.' I was deeply impressed by the zeal with which the Christians labored to bring 'sinners' to Christ, and the fact that during a revival the religious idea loomed highest in the community. But I must say it was not long before I developed a decided dislike to the methods of professional 'Evangelists,' whose message contained infinitely more fear of hell-fire than love for the Christ-life, and to whom the clearest evidence of the religious interest in a community was the size of the collection.

One of my first experiences (and it was rather grim) at a revival took place in the town of Kokomo, Indiana. The meetings were being held in a Methodist church, but I am not certain whether it was the regular Methodists or some other branch. Toward the close of the meeting, which I attended, tearful sentiments converted the service into a veritable Babel. Presently a woman, who, as I was told later 'got the power,' sprang up from her seat and, shouting, 'Glory to Jesus!' dashed

about, embracing whosoever came in her way. I remained reasonably collected until I saw her heading for me with open arms. Just think of a Syrian youth with all his psychological antecedents with regard to woman, in such a situation! I instantly decided that I would not be embraced, even though the motive of my pursuer was purely spiritual. I slipped precipitately behind a large pillar; the lady, seemingly not particular whom she embraced, bestowed her affections on more courageous worshipers, while I effected my escape. I never returned to those meetings.

In contrast with the above experience, I will relate another I had in Columbia City of the same state. Through the kindness of its minister, I was permitted to mount the pulpit of the Presbyterian Church on a Sunday morning and give a talk on Syria. I spied in the audience a gentleman of a penetrating but kindly eye who seemed to listen with rapt attention. The next morning the minister of the church told me that a gentleman, who had heard me the day before, wished to see me at his office; that he was a lawyer and a 'fine gentleman' by the name of Marshall. The minister went with me to the law office, introduced me to the gentleman, whom I recognized as the good listener I had seen at the church, and departed, leaving us alone. Mr. Marshall asked me a few questions about my birthplace and my plans for the future, and I answered that my plans were to become a good American citizen, and, if possible, a preacher. He smiled in a very genial manner, and, reaching into his pocket, handed me a five-dollar bill as his contribution which he was not prepared to give at the Sunday service, saying, 'I am sure you will make good use of it.' The years passed, and, while I often thought of that good Mr. Marshall, I lost con-

nection with him until 1912, when Mr. Thomas R. Marshall was nominated for Vice-President of the United States and later elected. The appearance of his picture in the newspapers, and the fact that he practiced law in Columbia City in 1893, brought me again in touch with my benefactor.

But I have still more — much more — to say about Indiana. Late in the winter of 1894, I happened to be in the small town of Butler in the Hoosier State, where I delivered two addresses. One of my hearers, the principal of the schools, became deeply interested in me 'at first sight' and made me an offer right then and there which made me wildly interested in him. Mr. K.'s entrancing story was this. An anonymous philanthropist had placed at his disposal one million dollars as an endowment for a small college. The high purpose of the donor was not only to equip such a college with every modern educational facility, and thus make it rival the great universities, but that no promising young man who sought to enter this institution, especially if his goal were the ministry, should be turned out for lack of funds.

What seemed obvious to Mr. K., and even I could see it, was that my case came most snugly within the purpose of the donor. I was 'promising,' I lacked funds, my goal was the ministry. Therefore, all my fretting and worrying about securing a college education should now cease. Furthermore, being a stranger in a strange land, I was to enjoy the personal attention and friendship of Mr. K., who, according to the terms of the endowment, was to be the president of the college. I was to be provided with everything I needed as a student, in return for which favors I was to deliver a certain number of lectures (dates to be made by the president) every year in various parts of the state and thus

advertise the college. The prospective president further informed me that he was about to secure control of a small college at North Manchester, Indiana, of which he expected to take actual possession in the following September and transform it so as to fit the plans of the hidden millionaire.

While Mr. K. was unfolding his proposition, streaks of lightning ran up and down my spine. I felt as if I were in a dream of sanctifying beauty, and was afraid to move even a muscle for fear of waking up and losing the vision. At last, college! All my pain and sorrow, hunger and fatigue, were about

to be transfigured into glorious victories; my prayers were to be answered and my highest hopes fulfilled. Could it be true? College? And on such terms! A million dollars back of me and the president of the college my personal friend. It was difficult for me not to believe that in some way I was a millionaire myself. Somehow I managed to break the enthralling spell of the occasion enough to thank Mr. K. with genuine Oriental effusiveness for his surpassing kindness, and to promise most solemnly to be at North Manchester College on the fourth day of the following September.

(To be concluded.)

IN THE MIND OF THE WORKER

BY RANDOLPH S. BOURNE

In a great industrial age it is only natural that the desires and tendencies and moods of men should be interpreted in terms of the business leaders. We tend always to admire and emulate the activities which furnish the drama, the push and sting of life, and it is emphatically in big business that we find these to-day. For business combines in a subtle way the satisfaction of the desire for power, for order, for achievement, and for display. It satisfies the impulse to action, the æsthetic desire for efficiency and organization, the talent for invention and enterprise, and crowns all with the golden touch of profit, which makes for social honor and opportunity, the visible sign of an invisible grace.

If the original psychic life of men in primeval times focused on the hunt, which fused eager physical appetite, exciting and dangerous activity, complete and gloating satisfactions, all in one tension, we can hardly doubt that our modern business man is heir to this pattern of the most vivid and zestful of all experiences, which has persisted down through the evolution of culture and furnished the spring to all artistic, missionary, and scientific effort, and economic enterprise. In the complex life of a modern society, surrounded by all the sophistications of convenience, it is the business man who is most completely living the life and experiencing the emotions which first made life worth living, which first made

it the thrilling and desirable thing that it is.

It is a mistake, however, to take our business man as the type of all our modern life, and attempt to translate the minds of all workers into the terms of desire, activity, and elation which we see so plainly to be his. We tend constantly to assume, I think, that the small business man who is struggling to make ends meet, the clerk going through a monotonous routine of other people's correspondence, the factory worker spending ten hours every day over a still more monotonous machine, the small professional man or woman moving like a cog in a gigantic system, — that all these people pursue their vocation with the same zest and enterprise as does the big business man. Our successful men, our moulders of public opinion, seem to imply, in any discussion of economic reform, that all life is being lived in terms of their own psychic background, and that discontent is not only illogical but a symptom of personal deficiency rather than a reaction against a system which, by separating, by the widest possible gap, desire, activity, and the elation of success, takes the color and zest out of work and out of life. They themselves are sure, of course, that they would not find the interest in monotonous factory work that they do in their business or professional activity, but they feel that the worker must be experiencing satisfaction or else he would not be doing the work. There is no compulsion upon him, they say. The fact that any person is engaged in a particular line of work is evidence to them that he has a bent toward, or interest in, that work. The doors are always open for advancement; the ambitious man can always find opportunity ahead. The fact that men do not advance is the best possible evidence that they are contented where they are. Successful

men find it impossible to conceive of a boy as entering a business or factory without a firm resolve to be at the head of it in ten or fifteen years.

My thesis here is that if we look into the mind of the worker we shall find that this amiable optimism is little more than an attempt to salve our social conscience as a relief for the industrial evils which have come through the domination of a ruling class of owners and directors, imposing a strict regimen of mechanical labor and a minute division of labor, and so devitalizing and distorting the normal satisfactions of activity for great masses of men. The psychology of the wage-earners and the psychology of their employers must be read in terms of quite different import.

Ambition, interest, enterprise, elation, must be erased at once from the mental background of the wage-earner, and this not because of any moral deficiency or difference of human nature, but simply because of a status which has been imposed upon him and before which he is almost helpless. Ambition follows opportunity as relentlessly as Nemesis followed the guilty in the Greek tragedy. Where real opportunity is denied, ambition automatically dwindles; where it exists, ambition flourishes. The reason for the wage-earner's feeble ambition must be sought in conditions which make real advancement, except for a few favored individuals, impossible. Ostensibly, the doors stand open in America, but really, subtle factors of prejudice and convention combine with the conditions of labor to squeeze the zest out of activity and limit the horizon of imagination and foresight.

Certainly if we take a genetic account of the making of a wage-earner, we find little enough to fortify the large and optimistic view of our leaders that opportunity is free to every man, and that each finds automatically the

place fitted to his abilities. In our industrial centres we find provided for boys and girls only the most casual and haphazard preparation for the serious tasks of life. The vast majority of young people are without money, position, or influence. Most of them grow weary of their mediæval schooling before they have finished the grades, and leave to 'go to work.' Their school has given them no idea of the social constitution and composition of the world they are to enter, and has made no attempt to train them so that they may have adaptable resources for taking advantage of such opportunities as are before them. For many of them the simple matter of lack of good clothes and of a certain presentableness of manner prevents them from competing for clerical positions. In this way, this least touch of social convention may fix permanently their status in life. Barred from these occupations, which might lead on to the zest of administrative and business life, they drift into the first factory opening that comes along. Parents may plan, but they are usually as destitute of influence and adaptive power as the children themselves. The more presentable youths are almost as circumscribed as the others; for social convention teaches them to consider the prosperous trades and machine-labor as socially inferior, and they are thus forced into the already over-crowded clerical field.

But in neither class of wage-earners has there been any but the vaguest imagination of a future. There has not been any real opportunity of choice, and thus there is cultivated no real ambition. I am not denying, of course, that an aristocracy of wage-earners finds higher positions, as salesmen, foremen, more highly paid skilled workers; but I do say that the vast majority step into a rigid system in which their status is almost as rigidly fixed

as if it had been settled by imperial decree.

For the tendency of the work itself is to fix the status. The young factory-worker has all his *brusquerie* intensified, so that he is permanently prevented from rising to the clerkly class; the young clerk tends to fall into a deadly routine which fetters his imagination and makes him look on his working hours as an empty waste in his life. To neither is given the zest of pursuit and victory, which we have seen is the reward of business and professional life. There is the desire for money, of course, but only for immediate spending. The only conceived end is the week's wages; the product itself is perpetually unfinished. There is the never-ending stream of small processes passing through the hands, but no creation, no finished product to which one can look back and say, 'I did it!'

But I do not need to dwell upon the evils of specialization and division of labor into tiny fragments and monotonous routine, against which the madened prophets of the nineteenth century, such as Carlyle and Ruskin, hurled their scorn, except to point out that, in spite of all that has been said, the system flourishes still with unabated vigor. And it is accompanied by an insidious process of 'speeding-up' which saps the vitality of the worker; a process calculated by the adjustment of hours, wages, rate of work, vitality of the individual worker, to the scale that will extract the maximum of mechanical efficiency, measured always in terms of cheapness of product and not of the conservation of human life. It seems to be a deliberate attempt to strain almost, but not quite, to the breaking-point the stamina of the workers and their ability to furnish constantly fresh recruits to take the place of their dwindling powers. It is an attempt to extract monopoly profits out of that most

sacred of all things, human life and feeling.

Is it difficult to imagine the effect of these processes, so well known to all of us, on the mind of the wage-earner? Certainly it is not to produce a zestful and colorful life, with the sharp quick fusion of impulse, desire, activity, satisfaction, elation, which the primitive savage lives, and his psychic heir, the modern business and professional man. There is produced rather a smouldering apathy toward work, the mental attitude of a serf rather than a free-man. Soon trained to take orders, without a glimpse of the end and reason of the process, the young wage-earner falls into a passive susceptibility, and an acceptance of the rôle and status which the industrial system and its masters have prepared for him.

There is little temptation for him to work faster and more industriously, for although he is constantly told that this will automatically increase his wages, he soon finds that what actually happens, when any material increase in production in his industry plant takes place, is that the increase instead of going to him for wages is used to furnish the grounds for a new capitalization and is thus drawn off in dividends instead of wages. He finds that he is as subject to the law of diminishing returns as any piece of farming land.

There is little temptation for him to save, for his puny savings — the average earnings for skilled wage-earners in this country per year are less than \$600 — will hardly serve materially to increase his income, and he is likely to find that his ability to live on less than he earns has a subtle influence in slowly lessening those earnings. He comes to the conclusion that it is not his function in society to save and invest; that is the business of the capitalist, who has made himself the steward of society's capital and devotes his energies to directing

his own accumulations and those of others who entrust theirs to him, into channels of production. This is a rôle to which the capitalist has appointed himself, says the worker; let him play it without any help. The need of thrift and foresight which are constantly pointed out to him by society's moral teachers he vaguely feels as simply an appeal to him to increase the funds which the capitalists have at their disposal to exploit further him and his class.

The worker's wages represent to him not the longed-for and striven-for goal of an interesting activity, but a sort of bounty provided at the end of dull work, to be clutched at and spent as soon as possible. It is that divorce between 'product' and 'climax' which makes the psychology of the wage-earner so different from that of the business man. The gulf is between activity in which the worker has no personal interest and the thoroughly depersonalized 'climax' of wages. The result is that where the hunter and the business or professional man get their elation in the completion of a line of activity directed straight toward an anticipated end, the worker gets only the most tenuous connection between the activity and the end. He must look for his climax outside his work: the clerk dulled and depressed by the long day, and the factory-worker — his brain a-whirl with the roar of the machines — must seek elation and the climax which the work should have given them, in the crude and exciting pleasures of the street and the dance and the show. It is a rather grim irony to ask them to spend their leisure studying or 'improving themselves.'

This is almost enough to account for lack of ambition on the part of the wage-earner, but employers are quite unable to understand it. When there are responsible positions of superin-

tendence or in the sales department to be filled, why must the employer always look outside for men, instead of advancing some of his more intelligent employees? Why will they not fit themselves for advancement, and pursue their work with that single-minded devotion which will show him their value and qualifications? But there is thus betrayed a complete ignorance of what the mechanically regulated system of industry has done to the mind of the worker. The worker has been made a mere cog in a big machine, and yet he is constantly reproached for being without initiative. The careful specialization of labor has cut the majority of wage-earners off from any chance of having their ambitions realized. Industry has been deliberately graded in a great hierarchy, and then the lowest level, upon which the whole superstructure rests, is reproached by well-meaning people for not raising itself by its boot-straps.

Employers do not realize the psychic reflection on the minds of the workers of this gradation of labor, the social stigma and prejudice which it creates and which serve to strengthen the other walls. For these feelings of social stigma, which are always the reflection of true class-differences rather than their cause, will in many cases operate effectually to prevent an otherwise ambitious man from leaving the ranks of his fellow workers and accepting a higher position in the factory. He would thus de-class himself, and become isolated from his group without being accepted into the group with which he was now working. But the majority of workers scarcely conceive the possibility of rising, for such a situation is rarely presented dramatically before them. The difference of function between worker and manager is made, as it seems, so deliberately evident, there are so many subtle ways by

which society impresses the differences upon the workers' minds, that we can hardly blame them if their imagination refuses to bridge so wide a gulf.

Among the younger generation of wage-earners this apathy takes a more positive direction, and one that suggests far-reaching consequences. Manufacturers are continually complaining of their inability to secure reliable and trustworthy employees. Young people no longer seem to fit so docilely into the system, or to become trained to a routine with such neatness and dispatch as in earlier days. They are hired, but after months of rigorous pressure, the manufacturers complain, they do not begin to show even that rudimentary interest in the work which will make for permanency of position. They prove themselves inefficient, undependable, unintelligent, utterly 'worthless'; they do not even seem to recognize their own interests, for in spite of the fact that they are constantly told that they have only to show themselves industrious and ambitious to obtain advancement and to assure themselves of permanent positions, they are quite insensitive to appeals of this nature. The most tempting rewards fail to move them. They will not work overtime or on holidays, even though they and their families really need the extra money. They seem to prefer their good times to any chance of economic independence. They are the despair of the manufacturer's life. So, after a more or less protracted struggle, they are discharged to swell that vast itinerant army of young, unmarried, semi-skilled wage-earners which is such a significant feature of American economic life, and the process begins over again. To be sure, young workers have always been more or less headstrong and unmanageable, but manufacturers seem to think that in the past it was easier to find ultimately some appeal

which would catch their interest and hold them fast to their work. But that appeal is becoming more and more difficult to find, they say. Neither honor nor self-interest seems any longer to weigh against the heady desires of the moment.

Now, a part of this weakening of responsibility on the part of the wage-earner may be due to the decay of religious sanctions. I have a feeling that the wage-earner of the past generation was held to his duty by a strong conscientiousness which was cultivated by religious teaching. Feelings of contentment and gratitude were carefully cultivated in him by church and school, and devotion to his economic duties seemed to have the sanction of the Almighty himself. Even now, elderly wage-earners revolt with a kind of horror against all Socialistic suggestions as a species of disloyalty to the employers who have given them the opportunity to make a living, and as treason to that gospel of individualism in which their souls were trained. But with the weakening of religious interest has come an increasing carelessness. The worker has lost respect for authority as such; he feels the pressure of the industrial system upon him and yields grudgingly, but he no longer feels that gratitude toward his employer and that modest pride in his own humble status which he used to feel. Coupled with this pride there was also an ambition to rise, and in the more loosely organized and rapidly growing industry of the last generation there was real opportunity to rise. But as industry becomes more specialized and stratified, that opportunity dwindles; and the dwindling is reflected automatically in the growing lack of ambition, enterprise, and purpose among the younger generation of wage-earners.

A bumptious and headstrong young labor-force whose aggressiveness is not

transmuted into ambition is indeed an appalling portent for the manufacturer and employer of labor. For it suggests that a sort of silent 'sabotage' is to creep slowly through the industries. An organic inefficiency, a lack of susceptibility to training, would act like a slow palsy in keeping down production. That this is recognized, at least by the small manufacturers, is shown by their constant wail that they cannot get reliable people to do their work. This situation therefore throws some significant light on some recent industrial developments. 'Scientific management,' 'vocational training,' pensions and profit-sharing, may be looked at, not in the light of disinterested attempts to improve the lot of the working-classes, but as a well-defined endeavor to grapple with the problem of declining efficiency. It is a general rule in life that we never do things until we have to, and we may be sure that these new methods would never have been thought of if they had not been needed in the solution of a problem which was threatening the prosperity of the masters of industry.

'Scientific management,' of course, aims, by appealing to the worker's æsthetic sense of efficient economy, and at the same time organizing the work in more mechanical fashion, to produce more in the same length of time. 'Vocational training' aims to catch the child while he is still young and plastic, and prevent his headstrong individuality by making him into a machine before he is aware. And the bonuses and pensions aim to produce a forced interest in the work, and at the same time insure the wage-earners' permanence at the job.

But from the point of view of healing the gap between 'product' and 'climax,' of changing the mind of the worker and giving it some of the colorful zest of life which, we have seen,

characterizes business and professional activity, how tragic a failure are these methods! They serve only to accentuate the tendencies which have produced the present mind of the worker; they do not in any way restore the lost vitality to that mind. They make the worker more of a machine, not more of a human being, and tend thus to further the specialization and stratification of work, and to fix the wage-earner in a more permanent status. From the worker's point of view, it is hardly less than a first step in the direction of a true industrial feudalism. He is little enough free at present, he knows, but he has at least this freedom of movement and a certain choice of occupation. But these methods would rivet him to an occupation before he had time to choose, and then, when he was once in, would repenalize a change. The restless and discontented, those in other words who were more alive than their fellows, would be severely handicapped. For if they left their position, they would lose their bonus or their pension; for the sake of that they would have to submit also to the conditions imposed.

Now, there is little doubt that the mind of the young worker to-day feels this gigantic silent struggle that is in progress, a struggle far more momentous than the open dramatic features of the class struggle. It is a struggle, he feels, in the last analysis, for the vestiges of industrial freedom. I do not mean that their efforts are conscious on the part of the employers of labor. The latter are simply trying to grapple with an immediate concrete problem of declining efficiency. But to the worker it seems as if the effect were to rivet him in his status of a sort of industrial semi-serfdom, from which he could never of his own accord escape. The employers, if they possess that diabolical wisdom which fortun-

ately has never been the attribute of any ruling class, will recognize the power of these methods, and will fortify them by an attempt forever to short-circuit Socialism by setting to work to assure for every worker a position just prosperous enough to allay discontent, yet not enough to give him economic power. By pensions, welfare-work, and a nice calculation of hours, wages, and living conditions, this perfect balance might be struck, and a true industrial feudalism appear instead of the industrial democracy toward which the minds of all enlightened wage-earners look with enthusiasm and hope.

In the light of this possible feudal catastrophe, how different appears the irresponsibility and lack of ambition of the young worker! For the only defense we have against the tightening of the feudal bonds is the mental attitude of the workers themselves. Upon their unwillingness to be bound, under the guise of 'increased efficiency,'—an efficiency, it must always be remembered, measured in terms of cheapness of product, and not in terms of the conservation of human life,—will depend the future of our society. The success of the movement for making permanent the divorce between desire, activity, achievement, and elation,—in other words of devitalizing manual labor,—will depend on the workers themselves. If the zest for life has so far failed them as a class that they consent to be drilled and turned into the patterns already made for them, they will deserve their fate. But if they refuse resolutely, or if they partially refuse, as they seem to be doing now, there is the great hope that out of this immoral situation a new social morality may be born, and that they may become fired with enthusiasm for a new and regenerated society which they alone can bring, and in which they shall be true personalities and full-grown citizens, instead of the

partially handicapped persons that society makes them now.

It is worth while for us to wonder if, while the young worker is all unconsciously resisting the pressure, thinking only of the unpleasant work he is shirking, he may not be really fighting for a truer social freedom and a new régime where class and industrial stratifications will be abolished. His shirking may be the best hope that we have to-day, and the most comfortable assurance that the zest of men and women for life, and that more abundantly, will incorrigibly reassert itself against overwhelming odds, and force recognition of the fact that life cannot be made permanently mechanical.

Should this 'silent sabotage' continue to spread, and industry become seriously hampered by growing inefficiency, that alone would soon force a radical adjustment. If that disinclination to spend one's life doing depressing and unpleasant work and monotonous drudgery ever formidably spread, we should be obliged to set seriously to work either to devise means to eliminate that kind of work, or to arrange it, as Professor James has suggested in his *Moral Equivalent of War*, to spread it thin over the population so that no one class would be compelled to give all its time to it. The glorious Greeks of antiquity simply refused to do disgusting and menial labor, and the work went undone. But we have become so de-vitalized that it seems there is no labor so deadly and stultifying but some one can be found to do it. The Greeks doubtless would have howled with mirth at the spectacle of a man spending all his daylight hours bobbing up and down in a little dark cage from the basement to the top-story of a

building. And if it were not such a tragedy we might well stop occasionally and jeer at the elevator-boy ourselves. If it were not that this dreary labor is performed for the benefit of our comfortable classes by a member of what we call, with such unconscious self-satirization, the working-class, our sense of humor would not desert us so completely when we contemplate his activity.

Distasteful, then, as it must be to our sense of propriety, we are forced to conclude that it is to this apathy of the mind of the wage-earner, to his distaste for killing routine, to his insensitiveness to appeals of gain when the opportunity is given to live more vividly and zestfully, that we must look in part for the emancipation of our society.

Instead of seeing in this 'worthlessness' of the worker a cause for despair, we should rather hail it as a sign that the incorrigible zest for activity and satisfaction, the 'hunting instinct,' which the most favored professions of our modern society enjoy, is being revived in the mind of the long-stolid worker. Our social guardians and directors have done their best to make a trained animal of the worker, but human nature will not be downed, and will not rest content until we have a social life where all work is done with joy and interest, where the goal and the road are permeated by the same glow, where climax crowns a product into which the best of a human being has been spontaneously and eagerly put. The apathy and restlessness of the mind of the worker are the tragic evidences of our utter failure, with all the resources of civilization at our hand, to create such a life.

PATIENCE

BY AMY LOWELL

Be patient with you?

When the stooping sky
Leans down upon the hills
And tenderly, as one who soothing stills
An anguish, gathers earth to lie
Embraced and girdled. Do the sun-filled men
Feel patience then?

Be patient with you?

When the snow-girt earth
Cracks to let through a spurt
Of sudden green, and from the muddy dirt
A snowdrop leaps, how mark its worth
To eyes frost-hardened, and do weary men
Feel patience then?

Be patient with you?

When pain's iron bars
Their rivets tighten, stern
To bend and break their victims; as they turn,
Hopeless, there stand the purple jars
Of night to spill oblivion. Do these men
Feel patience then?

Be patient with you?

You! My sun and moon!
My basketful of flowers!
My money-bag of shining dreams! My hours,
Windless and still, of afternoon!
You are my world and I your citizen.
What meaning can have patience then?

THE WASTED YEARS

BY FANNIE HARDY ECKSTORM

WOMAN has become a problem; and she is as gravely bent upon solving herself as if she lived behind the looking-glass. She is determined that man shall understand her better, even if he come to love her less.

It may be questioned whether the effort is as profoundly wise as it is earnest. If one's real object is living, there are advantages in not spending too much time in criticizing life; and many of the points under hot discussion seem to be largely academic, kept away from the point of practical test in order to prolong the fun of the discussion.

Is there anything in much of this current talk about the sexes? What would happen if it were not a question of women but just of folks? There was something like it back in King Charles's day. All the wiseacres, who called themselves men of science, held endless wordy disputes about the question of a live fish having any weight in water. So long as the actual fish was kept out of sight, the argument gave the greatest satisfaction to all concerned. But one day came a stupid fellow who thoughtlessly weighed a live fish in a vessel of water and then weighed the same vessel of water without the fish. After this the fun was gone; there was nothing left to dispute over. Is it a heresy to hint that there would be fewer questions of feminism if a little experimental common sense were applied at certain points?

There is, however, one question which is asked by discriminating ob-

servers, which deserves an answer and can hardly add to the existing tumult if discussed. Why is it, they inquire, looking about them and seeing much which they believe ought not to be, why is it that among the women not obliged to work, and following no profession, so many of those in their third decade are so profoundly unhappy? Why these wasted years between school and marriage?

There is no room for the denial of the unhappiness; that is self-confessed and plainly evident. The question of feminism is involved because marriage is admitted by the querists as a factor, but it is desired to deal with the topic as plainly and directly as possible, without considering woman as a problem, or sex as the solution of every difficulty pertaining to women. Indeed, without wishing to be a spoil-sport, we must, before we finish, send one of the stock woman-theories, that about early marriages in former days, as high as Gilderoy's kite.

We have a problem not complicated by poverty, for only those 'not obliged to work' are dealt with. Equally set aside are those who prefer to work, whether needy or not. And by implication we exclude the unfit, the unruly, the ignorant, the incapable; for though these may be equally unhappy they are easily accounted for. There are left the daughters of good homes, those with light responsibilities and no worries about the future, girls with leisure, talent, education, friends, free to enjoy life, yet by their own admission most

unhappy. And unless marriage intervenes, this state of unhappiness is supposed to continue until all likelihood of marriage is past.

It is the way in which marriage is introduced into this conclusion which makes this a question of feminism. If the unhappiness is due to belated marriage or to a diminished chance of marriage, then this is most properly a sex-question; but if it is merely terminated by marriage and not casually dependent thereupon, then this is not a sex-problem except in so far as conditions, accidental rather than necessitated, make it more prevalent among women. For as no one supposes for a moment that working women and professional women and married women are the only ones who have no troubles, so it may be very pertinently inquired whether young men, if compelled to change places with these young women, would not show very similar, and perhaps aggravated, symptoms of mental distress. In that case we are not dealing with a sex-question, and that, it may be said, is my own conviction.

But since feminism is the sport of the day, and in the popular belief marriage explains all a woman's ills, — because either she is married or she is n't, she can't be or she won't be, she is too feminine or not enough so, — let us, now that the view-halloo is raised, follow the field and hunt down the part which marriage plays in the problem under discussion.

I shall make no attempt to disprove the belief that women to-day are marrying too late in life; very likely the figures show it, and if so then the fact is pertinent and must be admitted. But the age at which the women of to-day are marrying has nothing to do with the popular prejudice that formerly nearly all women married and at a very early age. This is but a vulgar error, wholly baseless even though

somebody's grandmother, whom we all know about, did marry at fourteen, rear sixteen children, have a saintly character, and at ninety-three could read fine print without glasses. Of all the popular superstitions afloat there is none more mischievous than that which affirms that the matrimonial chances of a girl, not hampered by poverty, are greatly deferred or diminished at the present day. It breeds distrust and despair of a fundamental craving; it destroys hope just where nature most needs hope to bridge the period of waiting for a pure and happy fulfillment of her designs. And no old wives' tale ever hung on such a cobweb as this superstition of the very early marriages of our grandmothers.

The notion is one which has been adopted without investigation. Like the fish of King Charles's day, it has been everywhere accepted and argued upon with no attempt to ascertain the facts. Not only is there nothing in print which is readily accessible, but there is nothing to which experts in statistical work have been able to turn, and every professional genealogist to whom I have taken my conclusions for revision has expressed himself surprised because his independent investigations have borne me out. One writes, 'Every genealogist of experience, I mean those who have been "at it" for years, published books of family history as well as compiled unpublished genealogies, has given me uniformly the same answer I should have given, 18 to 19 as the average age. The curious thing to my mind is that so many of us who have been dabbling in this special study for years should have gone astray so unanimously. I cannot account for it on any logical hypothesis, as we, of all persons presumably experienced in weighing all such testimonies, ought to have seen or felt the untenableness of our conclusions. It is really a prac-

tical fact to genealogists, for in scores of cases where dates are unavailable we have to resort to estimating age at marriage in order to reconstruct the relative order of the children of a family. I have always used nineteen years for that purpose.'

But the figures indicate that in New England, for the first two centuries of our occupation, the average age of maiden marriages was very close to twenty-three years and six months. In some great tribes it rises above twenty-four years. In other words, even the genealogical experts have placed the average age of women's marriages in colonial days five full years too low.

The bearing of such a fact upon the problem in hand is tremendous. It means that in the earliest days in New England, for every girl who married at eighteen, another married at twenty-eight or more; for every one who married at sixteen, another had to be fully thirty before she could marry. It means that up to the age of thirty no girl to-day has any less reason to look forward to marriage as probable than her great-grandmothers of one and two centuries back. It means that if she insists upon being miserable during her third decade, as many declare she does, she must hereafter trump up some better excuse than that her chances of marriage are less than those of the women of former generations.

The question is of sufficient importance to deserve some slight elaboration. In the first place, the facts are fairly taken, and they are representative. Not only are the names of those to whom I am chiefly indebted¹ of themselves a guarantee of the fairness

¹ The writer acknowledges with hearty thanks deep obligations to Dr. Charles E. Banks, author of the *History of Martha's Vineyard* (3 volumes [to be], 2 published); to Mr. Samuel P. May, author of the *Sears Genealogy*; to Mr. John M. Pearson, historian of the Pearson family; and to Miss Charlotte H. Abbott, professional genealo-

and soundness of the work, but each contributor chose his own material, special pains was taken to cover a wide range of condition, occupation, and territory, and in every line but one all the available perfect data were used. The time-limits were 1620 and 1820, but by far the greater number of the records fall between 1650 and 1800. Only maiden marriages were taken, and in the case of the Martha's Vineyard families only the marriages of maidens to bachelors, — marriages of maidens to widowers, which would have raised the average materially, being excluded. Even so, five hundred and seventy-five Vineyard marriages yield an average of twenty-two years and fifteen days, much the lowest obtained. Two hundred and forty-four Abbotts and Blanchards combined give an average of twenty-four years and fifty days, and single generations sometimes go much higher, one early in the nineteenth century, of a family not included in the averages, reaching full twenty-eight years for the women and over twenty-nine for the men.

But the average age of marriage for a large group and the age at which the most marriages were consummated, may stand far apart. A few very late marriages will raise the average to a point unfair to reckon from. Yet tested in this way the popular belief finds no support. Of the whole 2425 records examined and averaged, only two per cent are of marriages under seventeen, and this is almost exactly the percentage of those who married at forty or later. From less than four per cent in the eighteenth year the number increases annually, until in the twenty-second

gist and expert upon the families of Essex-County, Mass.

Among the families studied are those of Abbott, Blanchard, Bradbury, Cushing, Freeman (both lines), Libby, Nash, Peck, Pearson (three lines), and all the families upon Martha's Vineyard. — THE AUTHOR.

year twelve and seven-tenths per cent of the total marry. This is the most popular year. But it takes ten years for the numbers to fall again to the same number who married at sixteen, and a good twenty before they swing below the figure of those who married between fifteen and sixteen. Of the whole twenty-four hundred but seven married under fifteen. When tabulated, the figures for all the families run remarkably uniform. Location, occupation, quality, affect the results but little. If anything, the armigerous and professional families marry earlier than the laboring and, strange as it may seem, the seafaring families.

The very early marriages of our grandmothers, at least in the colonial days, are a myth. And we might have guessed it by heeding one almost obtrusive fact. In those days a man was bound to work without wages until his majority. Unless he was a seafarer, who had very early assumed responsibility for his own support, he had nothing to marry upon until he was twenty-four or twenty-five years old, provided he had no inheritance and received no deed of gift from his father. He must either work and buy land, or start out into the wilderness and create a farm, which took even longer. There are numerous exceptions, but as a rule the colonial man did not marry till he was between twenty-four and twenty-six years of age. As he naturally chose a wife somewhat, but not too much, younger than himself, we have at hand a convenient check to our figures.

But if the average woman in the first two centuries in New England did not marry until she was over twenty-three years old, what particular advantage had she, save in her chance of raising a larger family, over the woman of to-day who does not marry until she is thirty? (The age of thirty is quite arbi-

trarily chosen; we have definitely discarded any comparison in the figures.) Why do we speak rather enviously of the woman of long ago, as if to her the future were more assured, the day's work less harassing? Most of our women college graduates now must be actually nearer their wedding-day when they graduate than those women of long ago were when their scanty schooling stopped. Their mental horizon must have been pitifully limited. It is not that they lacked modern inventions, but modern ideas. With few amusements, few diversions, no books, without variety in their daily lives, with even their marriage long deferred after their first youth, why do we assume for them an exemption from the unhappiness which women complain of to-day?

It was their task to heckle tow and to card wool, to work at the loom and the spinning-wheel, to make soap and dip candles, to labor in the fields while the men were fishing, to toil their good twelve or fourteen hours a day, —from candlelight to curfew their day's service, —and never for themselves unless they spun and wove their bridal gear, but for their 'keep' alone and the good of the family. That marriage was not the certain consummation of their maiden hopes is shown by the number who straggled into it when they were over thirty. And these figures give us no hint of the many to whom it was denied either by mental or physical disqualification, by duty to aged or infirm parents, by the burden of bringing up orphaned brothers and sisters, by the loss of lovers at sea or in the wars; for they paid full toll in those days to sea and forest, to the pirate and the Indian.

In some families the number of women who never married is surprising. In a family-tribe of hardy, unintellectual, prolific pioneers, where all their

interests demanded the coöperation of marriage, I have found, in 398 families of five generations from the emigrant, numbering 2520 individuals, fifteen per cent of the women who lived to be eighteen years old dying unmarried, and it would probably be hard to find another tribe of the same period, as large as this, with so small a proportion of unmarried women.

If by any mischance the woman of former days was obliged to support herself, it is surprising to find how little, even within recent years, she could earn and how hard she must work for that little. I can remember when a dressmaker came at seven in the morning and worked twelve hours for a dollar a day. A few years earlier, tailoresses, on their annual visitation, began work at six in the morning and received less wages.

A teacher's lot was no better. Before me are the annual town reports of my native town for seventy years. The earliest ones give no details of the schools. Usually from twelve to fourteen female teachers were employed in the summer schools, a few in the winter. In 1851, female teachers of summer schools got their board and an average of \$1.97 a week for thirty-three hours of work. In 1858, they got \$2.67 a week and board, and never more until the third year of the war. The school year was from 104 to 132 days, and a teacher capable enough to teach both summer and winter could sometimes earn as much as \$66.00 a year; most could not much exceed fifty dollars in cash and their board, for from 21 to 24 weeks' work. Yet for five years in succession one family of three adult Irish paupers was receiving from the town, in cash-equivalent, from three to four times as much as the best female teachers could earn. It was literally true that one could get more from the town in the almshouse than in the schoolhouse.

But wages then were better than they had been. An aged kinswoman has told me that in the eighteen-twenties she taught for her board and seventy-five cents a week. In addition to the usual branches she could teach Latin, French, logic, astronomy, and probably also navigation and surveying. For teaching winter schools from which men had been evicted, she got as much as \$1.25 a week and board.

We may as well demolish the time-worn superstition that the good old times again are all we need to make us happy. There never were any good old times. 'Say not thou, What is the cause that the former days were better than these,' chides the Preacher, showing that the complaint is as old as human nature. Hear Homer: 'Few sons are like their fathers; most are worse, only a few are better.'¹ If in Homer's opinion — and he puts the words into the mouth of Athena, speaking in the guise of Mentor, double-distilled wisdom — most men are worse than their fathers, then upon what degenerate days must we have fallen! Given a length of time like that between ourselves and Homer and the complaint falls to pieces of its own absurdity.

If, therefore, our young women are unhappy, let them not defend themselves by saying that it is because life is harder for them, and marriage is more belated and more uncertain than it was for their grandmothers. It may be true that few of the grandmothers were distinctly unhappy in the way in which our young women suffer, and certainly few of them can be charged with wasted years, but it is clear that the cause of the difference should be sought outside the points we have touched upon.

Nor need it be urged that the difference lies in the peculiar unrest of to-

¹ *Odyssey*, ii, 276, 277.

day. All times have been restless; it is through change and upheaval that time marks duration, and when we get at the heart of any bygone period we always find it curiously modern and understandable. There is an ignorance of the past which constantly assumes that everything in our own times is new and peculiar. This woman-question seems to be currently regarded as something spontaneously generated but yesterday. Few look back to that period before the war when the yeast of life was in a ferment greater than to-day. All fads and fancies, all theories and experiments, of eating and drinking, of religion and free love, of dress-reform, and even of women's rights, were then exploited. We had Millerism, Mormonism, Fourierism, Bloomerism, Grahamism, spiritualism, abolitionism, prohibition, communities to try out certain theories, and lone prophets crying in the wilderness that their farthing candle was the only true light.

The raw-boned, bespectacled spinster of the caricatures, armed with a baggy gamp and talking of 'woman's proper sphere' — ('woman's proper spear not an amberill,' the opinion of Artemus Ward) — was the precursor of the militant suffragette. If she wore bloomers, so much the merrier for the humorists. An eye-witness has told me of seeing Lucy Stone, on an occasion when she had scandalized her audience, carried off the stage by two men, as stiff as a poker, obnoxiously non-resistant, shouting as she was borne away, 'This liberty of speech is glo-o-o-ri-ous.' There were fewer of them, those ladies of old, but they could have taught the modern woman some new tricks.

Nor is that specific charge of the decrease in the number of marriages as recent as we may think. Here is the modern note: 'I believe there are more bachelors now in England, by many

thousands, than there were a few years ago, and probably the number of them (and of the single women, of course) will every year increase. The luxury of the age will account for a good deal of this, and the turn our sex take in undomesticating themselves for a good deal more. But let not those worthy young women who may think themselves destined to a single life repine over-much at their lot, since, possibly, if they have had no lovers, or, having had one, two, or three, have not found a husband, they have had rather a miss than a loss as men go.' Thoroughly disillusioned, is it not? — But modern? — Vintage of 1754! It is the vivacious Harriet Byron writing the second letter of the second book of *Sir Charles Grandison*.

It is, then, no recent thing for young ladies to regard life as offering them a very uncertain chance of marital happiness. How it worked out practically, we can get some idea by studying the figures already given in connection with the story of Charlotte Lucas in *Pride and Prejudice*. At twenty-seven the sensible Charlotte announces her engagement to the most asinine curate who lives in books. 'The boys were relieved from their apprehension of Charlotte's dying an old maid,' we read. (Charlotte doubtless realized how unpleasant the boys might yet make themselves.) 'Charlotte herself was tolerably composed. . . . Mr. Collins, to be sure, was neither sensible nor agreeable; his society was irksome, and his attachment to her must be imaginary. But still he would be her husband. Without thinking highly of either men or matrimony, marriage had always been her object; it was the only honorable provision for well-educated young women of small fortune, and however uncertain of giving happiness, must be their pleasantest preservative from want.'

Miss Austen has etched her portrait with an acid almost chemically pure. Like a true artist she leaves Charlotte in her story when 'her home and her housekeeping, her parish and her poultry, and all their dependent concerns, had not yet lost their charms.' Admirable Miss Austen, who trusts us to see the rest! Among those women of thirty and over who married in the two centuries we have studied, how many must have been Charlottes! If fewer women are marrying now than formerly, — whether they are fewer or not fewer does not concern our inquiry, — is it because they lack chances, or because, with their enlarged opportunities for self-support, they can so much better maintain their ideals that they no longer regard the first Mr. Collins who offers, as 'a pleasant preservative from want'?

Thus far we have only been trying to eliminate marriage as the necessary major cause of the apparently needless unrest and wretchedness prevalent among our best-educated and best-protected young women. My own belief is that this is not a sex-question. It becomes that merely because under present prevailing conditions the women affected outnumber the men. Only numerically is it a woman-question, and that is accidentally. If the lack of work does not fully explain conditions, — and the form in which the question is put indicates that lack of occupation must be one of the larger factors, — then we may perhaps account for the sexual ratio of unhappiness in those of like age and condition as due to the prevalence of certain ideas, not peculiar to either sex, proceeding in alternate waves, as an epidemic of fixed character might one year attack principally males and the next year preponderately females, the latter not having been exposed to it the first year and the males being immune the next year.

Heretofore it has been the men who have suffered most from mental distress. We remember the period of Wertherism, a masculine epidemic. While Werther was

— borne before her on a shutter,

his Charlotte, with wholesome materialism,

Went on cutting bread and butter.

Just at present it is the men who are 'cutting bread and butter.' They have gone through their period of storm and stress, they have indulged in Byronic romanticism, they have tried theism and atheism and have driven themselves to the depths of despair over the conflict of science and religion, while their women at home were placidly receiving as gospel the opinions delivered to them by authority. Now that in turn the women ask, 'Whose authority?' and begin to think for themselves, it is complained that they are turning the world upside-down. Well, what of it? is n't the world turned upside-down every twenty-four hours? And nothing ever spills off.

The intellectual result of this breaking away from authority ought to be about the same among women that it was among men, for in time it will be discovered that intellectually they are much alike. If the result is the same, we cannot think the change wholly bad.

But let us not deny that losses accompany it, which are in themselves grave enough to produce disturbance and deep unhappiness. Perhaps the greatest loss at present is that sense of duty which so dominated our parents and grandparents, which is such a serviceable helm in guiding action. Yet duty is the legal child of authority, and wherever outward authority lapses or is denied, we may expect this ideal to fade, until a new authority is established within. The authority of parents

diminished, there is less of prompt obedience, although perhaps not less of love; the authority of the church broken down, there is less of worship, although perhaps not less of service, the other side of religion; the authority of the state relaxed, there may be more of ferment, although less of rebellion. Instead of obedience enjoined there is service freely rendered; the quality becomes finer even though for a time the quantity be less.

Among women at present, the breaking down of religious authority seems to be a well-marked symptom of the pathology of this unrest and unhappiness. In the intellectualizing of woman's life the faculty of belief has temporarily become somewhat atrophied. I have observed it among my own acquaintance, who have lamented to me their inability to believe as their husbands do, — in the future life, for instance. They are trying to find out by reason what can only be known by experiment, by living it. If we do not deplore this change or mention it with alarm, it is because it has been coming on for a long time, and because it chiefly affects a picked class of women who can and must think for themselves, and who may be trusted to keep on until they arrive at sound conclusions.

But the loss of that stern old ideal of duty which did the thing commanded because it was commanded, and thought the thought ordained because it was divinely ordered, even though unreasonable, is a loss of happiness. Yet it is a loss which must be endured. Freedom is no doubt good for us, but not too much of it at once; we need to be trained to it, and one of the tributaries to the misery which we are discussing is the responsibility conferred by the greater liberty of both thought and action in our own day. The 'freedom of the self-limited,' as the late

Charles Henry Ames called it, is the only freedom which can insure happiness.

Together with this new burden of responsibility for her own thinking, there has come to the modern girl, through the changes in domestic life, too great or too sudden release from enforced occupation. David Harum remarked that even a dog needs to be 'kept from broodin' on bein' a dog,' and probably the chief difference between the girl who works and the girl who does not work is just — work. The safest, surer, cheapest remedy for mental ills is work; not merely occupation to fill idle hours, but work so skillfully chosen, so individually adjusted, so alluringly presented, that it reaches the imagination and enlists the will in the effort to effect something desirable and good. But this is no matter for empirical treatment. Let us leave it to the trained vocationalists and to those who have wise hearts.

The girl in her twenties also needs the companionship of men. There is nothing in a girl's education more profitable to her than contact with able and honorable men much older than herself. While it is commonly recognized that sons grow apart from their fathers as manhood is forming, it is less understood that at a somewhat later period daughters undergo a similar, though less noticeable, change with reference to their mothers. The father who takes pains to be his daughter's best friend during her twenties is saving her present unhappiness and educating her for marriage. Girls so fathered and befriended are recognizable at once by the expert; they have a certain poise, initiative, penetration, detachment, a certain superiority to petty feminine wiles, which need not lessen their ability to please men, but which do increase their disability to be fooled by them.

But it is not our mission to seek remedies for the malady we are diagnosing. And concerning the question of the alleged waste of time there may be differences of opinion. The young women of the leisure class considered fall into two general types: one, the selfish, grasping, undisciplined girls, who demand everything and give nothing, who can never be happy and whose years are indeed wasted because they will not learn; the other, those who desire to learn, but who can discover no way to escape from their limitations and the problems they wrestle with. The distress of the latter is the greater, but their years are not wasted; time is the material which they use up in learning how to live; it may be used extravagantly, but it is not thrown away.

The fact is that for all thoughtful youths, unless of peculiarly fortunate temperament and condition, there must be a large amount of unrest, pain, uncertainty, foreboding, merely because they are young and have no guarantee of the future. They are untried troops, waiting in panic for the battle to sweep their way, certain of nothing, not even of how they will conduct themselves, yet fearful most of all that they may have no opportunity of fighting. The ease of their condition is the worst obstacle in the way of many who have the ability or the privilege of selecting their own course. From these more favored young women their good homes remove the spur to labor and their parents discourage the taste for it. Yet the social conscience of the age warns them that work is necessary to life and drives them against — a wall of feathers. Their energy is dissipated; nothing results from their striving; the world is going ahead without their help, and before they have begun it they are out of the race. What is hard necessity beside such discouragement?

For one, I like to believe that the young people of the coming generation are not less able or less earnest, not less willing or less devoted, than those of our own young days. Those men in buckram whom we boast of having fought, were they indeed so much more formidable than the giants in the path of the youth of to-day? Were we never 'cowards on instinct,' pluming ourselves on our 'discretion'? I feel that we, the talking generation, might suffer in comparison with the youth of to-day, did not our memories so often play us false. Certainly not all of us have achieved even honesty and courtesy and common human kindness. Did we all once have learning and wit and zeal? Where are our zeal and wit and learning now? Are our sons and daughters so much our inferiors? No, by my halidome! And we know it!

It is worth our while to believe in Youth. If Youth fail then we fail with it; for between ourselves and the extinction of the human race stands only the thin line of the youth now coming up. Were any one generation to refuse utterly to do its duty to that next after it, the human race would be doomed to extinction within fifty years. And what has any generation to show but what it has done for the generation next after it, the generation which is the work of its hands, the heir of its ideals, the executor of its testament? From us those young people take the torch to bear it onward in the race, and we cannot afford to criticize too harshly either their speed or their endurance.

Therefore it is not in unkindness that I avow that, even if it were possible, I would not remove all difficulties from the path of youth. It is our business in life to achieve happiness, if we live long enough to finish the game; and the rules of the game are very strict. Happiness is not the work of a day, nor of a year; it consists in a slow mastery

of untoward conditions. What our girls to-day are suffering is partly the result of temporary and local disturbances, but it is largely natural and inevitable; it has always been, even in the days when women did the least possible thinking. With our grandmothers it took a purely religious cast, and was called 'concern for the soul.' It was settled when a certain mystical, but none the less practical, relation with the divine was established, quite different from the revolt at dogma and the effort to think things out upon a reasonable basis. It was purely individual then, it is largely social now; but the conflict is the same; it is the effort to develop a personality, to master the environment in which the individual is placed, to become truly at home in the world. It is the struggle for existence in the spiritual world, and it must go on.

Perhaps Shakespeare never hit the shield more fairly on the centre than when he represented Henry the Fifth on the night before Agincourt, disguised, surveying his ill-conditioned army. 'The king,' he affirms, when questioned if the king were not disheartened, — and who should know so well as he how the king felt, — 'the king would not wish himself anywhere but where he is.' The individual who can stand thus and confront the world out of the midst of his own danger, sorrow, perplexity, despair, has conquered the world. His necessity he has made his opportunity, — 'Here stand I; I can do no otherwise,' — and in not wishing for anything different he has doubled the resources at his hand. Not to wish one's self anywhere but where one is, is about the best that human nature is capable of, when the will to fight goes with it. I cannot perceive than an unblemished past is requisite to this attitude of mind; with all his faults and failings and sins, a man

may stand to it and win out; he may do it without submission to any theological dogma, without being technically 'good' — some who have done it we find quite without the pale; but no man can do it without a vital faith in a living God, by whatever name he calls Him, however ignorantly he worships. If a man will refuse escape from hard conditions and will fight in his own place, he shall know the true from the false and shall have his reward.

These are hard sayings. The achievement of personality is tedious and difficult; it is birth with long travail; when it is complicated with intellectual problems and questionings there is added danger and delay, — rebellion against conventions and restrictions, distaste for our lot, doubt of the end, and an inclination to smash things. The revolutionary attitude of women at present may be partly nerves, hysteria, a mania for imitation, — it is all these in certain instances, — and it is not always necessarily an advance either in ideas or in performance; but in general it is the index of an effort to reach a higher plane of consciousness by dealing with environment as something subject to will and skill, and by beginning with immediate surroundings to make them over. The hopefulness of it as a movement lies largely in the inclination to try out theories upon local problems, to turn energy into effective work. But mere revolt is not power: it must be followed by voluntary obedience to higher law before it develops anything of power.

If, therefore, the young women of to-day who suffer, they know not why, will revive their hope, and light again the lamp of duty, waiting with patience for necessary changes and adjustments within and working quietly for the conscious effecting of changes in the world without, — no matter how small, so they be conscious improvements, —

they may pass these *Wanderjahre* with comparatively little disturbance that is outwardly and disapprovingly noted by the casual observer. To promise more would be charlatanism. The best we mortals can do with these problems of pain and suffering, necessary and unavoidable as they are for growth, is to keep them to ourselves. And there is always duty to something, some one.

The longer on this earth we live
And weigh the various qualities of men,
Seeing how most are fugitive,
Or fitful gifts, at best, of now and then,
Wind-wavered corpse-lights, daughters of the fen,
The more we feel the stern, high-featured
beauty
Of plain devotedness to duty,
Steadfast and still, nor paid with mortal praise,
But finding amplest recompense
For life's ungarlanded expense
In work done squarely and unwasted days.

TAMMAS

BY EMMA MAURITZ LARSON

A LATE light burned in the office of the *Minnesotan*. Old Tammás McCullough, returning in the dripping rain from a long drawn-out debate with Willie Wallace on Queen Victoria's attitude toward the Crimean War, tried the door of the printing shop. It was locked, but a red-haired young man came to open it.

'You're an angel in disguise, Tammás,' he said. 'I came down before the rain started. You can take me up the hill directly under that umbrella. It's as big as all Scotland. It beats all how it rains this April. It's the wettest weather I've seen since I left New England.'

He motioned the old man to a scratched yellow arm-chair, and went back to his case of type, offering disjointed bits of conversation now and then.

'The Lady Franklin came in for the first time this season after supper to-night —'

'She's airy,' said Tammás.

'Yes, the river has n't been open be-

fore the twentieth most years. They brought some government papers in the mail, a call for bids. I'm running it to-morrow. It's a particular job; that's why I'm working to-night.'

There was a silence of some length. Tammás studied the map of the Territory of Minnesota that hung on the wall opposite him.

'It's a call for bids for buffalo pelts. The government is going to buy a hundred thousand for fur coats for the soldiers. There's been a heap of complaining of the cold by the men out on the frontier here this last winter.'

Tammás's eyes dropped to the floor, where the water spread in two muddy pools around his heavy shoes. He evinced no interest in the subject, although he was a fur man in the employ of young John Cameron.

'There'll be a lively scramble for the contract,' the newspaper man continued after another season of work, 'but St. Paul ought to stand some show. We're nearer the source of supply than the other towns.'

'Wull the bit o' printin' be oot in the other towns the morn?' Tammas asked casually, as the printer slipped on his coat, and blew out the kerosene lamp.

The young man struck a match to light them to the door. 'Half a dozen of the other papers get it, the *Minneapolis Democrat*, the *St. Anthony Express*, and some of those from the larger towns south of here; but they're all weeklies, and won't be out for two or three days.'

'There's sma' doot but that man frae St. Anthony will tak the contrac', said the Scotchman gloomily.

They shuffled along through the dark over the slippery boards of the high-set sidewalks, descending now and again by a perilous flight of two or three steps to cross a miry street.

'I'm thinkin' Queen Victoria is richt about the Roosians,' Tammas chatted, his mind going afieid from furs and the far west. At the top of the hill he left the printer at his boarding-house, and went on to the three-room cottage where he lived alone.

The house was tidy, but when he had hung his dripping coat to steam beside the fire, he went about setting it more severely to rights. Then he carried a candle into the bedroom, and drew out a large carpet-bag from the closet. He packed it deliberately, humming a thread of old Scotch melody, — a strange sound for this lonely midnight hour. When he had finished he tried the coat before the fire. It was still wet, so he wrapped a heavy blanket about him, and pinching out his candle flame with rough thumb and forefinger, he stepped out into the wet night again.

The town huddled in complete darkness, except for one light that shone high and star-like through the rain; the extravagant lamp of some late-writing guest in the fifth story of the Fuller House, that palace of travelers. Tammas McCullough took a slow but cer-

tain way east for a quarter of a mile and stopped on the porch of a two-story brick house. He knocked heavily, and after a little repeated the summons, until the door was opened from within. John Cameron stood there in his carpet slippers, with an orange and white sun-in-the-east-pattern quilt wrapped about him.

'Why, come in, come in, Tammas. What's wrong?'

Tammas stepped in, but refusing to walk into the parlor with his wet garments he took the one chair in the narrow hall. Directly above his head hung a rack made of a splendid pair of deer antlers. A high sealskin cap hung on one of the branches.

'It's been a cauld winter,' he remarked to his employer.

'Yes, it has,' answered Cameron, huddling over his candle on the steps.

'I'm thinkin' the so'diers in the forts were no' so comfortable as they might be.'

'Perhaps,' said the young man, with a keen personal appreciation just then of the discomfort of chilliness. But he and Tammas had worked together these four years and had deep respect for each other's ways.

'The American government is no' a really hard maister to warrk for,' the old man ventured. Then there was silence.

'Were you thinking of getting a job from the government?' asked Cameron at last.

The old Scot looked startled.

'Ye'll no' be dischargin' me, Maister Cameron?' he said.

'Oh, no, no,' said Cameron, relieved. 'I would n't like to part with you, Tammas.'

Again no sound but the steady swash of the heavy rain against the house.

'Has Willie Wallace been saying the United States is no good?' ventured the young man.

'Na, na, Wullie'll be a guid American yet. I was doon for a wee chat the night, and stoppit to tak' the young printer man frae the *Minnesotan* under ma umbrella. He was warrkin' late.'

Cameron's face was full of interest, but he waited patiently.

'It was no' sae foolish as I thoct that you ha' cluttered up the shop wi' buffalo pelts' —

The pauses were scarcely shorter now, but they were tense and live.

'They're getting scarcer every year,' filled in the young man.

'The printer man was settin' up a wee piece frae the government at Washington, that askit for bids for —' Tammas's voice stopped stubbornly.

'For bids for carrying the mail to Superior,' hazarded Cameron, knowing full well that no such item would bring the old Scot to him at this time of night.

'Na, na,' said Tammas testily. 'It was for bids for *ane hundred thousand* coats for the so'diers, made o' buffalo pelts.'

The young man rose eagerly.

'I have about forty thousand pelts,' he exclaimed, 'and the driver of the Crow Wing stage said only to-day that a caravan of Chippewas has come over from Red River Valley to Fort Ripley with their winter furs. They only do that when they have made a big haul.'

'A cauld winter makes the fur thick, an' the beasts easy o' gettin',' remarked Tammas.

'The newspaper won't be out until noon. The stage for Crow Wing and the Fort leaves at five in the morning,' Cameron continued rapidly. 'I have to be in St. Paul this spring. Can you go, Tammas?'

The old Scot stood up. His face was almost melancholy. Only his eyes beneath their shaggy brows burned happily.

'Aye, aye, Maister Cameron. It's

no' for me to hol' back an' pick ma jobs.'

'Hire all the runners you need to strike up into the Canadian country. Get a-hold of all the pelts you can, and I'll try to manage the rest from the Dacotahs. You'll probably have to stay until midsummer. By the way, what was the time limit?'

'It was no' wise for me to be too curious-minded,' said Tammas in gentle rebuke.

Cameron laughed.

'Well, they'd have to give several months at least for a bid of that size. We'll keep each other posted. Good-bye, Tammas. Take care of yourself.'

'Guid-bye, Maister Cameron.'

'Get some sleep, Tammas, but don't forget to pack your carpet-bag.'

'That winna tak mony meenuts,' answered the old man, preparing to go.

'This is going to make my fortune, Tammas,' called the young man gayly, standing quilt-wrapped in the doorway, and holding his flickering candle high to light Tammas McCullough down the slippery steps.

'I'm no' sae sure,' said Tammas, sadly. 'I'm thinkin' more like it will mak some guid gold for that fur man frae St. Anthony, or that clever ane frae Minneapolis.'

Interest ran high when the *Minnesotan* of April 19, 1856, came out at noon with the government's call for bids for one hundred thousand buffalo pelts. A score of fur-traders throughout the territory entered the competition, and their various chances of landing the contract was an hourly recurring subject of conversation in houses and shops, and on the streets of the little capital. Every steamboat that docked in the next month or two was awaited eagerly for any private information it might have picked up at trading points along the Minnesota or the Mississippi

as to who was buying buffalo pelts in their vicinity. The territory was scoured for the furs; and team, stage, and boat brought them in to the storage houses in the larger towns, waiting the making of the bids, and their opening at Washington.

Tammas McCullough sent faithful and hopeful figures to Cameron by every stage from his headquarters near Fort Ripley, one hundred and thirty miles northwest of St. Paul. His records were remarkable. He was reaching every scattered camp or Indian village on the reservations in the northern part of the territory, and even as far west as the Dacotahs, but his footnotes were characteristic.

'Ye ha' better no' look for more pelts frae here,' he would write. 'Superior an' Red Wing ha' cleaned the coonty oot.' Or, 'We ha' had but sma' luck the week.'

He stayed up in the woods for a month after the opening of the bids, picking up small lots still of pelts, and writing of his extreme surprise that the United States had awarded the contract to one John Cameron, fur-trader of St. Paul. 'Be shairp to lookit over the papers to see there be no flaw in them,' he cautioned.

'It's all settled,' Cameron wrote back, 'except for carrying out the condition specified in the call for bids, that the government shall inspect the pelts before they are made up. That is but a matter of formality. We have an extra ten thousand over the contract number, and the pelts are all of unusually high grade.'

Tammas came back in the late summer. He went straight from the stage to his little house, unpacked his carpet-bag, and walked down in the dusk to Willie Wallace's.

'Weel, weel, here's the great mon from the wild Indian coonty,' said his host.

'Guid-evenin',' said Tammas, as though he had been seeing Willie daily.

'Hoo mony pelts did ye get, Tammas?' asked his old friend curiously.

'Ye're no' a friend o' mine, Wullie, if ye'll askit such pairsonal questins. I am minded no' to stop —'

'Ah, sit doon, sit doon,' begged Willie. 'We ha' no' talkit ower the Russo-Turkish peace papers. I ha' saved the bits o' printin' for ye these mony months.'

Cameron and Tammas went through the shop together the next morning. The building, built of blue limestone and two stories in height, was hemmed closely in on one side by a harness shop and on the other by a frame building housing a restaurant. Its lower floor was divided into two rooms, an ample salesroom in the front, with the rear room reserved for work on the raw skins brought in. A couple of windows and a door looked out from the back wall down on the Mississippi, with a wide valley view beyond. The steep bluff that clambered down to the river bank left only a strip of three or four feet of rocky ground between it and the back of the building. All of the solid row of buildings for a quarter of a mile on either side of the fur-shop ran back thus close to the top of the bluff.

'Back doors are n't of much use here,' said John Cameron, standing in the breezy doorway. 'We'll never deliver an ounce of freight here, unless it comes by balloon.'

'Fur-shops need a' the air they can get,' answered Tammas drily, as they turned to go up to the storeroom on the second floor. The open staircase led up from the salesroom, starting well up toward the front of the store, and hugging the side wall at the right. The one large room above, lighted by three windows in the front, and an equal number in the rear wall, was piled high with

buffalo pelts. The room was strong with a scorched, dusty odor from the huge piles of furs, coupled with the medicinal tang of the drugs used to discourage moths.

'I'm having them done up in bundles of twenty to make them easier to count when the inspector comes. They're to send an army officer up from Washington soon. We'll fix a place for him up near the front of the store, where the light is good, and on the same side as the staircase. I plan to have a carpenter cover over most of the width of the stairway with smooth boards, to form a slide. Then we can shoot the bundles of pelts down close to the inspector, and they won't require much handling. A couple of men up here, and two or three to shake out the pelts down there for the officer, and a man to throw the rejected skins into the back room, will be about enough to manage the job, I figure. We've got a handsome lot of pelts, thanks to you, Tammas: a hundred and ten thousand all told, and it ought to be a smooth job all through.'

'Where wud I be warrkin', Maister Cameron?'

'Oh, I'll leave you foot-loose, Tammas. You've done your share. You can stay around and see the fun, or have a holiday, as you like.'

It was well along in October before the young army officer arrived from Washington.

Cameron chafed somewhat at the delay.

'How do they expect to get these coats made for this winter, even with all the fur-sewers in the territory —'

'But it takes so everlasting long to get out here to the end of the world,' replied the soldier. 'I've been seven days on the way, and even then I came up from Dunleith in your fastest boat, the Northern Belle.'

'Your government should have accepted the bid of that fur man from Superior,' said Cameron soberly.

'Why?' asked the soldier.

'Because then,' said the Minnesotan, 'you'd have had the pleasure of traveling north from here by stage. It only takes seven days more.'

The officer joined heartily in the laugh at his own expense.

'You come out ahead,' he agreed, 'and you've got a darn attractive country up here too, if it was n't for the winters. Now let's get to work early to-morrow morning. I want to get through as quickly as possible. Are the skins handy?'

'Yes, they are all in the building.'

Cameron's plan worked out well. The bundles of pelts handled by several men in the big storeroom above, slid smoothly down the covered staircase, were shaken out swiftly one by one before the young officer, who stamped them with the government's seal of acceptance or by a gesture rejected them. Yet despite the busy regularity and outward cheer of the workers, all was not well. Out of the first thousand pelts examined, Cameron, who was keeping a record to check up with, had to write down in plain figures only '287 accepted.' The second thousand fared twenty-one better, but as the day wore on they averaged steadily not more than three hundred accepted out of each thousand. They were pelts of superior quality, but the young officer cast aside a skin for any slightest mar or defect.

These opulent westerners probably had half a million pelts more or less, and his one thought was, 'get the best for the government.' A little later in the day when he was growing very tired and his task looked endless, his idea modified a little: 'Get the best for the government consistent with getting back to Washington for the election —'

and well — before the ice shuts me up in this wilderness.' But even then he cast pelts aside steadily, sending more than half to the back room.

'When does navigation close up here?' he tried to ask casually, at the end of the first day, as he prepared to go back to the Fuller House for the night.

'Oh, not for a good two weeks yet,' one of the helpers answered, 'not before the tenth of November. The Lucy has made the trip even later than that, but she's a tough little boat.'

Cameron himself was busy figuring. They had handled eighty thousand pelts, and only thirty thousand of these had been accepted.

The officer stood in the doorway.

'It seems good to get a breath of air,' he said. 'I can hardly see straight.'

Cameron nodded with cheerful understanding. 'It is a tiresome job, but I hope you'll sleep well.'

'I don't expect to,' grumbled the soldier. 'I shall probably rock in a boat over a sea of buffalo waves all night — but let's get at it earlier to-morrow. By the way, when does the next boat go down?'

'The Northern Belle's gone; the Lucy leaves at noon to-morrow, and the Ocean Wave the next morning. There is no boat then until Monday.'

The officer sighed. 'I'll make the Ocean Wave,' he said, and walked slowly off through the crisp October evening to his hotel.

Tammas had been hovering about all day, conspicuously cheerful, even jocose — a state of mind so strange to him that Cameron, worried and harassed by the rejection of two thirds of his pelts, yet found time to wonder and grow anxious about the old Scot, who had fallen, during the afternoon, to helping with the carrying of the discarded skins out to the back room, which was now heaped high with them.

'Tammas,' said young Cameron when all the rest had gone, 'the officer said he thought you a jolly old codger.'

Tammas's face grew wontedly sober.

'It wudna he'p the cause ef the young so'dier frae Washington were to think us doon in the hairt,' he said.

'You're right,' said his employer, 'but what are we going to do?'

'That's no to be thocht of the day. We maun sleepit, an' come fresh to the battle the morn.'

So they set an early hour for meeting at the shop in the morning, and Cameron went home to thrash over the problem through half the hours of the night. Burlingham, another St. Paul trader, had perhaps thirty thousand pelts, and Clark had some, but it would be humiliating in the extreme to ask for aid from these business rivals. Besides, there was no way of bringing a single pelt into the building except past the very eyes of the inspector. There was no way out. He could not keep his faith with the government. Financial ruin was inevitable too. Every dollar he owned or had been able to borrow had gone into the venture of collecting the great heap of good pelts lying rejected in the workroom of his shop. His mind traveled round and round in a circle, coming back to the same starting-point, until toward morning he fell restlessly asleep and overslept by an hour his appointment with Tammas at the store. He hurried out into the hazy autumn morning, his hastily snatched breakfast in his hand. It was scarcely light yet, but it lacked less than an hour of the time when the officer had wished to begin work.

'Plague my sleepiness and stupidity. There is n't time to do anything,' he railed at himself as he neared the building.

The old Scot met him at the door.

'I'm done for, Tammas,' he said. 'I see no way out, and I even overslept.'

'It's a cauld mornin',' said the other. 'I ha' just steppit in mysel'.'

'Well I'm glad you got some sleep,' returned Cameron.

'What wud be the guid o' stayin' up a' nicht just to gang to Peter Hammond's an' back?'

'Peter's?'

'Aye, the ane doon the Pig's Eye road that cleans the wells.'

Tammas had locked the door, and now began gingerly climbing the stairs on the narrow foot-space not covered by the boards. Cameron followed, bewildered. They reached the second floor. About thirty thousand pelts still remained in neat bundles toward the front of the room, but the place seemed desolately empty. Tammas walked back toward the three large windows that overlooked the river. Near them stood two heavy wooden capstans.

'I ha' Peter doon in the warrk-room to he'p us roon these nesty machines o' his,' he remarked. 'We'll oot wi' the windies.' And he proceeded to remove the hinged windows.

A sudden light, not of the morning, broke on Cameron, and he laughed long and merrily.

'They're guid pelts,' said the old man, 'an' onyway a' pelts look alike to young so'diers frae Washington.'

'Is the ledge of ground down there wide enough to work from?'

'Aye, aye, an' a foot-space or twa to spare.'

'How many pelts can you raise at once?'

'Aboot thurty.'

'Will four extra men do?'

'Four is just richt.'

'All right, I'll get them here before the officer comes.'

Cameron swung down the stairs, smiling broadly in spite of himself.

'There may be the dickens to pay before we get through with this job, but there's a chance —' And he went

off into another peal of laughter, whereat the startled Peter peeped from the back room.

'Will it work, Peter?' asked Cameron.

'Sure it will,' answered the well-cleaner.

His employer had but a moment to speak with Tammas, on his return with the extra workmen, before the soldier appeared.

'I s'all stay doon here,' the old man said solemnly, 'to keepit the so'dier man frae steppin' oot into the back room, an' catchin' cauld.'

Then the hum of the work began.

The officer worked swiftly, but with less keenness. His eyes were still tired from the unusual strain of yesterday's close work. He discarded fewer pelts to-day, but out of the first few thousands accepted scarcely more than half.

'I dreamed last night that we got frozen up in our steamboat staterooms, and the captain came to ask me how to make cranberry sauce, and to offer me a few buffalo robes he said the President had sent by mail. He threw one over me, then another and another, and another, and another, until I smothered, and they took me back to Washington and buried me with honors,' said the officer, as he stopped for a moment's rest, about the middle of the morning.

The helpers joined in the laugh, then turned to receive another of the endless chain of bundles that slid down the stairway. A sudden sound smote the brief silence that followed, — the creaking of heavy ropes. Tammas strayed casually forward from the rear room.

'What's that?' asked the officer,

'Ha'e ye no' ta'en note how the October air carries sound verra clear?' asked the Scot. "'T is wonderfu', hoow we're hearin' the noise o' the warrk i' the harness shop just as plain as if 't was here.'

'I have heard of that quality in your autumn air,' answered the young man from Washington, resuming his steady grind of inspection and stamping.

By noon they had gone over fifty-four thousand, and accepted about thirty-one thousand, leaving almost forty thousand still to be selected to make up the contract number. The officer had his lunch sent in from the little restaurant next door to save time, and he swallowed it hastily.

'I'll just take a ten-minute turn in the air,' he suggested, 'and get back to work. I want to finish to-night — or I won't get back to Washington to vote for Fremont. Can you spare a little time, Mr. Cameron?'

Cameron came forward at once, and they started briskly up the street.

'This is n't my sort of an assignment,' explained the officer, 'but Captain Roe, who was detailed for the work and who knows furs from A to Z, fell ill shortly before he was to start. I was brought up in Georgia, and I've always been on duty in the South.'

'This is all new to you, then?' said the fur man.

'Yes, the country, the furs, and all.'

'Well, you're doing a good job for the government, anyway,' replied Cameron cordially. 'I've never seen any inspection more thorough.'

'Oh, thanks,' returned the young officer. 'By the way, you have a magnificent view of the Mississippi from the bluffs here. Could n't we get around back of some of these buildings — perhaps through a back door on the ledge. I'd like to see the valley.'

A swift vision assailed the fur man of great bundles of buffalo pelts swaying dizzily in the bright noon-sunned air half-way between the narrow rocky ledge and three open upper windows of a blue limestone building.

'A little farther on the view is better,' he said frankly, but he scanned

the length of the street for any sight that might be moulded into a diversion.

Just ahead of them out of a small candy shop popped a boy and girl tugging at a skipping rope.

'You're scairt; I'll take the outside,' piped the little girl shrilly to her companion; and between the two the rope stretched taut across the high sidewalk.

'Why, what's this?' asked Cameron, brought to a standstill.

The children's faces flamed.

'Buchanan or Fremont or Fillmore?' they challenged.

'Fremont forever!' said the young officer ardently.

'Well, then, you can walk around,' said the little maid stoutly.

The young men laughed.

'We were just about to turn back, anyway,' said the officer. And they fell into a warm discussion of the coming election, with popular feeling running so high throughout the country that even the babies were taking sides passionately.

At the door of the shop they returned to the subject of furs.

'That's a clever stairway arrangement of yours for sliding down the furs,' approved the officer. 'You must have your storage arranged pretty well above too, to hold so many pelts. I think I'll take a run up there before I settle down to work again.'

He stood with one foot on the uncovered border of stair, his hand on the rail. Cameron followed him, without clear intention.

Tammas had come in the door a moment before with the mail. He seemed to see neither his employer nor the inspector. He drew a thin newspaper from his pocket and beckoned to one of the helpers.

'Did I no' tell ye, Jeems, that that mon Fremont wud ha' but sma' chance. The Washington papers ha' ta'en a

straw vote.' He ran his rough forefinger impressively down the printed columns of figures.

The officer plunged down from the sixth step.

'Have you a late newspaper from Washington?' he asked eagerly.

In a few minutes they were all at the grind again, and through the hours of the afternoon the work went on almost automatically. The officer rejected with a dogged conscientiousness that he had himself ceased to realize.

'No danger of his accepting all of them, even to make up the last thousand, and we're far from that yet,' thought Cameron, preparing the shop for their working after nightfall. At their present rate they could scarcely finish before midnight.

He sent out for additional lamps. Tammas went across the street to the grocer's for one.

'Let me put some water in the oil,' suggested the grocer, half-seriously. 'He could n't see to be so particular then. What's he thinkin' of to discard so many of our good Minnesota pelts?'

'Na, na,' said the old Scot. 'Maister Cameron is no' the man to tak' up wi' sma' tricks.'

'Well, so long as you have enough pelts to have him discard them like water, we won't kick,' said the groceryman heartily. 'We're proud that you and Mr. Cameron lives in St. Paul, Tammas.'

It was one in the morning when they finished. The workmen above, who had been sliding bundles down since six-thirty the morning before, half stumbled, half slid down the cumbered stairs, an air of satisfaction mixed with all their weariness and stiffness. They winked stealthily at Tammas, and went out into the night.

The soldier made polite adieux, praising generously even the climate of the territory, now that he was about to

leave it. His boat, the Ocean Wave, left in a few hours. Tammas McCullough walked down to the Fuller House with him.

'You and your employer must have had a lively summer, collecting all those pelts. I feel as though I've looked over a million, more or less. Let's see,' he stopped and struck a match to look at his card of figures. 'I've inspected 217,141 pelts in two days—'

'It was no' sae verra hard gettin' them,' said Tammas. 'I've seen livelier days and nights here in the shop.'

'Well, of course, I don't know anything about the fur business,' admitted the soldier, 'but I'm glad to have met some one who does. It's a mighty interesting life you live up here.'

'It is that,' answered the Scot simply.

'Look me up, Mr. McCullough, if you ever come east. I'm usually stationed in Virginia.'

They parted at the door of the hotel, shaking hands warmly. Then the officer went in for a few hours' sleep.

'That's a nice old Scot,' he said to the night-clerk; 'open as a book.'

'Yes, sir,' said the clerk.

'Call me just in time for the boat. I'll have breakfast aboard,' said the soldier.

Tammas took his slow way up the hill toward home in the frosty darkness. Every bone in his body ached. He stopped at a street crossing to rest a moment. The town slept, but the fur-shop was still well lighted, so he retraced his steps.

Cameron sat alone at his desk. His face was white with fatigue, but he smiled.

'Ye maun gang up to the hoose an' rest, Maister Cameron,' said Tammas McCullough.

'I was waiting for *my partner*,' said John Cameron.

THE VALUATION OF RAILWAYS

BY SAMUEL O. DUNN

I

IN March, 1913, Congress passed a law providing that the Interstate Commerce Commission should begin within sixty days to make a valuation of all the railways of the United States. The Commission has entered on this work. The public takes these developments as matters of course; yet the project for which Congress has provided, and which the Commission has undertaken, is without a real precedent in any country. Its main purpose is to establish a basis for the regulation of rates; an important auxiliary object is to establish a basis for the regulation of the issuance of stocks and bonds; and the valuation will consist chiefly of a complete inventory of the physical properties. In no other country has a valuation ever been made to establish a foundation for the regulation of either rates or securities. Practically all of the valuations elsewhere have been steps toward government purchase. In these appraisals consideration has been given to the actual cost and the physical condition of the properties; but preponderant weight usually has been accorded to the net earnings for a period of five years or more immediately preceding. Valuations of railways, similar in their purposes and in the methods employed in making them to that which the Interstate Commerce Commission has begun, have been made by several of the states in this country. But they have been small tasks compared with that which Con-

gress has assigned to the Commission.

Indeed, the valuation of all the railways of the United States is probably the largest detailed appraisal of property ever undertaken. The United States is doubtless the richest nation that ever existed, and its railways represent approximately one ninth of its total wealth. Only its farms and factories constitute classes of industries representing larger investments. The outstanding capitalization of our railways is over \$15,500,000,000, which exceeds the combined capitalizations of the railways of the United Kingdom, Germany, France, and Italy; and their mileage is approximately 250,000 miles, which is more than one third of the total railway mileage of the globe, and exceeds by almost one third the total railway mileage owned by governments in all the world.

The mere extent of the roads to be inventoried, spreading as they do over a very large area, would make the task assigned to the Interstate Commerce Commission protracted, arduous, and difficult. Its difficulty and complexity are augmented by the fact that the principles which should be applied, the factors which should be considered, and the weight which should be given to each principle and factor in valuations of railways and public utilities, are largely unsettled. There are numerous elements, some of small, some of great importance, which some persons contend should be included, and which others contend should be excluded. There are wide differences of opinion

concerning the proper methods of appraising even parts of the properties which all agree should be included in the physical inventory. The way in which these disputed points are settled will affect the total valuation by hundreds of millions of dollars. They must be passed on first by the Commission. That the Commission's rulings will satisfy all concerned is not probable. It is likely that numerous important questions will be appealed to the Federal courts.

II

In framing the valuation law, Congress recognized the fact that there are many open questions regarding valuation. Instead of merely requiring the Commission to appraise the properties, it instructed it to compile also a large amount of information which will show on what evidence it bases its findings, and will be accessible to courts and litigants if the correctness of the findings should become an issue in judicial proceedings. The following is a partial list of the items of information which the Commission must compile:—

The details of the financing and physical development of each property, and its cost to date.

Its cost of reproduction, new.

Its cost of reproduction, new, less depreciation.

The amount and value of the donations of cash, land, and so forth, made to each company by government or private individuals or associations.

The original cost of all lands, rights-of-way, and terminals owned or used for the purposes of a common carrier, ascertained as of the time of dedication to public use, and the present value of the same, and, separately, the original and present cost of condemnation and damages or of purchase in excess of such original cost or present value.

All other elements of value in the property.

The parts of the value of each property assignable to each state.

The Commission is first to make a tentative valuation of each carrier. This is to be sent to the company and other persons directly interested, to the Attorney-General of the United States, and to the governor of each state in which parts of the property are situated, and is also to be published in three daily newspapers in three of the principal cities along the lines of the carrier. In case no protest is made within thirty days the valuation will become final. If protests are entered, the Commission must give rehearings. If there are appeals to the courts, they must ascertain whether or not the findings are correct, and, if they are found incorrect, must refer them back to the Commission for readjustment by it.

General charge of the valuation has been given by the Commission to Commissioner Charles A. Prouty, formerly its chairman, and one of its ablest and most experienced members.¹ A board of engineers to supervise the engineering work involved has been appointed, and an army of engineering and other employes is being recruited by the Engineering Board and the United States Civil Service Commission, to do field-work. It is expected that, later, an advisory board composed of economists and accountants will be organized.

The carriers are required to coöperate with the Commission in making the valuation; and the railways have appointed a committee of eighteen presidents, of which Samuel Rea, of the Pennsylvania Railroad, is chairman. This committee has appointed a committee of engineers to represent the

¹ Mr. Prouty will retire from the Interstate Commerce Commission to take charge of this work.

roads in conferences regarding the engineering features. Such is the magnitude of the undertaking that it will hardly be finished in less than five years, and may take ten. It is expected that its cost to the government will be from \$10,000,000 to \$20,000,000, and to the railways even more.

The principles that should be applied and the factors that should be included, together with the weight that should be accorded to each, and the methods that should be followed, in making valuations of railways and public utilities, are so largely unsettled because the entire theory of valuation as a basis for the regulation of rates is of recent origin — how recent few appreciate. It was never advanced in any country until within the last twenty years; it seems never to have been advanced at all except in the United States; and it is as yet only in the early stages of its development.

Many governments, especially in Continental Europe, regarding the construction and operation of railways as a public function, have built and worked them from the start. In numerous other cases, while granting charters to private companies, they have guaranteed them a return on part or all of their investment and exercised strict control over their management. Under a policy of public ownership, or of state guarantee of profits, the government is free to regulate rates as it thinks desirable. The rates of state railways usually have been made too low to cover interest on the investment, the deficits being paid from taxes. The rates of private railways have also in many instances been so regulated as to prevent them from earning their interest and dividends, the governments in such cases usually paying them subsidies raised by taxation.

The situation in England and the

United States has been different from what it has been in most other countries; and in each of these countries it has been different from what it has been in the other. In both England and the United States government ownership, and government guarantees of interest and dividends, have been almost unknown. The rule of the English common law was that the person who engaged in a public service had 'a right to charge for each separate service that which was a reasonable compensation therefor.' If a carrier and a shipper fell into litigation over a charge made by the former, the court determined whether the charge was reasonable by ascertaining what was customarily paid for like services under similar conditions; the cost incurred by the carrier in rendering the particular service; the skill with which it was performed; its value to the shipper, and so on. The value of the carrier's property and the profit made on its entire business had nothing to do with the matter. In the early history of railways in England and America this was the rule applied in determining the reasonableness of their rates. A new element was injected when Parliament in England, and the legislatures in some American states, began to insert in the charters of projected railways, schedules of the maximum rates which they might charge. The maxima thus fixed, being parts of the contracts voluntarily made by the authority giving the charters and the companies accepting them, were necessarily valid. Another, and more important, element was introduced when the law-making bodies began to pass acts fixing maximum rates for railways which already had their charters and were in actual operation.

There could be no doubt of the validity of such legislation when enacted by the English Parliament, for

the power of Parliament is not limited by any written constitution. The questions presented when it was enacted by the legislatures of American states, beginning in the 'Granger' period of the 70's, were very different. Their power to act was restricted both by the constitutions of their respective states and by the Constitution of the United States. The legislatures began at the same time to create railway commissions, and these also began to fix maximum rates.

The railways brought proceedings in the Federal courts to get many of these state laws and orders of state commissions regarding rates set aside. In its earlier decisions the United States Supreme Court held that the function of fixing rates belonged to the lawmaking department of the government, and that its exercise could not be reviewed by the courts. Subsequently it reversed itself, holding that the courts might review legislation fixing rates and set it aside if unconstitutional. Finally, in the Nebraska Rate Case in 1898, the Court laid down for the first time the great principle that 'the basis of all calculations as to the reasonableness of rates . . . must be the fair value of the property being used for the public convenience . . . What the company is entitled to is a fair return upon the value of that which it employs for the public convenience.' It was this ruling, made only fifteen years ago, which laid the foundation for all the projects for and discussions of the valuation of public utilities.

III

Numerous theories regarding the way valuations for the regulation of rates should be made have since been propounded. These may be roughly divided into two classes: those holding that valuations should be based

chiefly on the amount that the properties have actually cost, provided they have been managed honestly and with ordinary prudence; and those holding that valuations should be based on the present value of the properties.

Actual cost is, of course, the total amount that has been expended on construction and permanent improvements, whether derived from the sale of securities, or from earnings. But some of the advocates of the cost theory believe that there should be included in a valuation only that part of the total investment which has been derived from the sale of securities — in other words, that investments from earnings should be excluded. Others believe that where investors have not enjoyed, on the average, a fair return throughout the life of the enterprise, and investments have been made from earnings, these, at least to an amount not exceeding the difference between the return the investors have received and what they should have received, should be included. Others go further and hold that investors should receive, on the average, a 'fair return' on their out-of-pocket investment throughout the life of the enterprise; and that if they have not done so they should be reimbursed, either by having the deficiency added to the valuation of their property, or by being allowed to receive enough more than a fair return in future to offset the deficiency suffered in the past.

The 'actual cost' theory appeals with especial force to those who believe that society, and not individual property-owners, or stockholders in corporations, should benefit by the 'unearned increment' in land. Of course, if valuations were based on actual cost the unearned increment would be excluded, and rates would be so regulated as to yield no return on it. The 'original cost' theory also appeals to those

who believe that investors in public utilities are entitled only to a fair return on their out-of-pocket investment, and that any earnings in excess of this which have been invested should be regarded as held in trust for the public, and should not be included in a valuation to determine what rates the public should pay.

The advocates of present value as the basis of valuation reject the views both of those who believe that the owners of railways and public utilities should not be allowed to benefit by the 'unearned increment,' and of those who believe that the owners should not be allowed to receive a return on part or all of the invested earnings. They argue that while such concerns are public as regards the service they render, and therefore may be compelled by regulation to deal fairly with the public, they are as private in their ownership as any other property. The true justification of public regulation, it is contended, is that the quasi-monopolistic nature of public utilities tends to enable them to charge rates that are discriminatory, or higher in proportion than those that could be charged by concerns operating under competitive conditions, and that regulation is necessary to prevent this. But because regulation is necessary to keep public-service corporations from charging the public more in proportion than competitive persons or concerns, is no reason why regulation should deny to them rights and advantages enjoyed by others persons and concerns. To do so would be not merely to prevent them from dealing unfairly with the public, but to deal unfairly with them. Therefore, it is concluded, it would be neither equitable nor expedient for society to appropriate the unearned increment of railways and public utilities, while permitting the owners of city real property, mines, farms, and so on, to

retain and benefit by the unearned increment.

As to the treatment of invested earnings: How much the net earnings of any concern will be depends not only on its rates or prices, but also on the efficiency with which it is managed. Now, suppose that two railways, representing the same out-of-pocket investment, have been operated in the same territory and have charged approximately the same rates. One has been very efficiently managed, and has enjoyed large surplus earnings which have been invested in its property. The other, while operated with ordinary prudence and skill, has not always earned a 'fair return' on its out-of-pocket investment, and has had no surplus earnings to invest. If the two roads were evaluated at their actual cost the valuation of the better-managed, in which there had been invested surplus earnings, would be the greater. If they were evaluated at the amounts of capital the owners had invested out of their own pockets, the valuations would be the same. If they were evaluated on the theory that investors are entitled to a fair return, no more and no less, and that any deficiency in the return should be added to the out-of-pocket investment, then the valuation placed on the road which had been the less skillfully managed, which had earned no surplus to invest, which had even failed to earn a fair return, and which had actually cost the less, would be the larger. Valuation based wholly on what railways have cost would, it is contended, penalize economical and efficient construction and operation; and this would be especially true if investments made from earnings were partially or wholly excluded from consideration.

It would appear that even if the cost theory of valuation were satisfactory as a matter of economics, it could not

be adopted as a matter of law. The Federal courts, from the inception of the theory of valuation for the regulation of rates, have held that it should be based, not on the cost of the properties, but on their present value. Some consideration of why the courts originally ruled that 'fair value' was the basis for calculating the reasonableness of rates will indicate why it is the present value, and not the cost, of the properties, which is held to be their fair value.

IV

The Fifth Amendment to the Constitution of the United States prohibits the Federal government from taking private property without just compensation. The Fourteenth Amendment prohibits any state from taking property without due process of law, or from denying to any person within its jurisdiction the equal protection of the laws; and it is held that these provisions, as well as those of the Fifth Amendment, require the payment of just compensation when property is taken for public use. It is these constitutional provisions which protect all persons from having their property taken unjustly by the state or national government under the power of eminent domain. And it was behind these that the railways took refuge in the Nebraska Rate Case. The rates fixed by the State of Nebraska, they argued, were unremunerative. To compel them to accept unremunerative rates would be to destroy the value of their properties. Thus to destroy the value of the properties would be to confiscate them as effectively as to condemn them and take them without just payment, and was, therefore, unconstitutional. It was this line of reasoning which the Supreme Court accepted. In other words, it held that the regulation of the rates of a railway so as to destroy its

fair value to its owner, leaving to him only the empty title, was equivalent actually to taking possession of and title to the property under the power of eminent domain without paying its fair value.

The reasoning and language of the Federal courts indicate that to them 'fair value' means substantially the same thing in a rate as in a condemnation case. 'Now,' said Justice Brewer, in the opinion of the Circuit Court in the Nebraska Rate Case, 'if the public was seeking to take title to the railroad by condemnation, the present value of the property, and not the cost, is that which it would have to pay. In like manner, it may be argued that when the legislature assumes the right to reduce rates, the rates so reduced cannot be adjudged unreasonable if under them there is earned by the railroad company a fair interest on the actual value of the property.' But the 'fair value' which must be paid when property is condemned is not its cost, but its present value. It follows that the fair value which is the proper basis for calculating the reasonableness of rates is the present value.

The courts have said that the actual cost and many other elements should be considered, but merely as aids to ascertaining the present value. If the present value of a property is less than its cost, the owner must lose by its depreciation; if more, he gains by its appreciation. 'We concur with the court below,' said the Supreme Court of the United States in the Consolidated Gas Case in 1909, 'in holding that the value of the property is to be determined as of the time when the inquiry is made regarding the rates. If the property which legally enters into the consideration of the question of rates has increased in value since it was acquired, the company is entitled to the benefit of such increase.' And in the Minne-

sota Rate Case, decided in 1913, it said: 'The property is held in private ownership, and it is that property, and not the original cost of it, of which the owner may not be deprived without due process of law.'

However, there is one important difference between making a valuation of property preliminary to dispossessing its owner and giving him its equivalent in cash, and making a valuation for fixing reasonable rates. The market value of a property depends on its earning capacity; and when property is taken under the power of eminent domain it is approached from a commercial standpoint. Therefore, the chief consideration is earning capacity, and ordinarily the chief measure of earning capacity is the amount of profit actually earned. In valuation for the regulation of rates, on the other hand, the fundamental assumption is that the chief measure of the reasonableness of the rates is the ratio of the net earnings to the value of the property; and the immediate purpose of the valuation is to ascertain this ratio. Obviously, in such valuation little or no weight can be given to the net earnings.

This presents a great obstacle to the valuation of some public utilities. For example, in the case of express companies, — which under the provisions of the Interstate Commerce Act are common carriers, — the exclusion of the net earnings from consideration raises a serious difficulty, because the investment in and value of the physical facilities used are so small compared with the investment in and value of the organization built up and maintained to handle the traffic. In the case of a railway, on the other hand, the physical property is a very large part of the whole property, and represents a very large part of its entire value. The capacity of the physical property determines how much traffic can be handled,

and, largely, therefore, how much gross income can be earned. The investment that has been made in the physical property, the skill with which it has been developed, the condition that it is in, largely determine whether the expenses of operation will be relatively high or low, and, therefore, whether the net earnings will be relatively low or high.

In the ascertainment of the present value of its property a railway or public utility is entitled to have considered, not only its physical capacity and present condition, but also, of course, the value of the real estate owned by it and constituting part of its physical property. On the whole, the best measure of the various elements of value just mentioned is the probable cost of reproducing the physical property. Therefore, the cost of physical reproduction has been accepted by engineers, economists, and courts as ordinarily the principal factor in valuation for the regulation of rates.

But when the cost of reproduction has been thus accepted, the way in which a valuation should be made has not been settled. It is generally agreed that in estimating the cost of reproduction of roadway, structures, and equipment, the prevailing unit prices, of materials and supplies, and the prevailing wages of labor, should be used; the thing to be ascertained is what grading would cost per yard now, not what the grading done in the past actually did cost; it is what would have to be paid for freight cars now, not what actually was paid for those that are in service. There is, however, hardly an element of the physical property which at any given time is not worth either less or more than it would cost to replace it, new. Rails, ties, cars, locomotives, and so on, begin to wear out or to drift toward obsolescence as soon as

they go into service. Therefore, it is generally conceded, and the Supreme Court of the United States has held, that some deduction must be made from the cost of replacement, new, of all such parts of the physical property in arriving at its present value. On the other hand, there are some parts which increase in value. For example, for periods of five to ten years after the construction of a railway its roadbed becomes more solidified and better adapted to its function, if the property is at all well maintained. It has been contended that no allowance should be made for this solidification and adaptation, because it is largely due to the work of the operating department, and the expense incurred is charged to operating expenses. But this contention is made on the theory that valuation should be based on actual cost; whereas, as has been seen, it must be based on present value. It apparently follows that an allowance should be made for solidification and adaptation, although this is unsettled. It also follows that value created from earnings must be included.

As to the so-called 'unearned increment,' the Supreme Court of the United States has indicated that it must be given weight. When a railway acquires land for right-of-way or terminals, whether it gets it by voluntary sale or condemnation, it ordinarily must pay from one and one half to several times as much as would have to be paid if the land were acquired for almost any other purposes. This is because the severance of the land acquired, and the construction of the road, cause damage to adjacent property, and because land so situated that a railway must buy it to carry out plans for construction or improvements, attains a monopoly value. Following the reproduction theory to its apparently logical conclusion, many economists, engineers, rail-

way commissions and courts have held that railway land should be included in physical valuation at what it would probably cost the railway to acquire it now. In the Minnesota Rate Case, decided in June, 1913, the Supreme Court of the United States seems, however, to have established the principle that railway land should neither be inventoried at what it cost originally, nor at what it would cost the railway to acquire it now, but at its present market value for ordinary purposes.

While it is established that the cost of physical reproduction, less depreciation, is the most important element in the valuation of public utilities, it has been contended, and the Federal courts have held, that there are other important elements which should be given weight. This view seems logical and sound in principle. The immediate purpose of valuation is to ascertain the entire present value of the property. The net earnings cannot be considered because they result from the application of certain rates, and the ultimate purpose is to ascertain whether these or some other rates would be the more reasonable. But, after all, the true value of most property does depend on its earning capacity, and, therefore, while net earnings cannot be accepted as a basis for valuation, there should be considered all factors, except the rates charged, which go to make up earning capacity.

Now, while the amount of business that can be handled, and the economy with which it can be handled, depend on the characteristics of the physical plant, the amount of both gross and net earnings actually secured depends not only on these things and on the rates charged, but also on the amount and nature of the traffic actually secured and handled; and the amount and nature of the traffic, and the economy with which it is dealt with, depend on

the skill with which the concern is organized, and the ability and energy with which it is managed. It follows that the organization of the company, and the volume and character of its established business, are important elements in its present value.

The courts seem to have determined that ordinarily no allowance can be made for franchises in the valuation of a public utility. The various elements of value just mentioned are, however, sharply distinguishable from franchise value. They constitute 'going value'; and as 'going value' is just as much a part of the true, present value of a public utility as the value of its physical plant, it would seem that some allowance should be made for it. Certain of the public utility commissions, notably the Railroad Commission of Wisconsin, do this; others refuse to do it, and decisions of the courts, including those of the United States Supreme Court, are conflicting. It has been almost uniformly held, however, that going value must be considered in condemnation cases; and it seems probable that this rule will finally prevail in rate cases.

V

Having in mind the bases upon which the valuation, which the Interstate Commerce Commission has begun, probably must be made, to what results does it seem likely to lead?

For many years it has been alleged that the railways of the United States are greatly over-capitalized, and charge excessive rates in order to earn and pay a return on their watered securities. This allegation is vigorously controverted. Defenders of the railways concede that some of them have been over-capitalized. But they point out that a few companies have retired parts of their original capital, that many have made large investments from earnings,

that there has been a large increment in the value of the land owned by railways; and it is therefore argued that the value of the railways as a whole now equals or exceeds their total capitalization. As the return paid on the total capitalization is, and always has been, small, the conclusion has been drawn that, on the whole, railway earnings and rates are and have been, not too high, but too low. It is chiefly with a view to settling this disputed point, and to adopting a policy of regulation harmonizing with the facts found, that Congress has required a general valuation to be made. How much, then, will the valuations of individual properties, and the valuation as a whole, probably amount to as compared with the capitalizations of the individual properties, and the capitalization as a whole? And what use probably can and will be made of the valuations of individual properties and of the valuation as a whole? These are questions which no one can answer with any degree of positiveness. There are, however, some facts and conditions on which a forecast can be predicated.

The railways formerly opposed a general valuation. But their opposition declined; and the legislation finally passed by Congress encountered practically no opposition from them. This change in their attitude was due to the results of various valuations in recent years, some of them made by the companies themselves to introduce as evidence in rate cases, others made by various public-utility commissions and other public authorities. Among the states which have made valuations of railways within the last decade are Washington, South Dakota, Michigan, Minnesota, and Wisconsin. In these states the valuations of some roads were greater, and of some less, than their capitalizations. In New Jersey, likewise, the valuations of some rail-

ways were greater, and of some less, than their capitalizations. The investigation being made by the Interstate Commerce Commission, like those already made by various states, is certain to show that some railways are earning and paying large returns on the value of their properties, while others operating in the same territories and charging the same rates are earning and paying very small returns.

On the theory underlying valuation, the public may reduce the rates of any railway which is earning more than a fair return. But, on the same theory, the owners are entitled to advances in the rates of any railway which is earning less than a fair return, if it is being managed honestly and with reasonable prudence. It is axiomatic, however, that the rates of railways operating in the same territory must be the same. Otherwise, all the competitive traffic will go to the one whose rates are the lowest. Therefore, if the rates of the railways earning more than a fair return were reduced, the rates of those earning only a fair return or less would also be forced down, making their returns much less than would be fair. As a matter of fact, if rates were so regulated as to restrict the strongest roads in each territory to net earnings of 6 or 8 per cent the weaker roads would all be bankrupted. This would be neither just to railway owners nor expedient for the public. On the other hand, if the rates were so fixed as to enable the weaker lines to earn fair returns, they would be made so high as to enable the strong lines to earn very large returns. These conditions present a perplexing situation.

The Interstate Commerce Commission has said that the conditions as a whole should be considered, and the rates regulated with reference alike to the needs of the weaker lines of a group and the prosperity of the stronger. If it

adheres to this view doubtless it will prevail. The Commission possesses legislative discretion, and, therefore, while it probably has power to reduce rates until they verge on confiscation, it is not legally bound to make them any lower than it deems consistent with justice and public expediency.

Assuming that the situation will be dealt with as an entirety, and not with reference to the position of individual railways, what is likely to be the general effect of the valuation on rates?

The aggregate net capitalization of the railways in Washington, South Dakota, Michigan, Minnesota, and Wisconsin — net capitalization being arrived at by eliminating the duplication in the gross capitalization caused by intercorporate ownership of securities — amounted to \$1,210,999,000, and the estimates of the cost of reproduction, new, of the physical properties aggregated \$1,211,806,500, while the estimates of present value — arrived at by making deductions for depreciation — amounted to \$1,035,089,184. The total gross capitalization of the seven principal railways in New Jersey was found to be \$357,346,000, and their total valuation, \$361,157,000. The largest masses of value in railway properties are concentrated in the terminals in large cities, such as New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, and St. Louis; and most of the state valuations referred to have been made in states where there are no very large terminals. In most of these valuations no allowances have been made for going value. Yet the state valuations usually have approximated the net capitalization assignable to the railway mileage evaluated.

Let us approach the matter from another angle. The railways earning more than \$100,000 a year each reported to the Interstate Commerce Commission that up to June 30, 1912,

the investment made by them in road and equipment was \$15,895,657,969. The *gross* capitalization reported by the same roads was \$19,533,750,802. The Commission has not published any figures regarding the duplication in the capitalization in 1912 caused by the intercorporate ownership of securities; but in 1911 this duplication exceeded \$4,000,000,000. It is, therefore, safe to assume that the net capitalization of these roads in 1912 did not exceed \$15,500,000,000. This is substantially less than the amount which they reported had been invested in their properties.

On the whole, the available evidence points to the conclusion that the aggregate valuation of the railways will equal or exceed their aggregate net capitalization. If this should be the case, what would it indicate as to whether the earnings and rates as a whole are reasonable or unreasonable? The net operating income of all railways earning more than \$100,000 in 1912 was \$756,000,000. This was less than 4 per cent on their gross capitalization and less than 5 per cent on their net capitalization; and not all of their operating income was paid out in return to capital. No interest was paid on 7.5 per cent of the total amount of funded debt outstanding (other than equipment trust obligations), and the average rate of dividend paid on stock was but 4.73 per cent. On this showing it could not be held that either the net earnings, the return to security-holders, or the rates generally, were excessive. An opposite conclusion would be indicated.

It is commonly assumed that once a valuation has been made it can be kept up to date and available for rate cases merely by adding to it from time to time the additional investments made in the properties. It is questionable if this is correct. After a valuation has

been made there may be not only additional investment, but also changes in the unit costs of labor, and of materials and supplies, in the value of land, and in the 'going value' of the property, all of which will affect its 'fair present value.' Therefore, the increase in value might be much more or much less than the additional investment. It would seem, consequently, that if valuation is to be used for the regulation of rates, there must be complete revaluations from time to time.

Some persons regard with alarm the proposition that not only additional investment, but changes in value due to other causes, must be considered. They fear the increment in land will cause railway valuations to mount higher and higher, thereby causing rates to be steadily advanced. Probably these apprehensions are not well founded. Increases in the value of land are not fortuitous; and if the value of that owned by railways continues to advance, this will be due to the growth of population and industry. If population and industry grow, their growth will cause an increase in the volume of railway traffic. The railway business being one of increasing returns, each increase in the volume of traffic, other things remaining equal, reduces the operating expenses and fixed charges for handling each unit of traffic. In the case in question, all other things would not remain equal. The increment in the value of land would increase the amount of return that would have to be paid to railway owners. But the effect of this on the unit cost of handling the traffic would be very much less than the effect of the increase in the volume of the traffic. At present, 73.5 per cent of the outgo of the railways is for operating expenses and taxes, and less than 18.5 per cent is for return on investment. Now, while the increase in the volume of traffic

would tend to reduce the operating expenses, taxes, and fixed charges per unit of traffic, the increment in the value of land would tend to increase only the relatively small part of the outgo per unit represented by fixed charges. Consequently, if the wages and the prices of materials and equipment entering into operating expenses did not increase while the volume of traffic was increasing, the value of the property and the return paid on it might increase, while passenger and freight rates were actually reduced. The operating expenses of the railways of the United States are so very much larger than their net earnings or the return paid by them on capital, that anything which affects expenses produces a very much greater effect on rates than anything which affects to a similar degree net earnings and return on investment.

VI

While the main purpose of making the valuation is to establish a basis for the regulation of railway rates, an important auxiliary purpose is to lay a foundation for the regulation of securities. There have been various forms of regulation of securities ever since the railway was invented. Sometimes the law has forbidden the issuance of stock or bonds except for cash, property, or valuable services. Sometimes it has provided that the amount of bonds should not be more than one half or one third as great as the amount of stock. Sometimes it has provided that bonds, or even stock, should not be sold for less than their par value. Sometimes it has prohibited securities from being sold for less than their market value. Sometimes it has specified that securities should be issued only for the acquisition of property, the construction of new or the improvement of old

lines, or the refunding of outstanding obligations. In several states the railways and public utilities are required to get the permission of public-utility commissions before issuing any securities. The plain intent of practically all legislation on the subject has been to prevent securities from being issued without consideration, or to prevent the capitalization accumulated from exceeding the actual investment made. There is apparently no question as to the validity of state legislation intended to make the securities issued correspond to actual investment; and probably Congress might legislate regarding the utterance of securities, and delegate to the Interstate Commerce Commission authority to regulate it.

In no case, however, does there appear to have been legislation to make the securities issued correspond to the valuation of the property. If Congress and the Commission should attempt to do this their action would be unique, and great legal and practical difficulties would be encountered. The values of all roads will be increased by natural increment and by investments of both new capital and earnings. Are those whose valuations are found to be about equal to their capitalizations to be allowed thereafter to capitalize the value added by all these causes? Are those whose valuations exceed their capitalizations to be allowed to issue stock dividends large enough to make the capitalizations and valuations equal? Finally, if the securities of the roads whose capitalizations exceed their valuations were all issued legally, can they be compelled to recall them? It may be suggested that the last-named class should at least be forbidden to issue more securities until their valuations and capitalizations correspond. But if this were done the value of their properties could be increased subsequently only by the investment

of earnings and by natural increment. If the net earnings of a road thus situated were restricted to a fair return on its valuation and it chose to pay them all out to its security-holders, it could hardly be prevented from doing so. In that case no expenditures whatever for improvements would be made. Natural increment might ultimately bring such a road's valuation up to its capitalization; but meanwhile the public would suffer from its backward development and its deficient service.

These and other considerations indicate that valuation can hardly serve as a satisfactory basis for the regulation of securities. The Railroad Securities Commission appointed by President Taft, after a very thorough investigation, concluded that no legislation regarding the issuance of securities was desirable except provisions for giving publicity to the facts as to their sale and as to the disposition of the funds derived from them. Legislation which went further than (1) to prohibit securities from being issued except for a valuable consideration, and (2) to compel all the money derived from them to be invested in the properties, would be of very doubtful expediency.

VII

The foregoing discussion might give the impression that the valuation of railways probably will have no results of importance. Such an impression would be erroneous. The valuation is sure to have some results of importance. It may have results of very great importance. If its total amount should not vary widely from the total investment in road and equipment or from the net capitalization, it might satisfy the public that, on the whole, the railways are not over-capitalized, as has been represented, and might cause

the public to adopt and the railways to accept a firm, but consistent and liberal, policy of regulation. These would be results of very great importance.

The expectations expressed in this article as to what the total valuation will amount to may, however, prove illusory. It is conceivable that it may be much less than the total outstanding capitalization of the railways, and may, therefore, lead to sweeping reductions of rates. This would throw many railways into insolvency, and seriously impair the financial strength of others. The result would be that needed improvements in existing lines, and needed construction of new lines would, if the policy of private ownership were continued, be hindered, because capital for them could not be obtained. The public might then decide that it would be best to take the railways over at their valuation and operate them as a government function.

It is conceivable, on the other hand, that the valuation may very much exceed the total outstanding capitalization. This would show that the present net earnings and rates of the railways are lower than they are legally entitled to receive. The roads might then make substantial advances in their rates. This would be a result the very opposite of that anticipated and hoped for by most of those who have advocated valuation, and by a large part of the public, and they might be disappointed and indignant. If the valuation should greatly exceed the net capitalization this would be due largely to the unearned increment in the railways' land. Those who were disappointed with the results might say that if under private ownership the value of the properties was going to continue to increase in excess of the investment made in them, and this increased value was going to be made a

basis for advances in rates, it would be best for the public to acquire the railways and secure for itself all the benefit of the increases in their value. Such developments would be very far from showing that the results of the valuation were unjust, or that government ownership was desirable. But such an argument as that just outlined might, nevertheless, fall on many hospitable ears. And the owners and managers of the railways might not, in such circumstances, vigorously oppose govern-

ment purchase, for in case of purchase the owners doubtless would be paid the high valuation that had been put on their properties.

The valuation being made is, therefore, fraught with great possibilities. Whatever its aggregate amount may be, compared with the aggregate capitalization of the railways, it is likely to have important results. And these are quite as likely to be results that are unexpected as those that have been generally anticipated.

THREE WORDS ABOUT THE WHITE MAN

BY JEAN KENYON MACKENZIE

I

THE ROCK

ONE day in the dry season, that is, three dry seasons back, the white man said that he must go to Nkotoven by the Mebem path. When Nzwango heard this news he said he, too,—he must go.

And the white man said, 'When has Nzwango carried a load?'

For Nzwango was not a youth, that he should carry a load, but a real person. White was upon his head.

'Even so, if you go by the Mebem path I must go in your company. For I was born in the country that lies between Mebem and Nkotoven—I was born at Mbekom. When I was a child my tribe still lived in that neighborhood. Many nights my heart has desired to return to Mbekom, that I may again see the place where I was born.

And the rock where God passed and the mark of his foot on the rock.'

'Who passed?' said the white man.

'God,' said Nzwango, 'Zambe. If you have never heard that the mark of God's foot is on the great rock at Mbekom you are indeed a stranger.'

'I have not yet heard that news,' said the white man. 'Since I was born I have never seen the mark of God's foot. You must certainly walk in my company and show me this strange thing.'

Because of this word Nzwango carried a load when we went to Nkotoven. He carried the white man's bed. And every day he walked behind our master on the bad path that goes from Mebem to Nkotoven. Close behind him he walked and every day he told him about the things of the past—the things that he had known when he was a lad in Mbekom. We people who walked in the caravan had never heard

Nzwango speak so much; he was a person to sit still in the palaver house or to hunt by himself. Already white was upon his head. But now he spoke all day to the white man about the river of Mbekom where there were many fish, so that the women had always a little fish to bake in a leaf, and about the cliff where the dwarf fell off when he was nutting, and about the rock where God slept one night on his way out of the forest to the sea. In that place is the mark of his foot and the feet of the goat that walked in his company. No real person of our tribe but has heard news of this thing. Nzwango because he was born there felt pride in his heart that he was showing the path to the white man.

All day for four days he spoke of these things. On the fifth day in the morning we came out of the real forest into the plantain gardens of Mbekom. We walked through gardens, those that were old and those that were new, until the sun was in the middle. Nzwango showed the white man the hills of that country.

'They are as I left them,' said Nzwango.

And the white man believed.

When the sun was in the middle we passed the great cliff where the dwarf fell. We very much remember this thing because it is strange that a dwarf should fall.

The white man believed.

When we came near the town of Mbekom we met little boys and Nzwango asked them news.

'Are there still fish to be caught beyond the place of reeds in the river?'

'Éké! but plenty!' said the little boys.

'Do you cross the river by the log of the duma tree that my father felled?'

'How should we know your father?' said the little boys. 'There is no log

where we cross the river. We cross on our feet.'

'It was in felling that tree that my father died. Are the palm trees that my father planted great trees in the street of the village?'

'Éké! We don't know all these questions that you ask,' said the little boys, because they were tired of the black man's questions and they wanted to admire the white man.

That day the white man said that he felt heat in his body — the old sickness that we all know. And Nzwango said, —

'There is a great palaver house in the village with many doors. You must rest there.'

But when we came to the village there was no such palaver house, there were no palm trees in the middle of the street, and Nzwango could not find the path to the spring. A woman of the town brought us water, not such water, Nzwango said, as the women of the past used to bring from the old spring.

There was no one in the town who knew Nzwango, they were all people of another tribe. They told us that this was a new town, that the old clearing was left at the right hand; it was deserted.

Our master slept in the middle of the day. Nzwango sat thinking the thoughts of a man in a deserted clearing.

That afternoon we passed the great rock. It is a great rock — as great as a great garden. No little thing finds root and grows there, only the rain stands in little pools where there is place. We wondered to see it so great, though we had heard many words of its greatness. And the mark of God's foot is certainly there — greater than a man's foot — and the little pointed mark of the goat's foot is there also.

The white man said, 'Since I was born I never saw the mark of God's

foot,' and he looked at it. 'Very good,' he said. He sat upon the rock, for long he looked to where the sun went down its path to its setting. From that great rock you may look far every way.

Of our company every man raised his voice in praise of the rock and of that strange thing — the mark of God's foot. Only Nzwango did not speak. He stood away by himself, all alone. The way he did not speak after so much speaking was the way the rain ceases on the roof. You wonder at that silence. Only when we were on the path again he spoke. He spoke to our white man about the rock and his speaking was the speaking of a man who meets grief.

'My master,' he said, 'I am a man who hates a lie. The people of my town believe me when I return from hunting alone. And when I told you that Mbe-kom was a great rock I told you the truth — it was a great rock — not as you see it now, but exceedingly great. It was indeed white, as I told you — exceedingly white, so that the whiteness of it was not to be borne in the sunlight, and in the moonlight a great company has danced there to the sound of many drums. These things are true though it will trouble you to believe them. But it is when I speak of the mark of God's foot that I feel shame. For the mark of God's foot is not deep as it was; it is a little shallow trace like another.'

Then the sound of Nzwango's voice ceased like the ceasing of rain.

The white man spoke good words out of a good heart. I forget his words. Nzwango did not speak again, except to everyone we met. He asked each was he of the tribe that knew his father. None knew his father. It was the time of the setting of the sun when we came to Nkotoven. Nzwango built the cloth house for the white man. Our master

did not eat, though the women of the town brought him much good food in wooden bowls spread with new leaves. The heat was great in his body. He slept, and I lay with Nzwango by the door of his house of cloth. We lay upon plantain leaves, and a little fire burned between us. Night was at the middle when the moon came up. In the moonlight people passed who were carrying loads from the sea.

Nzwango did not sleep; he asked all the carriers were they of that neighborhood and did they know his father. And it happened that there was an old woman with a load of salt who was born in his father's town. She was going to pass but Nzwango caught her by the ankle.

'I ask you,' he said, 'was not Mbe-kom greater in the past?'

'It was indeed greater. Many people used to dance there in the moonlight all the night to the sound of many drums.'

'And was it not whiter?'

'It was whiter — the whiteness of it was not to be borne in the time of great sunlight.'

'And the mark of God's foot — was it not deeper?'

'The mark of God's foot was deeper — the young cannot believe how deep that mark was.'

Nzwango rose and shouted with a great shout. He called our master at the door of the cloth house. 'Come quickly!' he told him, and the white man came quickly, his gun was in his hand, his body was wet with the sweat of his sickness.

'What happens?' he asked Nzwango; and Nzwango spoke to him of the old woman who knew all the truth of the great rock.

'Sit by the fire and she will tell you the truth — the truth is one with my truth — it is good that you should hear it.'

Our master laid his gun upon the ground softly, softly. He sat on the plaintain leaves beside the fire. He bathed his hands in the warmth. When he spoke it was a soft speaking, he did not look at us.

'Go sleep in the palaver house,' he said.

'But the old woman of my tribe will be gone in the morning,' said Nzwango, 'and it is good that you should hear her before she goes.'

Even so the white man did not speak again. Strange thing — tears ran out of his eyes — I saw them in the moonlight. Presently he began to tremble with the cold of our old sickness. We felt grief in our hearts to see him so sick. Because he did not speak again we went away, the old woman, too. We trimmed the fire before we left. It was a bright night.

Nzwango said to me, 'Strange thing he had no words to ask of the old woman.'

'It is his sickness,' I said. 'When I am sick with the heat and the cold I hate to see old women.'

II

THE KETTLE

The time Ela lost the kettle we felt grief in our hearts. But we said any real person would have done the same. The white man gave the kettle to Ela the night before we began our walk to the big path.

He called us and he said, 'Show me your feet! They are good,' he said. 'The walk we are going is a long walk. We will cross the Nlong River and come to the big path. Many nights we will sleep by the way.'

And he said, 'I know you. You must always be talking a kettle palaver — who will carry the kettle. I can never start out in the dawn but I must hear

your voices loud about the kettle — your own kettle out of which you yourselves eat. Myself I will say Ela must carry the kettle. Not one man one day and another man the next, but Ela every day. And when we come to rest at night there will be the kettle as it should be.'

So it was that Ela carried the kettle.

Éké! the trouble we saw those days when we walked to the big path! And the great thing it is — the big path! Since you were born you never saw such things. Tribes and tribes as many as the leaves of the forest, and each tribe after its kind like the trees of the forest. People carrying burdens and people walking free and people wearing things on their heads and things on their feet like a white man. White people on great beasts and white people on things that were not beasts though they breathed like a beast and like a beast they walked — you cannot know what I mean. We certainly were stunned to see the things we saw. And we were shamed at, the laughing people laughed at our loin-cloths of beaten bark. None but us on the big path wore that old thing of beaten bark. All wore the things bought of the white man. We felt shame. And none spoke our speech.

We said to the white man, 'It is well that you make haste for we will die on this big path. The sun shines upon us all day and we wither. We remember the shade of the forest.'

We did not say, 'Shame eats us,' for shame is a thing of the heart, and the white man's heart is the heart of a white man. But we said to him, 'It is well that you make haste.' And he said, 'In three days we will turn back to the forest.'

We saw black men with things on their heads like white men. And these black men had this custom: when they saw a white man they took these things

off their heads. So we asked our white man, —

‘Why do they always take the things off their heads?’

He said, ‘They do this to honor the white man. It is the custom.’

Aha! we thought in our hearts, it is the custom.

That is why Ela took the kettle off his head. He carried it always on his head in the morning and in the evening, for then the sun was not strong and this was the way he had said he would carry it in the morning and in the evening. He was carrying it so the day we met the white woman.

The white woman came on a beast. We saw her coming and we said, —

‘It is a question — what is this coming — it should be a white person — is it a child?’

And our white man said, ‘It is a woman.’

So we knew it was a woman.

Éké! but little around the body! You would say no bigger than your wrist. Strange hair strangely dressed. All her little body covered with a cloth. Since you were born!

Our white man left the middle of the path and where he stood he took the thing off his head. When the white woman came near he bent his body. They spoke together. How do we know what they said — do we know their speech? We stood stunned. Only Ela remembered the custom. He remembered that he must take the kettle off his head, and he did. He bent his body as our master had done.

The white woman saw this thing that I am telling you and when she saw it she laughed. Our white man saw it and he laughed.

Now I ask you — why did they laugh? If it was the custom. We felt shame in our hearts for our brother. And when he stayed behind to break the kettle, not a man of our company hindered him.

We said any real person would do the same. He broke it with rocks.

That night we baked our plantains in the ashes and said nothing. White people are strange. He never asked — where is the kettle? But he bought us another at the house of sale on the big path. We carried it as we pleased, one man one day and another man the next.

Only Ela never carried it.

III

THE DAY

When our white man sickened, our chief went to him. It was night, and the white man sat out under the eaves. Osala said to him, —

‘Tell us why you sicken. Is it the girl we gave you — has she poisoned your food?’

Then the white man called the girl.

‘Give me to drink,’ he said. Then she gave him to drink out of the gourd she carries to the spring. And Osala knew that it was not the girl. She was a young girl, very black, as slim as your wrist. The white man let her do as her heart desired, so she did not hate him. And Osala believed that it was not the girl.

‘Is it a witch, and who has given you the witch?’ Osala asked the white man. And then was still. The little moon was red before Osala spoke again.

‘Our hearts are hanging up; tell us why you sicken.’

The white man said, ‘I sicken for a day.’

‘The things of the white man are strange,’ said Osala. And he went away.

Then was the time of the great sunlight. Through every breach in the forest the sun was strong. In the clear-

ing before the white man's house the green things died and his thatch rustled always with the heat.

It is for a day of rain that he sickens, we thought. But when the stars that warn us of the great rains stood above the roof and the rains fell upon the thatch like quick hands upon a drum — even then our white man sickened. He would not come out to bargain for rubber. He would not come for the great tusks of ivory as thick as a man's thigh and as high as his shoulder. Then we knew that it was not for a day of rain that our white man sickened. And we said to Osala, 'Go and ask him for what he sickens.'

'Am I a maker of days?' Osala said. But he went.

They sat again under the eaves at the close of day. The girl brought Osala a little fish baked in a leaf, but he did not eat it. He asked our white man, 'You say it is for a day that you sicken, Tell us for what day. Our hearts are hanging up.'

And the white man said, 'Every man has hidden in his heart a day for which he sickens. My day is hidden in my heart. Are you a maker of days that you should heal me? Eat

of the baked fish; it is good, and the little girl grieves that none eat of her baking.'

We never spoke to our white man again of his sickness. And he died. We buried him after the custom of our tribe; we do not know the custom of his country. We danced for many days, and the songs we sang were the songs of mourning.

The thatch above his house is thin — the sun and the rain go in. But all his tusks are as he left them. And we have kept the little girl to do with as you will. Since her master died she has sat in the ashes, she has not anointed her body with oil. Thus we have kept her and have not given her in marriage until the day when the brothers of the white man should come up from the sea to do with her as they will.

You may say that she poisoned his food. Or that some secret evil was cast upon him.

But he said to Osala under the eaves of his house that he sickened for a day. 'All men,' he said, 'have a day hidden in their hearts and mine is hidden in my heart.'

Were we makers of days that we should heal him?

THE OBVIOUS ATHLETE

BY EDWARD HARSHBERGER BUTLER

JUST why a decrepit pedagogue like me should have been called out to judge an event in the field sports, is much of a mystery. But so the matter fell out; and I came from the stadium at the end of the day well primed with thought. In fact, no better morsel of mental pabulum could have come to me had I lain in wait for it a solid year.

One is likely to sit behind his desk and do a deal of thinking in the course of a high-school semester. He has opportunity to peer into the faces of the youth, to hear their voices, and to fancy sometimes in a flight of enthusiasm over the *Knight's Tale* or the *Faerie Queene*, that he has laid hold of the popular mind and is guiding it surely into habits of high thinking. At such times he feels the leaven working, and working toward a glorious end. Well, I once liked to believe in the efficacy of a literary education. Perhaps I do still. But let me tell you what I learned on the field that afternoon in May.

In the stadium ten high schools of the Northwest were at odds for the championship. Section after section of gayly ribboned boys and girls waved their pennants and shouted for their favorites. Now and again the cheer-leaders, tanned and alert with hatless exercise, stood out on tiptoe before the crowd and brandished their megaphones. Scattered promiscuously among the 'rooters,' solid business men smoked and chatted with a holiday air. The town was out for the championship; it was the people's stadium, the people's school. The athletes themselves were

flesh and bone of the people who sat on the concrete benches, and the spectators were heart and soul in the games. Proud of it all, of course; for any business man amongst them could look back a decade to the time when his elder children went to school in a wooden building, and the boys preëmpted vacant lots for athletic exercise. Then a house-to-house canvass for money had ended with a subscription of \$100,000, and this solid structure on which they were sitting was a monument to the energy and public spirit of the town.

'That's Wayland,' remarked a comfortable-looking father as he pointed across the field. 'Coaches the team, you know. They pay him nineteen hundred—a trifle more than the ordinary profs get. The school board had to stretch the salary schedule to get him, but they fixed it all up by a little private subscription on the side. He's worth it, too; fine clean fellow to have working with the boys. And then just think of the advertising the town gets from a record-smashing team like this.'

As I worked my way down through the crowd toward the training-quarters I passed a table set out in full view of the spectators, and here were arranged the trophies of the meet. One large loving-cup was engraved with the compliments of the University Club to the school which could win the contest for three years in succession; two smaller receptacles of like nature represented the local alumni of two eastern colleges and were to be awarded respectively to the winning team and to the individual

athlete scoring the highest number of points for the day. A congregation of near-athletes, boys who had not quite qualified for the Interscholastic, encircled the table and fingered the trophies enviously. Others of the crowd trailed out devotedly in the wake of particular heroes who strode up and down the track, majestic in their panoply of bath-robe and calked shoes.

Records were to shift that day; one could feel it in the air. There was full consent for such business in the weather and in the admiring throng of fathers, mothers, and sweethearts filling the horseshoe above. Heron, the high-jumper, was classed an easy winner and was confessedly out for the national championship. The dashes and hurdles were already ours by right of public concession. I was aware of all this as I took the list of entries and called the roll for the high jump.

The coach was a man of affairs; he knew what the public wanted and was there to give them entertainment, with no dawdling between events. So the 100-yard dash and the low hurdles were out of the way before my men on the field had fairly warmed up. Then the first lap of the 440 came by, and I halted the jump while we watched the finish of the race. There was Billings in the lead, his broad nostrils dilated race-horse-wise, and a collected expression on his face that he had never shown to me in our discussions of Emerson. I began to feel a certain admiration for Billings, he was so evidently efficient; the muscles of his clean-cut calves were sliding in poetic rhythm and his whole body was beautifully concentrated in the race. I found myself shouting incontinently as he sprang by me on the third lap; and, truth to tell, I was enjoying the unwonted sense of abandon hugely. You know, we fellows behind the desk get so accustomed to furnishing the show that we can't walk down

street of a Saturday afternoon without feeling that all eyes are upon us. Well, I shed that feeling then and there. I had stepped down, and was protagonist no longer. I had begun to feel thoroughly lost and happy in the crowd, when suddenly, as the quarter-milers swung into the fourth lap, a snarl went up from the jumpers around me. Looking across the home-stretch I caught sight of a frail boy with thin legs and a kodak climbing from the balustrade to the cinder-path below.

'Get out of that,' I shouted indiscreetly. 'Don't you see they're coming?' And as the fellow climbed sheepishly back to his seat I recognized him. It was Chalmers, the boy who reads Emerson and Thoreau with an understanding heart. There was reproach in his eye, but while the magnificent Billings was pounding past to the finish I could feel only a sort of tolerant pity for a boy who understands Emerson.

The grand-stand was ready now for the high jump, for the weaker men had dropped off, and Heron had begun to knead his calves as he sat sunning himself in his bath-robe. Now Heron was no mean fellow. He had proved himself much of a gentleman in his ordinary dealings with me, and had a reputation for brains. But this matter of the high jump seemed to have gone to his head a bit, for he shouted at old Jim, the handy man about the place, to dig up the ground beneath the standards, abusing him roundly meanwhile for his negligence in so important a situation. Old Jim was in demand for hurdles just then, so he came running up with his pick and threw it to the crowd of athletes sitting about in an idle group. But as he turned away hurriedly to complete his other task Heron called him back.

'Don't you touch that pick, you fellows,' he bawled. 'Let the old man do it; that's what he's here for.'

So while Heron nursed his precious legs in the sun, old gray-haired Jim dug up the soil, and then, with bent back and shuffling gait, hastened off to make himself as ubiquitous as possible. And as I watched him go I felt a little put out at Jim, for had n't he tried to impose a bit upon these splendid fellows here who were conserving every ounce of energy for public exhibition? As I watched Heron relax his body and gather himself beautifully to clear the bar at six feet, I became very sure that old Jim deserved a reprimand at least. Then came the great preparation for a record jump, and in the confusion old Jim for the time was forgotten. A flurry in the grand stand followed the cheerleader's announcement that Heron had cleared six feet and would now try for the world's interscholastic record. Old men and matronly ladies, policemen, coaches, students, all crushed and strained toward a favorable outlook from the grand stand. Three press photographers, their tripods fixed in the cinder-path, and their heads cowed, stood tense to catch and fix the great reality of the afternoon. It was done — six feet two and a half. The congestion in the grand stand found relief, and Heron was borne to the training quarters on the shoulders of his fellows.

'A good jump that was,' remarked Jim as he tipped the standards into a wheelbarrow. I nodded and forced an expression of *bonhomie*, for Jim and I were really friends, and we had consulted now and then over some of Jim's domestic difficulties. Now, there may have been ordinarily some discrepancy between my point of view and his, for I had read the philosophers in my youth and still clung tight to certain well-tested notions of reality. It had been my diversion particularly to philosophize on Jim's relation to the universe, and I had often watched him from my window in the morning hours

making a careful round of the stadium, filling here and scraping there, and tamping portions of the cinder-path with a butt of heavy timber. I used to wonder how long the old man would last at the work, for he was getting frail and could scarcely drag himself home of an evening. Then the whole tragedy of his life would push itself forward in my mind, the old, old tragedy of the working man: home mortgaged, wife with child, industrious boy working his way through school, the father spending each day more than his allowance of strength to keep his family under cover.

It was just as new and terrible to me as if there had been no such strait in the world before. This was the real matter that counted, or ought to count, with some intelligence somewhere. It was the real tragedy underlying the daily comedy of the athletic field, — a business of the soul, which must crop out and make its appeal some time. Perhaps the whole splendid school-plant, with its Romanesque towers, its halls hung with paintings of the masters, its classrooms equipped with the best apparatus of our Aryan civilization, the great amphitheatre lighted and parked and set with thirty thousand seats of stone, where the youth of the town took their pleasure — perhaps all this existed only for the sake of Jim who was down there working with a lame back, but in some unintelligible manner working out his own salvation under the dead weight of it all.

I used to speculate in this wise, peeping beneath the surface of things to catch glimpses of reality; but at the present moment, when Jim was tipping the standards into the wheelbarrow, I felt that my metaphysical insight had deserted me. Instead, I was intensely conscious that Jim was slow in moving those standards, and that much remained to be done which he was n't getting at. But I was keenly alive also

to a new kind of comradeship between us.

'Jim,' I said, 'we're lucky to be here to-day. It's magnificent — a world's record, and you and I officiating. You set up those standards for the jump, did n't you, Jim? and I held the upper end of the tape when the A.A.U. committee took the measurement. How'd you like to be in Heron's shoes to-day, Jim? His name is flashing over the wires right now to every corner of the continent, and the New York papers are clamoring for his photograph. I tell you, Jim, it's the real thing. I'd slave another twenty years behind the desk and never whine if I knew that it would help the school breed one more world-beater like that. How about it? It's worth the money, is n't it? We're the under-dogs, you and I; the load's pretty heavy on us sometimes, but as the poet used to say back in New England,

Underneath the laurel wreath
Should be a wreath of thorns.

So smile, Jim, smile. You know what I used to say: it's the great social age, the era of upward-surg-ing mediocrity, one man pulling for the other, and all for the uplift of the mass. You've said these things yourself at a Socialist meeting; I've heard you say them. But we were wrong, Jim. We're not humble servants of the community any longer. That idea's obsolete, and we've got to get over it. We're working for Heron; he's the man for the time. Don't you see that every living body in the crowd has given him its heart and soul? There was a meeting, one time, of the Chinese Imperial Academy to honor a poet of the empire; and before the assembled gray-heads the Emperor Kien Lung spoke in this wise: "An hundred years of æsthetic culture culminate in the jubilee of to-day." That sentiment fits right here, so smile, Jim;

we've been making history this afternoon.'

Jim smiled broadly and rubbed his lame back. 'I used to go in for wrestling some on the back lots when I was a lad, and the young bucks used to say that I was cock of the walk. I know how the lad feels. That was a fine jump for a boy; he's got the making of a man in him sure.'

So Jim departed with his wheelbarrow, and the immortal Heron, a silver trophy in each hand, was bowing gracefully to the dispersing throng as I passed out to the street. I was in holiday mood, so I searched my pocket for a penny and bought an 'extra,' opening it to the athletic page where Heron's face appeared almost life-size. Aboard the street car I was still engaged in a cursory perusal of the sporting print when I caught sight of the studious Chalmers edging his way toward me through the crowd.

'My boy,' I said, laying a friendly hand on his shoulder, 'my boy, give it up, it's no go any more. Forget your Thoreau and be a world's champion in the high jump. That's the real thing.'

O Youth, Youth, what are you driving at, or what are we driving you to? Who am I with my paltry baits of poetry and art to lure you in the path which I profess to tread? What hold have I on your love or thought or will, I who peddle my unrealities through five disrupted hours of the week? I had looked to your minds for enthusiasm over the baubles in my peddler's pack, and at one time fondly convinced myself that I had won it. Foolish fellow! I must have forgotten the lust of youth, to plume myself on such an achievement, or ever to mistake your urbane curiosity for anything so spontaneous as a thrill.

What are the Transcendentalists to you who transcend thought in action every hour you live; and by what

known authority can I lay claim to your interest? Do your mothers and fathers and elder brothers wax warm of an evening over the poets, or have you ever heard the names Rembrandt or Holbein upon the market-place? I wonder now at the power tradition has placed upon me, and pray God that I have not been too arrogant in the use of it. I thank you kindly for the proper show of attention with which you have regarded my vagaries.

Matthew Arnold once spoke of the power of the man and the power of the time. When these two forces meet in fortunate consent we gallop onward at a happy pace, pedagogues, parents, children and all. I thought last week that we were going this pace together and might arrive ere long at the sunny borders of some Pantisocracy and all be glad together. But then I was un-

learned in the wisdom of youth; perhaps if I had graciously held my tongue for a season you might have taught me the trend of things. You might have told me that somewhere beyond the walls of my classroom the man and the hour had met; you might even have challenged me to battle in the arena till I could rightly gauge them both. In fact you did that very thing, and I thank you heartily for the instruction. I have entered your territory naked and empty-handed, stripped bare of the armor which tradition gave. Your champion has swept me off my feet and tossed me against the paling of the lists. Nay more, he has won me to his side, so that I pick myself up and rush onward, mad and happy as yourselves. I have pitted my power against yours and I have lost. How can you follow me further?

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

DRAWING THE CURTAIN

THE old-fashioned novelists drew the curtain when the situation became intimately personal. 'Let us now,' they said, 'leave the happy lovers to themselves.'

We have changed all that. Instead of drawing the curtain before happy lovers at the end of the story, our novelists now discover unhappy married people at the beginning. Ample opportunity has been given for several years for the novel-reader to determine which plan he likes better. One is told that to portray life as it is one must take down the curtains, shades, screens and other devices for privacy; that realism con-

sists chiefly in revealing all that the older novelists left out; that nothing is too sacred or too revolting for the aims of the Artist.

The crude story of the cowboy who tore away the towel pinned before the window by a gentle Easterner while taking a bath suggests itself. 'I only wanted to know what you are so damn private about,' said the cowboy. One may guess that a desire for privacy is resented in undeveloped society. It seems to imply a kind of rebuke, or an unsocial and selfish disposition. But one of the chief tests of a developed society is the ease with which one may ensure one's privacy, to do well or ill. And the quarrel that one may have with

novelists of the present day is due to their fashion of ignoring privacy, and revealing what only the physician or alienist sees and hears, — in a word, in publishing what is never public.

A grave charge against the exploitation of intimacy is to be found in the very nature of literature that lasts. 'It is fanciful,' says Shakespeare, several times in as many different ways. It cannot in its most elaborate and final analysis be true to a particular set of facts. No one wants literature to be that. It is to be a play of fancy, endowed with verisimilitude if the writer thinks best; as unreal as a dream if another writer so desires. But fancy, or the stronger creation of imagination, it must be to endure.

More than that: the fancy and imagination must create something that may be publicly regarded, talked about, held aloft in each generation; loved, sung, and commemorated. Now some particular facts and phases of human nature are singularly unfit for such publicity. Making one's toilet is a natural and unconscious operation; it is a personal matter — which is accomplished behind closed doors. It is most truthfully described when it is taken for granted. In so taking this and other facts for granted the older novelists were greater artists than they knew. We may take for granted activities in the kitchen, and the intimacies of other apartments. So far, the dentist's chair has not occupied a prominent place in realistic fiction, yet no one can deny that frequent or belated visits to the dentist are actually important facts of life. This bare reference betrays the grotesque character of any realism, unless the subject-matter be wisely chosen.

Wisely chosen? Who can say? Any one can say, who calmly surveys literature that has been loved and venerated. Whatever will bear publicity, talk, — whatever people take a pride in possess-

ing and knowing, — may be safely left to the writer, realist though he be. Any form of personal gratification, of selfishness, avoids publicity, avoids the light. How then can it be good matter for literature? Personal gratification undoubtedly best serves the ends of those writers who in turn serve those most interested in personal gratification; and as the number of those thus served is large the returns to the writer are substantial. Yet the testimony of literature that lasts is that such gratification has not engaged the greatest minds. One might almost generalize, and say that some kind of renunciation — *Entsagung* — has appealed to them more strongly. Is it not in part due to the plain and open character of the virtue, and to a certain shamefacedness in gratification?

Here we come to the core of the matter. Despite the flings at Puritanism, it may be that we must bring modesty back to our literature, if it is to be great as that of the past is great. The stuff of literature is immodest even as personal behavior is immodest. There is, to use the same grotesque illustration, there is immodesty in public revelations about one's teeth. Whatever the Artist may say to the contrary, a layman may feel that the obtrusion of private matters upon our attention is inartistic. Modesty about such matters is more beautiful, more harmonious, more simple. The less said the better.

One feels indeed that the flings at Puritanism have been the least bit uncritical. Are we really to regard the Artist as a person who writes to be known as a kind of Greek, who limits spiritual significance to legs and movements of the body? Is Art merely Bacchic? People who live in temperate and cold climates have a very natural inclination to prefer the modesty of clothes to surprising revelations of anatomy. Carlyle liked to play with the fancy of a clothed

and unclothed society. But Carlyle's concern was with the revelations of the mind and soul, not with those of the body, or of its ills and functions. He expressly warns us against making too much of all that is not mind and soul. Wherein lies the greatness of writers from Aristophanes to Swift—and Carlyle himself—who have emphasized the unsavory and immodest, if not in their keen sense of the unworthiness of their subject? The salt of their genius has been this sense of the grotesque inadequacy of such material for serious purposes.

If realists and various kinds of problem writers were content to be, or could be, humorists, no one could find fault with their product. Only the humorist—the writer born with a sense of the incongruity and grotesque in human nature—can make much that is worth while in the long run out of immodesty, whatever airs and graces and professions it may give itself. Only that which is public in kind can long endure publicity. The rest is death; or it belongs to the privacy of the home, of the chapel, or of the consulting-room of the pathologist. To publish such material as literature is to violate the commonest truth of human nature. Age-long instincts of modesty, reaching back to the very animals, may not be abashed by the cry of '*toujours l'audace*' without giving false and sentimental values to the material employed.

If distinguished exceptions in literary achievement may be suggested in this contention—and where without humor are they to be found?—one may answer that each generation is quite competent to assess literary values as it sees fit. Writers try this and that, and oblivion follows most novelities. Modesty of subject-matter and modesty of style have preserved a surprising number of books. Our audits are by no means closed. What did it

mean when Puritan and Quaker would have none of the paint, powder, plaster and paste of the Caroline period? A hundred years ahead of his time Sir Thomas More clothed his supermen with the outward signs of inward modesty. Immodesty and display his supermen regarded with charitable condescension, as common to strangers who knew no better. To any one with a historical background the literary use of what is essentially private in its nature clogs rather than frees the fancy; and if it be unsavory or unpalatable one is glad to leave such a book alone, and turn to the writers whom one can discuss freely, nay joyfully, with family, friends, and students.

IN DEFENSE OF THE HEN

'HENS have no brains,' declared the wife of a modern farmer as she chased a fat old Wyandotte toward the roosting-place she should have sought voluntarily.

Before I could challenge the woman's statement, the hen, by a brilliant strategic movement, completely eluded her pursuer, and with a triumphant cackle disappeared in the tall grass. The method of her escape showed brains, there could be no two opinions about that; but it was her cackle that should have settled any wavering doubt in the mind of her detractor, for that cackle was uttered at exactly the right moment; not an instant too soon, not a second too late. And it takes brains to know just when to cackle.

A glance at the woman's face decided me to postpone till another time my defense of the hen. The vanquished rarely have an open mind in regard to the merits of the victor.

After all, would it be worth while to make any attempt, seasonable or unseasonable, to convert this woman to

my estimate of the hen? No doubt she would call me old-fashioned, and would assert that since the introduction of steam-heated henhouses, modern nests, perches, brooders, and incubators, since the hen had been deprived of the joy of motherhood and the privilege of rearing her own offspring, there had been a decided falling-off in her mental equipment; that having absolutely no use for brains, she no longer possessed them. Very likely this up-to-date farmer's wife would laugh derisively when she had forced from me the admission that it had been forty years since I had owned a hen. Women have a way of being so exact in regard to incidentals; they are so exasperatingly correct about trifles. But when one is sure of his ground, what difference does a mere detail of forty years matter?

To be sure I should also have to admit that I had owned and raised but one hen. However, if the man of one book serves as a warning, ought not the owner of one hen to prove equally formidable?

This hen of mine belonged to no special breed. She was just a little yellow ball of fluffy feathers the morning I found her in the yard with a broken leg, the victim of a foster-mother's cruelty.

With bungling boyish tenderness I set the broken leg, and felt the first exultant thrill of ownership when my grandmother said, 'You may have her.'

'What shall I name my chicken?'

After a moment's hesitation my grandmother said, 'Oh, call her Marie Antoinette.'

I accepted the name with no inkling of the fate it was intended to foretell.

After Marie Antoinette had grown into a beautiful hen, I was awakened one morning by a gurgling note of joy.

I opened my eyes to see a newly laid egg at my feet, and Marie Antoinette gazing at me with a look of affection in her small brown eyes.

She waited just long enough to be sure that I was awake, then she disappeared, as she had come, through the open window.

With the egg in my hand I ran to the kitchen.

'See, see, granny! Marie Antoinette has laid her first egg on my bed!'

'So she has, child. Tell 'Liza to poach it for your breakfast.'

Poach it! Poach Marie Antoinette's first egg! No, never! I should keep that egg for ever and ever. Accordingly I wrapped it in my best handkerchief and gave it the place of honor among my treasures, beside a button from Stonewall Jackson's coat.

Marie Antoinette did not come to lay the second egg on my bed. This led my grandmother to remark, —

'Now your hen is hiding her nest somewhere; you must watch her and bring in the eggs as fast as she lays them.'

I soon found the nest, but its whereabouts remained a delicious secret. When it had twelve eggs in it Marie Antoinette was missed at feeding time. After three weeks of impatient waiting — on my part at least — she came proudly into the yard with nine little chickens in her wake.

From the very first day she had a regular system for the management of her young. In the cool of the early morning she showed them how to find bugs, worms, and grasshoppers; when the noon hour approached she took them under the shade of the great live oak. She taught them to rush to cover under her motherly wings when they saw the shadow made by the white-headed eagle as he soared overhead.

As I sat one morning under the old mulberry tree, watching her divide a

particularly large and succulent earth-worm among her brood, a sudden cloud seemed to overshadow us, and before I could rise up or even cry out, the white-headed eagle had swooped down upon Marie Antoinette and borne her away.

I watched his upward flight, too horrified to utter a sound, but when I finally gave vent to my anguish the united wail of the Sabine men and women before the walls of Rome could not have carried more anguish than did my lament.

'The white-headed eagle has carried off Marie Antoinette!'

My grandmother showed genuine concern at my grief. 'Come to the house,' she urged, 'and Liza will pull the watermelon out of the well and you may cut it.'

Eat watermelon, and Marie Antoinette being devoured by the white-headed eagle! The golden apples of the Hesperides could not have tempted me then.

Although I have never owned another hen, that experience of my early boyhood on a Mississippi farm gave me a sentiment for the hen. I should like to see her on a plane, at least, with the turkey and the goose.

She is their superior in every way except that of size, and yet they have long held the place of honor on the Christmas and the Thanksgiving dinner-table, and they have had reams and reams of poetry written about them.

But the hen, that most important of all feathered creatures, who writes poetry about her? Who even takes the trouble to know anything about her early history in America? Who owned the first hen; when and where did she land upon our shores?

Why not make amends for our long years of neglect by making her the centre of the feast on the Fourth of

July? Hereafter let it be our Thanksgiving turkey, our Christmas goose, and our Fourth-of-July hen.

ENGLISH AS SHE IS EDITED

A STUDY of the classics of English literature as they are edited for the use of schools sometimes yields unexpected profit to the seeker after knowledge. I met with a particularly fine example the other day, rich in surprising information which I feel it my duty to share with my fellow members of the Club. This information covers many branches of knowledge, — mythology, history, biography, zoölogy, literature, languages, geography, and others, — but I can give only a few specimens here. In mythology, for instance, we learn that the Graces were the daughters of Juno by Eurynome, thus boasting an origin even more miraculous than that of most of the goddesses and nymphs. We are informed, too, that Robin Goodfellow was a famous English outlaw and popular hero; also that Old Parr's first name was Catherine, and that he was the sixth and last wife of Henry the Eighth. This last assertion, however, is qualified by the suggestion that 'perhaps' he was Thomas Parr, the noted English centenarian.

The Tremont House, which I had supposed to have been a once famous hostelry on the street of the same name in my native city, was, it seems, not a hotel at all but an old Boston *family*. A reference to the leap of the Mameluke Bey is elucidated by the explanation that 'the first word means a dynasty of Egyptian Sultans from 1250–1517, originally applied to Turkish slaves who were brought to Egypt, and massacred in Cairo in 1811'; while 'the second word means the title of a military captain.'

The 'Verses supposed to be written by Alexander Selkirk,' are, according

to this authority, actually Selkirk's own composition, and it seems that we must congratulate William Cowper on a very successful piece of plagiarism. Flying Childers is generally supposed to have been an English race-horse of the eighteenth century, but evidently the world has been mistaken about him, for the note reads as follows: 'Flying Childers (Hugh). 1827-1896. An English statesman who went to Australia as controller of the trade and customs.'

But perhaps the most remarkable of these annotations is that which reads: 'Mentors, Isaac. 1642-1727. An English philosopher and mathematician; originator of a theory of light, colors, and gravity.' I am afraid that there is an error here, and yet it is not the simple typographical error which it might seem to be, for the word annotated is actually 'Mentors,' and not 'Newton' as one might guess. I think, too, that I see how the error came about. The editor went through his book and drew off a list of the words and passages he wished to annotate. Then, when later he came to write the notes, he was unable to make out his own handwriting in the case of 'Mentors' and read the word as 'Newton.' (Why he pitched upon Sir Isaac instead of Newton Centre, Newton Highlands, Newton Upper Falls, Newton Lower Falls, Newton Corner, Newtonville, or West Newton, when he had so many Newtons to choose from, one can only guess.) The printers, however, with a facility acquired from wide experience with careless writing, deciphered the word correctly as 'Mentors' and so set it up, perhaps verifying it by referring to the text; but, not being so well informed on scientific matters, they trustfully 'followed copy' in the rest of the note. There, if any other member of the Club can give a more plausible explanation, I shall be glad to hear it. The only

question that remains is, 'Who read the proof?'

I have not exhausted the possibilities of this mine of curious information, for I wish to leave something for my followers to discover for themselves. I will simply add that the author of these valuable notes is a master of arts of a great American university. Long may old — stand to promote the gentle art of annotation!

A FOOTNOTE TO THE SINGLE-TAX DISCUSSION

TO THE EDITOR: —

Permit me to thank you, and the author, for the very lucid, important, and timely article by Professor Alvin S. Johnson, in the January *Atlantic*. 'The Case Against the Single Tax' is the case against present political tendencies in this country. We who live in Wisconsin, which Mr. Roosevelt has so happily termed the 'experiment station,' know this better, perhaps, than some others, for we have been subjects for all the crack-brained prescriptions for curing the ills of unjust taxation by using 'the hair of the dog.'

The tendency in this state is already toward the confiscation of property by taxation. Our system operates now, so far as farmers are concerned, virtually as a single land-tax.

In his first message as Governor, in January, 1901, Robert M. La Follette criticised his predecessors because their record showed 'a steady and rapid increase in the cost of government.' He defined this as 'an advance of 50 per cent . . . within a period of ten years.' A table which is a part of the message, shows that the aggregate cost of government for the ten years (1889-1898) to which he referred, was \$30,334,000.72, or about \$3,000,000 per

annum. In the last year of the decade total disbursements reached \$3,708,582.50.

Mr. La Follette, who established our 'experiment station,' was governor six years, during which the state spent \$30,524,340.03, and for the last year expenditures rose to \$5,104,868. That was doing well, but the last Legislature, of 1913, appropriated over \$36,000,000, for the current two years.

We collect this year in income taxes over \$4,000,000; and in taxes upon railroads over \$4,000,000. Either item exceeds the entire cost of state government in 1900.

Meanwhile our ratio of increase in population has fallen from 22.2 per cent in 1900, to 12.8 per cent in the Census of 1910.

These figures have large significance in the light of Professor Johnson's argument.

Wisconsin has progressed in tax reform only in the direction of collecting these greatly increased sums of money, and also, in adding largely to local bonded indebtedness; for as our assessments rise, the limit of county, town, and municipal indebtedness rises, automatically. The constitution limits such indebtedness to 5 per cent of the assessed valuation.

Thirteen Wisconsin cities have recently taken over various public utilities and others are moving in this direction.

Is not the demand for government ownership of railroads, telegraphs and telephones, a wider manifestation of the unrest that finds new burdens, rather than relief, in higher taxes and growing public extravagance?

Professor Johnson points to the goal toward which 'reform' is hastening us, and at breath-taking speed. It is socialistic and communal ownership. We shall first extinguish private property by methods of taxation that will eventuate in the single tax, then culminate in confiscation, and we shall extinguish other private ownership in government ownership, through purchase or virtual confiscation, as in the case of the express business, now before our eyes.

Pardon me, but as I see it, this country is already in the midst of a revolution that means, if it succeeds, the destruction of all rights in private property. If I am, even measurably, correct in this view, the seriousness of the menace is my justification for trespassing upon your space.

ELLIS B. USHER.

MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN,
January 6, 1914.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

APRIL, 1914

THE LAST REFUGE OF THE SPOILSMAN

BY AN OBSERVER

I

A GREAT deal has been heard of the way in which the foreign service has been demoralized by the present administration. It is said that under the feet of spoilsmen, lean and hungry after sixteen years in opposition, the young plant of a real diplomatic service has been bruised and withered beyond recognition. The State Department is said to be in chaos, and the effectiveness of its servants abroad to have been gravely impaired by a cynical return to the spoils system as practiced in the bad old times.

This is a serious indictment. In days gone by the diplomatic service was the one government department where appointments 'unconnected with the good of the service' mattered least. If a state chairman or provincial editor liked to accept a diplomatic post in payment of a political debt, it was all to the good from the administrative point of view. Pressure upon the domestic spoils market was relieved, and the appropriate foreign representative in Washington could always take up with the State Department any serious questions that might arise. Things now are very different. The days of economic self-sufficiency have passed. Americans can no longer 'point with

pride' to the fact that their country is the granary of the world and therefore likely to be courted by the world. A relatively dwindling food-supply and an increasing output of manufactures due mainly to a magnificently growing industrialism and its almost inevitable concomitant, stagnation of agriculture, have absolutely altered her position. She needs each year new markets in which to sell her manufactures and to buy her supplies. Signs of the change are everywhere. One may read them in Mr. Underwood's tariff-reform law, in the new currency law, in the Panama Canal, in the new Pan-Americanism, even in the general, and especially the commercial, intelligence supplied by the average daily organs of enlightened opinion.

Nor is that all. If economic pressure is driving the United States into world-politics, world-politics is becoming each year more a matter of commerce and finance. The Anglo-German relationship which, when all is said and done, is the central factor in European affairs, the power of cosmopolitan finance in the same field, the general trend of British imperialism, the nature of the activities of the Powers in the outlying parts of the world — everything, in fact, points to the substitution of economic forces for the forces of

dynastic, racial, religious, even territorial ambitions. To this the Balkan War with its barbarous interplay of the older passions is but the exception that illustrates the rule. There can still be no questioning of the wisdom of Washington's advice about the avoidance of political entanglements with Europe; there is still much force in the prohibition opposed by the Monroe Doctrine to European political aggression in this hemisphere. No thinking American could wish to see his country interfere in the Balkan muddle. Rather to their own surprise the European Powers have recognized that they have no political interest in the Mexican muddle. But even the old saw that trade follows the flag is at a discount. Inexorable forces are making diplomacy more and more part and parcel of the game of cosmopolitan finance and trade, and in that game the United States must take an effective part if she is to enjoy the destiny that physical geography and national character have mapped out for her.

A sometimes subconscious realization of that fact, together with a genuine desire for civil-service reform, seems to be at the bottom of the criticism to which Mr. Bryan and the President have been subjected. How far is that criticism justified by the facts? In the opinion of the writer there has been a tendency toward summary over-harshness. Not even his bitterest enemy can accuse the President of provincial blindness in regard to the necessity for a forward commercial policy. Such changes in that policy as he has made or favored concern means, and not ends. A notable example of this was his withdrawal last spring from the Chinese loan *consortium*. Upon the main proposition that it is the duty of a modern government to help its commerce there seem to be no two opinions in Washington. That in itself is a great

deal for a party so hidebound in insular tradition as the Democrats used to be.

II

The next thing to notice is the fate of the consular service, which ought to be the closest link between traders and their government. It has been kept intact. Since March, thirty consular positions have been filled from within the service, or from a list furnished by official examiners of candidates. This is very different from what happened upon former occasions, when a change in administration has meant a change in party. To go back no further than President Cleveland's second administration, one finds that within a period of ten months, 30 out of a total of 35 consuls general, 133 out of a total of 183 consuls of the first class, besides the great majority of minor officials, were superseded by hastily selected Democrats. A similar course was followed by Mr. McKinley. Of the 272 consuls above the \$1,000 grade whom he found in office, 238 were dismissed.

Debauches of this kind were in accord with the precedents of a century. The original consular act of 1792 did little except breed abuses. Whereas, by the early nineteenth century, most countries had their salaried consular services, American consuls, 'with very few exceptions, were commission merchants, anxious, like all other merchants, to increase their business. In many, perhaps the greater number of cases, the place is sought chiefly for the advantage and influence it will give to extend the commercial affairs of the officer.' (Report of Secretary of State Livingston to President Jackson.)

Neither President Jackson nor succeeding presidents or congresses were able to do much to correct this evil. There were some attempts at legisla-

tion. Executive orders were promulgated, but without much effect.

Until 1906 there were wholesale changes in the service with each administration. Favorites of presidents had almost Verrine opportunities of enrichment in places like London; minor party hacks were sent with their families for a few years' sojourn abroad at the country's expense; and the work of fostering export trade and so on went usually by default. By 1905, however, public opinion had been aroused as to the necessity for a competent service. Mr. Root as Secretary of State drafted a comprehensive bill to classify and grade the consular service, to apply civil-service principles to the selection, appointment, and promotion of officers; and to provide, among other things, a system for the regular inspection of consulates. The measure was strongly supported by public opinion; but Congress was loath to part with one of its finest spoils preserves, and the law as finally enacted did not contain the provision regulating the selection, appointment, and promotion of officers.

Mr. Root was not to be beaten. By his advice, Mr. Roosevelt issued in 1906 an executive order which applied the principle of the civil service to all grades, created a board of examiners, and defined the system under which the service was to be made permanent.

An executive order can easily be reversed. It is known that much pressure was put upon President Wilson to reverse that of Mr. Roosevelt. That he should have withstood in this respect the clamor of political henchmen is a signal example of political courage, and one that should count for much in any effort that is made to apportion the blame for such spoils-mongering as the Democrats have been guilty of. So should the intelligent care with

which Mr. Redfield, the Secretary of Commerce, has approached the question of the promotion of foreign trade. In an address delivered last April before the Cotton Manufacturers' Association, he outlined what he believed to be a serviceable policy.

'We have,' he said, 'the consular service scattered all over the earth, and greatly improved in the last few years in its efficiency. Every one who has read the Daily Consular and Trade Reports knows that they have practical value. For long I have been accustomed to look them over frequently and make extracts from them for use in my business. It is remarkable that this work should be so well done, and that it should be increasing in its practical value, when we consider how many other matters the consuls have under their care. . . . They must report upon the political affairs in the regions in which they reside, having thus important work of a national rather than a commercial character. They have to do with disputes between masters and seamen, and the relief of sailors in distress. They authenticate and legalize documents, grant various certificates, and deal with the registry of births, marriages, and deaths. They administer oaths and take testimony; act as protectors, and in some cases as guardians, of Americans; and even perform the duties of arbitrators, or in certain cases exercise a judicial authority. They assist to protect our people from the introduction of diseases, through their reports on sanitary conditions of vessels and ports; and they take a practical part in the enforcement of the pure-food law and of the customs laws by their care for merchandise about to be imported into this country. There are in addition certain special duties performed at particular points.

'The wonder is that amid these cares

the consuls are doing such excellent service as all who are familiar with their work are glad to recognize them as performing.

‘In addition to the limitations which their numerous duties place upon the consuls, they are also limited by the fact that their jurisdiction — or perhaps we would better say their opportunity — is strictly local. They are not supposed to travel in the countries where they live. Their outlook is in a large measure confined to the things which happen at, or near, or within the influence of, their place of residence. . . .

‘As opposed to this local and almost stationary force, the Department of Commerce, through its Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce, is represented by what are known as commercial agents. These are men who are always on the move. They do not deal with localities at all, and only in a limited sense with countries. Their duties commonly involve the investigation of one or more subjects, looked at in a general or international way rather than as confined to the limits of any one nation. Here we have the entire absence of the local view, or even of the national view; for the scope of these agents is such that their inquiries are supposed to include the whole world, so far as it relates to the development of the subjects they have in hand.

‘It will doubtless be evident to you that between these two functions, the general one and the particular one, there is a third function which remains unfilled, and it is concerning that that I desire to speak now. Perhaps the best means of describing the commercial gap is to suggest how it seems possible to fill it.

‘In our leading embassies are officers of the Army and Navy, called military and naval attachés. They are accredited by the Department of State to the

respective nations, and their purpose is the study of the conditions in other nations within the lines of their professions. Would it not be possible to add what we may call a commercial attaché in, say, six or seven of our embassies? Let us suppose that this commercial attaché was a well-equipped man of business, who had no duties save that of studying carefully industrial and commercial subjects in the country to which he was accredited. He would be free from the office and local duties of the consul. He would not be limited to any locality. His scope would be as wide as that of the nation in which he resided. He would have nothing to do with diplomatic affairs. His service would be continuously and only that of studying carefully the commercial development and progress of the people among whom he lived. He could be an efficient factor in making clear to them American commercial and industrial interests, and in likewise making plain to us the similar interests in his foreign field. . . . For example, what clearer way could there be to learn of certain phases of South American commerce than to know thoroughly well how the great nations of Europe were dealing with that commerce?

‘If I grasp at all clearly the possible functions of the supposed officer whose duties I am discussing, he would be able to coördinate the work that the consuls now do, and make a unified whole out of what is now necessarily a group of unrelated parts. Such an officer would be in touch with the various consuls in the ports of the nation where he lived — not as replacing them, but as supporting and correlating them. In like manner the work of the commercial agents would be supplemented and unified by such an organization, and the result would seem to be probable that we

should get no longer only monographs on special themes, and reports from diverse localities; but while these continue, we should also get the mature and well-digested results of a continued study which would take all these into account.'

There can be no doubt that as reorganized in recent years the consular service has been a great help to American exporters. It contrasts very favorably to-day with the English service, and bears comparison with Germany's infinitely more competent organization. Its general and special reports are disseminated daily among the business men of the country; its officers abroad are gradually evolving systematized plans for bringing foreign purchasers into closer contact with American firms. It has been estimated officially that in 1910 and 1911 the total export business that could be traced directly to the work of the Department of State amounted to over \$100,000,000.

Though Mr. Redfield's plan for commercial attachés is still in the air, this administration has already been responsible for various executive improvements in the same direction. The Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce of the Department of Commerce has opened an office in the Custom-house, New York, and will shortly open offices in Chicago, New Orleans, and San Francisco, to assist merchants and manufacturers in the development of foreign trade. Arrangements have been made for consuls on leave to visit these offices and to place their special knowledge at the disposal of local business men. Recently in New York the representatives of twenty-two houses interested in a particular field called upon the consul at the local office of the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce.

Another of Mr. Redfield's innova-

tions is that the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce shall send its commercial agents, on their return to America, to trade conferences or conventions.

III

Thus in one very important direction the indictment that the administration has debauched the foreign service falls to the ground. There remains the diplomatic branch — the State Department at home and its foreign agencies in the shape of embassies and legations abroad. It must be admitted at once that nothing has been done for its betterment, and that a good deal has been done toward its deterioration. But here again it is unfair to do as most critics have done, and to ignore the traditions and precedents with which the President had to contend. There is a tendency to attack him for having allowed the sudden demoralization of a service, the effectiveness of which was as firmly rooted in history as, say, the British or French services. It need hardly be said that that is not the case. The American diplomatic body never got a fair start. All the traditions of its management make for incompetency. At its inception it was handicapped by a legislature as jealous of its prerogatives as it was careless of external relations. It was some years before the Congress of the Confederation even created a foreign department; and, after the adoption of the Constitution, the department soon lost its never very effective entity in the Department of State, at the head of which was a minister combining in one personality the usually distinct functions of Chancellor and Foreign Minister. In the words of Jefferson, the department embraced 'the whole domestic administration (war and finance excepted).' Even the mint was for a time under its management.

It is recorded that one of Jefferson's earliest official acts was to submit to the President a bimetallic cent 'made by putting a silver plug worth three fourths of a cent into a copper coin worth one fourth of a cent.' (Address of Mr. Knox before the Civic Federation, New York, December 1911.)

Hence, when the changing needs of the new century began to press, the United States found herself practically without a diplomatic service. The Department of State had gradually sloughed off its domestic functions as new departments were created; but it remained a foreign office only in name. Its organization was amorphous. Its lower ranks, like those of the consular service, were filled by the protégés of the smaller fry of politics; its high places went to the friends of presidents and to the friends of those friends. *Esprit de corps* and special knowledge were at a discount. Such prestige as fell to American diplomacy was due to the genius of chance individuals and not at all to the system.

It was a state of affairs difficult to remedy. The prejudices of Congress, a majority of whose members were utterly ignorant and careless of foreign affairs, had to be removed; the dislike of the average member for spending public funds outside his constituency had to be overcome; and, what was more difficult still, parochial politicians had to be taught that a spoilsman in a European embassy might be as prejudicial to the common good as a spoilsman in a first-class post-office.

But, it will be argued, all that was brought to an end when, after the Spanish War, the country began to awake to the responsibilities of a nascent world-power. Under the Presidency of Mr. Roosevelt the consular service was reformed, and a great deal was done to impress the diplomatic service with a sense of its new-found

duties. Under Mr. Taft the diplomatic service was reformed. That is true: what people forget is the nature of those reforms and the methods by which they were enforced. They were due solely to the energy and foresight of a few men. They were almost entirely the result of administrative initiative. Congress did practically nothing to forward them; and if spoils politicians were practically powerless to hinder them, it was mainly because after Mr. Roosevelt came into power there were three successive administrations without a change of party.

Mr. Roosevelt's executive order concerning the consular service has already been described. In 1909 Mr. Taft promulgated a similar order by which civil-service rules and regulations, including a rigid entrance examination, such as is found in England and most large countries, were imposed upon all members of the diplomatic service up to heads of missions. Secretaries of embassies and legations were thus temporarily placed in the same position of security as their confrères of other countries. They felt safe; they began to take a new-found pride in their career; they no longer feared that the work of years might crumble overnight before the intrigues of some powerful but ignorant politician.

Nor did the process stop there. Almost simultaneously Mr. Knox prevailed upon Congress to appropriate \$100,000, much of which could be used for the internal reorganization of the Department of State. The result was surprisingly satisfactory. Within a few months an amorphous and archaic organization was transformed in essentials. A number of geographical 'Divisions' were created, somewhat like the divisions of the English Foreign Office. They were those of the Far East, the near East, Latin America, and Western Europe. The latter was placed under

the charge of the Third Assistant Secretary of State. To preside over the others it was arranged that officials with local knowledge should be detached from foreign service, assisted as a rule by juniors similarly seconded. To relieve the Secretary of State and his three assistants, the posts of counselor for the department and of resident diplomatic officer were created. To deal with the reorganized consular service the post of director of the consular service was created. A better scheme could hardly have been devised. It adapted to the exigencies of the American service many of the features that in European chancelleries have been evolved through the centuries. The danger of a red-tape, sedentary bureaucracy was minimized; the foreign service was kept in close touch with home; and the appointment of a succession of trained diplomatists to the divisional posts was calculated to do something to make up for the want of permanent under-secretaries such as incoming ministers have at their elbows abroad.

This system the new administration has done much to upset. The best way to explain this is to examine the personnel of the department and of the embassies and legations as given in the registers of the department for 1912 and 1913. The ambassadorial posts may be quickly dismissed. There is no pretense that they are under civil-service rules. They cannot be until a trained American diplomacy has really been evolved, and until Congress raises the salaries of heads of missions and, by providing them with dwellings as well as offices, lowers their expenses. Even in foreign services 'outsiders' are sometimes appointed to be heads of missions. Mr. Bryce, for instance, came to Washington from the British Cabinet. Sir Mortimer Durand was originally in the Indian Civil Service.

Of Mr. Taft's ten ambassadors, nevertheless, two had risen from the rank of secretary, namely, Mr. E. V. Morgan, in Brazil, and Mr. Rockhill, in Turkey; Mr. T. J. O'Brien, in Italy, had come up through the consular service; and three, Mr. Whitelaw Reid, in England, Mr. C. P. Bryan, in Japan, and Mr. H. L. Wilson, in Mexico, had been ministers and had had considerable diplomatic experience. Of the remainder, Mr. Leishman (Berlin), whatever his qualifications may have been, had held a previous embassy (Rome); and of the other three appointments, political though they were, namely Mr. Myron Herrick to France, Mr. Curtis Guild to Russia, and Mr. Richard C. Kerens to Austria, only the latter was a really rotten spoils appointment.

But two of the ten ambassadors of a year ago now retain their posts, namely, Mr. Morgan and Mr. Herrick: the former, it is to be hoped, on his merits; the latter because the President's search for a successor has so far failed. In Russia Mr. Guild's resignation has been accepted. In Mexico, also, there is no ambassador, as there is no government recognized by the United States, and as Mr. H. L. Wilson fell out with the President and had his resignation accepted.

Of new ambassadors appointed, Mr. Penfield, in Vienna, is the only one with any diplomatic experience, and he is not a diplomatist *de carrière*. In England Mr. Whitelaw Reid (deceased) has been succeeded by Mr. W. H. Page, a publisher, but, it must be said at once, a worthy incumbent of the greatest American diplomatic post. The appointment to Rome of Mr. T. N. Page is also an excellent one, and compensates for the enforced resignation of Mr. O'Brien. Berlin, too, should profit by the change between Mr. Leishman and Mr. James W. Gerard, a member of the New York Bar and a Democratic

politician. In Tokyo Mr. Bryan has been succeeded by Mr. Guthrie, a prominent Pittsburger, though here again there is no reason to apprehend that disaster will follow the change.

Indeed, so far as ambassadors go, the only thing in regard to which the administration is open to severe censure is the acceptance of Mr. Rockhill's resignation. While his successor, Mr. Morgenthau, is up to the average of Constantinople appointments from outside the service, Mr. Rockhill's loss is a really great one. With nearly thirty years of diplomatic experience behind him, with a charming personality and unfailing tact, he is a diplomatist of whom the most polished service might well be proud. Yet his resignation was accepted offhand. But for this, even, there was a precedent in Mr. Taft's treatment of Mr. Henry White. The President's critics, in a word, cannot afford to be too severe on his ambassadorial appointments.

IV

A different story is told by the appointments to heads of legations. There are thirty-two ministers in the American service, including the minister to Liberia and the agent in Egypt. At the end of 1912 fifteen of these had worked their way up from the grade of secretary, for which some of them had passed the examination. Several of the remainder had had previous diplomatic experience of one sort and another, though they had not adopted the service as a career. All but eight of the thirty-two have 'resigned.' Of the survivors, curiously enough, only three are of the class of trained diplomatists.

Not one of the ministers appointed by the President is from the service. At least one, gossip says, has provoked smiles and even worse abroad. Thus instead of fifteen more or less trained

diplomatists at the head of legations, the United States has to-day but three. Nor is that the worst. For practical purposes, the European legations, even when so inaptly filled as the one at Lisbon, may be dismissed. It is the legations in Latin America and China that count. Doubtful as it is on paper, the President's appointment to China seems to be turning out well. No such consolation is at hand in regard to Latin America.

The necessity for a good Latin-American service is obvious. Mr. Wilson himself has admitted the major premise. His action in regard to Mexico; Mr. Bryan's draft treaty for the imposition of something tantamount to a financial protectorate over Nicaragua; his interest in the commercial and social work of the Pan-American Union — everything proves that the administration realizes the political responsibilities of the United States in regard to the less stable Latin republics, and the advantage of good relationship with the great countries of the South. Everything, that is to say, except its diplomatic appointments. It is an astounding situation. The simplest way to gauge it is to take the different countries separately. In Mexico Mr. Wilson found a trained diplomatist as ambassador; he dismissed him, and for practical purposes replaced him by Mr. John Lind, a Scandinavian from the Northwest, a man of impeccable character but utterly ignorant of diplomacy, of the Spanish language, and of the Mexican temperament. To criticise Mr. Henry Lane Wilson's dismissal would be unfair. He could not have been retained. He backed the wrong horse none too tactfully. Nor does it matter whether the President's alternative policy be right or wrong. Mr. Lind also seems to be acquitting himself with dignity and tact. The point is whether there was any justifi-

cation for sending, apparently upon the recommendation of Mr. Bryan, an untried politician from the Northwest to deal with, and to inform the President about, a politico-diplomatic situation of quite unusual difficulty and delicacy.

Next come the Central American Republics. Salvador is the only country in which the Republican appointee remains as minister. In Nicaragua a diplomatist who had in 1907 entered the service after examination, and who had spent his active career in Mexico and Central America, has been succeeded by Mr. Benjamin Lafayette Jefferson, of Steamboat Springs, Colorado, a politician whose highest office has been one term in the House of Representatives. In Costa Rica Mr. Lewis Einstein, a young diplomatist of wide experience and recognized intelligence, was replaced by Mr. E. J. Hale, a distinguished North Carolinian of seventy-four, whose wide commercial experience in consular and other capacities belongs to the last generation and was acquired practically everywhere except in Latin America. In Honduras a diplomatist trained largely in Latin America has been replaced by a gentleman whose life has been passed in petty offices in Mobile and in newspaper work in New Orleans. In Guatemala a trained diplomatist has been replaced by a Presbyterian pastor whose only venture into statesmanship was to vote for free silver.

In the Caribbean, one finds that in Cuba Mr. Arthur Beaupré, who had passed a long time in Latin-American diplomatic work, is succeeded by a South Carolina newspaper man who, it is true, did go to Cuba as a volunteer during the war. In Santo Domingo another trained diplomatist is succeeded by Mr. James Mark Sullivan, a Tammany retainer and criminal lawyer in New York, who has already brought

unsavory rumor to roost in his legation. More important still, the personnel of the American customs administration established by Mr. Roosevelt has been upset in a way which smacks of the spoils system, and which cannot have given Dominicans a particularly favorable impression of 'American methods'—or of the possibilities of a somewhat similar financial protectorate such as the President advocates over Nicaragua and perhaps other Caribbean countries. In Haiti there has been a change of ministers of no particular importance. In Panama one finds American interests in the hands of a law professor from Kentucky, instead of a diplomatist with thirteen years of Latin-American experience behind him. The Colombian legation is occupied by a Texas rancher *vice* Mr. Dubois, who, after some service as a consul, had been a clerk in the State Department for over a decade. In Ecuador an ex-Congressman, a Republican who left his party to become a bimetallist, has succeeded a diplomatist *de carrière*. To Bolivia an obscure lawyer from Missouri has been sent in the place of a man who had already held two Latin-American legations. Only in Brazil, the Argentine, and Chile do Mr. Taft's appointees remain.

v

The situation in the State Department is even worse. It is to be feared that there is much foundation for the stories that chaos obtains there. Passing over for a moment Mr. Bryan, one finds that he has for Assistant Secretary Mr. J. E. Osborne, ex-Congressman, ex-Governor of Wyoming, and a member of the Democratic Committee; an excellent politician, no doubt, but a very different kind of assistant from Mr. Huntington Wilson, a diplomatist trained in the Far East and of consid-

erable cosmopolitan knowledge. The Second Assistant Secretary of State is still Mr. Adee, who, after twenty-five years in the office, is invaluable in matters of routine and etiquette, but his position does not give him powers of direction. The post of Third Assistant has been vacant since the departure for New York of Mr. Dudley Malone, the son-in-law of Senator O'Gorman. His predecessor was Mr. Chandler Hale, who, if he owed the place to the influence of his father, ex-Senator Hale, was a passable routine diplomatist. The subordinate offices, such as chiefs of divisions and bureaus, are, however, really more important for the smooth running of the department.

During the next four years the majority of European Countries will overhaul their commercial arrangements. It is certain that the United States will need intelligent diplomacy if she is not to be left out in the cold. Under Mr. Taft the trade adviser to the department was Mr. Charles M. Pepper, a trained thinker and writer upon commercial subjects. To his skill was largely due, among other things, the Canadian reciprocity agreement, which Canada refused on the plea that her representatives had given too much. One of Mr. Bryan's first acts was to replace Mr. Pepper by Mr. R. F. Rose, a newspaper man and skilled shorthand writer, whose only qualification for the post seems to have been the sympathetic skill with which he took Mr. Bryan's wingèd words during the campaigns of 1900 and 1908.

The most important State Department division is that of Latin America. Under Mr. Taft its chief was Mr. Doyle. Mr. Doyle had been counsel for the United States in an arbitration case with Mexico in 1902; assistant agent in the Venezuela case at Caracas in 1903; Mr. Root's private secretary during his South American tour in 1906; repre-

sentative of the Department of State at the Central-American Peace Conference of 1907; secretary to special missions to Guatemala and Venezuela in 1908; a leading agent in the arrangement of the Venezuelan arbitration at The Hague in 1909; secretary of the American delegation to the Pan-American Conference of 1910; secretary to Mr. Knox on his Caribbean tour in 1912; and a special commissioner to the Dominican Republic in 1912. A man of these qualifications was not likely to escape the notice of the American commercial interests in Latin America.

When the shake-up of March began, a firm offered Mr. Doyle a lucrative position. Mr. Doyle told Mr. Bryan that, though it was his ambition to continue to serve the government, it was not an opening that he could afford to let slip if his position in the State Department was not assured. Mr. Bryan replied curtly to the effect that he had better go into trade. Mr. Doyle's successor is Mr. Boaz Walter Long, whose only special qualification seems to be that he was head of a commission company which happened to have an office in Mexico City. When the second Mexican revolution began last winter, Mr. Doyle's chief assistant in charge of Mexican affairs was Mr. Fred M. Dearing, a first secretary in the diplomatic service, of unusual ability and unusual experience in Mexican affairs. So that Mr. Long might have a free hand in the most difficult of his duties, Mr. Dearing was sent last summer to be secretary of embassy in Europe.

The other divisions may be passed over rapidly. That of the Far East — which used to be important before the President jettisoned the politico-commercial policy into which, under Mr. Taft, John Hay's Open-Door Policy in China developed — is still in experienced hands. The Division of the Near East, which used to be in diplo-

matic hands, is now under a lawyer-professor from Chicago, with one year in the Philippines to his credit, so far as extra-American affairs are concerned. The Division of Western Europe is without a head pending the appointment of a Third Assistant Secretary. The junior personnel has in all cases been as much disarranged as is possible under the civil-service rules. The post of resident diplomatic officer no longer exists.

There remain the posts in the department which have not normally been filled by diplomatists. Of these, the most important is that of Counselor. Its incumbent is Mr. John Bassett Moore, one of the few members of the administration who, a year ago, would not have needed an introduction to the public. There can be no doubt about the brilliance of his qualifications. Could he have been a secretary of state he would have ranked intellectually with Mr. Hay and Mr. Root. There is reason to believe that he was appointed to offset the inexperience of Mr. Bryan, and was promised an unusually free hand; but if current gossip and indications count for anything, he is sorely handicapped by the incubus of Bryanism, and there will be relieved surprise if he does not shortly resign.¹ The Solicitor of the Department is Mr. Folk, ex-Governor of Missouri. Whatever his talents, he is not a lawyer of international experience, and his appointment smacks of partisanship.

Enough has been said to show that if there is inexperience in most of the important posts abroad, there is little chance for wise guidance from home. It is a deplorable state of affairs; but it is one that, especially in view of the recent agitation, should be scrutinized in the perspective of facts, and not of Utopian theories. As has been shown

¹ As the magazine goes to press, Mr. Moore's resignation is announced. — THE EDITORS.

above, the United States never has had a real diplomatic service for the administration to destroy. What seems to have happened is that an enlightened President has found himself hopelessly, perhaps rather unexpectedly, handicapped by the force of circumstances. Politics being what they are, he had to make Mr. Bryan his Secretary of State.

Mr. Bryan is essentially a politician of the old school. He has an immense personal following whose loyalty has been tested in defeat after defeat. He may have aspirations of future leadership. At any rate, the first paragraph in his political creed is that to the victors belong the spoils. Of foreign affairs and their responsibilities his conceptions are of the Chautauqua variety. His patriotism seems to be prevented, by the warmth of a tremendous and optimistic sincerity, from congealing into a cold creed of practical politics. A popular leader of the interior West, he has no use for the pomp and vanities of old-world intercourse, but an immense faith in the old American tradition that the place creates the man. Hence, when he entered office, he did not scruple to reward his friends at the expense of a service for which he had neither sympathy nor understanding. 'How can I give you ten minutes,' he is said to have asked a subordinate with important business, 'when my office is crowded with men who have voted for me three times?' 'How can I trust a Republican appointee to carry out the policies of a Democratic administration with which he is out of sympathy?' has been the sense of his defense in regard to the political appointments that he has made. 'More weight should be given in official appointments generally to natural gifts than to acquisitions from education. Examinations have often proved an insufficient test for fitness.

The man who ranks highest may be one who ranks lowest in character to fill a public station well.' The latter words are not Mr. Bryan's; but with the other two sentences they explain what the President was 'up against.'

The President seems to have been forced to yield a good deal to save a good deal. He seems to have handed over the personnel of the State Department, and the appointment of most ministers, to the tender mercies of Mr. Bryan as the price of the protection of the consular service, the partial protection of the lower grades of the diplomatic service, and the nomination of his own candidates to certain important embassies and legations. There is, of course, no proof that such a bargain was actually struck; but it is difficult to examine the facts sketched above without a feeling that something of the sort has happened. Nor must it be overlooked that, however much its spirit has been abused on paper, the reform work of Mr. Taft and Mr. Roosevelt has been preserved. The executive orders of 1906 and 1909 still stand in spite of great pressure for their reversal by those who think like Mr. Bryan. It may be doubted whether in the circumstances the President could have done more than he has done. Nor, in the last resort, does it seem that Mr. Bryan is so much to blame as the national point of view which, directly and indirectly through Congress, still tolerates the abuses of which he has been guilty. During the last decade there has been effort after effort to get Congress to legalize the executive orders of Mr. Taft and Mr. Roosevelt and to enact reforms which were beyond the scope of administrative action. They all failed largely because they were not backed by an intelligent public opinion.

'Look to-day at the Diplomatic Service of the United States. No man who is not worth millions of money can hold

a position in one of the great courts of Europe as ambassador or minister plenipotentiary of the United States. They are there giving a false light to the conditions in America. Your recent ambassador to the Court of St. James is said to have expended \$300,000 per annum in maintaining his dignity as a representative of the United States. Yet there is scarcely an official international act to his credit. What are you going to do? Are you no longer to be represented in France, Germany, Spain, Belgium, and Great Britain by men imbued with the spirit of the Declaration of Independence? Are you no longer to be represented by true Republicans and true Democrats? Must the leaders of society, with the false glare and glitter of their position, falsely represent the feelings and sentiments of the American people? You have not the slightest use in this day and time for an ambassador or a minister plenipotentiary in any court on earth. In these days of cablegrams and close communication your Government, if it should have any trouble anywhere, might communicate with its business consuls, if it desired, or with the Governments direct, and so deal with all questions of international importance. Your Diplomatic Service is a superfluous appendage to a republic in this day, and your whole diplomatic corps, in the interest of economy and good government, and a decent conception by foreign people of the views and habits and conditions of the American people, ought to be abolished. [Applause.] They form a distinct class, so distinct, I understand, that they scarcely pay any regard to the Senators who vote for their confirmation when once they have approached the thrones of royalty. [Laughter.] It is that gang of political reprobates and society degenerates that we ought to wipe out of existence. [Applause and laughter.]'

So spoke a Congressman this winter in debate. As long as the country will listen quietly to that sort of thing and is ready to accept a party without definite pledges of constructive civil-service reform, there can be little surprise that, when a new party comes into power, the traditions of the past century tend to outweigh the needs of the present century. The question that really matters seems to be whether

when the opportunity arrives, when in fact more immediate problems have been disposed of, the President will rise to the occasion and use his great influence with Congress to secure the necessary legislation once for all to put the foreign service upon a secure basis. If his party holds together he should, before he leaves office, have the opportunity of putting through reforms of incalculable value.

ADVENTURES WITH THE EDITORS

WITH A REEXAMINATION OF AN ANCIENT INQUIRY: WHY ARE MANUSCRIPTS REJECTED?

BY HENRY SYDNOR HARRISON

I

SOME may say that an unknown writer's manuscript is strictly his own affair; its inglorious rejection no more than a matter of a grievance, of fists feebly brandished, in somebody's hall-room. This, I venture, is to speak hastily. We, the Public, as Tooley Street would say, imaginably have an interest in that penurious youth who hangs so palely on the comings of the postman; and if we have, then so, we may be sure, has the great Editor himself, conceal it how he may. 'Your favorite magazine' — in the candid language of the publishers' announcement — cannot live by famous names alone; upon the editor's ability to find new wheat sometimes in the chaff-heap of a morning's mail depends, in no small degree,

your readiness and mine to sit in at his periodical banquet. Surely it is not by chance that the most widely bought magazine in the world to-day is that one which has shown the greatest genius in the discovery of the meritorious unknown.

The meritorious unknown: it is to him, clearly, that our interest is confined. What, then, is there to discuss? Between us and the hordes of pale young men and women who thirst to get at us, the editors stand, as we know, as the necessary great wall, separating merit from its lack. And it is bread and meat to them that they shall be a good wall, — circulation and advertising and new parlor chairs to them to keep their gates in the right places, and never to become confused about the secret pass-words. The discovery of a new star is

the editor's perpetual yearning, no less; this it is on which he bases his demand for a rise in salary, this that he will relate to his grandchildren in his declining years. And still is it charged that he bungles the great quest to which we, the Public, have assigned him? Well, we know better.

In 'With the Publishers' departments, in occasional 'write-ups' by friends of the management, even in solid books with cloth covers, we have actually been permitted to glimpse the editor at his labors. Wise, kind, a nourishing father and infallible, checks of vast denomination eternally in his hand, we see him toiling in divine patience over the meritless offerings of Chillicothe or Butte; and when, in a blue moon, his hawk-eye detects in some ten-thousandth manuscript the shy incipiences of merit, with what eagerness does he claim it for his own, with what passion of pride proceed to nurse it through the green-sicknesses of youth! Merit, it is observed, is a perfectly tangible and measurable thing, like blond hair or fifty per cent of alcohol; and the pale young man has n't got it, that's all. Where then is the problem?

Yet still the unknown Rejected continue their mutinous murmurings; and still their chant is that the evidences in the case have always come from a single side of the wall. Unlike the editors, they control no general media of self-expression, they say; if they claim merit unrecognized, how and where may they say so? And even when the lucky unknown has ceased to be unknown, when he has become courted and run after and might find listeners to any tale he cared to tell, it is alleged that he has generally remained silent here. Prosperity has soothed away the old insurgency: let bygones be bygones, as they say. Why then should we not voluntarily meet the complaint, offer-

ing these unknown, for once, the voice they crave, if only to be rid of them? In no other way, it seems, shall we hope to shut them up. Suppose we let them rail, this once, to their heart's content; and do we, for our part, honestly engage to listen, if perchance we may detect among their wild innuendoes some stray thought or concept of possible value to us: to us, the Public, that is, who shall read no word of print except what some editor has first approved.

II

Why are manuscripts rejected? First let the editor explain it to us, all in order.

Perhaps the fullest recent exposition of the editorial point of view, within my knowledge, appeared in *The Bookman* of 1911, in a series of contributed articles. An especially interesting paper launched this series, a paper called 'The Short Story Famine,' in which it was demonstrated that, since the death of O. Henry, the editors were finding it impossible to get even tolerable stories with which to fill their blank spaces. A succeeding article dealt briefly with editorial personalities; but a third struck straight to the heart of our present inquiry, by showing how totally unfit was the nameless material pouring daily upon the bowed head in the sanctum. Typical passages were cited from would-be contributors — ludicrous, human, true, incredible passages, completely showing up the strange popular delusion that anybody can write who is willing to take the time off from more important matters, The judicial compiler of these passages allowed his evidences to speak for themselves. But on the whole the irresistible inference emerged that manuscripts were rejected because they were written by seamstresses who had lately taken a correspondence course,

or hardware drummers who were willing to fill orders for wire-nails or epic poetry with equal promptness and dispatch.

Months later the writer returned to his thesis: perhaps himself feeling that his first effort had not quite exhausted its possibilities, perhaps prodded on by soured scribes here or there. This time he went at his task in thoroughgoing fashion, under the caption, 'Why Manuscripts are Rejected.' To be positively fair and effective, he here gives to the army of the rejected space such as they have seldom enjoyed. He honorably records their bitter charges:—

1. That editors lack a reasonable faculty of discrimination.

2. That they have prostrated themselves before the wooden idol of Big Names.

3. That they have made arbitrary and prohibitive rules as to length, subject, endings, and so forth.

Further, he sets down, though with proper caution, that 'it cannot be gainsaid that once in a while' each of these arguments is valid 'in certain local applications.' Fairest of all, he quotes literatim from some anonymous militant in 'a western publication,' who denies passionately that he is speaking for 'writers of the chambermaid or hostler sort.' 'I am arguing,' says this one, 'about college graduates or of those widely experienced in life, of great writers who were continuously rejected for years, like Kipling, Porter, Conan Doyle, Jack London, and a dozen other immortals.¹ I am arguing for, I believe, thousands of real, virile, original authors, dead and living, who had to beat down the prohibitive re-

quirements of modern fiction editors.'

And finally, our editorial spokesman, advancing considerably beyond the seamstress and hardware-drummer standpoint, surprises us by declaring: 'No impartial editor will deny that every now and then a short story revealing undoubted worth will be rejected by him.'

Here we have new thoughts, and complicating; the automatic acceptance of merit, and rejection of its lack, recedes a pace toward the theoretic ideal. Yet we know that if merit is rejected, even though only every now and then, there must be a sound reason for it; and our authority, having set up the fierce hints of the Rejected, at once proceeds to crush them with the editorial truth. We learn that the official reasons for the occasional rejection of merit are three in number, as follows:—

1. The editor has lately bought other fiction manuscripts of similar intrinsic character.

2. The editor is overstocked with fiction manuscripts of all characters.

3. The story, though meritorious, is unsuited to the policy of the editor's particular magazine.

Sound and intelligent reasons, I doubt not, long familiar to unlucky writers through the medium of the vague but courteous rejection-slip. And yet, in a directly controversial connection, I, for one, find the allegations somewhat disappointing. To silence the rebellious unknown forever, it was necessary merely to hold up their arguments one by one and destroy them in full view of the audience. But what I and the Western writer expected to learn specifically at this point was, why future immortals have so much trouble in getting over the wall, why London and the other fellows were 'continuously rejected for years.' Must we honestly try to feel that the reasons of

¹ The statement is printed as it is found; no doubt it is too sweeping. Contrary to what I had commonly heard, I was lately informed by good authority that Sydney Porter's 'acceptance was as rapid as one could normally expect.' — THE AUTHOR.

overstock and policy assigned above completely answer us?

Suppose we seek to apply these reasons directly. Take the sufficiently common case, often enough brought to light: the case of a writer who at one moment, say in 1905, has a trunkful of manuscripts which he cannot sell, and a little later, say in 1908, has a trunkful of orders (more or less) which he cannot fill. Clearly there is food for inquiry in these cases, speculation genuinely interesting to students of such matters. But when we seek the official explanation of the lightning change, we are offered the surmise that the magazines of the world must have been, in 1905, all overstocked with manuscripts, or with manuscripts of this particular writer's 'intrinsic character,' while by 1908, they were so direly in need of just such manuscripts that they were eager to pay over the most enormous prices for them. Or else that, between 1905 and 1908, the magazines of the world completely revolutionized their policies (whatever they may be) — all heading, by some astonishing coincidence, straight for our writer and his peculiar 'type.' Or, if we find neither of these explanations fully satisfying, there is nothing for it but to fall back on the simple and lucid hypothesis from which we set out. That is to say, the writer under consideration had no merit in 1905, and so was properly rejected; but by 1908 he had acquired merit, and then the editors were glad to accept him.

To many, I dare say, this last surmise will seem the soundest of the three. Some of us, it is true, may question even this. We may have felt that writers grow slowly in sureness and technique; that they ripen gradually in wisdom; but that the courted genius to-day was rarely the ungrammatical hardware drummer of year before last. But perhaps we are wrong here; per-

haps it is true that writers put on and off merit like a shirt, that they master their trade suddenly, like learning to ride a bicycle. But in that case, what must we say of instances where there has been not even an hour's interval for the acquisition of merit; where, in short, the editorial right-about-face has taken place upon a single identical manuscript?

Here is an item dealing with the first acceptance of a writer now well known. I found it straying in a newspaper, where it seems completely to have escaped the attention of the editorial explainers of the rejection of merit every now and then.

'The first real literary success of Kathleen Norris, author of "Mother" and "The Rich Mrs. Burgoyne," was the acceptance of a story by the *Atlantic Monthly*. "This story," she says, "had been the rounds of the magazines, but when it finally appeared in the *Atlantic* I received four letters from editors, to whom it had previously been submitted and by whom it had been rejected, complimenting me upon my work and asking the privilege of considering my next story. One of these was Mr. —, of —'s *Magazine*. I wrote him thanking him for his praise, and told him that the story had been submitted to him on such and such a day, and had been returned with a printed note of thanks a fortnight later.'"

Why were these things so? The gentleman's explanation of his interesting situation is unhappily lost to us. Somewhere here is clearly the heart of the whole matter, the soul of the Rejected's rebellion; and yet just here, most unfortunately, the editorial explanation shows a tendency to thin away into mist. Why, indeed, are manuscripts rejected? At a growing loss, we may find our eyes now reverting to the explanations set up by the editor's

enemies: in particular to that poisonous charge that he 'lacks the reasonable faculty of discrimination.' But this involves too complete a revolt from our point of departure to be entertained for a moment without the amplest evidence. The expert discriminator, in the grip of famine, deliberately spurning the food for which he starves! We shall require original facts to convince us of this.

I do not know where original facts of this sort could be searched for more fairly, or our inquiry better pursued, than in the log-book of a writer who has experienced the comedy from both sides of the wall, and has therefore viewed all these matters from various angles of vision. If the log-book here examined happens to be my own, that is only because this is the book with which I am most familiar. I, too, have felt some of that reticence and reluctance of good fortune which I mentioned above. Yet to make a contribution here, one must be personal, without apology; and I shall gladly forego my pleasant privacy and risk an appearance of ungraciousness which is far from my feeling, if some account of my own vicissitudes, by shedding light into the darkness, may hereafter make for sounder understanding among our great triumvirate—the seeking editor, the yet more seeking writer, and us, the Public, for whose edification all the trouble is being taken.

III

In the month of December, 1910, I found myself with two book-manuscripts accepted for publication. One of these manuscripts was an old story, begun five years earlier and much toiled over, which was to accomplish little except the painful cutting of my literary teeth. The other was *Queed*, then lately finished. Publication being

still far off, no funds were coming into the till; and it is well known that the hoardings of a retired newspaper man are not indefinitely elastic. At this time, I had acquired considerable experience, over and above the two book-manuscripts. I had been writing fiction in leisure hours since my twentieth year, in which year I sold my first story for money; and in the decade following, though my output was much circumscribed by the necessities of earning a living, I had sold not less than a dozen or fifteen stories to magazines of good standing, out of perhaps twice as many written. So now, fortified by the publisher's cordial commendation of my latest work, I readdressed myself to the writing of short stories with positive expectations of results.

It very soon developed that I had reckoned entirely without my host. I discovered that I was not competent to earn my living by writing short stories: the reason being that the editors would not buy them. In the months between November, 1910, and May, 1911, I wrote and sent out, I find, eleven stories; and of these but three found acceptance anywhere — one going to a magazine of the second rate, and another, oddly enough, winning a prize in a 'blind' contest among some 15,000 manuscripts. But speaking in the large, I could not sell my stories. Few seemed to find them meritorious at all; throughout that winter of 1911 they were going begging the rounds of the leading magazine offices of the country. And by chance it was just at this time — namely in January, 1911, when I had not as yet sold a single story — that I read the first of the *Bookman* articles, and learned that there was a short-story famine abroad in the land.

The situation was calculated to interest me, economically and otherwise. Here was a story famine going on on one side of the wall; here was I, on the

other side, staying out of bed to produce stories, the best and likeliest I could; and there, thirdly, were the editors, obviously preferring starvation to the consumption of my wares. Having devoted by now many years to trying to learn something about writing, and with some success behind me, I could not regard my case as completely disposed of by the examples of the seamstress and the hardware drummer. I could not assure myself that all the magazines were overstocked with fiction, hearing these loud complaints of just the contrary state. Nor could I flatter myself that all the magazines had lately bought stories of the same 'intrinsic character' as mine, or that they found mine, though meritorious, subversive of their policies: for if that had been the case, the editors could so easily have written me to that effect, thereby showing that they liked me. But the fact was that my stories, in this year 1911, commonly returned to me accompanied only by a printed slip: that mark which is (or should be) the clear intimation that the editor has seen in the would-be contributor no qualities worth his time to encourage.

This may be the place to make it clear that one unknown writer, at least, saw but little of that Ideal Editor, the wise *almus pater*, whose portrait we seem to catch in the editor's accounts of himself. In the scattering dealings of a dozen years, I came in contact with but a single editor who showed any direct or continuing interest in me. One other there was, indeed, who wrote me friendly letters with the stories he sent back; but unluckily this one made a point of explaining to me, toward the end, that his interest in me was due to the kindness of O. Henry (whom he discovered, he said), who had praised my published stories to him, and recommended me, back in 1907. This gentleman rather went out

of his way, it seemed, to make me feel that so far as he could see, heaven knew, there was little in my work itself to say a good word for me. The only editor who seemed to feel on his own account, in those days, that I was capable of writing stories to help out the famine, was Mr. Charles Hanson Towne, whom (like O. Henry) I never saw, but to whom I here make grateful acknowledgment. Along among the confraternity, Mr. Towne consistently encouraged me, in years when editorial encouragement was considerably important to me.

But to return to 1911, it is time to face frankly that thought which must have been for some time swelling in the reader's mind. That is, that I have blindly passed over the obvious explanation of my situation, namely, that my stories of that time were actually devoid of all merit, and so were quite properly rejected. Now, it would be embarrassing to have to contest the native strength of this explanation, particularly as even to the writer's partial eye the work in question never seemed extraordinary in any way. But the fact is that I have found it impossible to believe that my stories that year were entirely contemptible; for in the following year, by one of those odd tricks of time and chance, these very stories were receiving high praise from the editors themselves.

The situation of a writer who suddenly emerges over the wall is well enough understood. It is full of humors. Here is Robinson, vainly knocking at editors' doors for years. He writes a book, which luckily lands among the best sellers: and lo, next morning, his ante-chamber is full of editors. He, the despised, learns the sweets of courtship: old lords and enemies have become his lovers. Robinson is pleased with the turn of affairs: for one thing, he can now pay his land-

lady; it is his triumph of vindication, succulent revenge. At the same time, being quite conscious that he is the same man he was last year and very much the same writer, he will naturally expect to hear some explanation of all this sudden adoration, some air of continuity preserved in the gratifying somersaulting. He will expect to hear his new admirers state frankly that they — or rather their assistants, who are always responsible, I find — must have been making some pretty bad mistakes last year; or at the least to find them contending that he, Robinson, having sallied out and won a large following for himself, is in a very different position, commercially speaking, from his position last year. But the editors, to Robinson's astonishment, say neither this nor anything else. They avoid the past altogether; or perhaps they have forgotten it, Robinson the unknown being merely effaced by a new entity, Robinson the 'headliner,' or 'top-notch,' born full-grown. And Robinson, if he intends to cling to his own essential unity with himself, will have to set afoot his own investigations.

What will he ascertain then? From such overtures and correspondences as naturally follow what is called a 'sudden success,' let me adduce, from my own log-book, three exemplary episodes.

My book *Queed*, which I had finally completed in August, 1910, was published on the sixth of May, 1911. On the eleventh day of May, 1911, a distinguished editor in New York wrote to me expressing his pleasure in discovering a new writer, and desiring to know if I did not have some stories on hand. I did have some stories on hand: five of them I had but lately offered to him, and received back again, each with a printed slip bearing the editor's own signature in facsimile. So I point-

ed out these facts to my admirer; saying that, while I hoped to learn more and more about story-writing as I grew older, I could not feel that I had improved much since the preceding week, when one of my latest stories, as good as I knew how to make it, had been rejected by him without any signs of approbation.

Meanwhile, the slight lack of unity and coherence in its interior administration had been discovered in the magazine office; and I had a second letter from the editor, and then a third, suggesting that I should send back my rejected stories in order that he might determine whether or not he had a joke on his (anonymous) assistants. But I could not see, nor did he prove able to tell me, why, assuming that success had given my stories a sudden new merit, I should share these fruits of success with one who had so consistently declined to help me make it. So we parted, friendly. I did not send the stories back to him; the question of possible mistakes by his assistants was left open; and we have nothing positive to go on here but the editor's own instinctive assumption that the writer of the meritorious book — given technical equipment — would be quite likely to tuck away something or other meritorious into his shorter efforts.

My experience with a second magazine was much more illuminating. This magazine had actually accepted a story of mine in earlier days, underpaying me for it, I regret to report, after two months' wait. This was deemed by me to constitute an unusually favorable basis for further relations; so in September, 1911, I yielded to the blandishments of the editor — certainly one of the best known in America — and sent him three of my old stories, which he duly bought and published. Later, in asking for more, this editor wrote me that my stories, on publication in his

magazine, had been 'tremendously successful.' Yet in the year before, he (or his assistants) had rejected one of these very stories, together with several others not, I think, inferior. I naturally wondered why, if my 1911 stories were of a sort calculated to make a tremendous success (as he said), he had not more clearly perceived these possibilities in 1911, when such perception would have been more valuable to us both. I asked the editor why this was, and I must say for him that he, alone among his peers, honestly and manfully set to work to resolve my doubts. And, because he was honest and manful, he did resolve them, fairly meeting the precise question raised by the Western insurgent quoted above. He wrote me in these words:—

'I think I can tell you why *editors so frequently reject the earlier and often the best work of writers* [italics mine]; it is because any new writer who sends in first-class work, sends in work that is very different from what editors are used to. That is the reason Kipling's work was rejected by the —s, when he brought his great body of books from India.'

It was not easy indeed for me to think of myself as a writer of such bold and original genius that my merits went singing high over the editors' heads. Nevertheless, I felt, and I feel, that I was here laying hands upon a truth of the first interest to our inquiry. Here certainly was an explanation of why manuscripts are rejected, and of the prevailing short-story famine, which the editorial spokesman in the market-place had failed to give us. I deem it a matter of honorable obligation to pass it on to the Rejected, and to that public which as yet they cannot come at.

Nor does this candor lose anything by contrast with the attitude of my third sample editor, who felt somewhat more

keenly his obligation to support the tradition of chief-editorial infallibility. This one addressed me in March, 1912, stating that he and his associates had been reading 'with a great deal of pleasure and envy' my stories in another publication. As a seeker of truth, I felt compelled to ask this editor why, then, had he and his associates rejected three of these very stories in the preceding year. His reply to my not, I trust, unnatural query proved to be a perfect statement of the official platform. He wrote:—

'The fact that three of the stories, which appeared in —s, were returned by —s [that is, by us] is probably not so much of a puzzling phenomenon to me as it is to you. Indeed there are several causes which may have been responsible for or have contributed to the return of the manuscripts. The most likely of these is that the limited space at the command of the fiction department at that time did not permit the use of stories of this length. It is also possible that there may have been on hand a number of stories of a similar character; and another reason might be attributed to the lack of judgment of our readers, as I have yet to find a reader who is infallible. Still another cause might be that the judgment of the editors in charge of the fiction at that time was opposed to this particular kind of story.'

Few will fail to note how religiously this schedule of reasons follows that laid down in the handbook articles quoted above. But what struck me most in the letter was the tendency of its author to refer the whole issue to somebody else—to 'the lack of judgment of *our readers*,' to the judgment of the editors 'at that time,' and so forth. For it chanced that four of my stories between January and May, 1911, had been rejected by this editor personally, with his initials on the rejectional

notes; and one of these four, at least, was one of those stories he now described himself as reading elsewhere 'with a great deal of pleasure and envy.' How could this editor (not his readers, associates, or assistants, but this man himself) read with pleasure and envy in 1912 the identical story which he had not thought worth printing in 1911? I could n't understand; nor has he ever told me. For when I wrote, in the scientific and researching spirit, to inquire, he withdrew in a dignified silence, designed, I fear, to show me up to myself as merely a bothersome crank, too full of petty rancors to let bygones be bygones.

But I did not mind the editor's stately rebuff particularly. I felt that I had now learned to thread my way for myself. Like the little boy who had prayed for help from above when he seemed to be lost in the woods, I felt that I could say, 'Nem' mind, Lord. I can see Aunt Jinny's house now.'

Let no one misunderstand this, or misconceive anything I have here written about my present good friends, the editors. I appreciate, and sympathize with, their many difficulties. I know, of course, that they do their best to be a good wall; and the stereotyped reasons they assign for the rejection of manuscripts do apply, I need hardly say, in the large majority of cases. All that we have been seeking to discover here was whether there was not still another reason, not sufficiently published and admitted by the editors, which yet applied in an important minority of cases. And irresistibly the conviction has been forced upon us that such a reason does, in fact exist, and that it does apply decisively and unfortunately.

Our conception of the editor has necessarily shifted as we have approached him closer. We see him at last as man, with man's incertitudes. We observe him vacillating, doing strange things.

We watch him pursuing with fifteen cents a word the writer he kicked down stairs last year, showering encomiums to-day on the little tale he did not want at any price yesterday. And winning his confidence at last by the chance of success, we find him actually admitting certain little foibles, not mentioned in his public remarks on the dearth of good fiction; perhaps only conceding that his assistants are not infallible; perhaps going so far as to say that if a writer is very good, very original, the editors are apt not to notice his merits.

So we seem no longer able to avoid the truth of that unwelcome charge of the Rejected, namely, that the editor sometimes lacks the reasonable faculty of discrimination. By the authoritative evidences we seem compelled to state positively that the editor makes mistakes, — no one knows how often: bad mistakes, which deprive us, the Public, of the 'earlier and often the best work' — as the editor wrote me — of writers whom we should be very glad indeed to read; which deprive the editor himself of the new feather in his cap, the coveted pearl in his crown of glory; and which rob the meritorious unknown, not merely of the means to pay their keep, but of that recognition which is surely not less dear to them.

IV

And what then? To criticize people for being human, like the rest of us, is a waste of time, unless we are ready to point some remedy for their inadvertencies. What can good editors do to minimize their costly errors of judgment?

Obviously a difficult and delicate question, which I for one would not venture to answer with authority. And yet, from the evidences, certain suggestions for improvement do gradually

emerge, which perhaps might be roughly summarized as follows: —

1. That the publishers should secure as their editors and readers the most discriminating men securable.

2. That these editors, when they recognize merit, however disguised, however struggling or faulty, should forthwith cease to sit and mourn over the short-story famine, but actually proceed to encourage and foster the merit in question, according to the theory of the Ideal Editor.

3. That the editors shall at all times treat the unknown with scrupulous courtesy and fairness, never taking advantage of him just because, in that year, he happens to be unknown.

It might be worth while to amplify a little these three possible clauses of a new compact.

A magazine being, not an eleemosynary patron of the arts, but a business institution conducted for profit, its proper task, on the whole, is to supply what the public wants; and it is quite true that nobody on earth really knows what the public wants. But at least we can say that one trained man intuitively comes a little nearer to the priceless secret than another. One possesses a little more imagination than his brother, a little wider outlook and greater sensitiveness, a somewhat broader ability to enter into the tastes and feelings of people far other than himself. This trained man, having large and sound standards within himself, would make a more discriminating editor than his colleague. And if he would be a more expensive man, he would yet not be so expensive in the long run as his cheaper rival. In most businesses the importance of the buyer is fully recognized and rewarded; the buyers of manuscript are exceptions to an established principle in being, I believe, for the most part small-salaried men. It would seem that the magazine

owner might do well to hold to the rule that goods well bought are half sold, rather than seek to economize at the source and origin of all his profits.

This more sensitive buyer of manuscript, free of the limitations and prepossessions of his narrower brother, would undoubtedly see merit sometimes where another would see nothing but an 'unhappy ending,' or 3000 words too long. And this merit — whether mathematically four-square with his so-called policy or not — would please him instinctively, and he would jump at the opportunity of encouraging and developing it. There is a contrary theory, I know well. Mr. Howells himself has told us that the editor, finding himself charmed by some unknown contributor, 'may hide his pleasure in a short stiff note of acceptance'; he speaks approvingly of the wholesome effects of 'a smart brisk snub'; while on the other hand certifying that 'the contributor may be sure that he [the editor] has missed no merit in his work.' If the contributor could indeed be sure of this, then doubtless the rest might follow. But unluckily there does not seem to be any such assurance.

From my own experience, and with due allowance made for the self-complacence usual to writers of the second and third grades, I feel sure that what the unknown of merit chiefly needs is direct editorial encouragement. He will get, doubtless has got, smart brisk snubs a-plenty; and an encouraging letter from the discerning editor will not only help to show him that the sanctum's choice among fictions is not altogether the sealed mystery it had sometimes seemed, but will directly aid him, by pointing out his errors, to do better, come nearer 'availability,' next time. And the editor, for his part, will be building up friendly personal relations with a growing circle of meritorious unknowns, a

few of whom will be pretty sure some day to reward him well for all his trouble.

When the editor is discriminating, when he is systematically encouraging to merit of all sorts, he might — thirdly — be on his guard not to take too much advantage of the immense superiority of his position. This, unfortunately, does not follow axiomatically. Through strategic strength and association, the editors, as is well known, have evolved a code of procedure, binding as law and altogether in their own interests: a code under which, for instance, they take an unlimited free option on the young writer's capital, his manuscript, holding it up one month or ten, if they prefer, and paying him, in case of acceptance, after as long an interval as they like. These extremes, of course, have always been avoided by a few magazines of the better class; with the intensifying competition among publishers, to say nothing of such influences as the recently organized league or union of authors, they tend naturally to disappear. But unhappily there are other and subtler instances of an editor's willingness to take advantage: instances of downright bad treatment, I fear, bad faith even, understandings made and not kept — things the more galling to the unknown in that they so clearly betray the indifference of strength to the complaints of the weak and despised.

I have particularly not wanted to seem to be rolling up here a mere list of grievances against the editors, men who, I repeat, are usually doing the best they can under considerably perplexing circumstances. Citations are unnecessary; doubtless men's opinions will always differ as to what is just and equitable and what is not. I will merely risk the statement that if the now successful writers of the country chose to make public to-day some of the

experiences and correspondences of their undiscovered days, some of them might give well-known editors some considerably embarrassing moments. And that surely is a pity; it is a pity for any man, in any business, to leave behind him a wake of bitterness or ill-feeling. And it is so absurdly easy for an editor to make a friend of an unknown writer; and they do say that sometimes the unknown of one year is next year very well known indeed.

There is one thing more. In the struggle of the unrecognized writer to get a hearing, it has seemed to me that the great weakness of his position is that the editor has always found it so easy to bury his mistakes. The successful writer, that is, too readily disconnects himself from his unsuccess. The editor, forgetting how he kicked Robinson about last year, approaches the new-famous one with an air of hearty geniality and an offer of \$500 for the story he could have had at one tenth the price last year, and thank you very much besides. And Robinson gives a few flattered laughs and pockets the check. It is, of course, the human and pleasant thing for him to do; but undoubtedly it makes things harder for the brothers he has left on the other side of the wall. What is there here to make an editor search his heart?

Suppose, instead, that Robinson felt strongly his own uninterrupted continuity; that he retained his 'class-consciousness,' so to say, as a writer; and that he therefore addressed his distinguished visitors somewhat as follows:—

'Gentlemen, you come to me at last, impelled — may I say? — by the thought that you can make money out of me, and asking to share in a success which I should never have made if I had had to depend on you. I greet you and thank you for your few kind words. As a man, I must live, as a writer I

must write, and as a successful writer I must indeed have an outlet for my wares. But if you will excuse me, gentlemen, it is not my purpose to be bought and sold about like a sack of old potatoes. In short, such of my old stories as I still consider up to my best standard I shall now offer to the *Favorite Magazine*, which took an interest in me, was fair and friendly and kind to me, at a time when you made a different decision as to my general desirability as an acquaintance. Now, gentlemen — really, excuse me! There is no use telling me to let bygones be bygones, for, you see, nothing at all has really gone by. We're all the same men we were last year, and I am very much the same writer.'

I venture to say that the editors, after listening to such remarks as these, would return introspective to their sanctums, thinking Robinson indeed a queer grudging crank, yet unconsciously resolved to scrutinize all unknown manuscripts with a wider sympathy forever thenceforward.

Does that seem a fanciful hope? I have evidence that it is not.

From the record of the past as it occasionally comes to light here and there, I cannot doubt that there are to-day a considerable number of unknown young men and young women writing stories which you and I would be glad to read, who yet cannot succeed in getting these stories under our eye. Not by lack of merit, but only by somebody's misunderstanding of the secret

passwords, they cannot get over the wall. I have felt, and I feel, my kinship with these unknown young men and women. I remember that the manuscript of *Queed*, which was destined to change my personal fortune as a writer, was rejected by the first two publishers to whom it was offered; and I must realize that if two more publishers, or four or six more, had similarly refused me, I might to this moment have remained on the unhappy side of the wall. Hence I have felt it a matter of duty to contribute my experiences to my unknown brothers, believing as I do that with light alone comes better understanding.

The conflict between editors and undiscovered writers is age-long and irretrievable, like that of cattlemen and sheepmen. I have no hope of seeing a millennium in which editors shall speak fulsomely of the daily offerings of manuscript, and the Rejected praise with one voice the editor's justice, mercy, and acumen. Much smaller gains would be acceptable here; but these we have a right to hope for. One of those editors whom I mentioned above told me long afterward that my letters to him — commonplace enough letters, as we have seen, pointed only in stating plainly what every writer thinks or has thought — had furnished him with the jolt of his career. He said that he had always been a better reader of manuscript because of them. And I felt that this statement from that solitary man had justified all my researches, and rewarded me for all my pains.

PROTESTANT PARADOX

BY ZEPHINE HUMPHREY

THE Protestant whose eyes have been opened to the significance of the Catholic faith finds that he has gained not so much a revelation of new truth as a new point of view from which to survey the whole of life. His surprise is insidious, and frequently quite paradoxical. In the first place, he is astonished at the familiarity of the substance of what his Puritan training had taught him to regard as being flagrantly alien. In the second place, acting on the unexpected recognition of long accepted truths and proceeding joyously to make himself at home among them, he is brought up short by a counter current of inexplicable strangeness. It is all very bewildering to him. A double back action of wonder completes the spell of humility which the whole experience has laid upon him; and he stands off and holds his breath, afraid of blundering.

Well may he hesitate. It almost seems that there is a greater difference between two points of view of the same thing than between two different things. The Protestant and Catholic tempers are worlds apart; and the Protestant, bringing his native disposition to bear on Catholic matters, runs a risk of creating deplorable havoc and confusion. Much as they desire him, the Catholics must tremble a little when they see the Protestant coming. Get out the chains and the handcuffs of love, prepare the straight jacket, open the cell. The first thing to do with this zealous friend is to lock him up.

Part of the trouble seems to lie in the

fact that we Protestants do not always realize the nature of our own temperaments until we are startled into self-recognition. The even tenor of our denominational life leaves us largely unchallenged. We think that we are, of all people, the most reasonable; but the truth is that we are very impatient and undisciplined. As a class, we have never been able to stand the not giving free voice and action to our beliefs the minute they were born in us. That is why we became Protestants in the first place; the assertion is in our name and in our blood. Moreover, in spite of our frequent boast to the contrary, we are generally tolerant only in such degree as we are likewise indifferent; and those of us who are deeply in earnest are as eager as human nature would have us to share our convictions with all the world.

Luther was not very tolerant, or Calvin, or John Huss. Therefore it happens that, just as we would once have had everybody protest with us, so now, in these latter days, when we surprise ourselves by rediscovering the beauty of Catholicism, our rapid instinct is to run and show it to all the people we know, crying, 'Look! look! It is not paste and tinsel, it is the real thing; it is the same thing we cherish, only richer and brighter because of the work of the countless generations, because of the noble old setting. Look, and love and worship.'

Whereupon, of course, our astonished friends turn away with as much distrust of us as of our incredible discov-

ery; and we lose what chance we may have had of gradually disarming them.

This is very stupid in us; and, on the surface, it is surprising. Would one not think that, having been born and bred in the stronghold of Puritan prejudice, having slowly and painfully issued thence and groped our way to a new understanding, we should be sure to remember our position of two or three years ago and to sympathize with those who still maintain it? Not so. We are apt to be much less tender with our Protestant brethren than the most inexorable Jesuit priest. There must be some reason for this, some natural impulse which over-rides our intelligence. Perhaps (paradoxically) it has its root in that very tolerance which, however poorly we practice it, still remains the ideal of modern Protestantism. The idea of change is more familiar to the Protestant than to the Catholic; and, once having changed himself, the former sees no reason why his friends should not change too. Independence of thought is very exacting. It cannot win its conclusions without a sort of fierce personal glory in them; and it offers them to others on its own self-sufficient authority. 'This is true; I have proved it.' But the Catholic — oh! the Catholic thinks that change is a tremendous thing. He holds his own convictions with such a cosmic sort of profundity — or, rather, he is so held by them, interpenetrated — that he deeply respects the convictions of others and deals with them very gently if he deals with them at all. He has proved nothing himself, but the world has proved everything for him; and so he is impersonally sure and very patient. World-truth will come to its own by and by; there is no doubt or hurry. Meanwhile, the way to further its coming is not by rashness, but by consideration and delay.

Protestant tolerance will not stand

the test of enthusiasm, but Catholic patience is one of the firmest and most magnificent developments of the human race. It is cosmic — that bottomless word has to be used again to describe it; it has caught the spirit of time and creation and eternity. Nothing ever dismays or shocks it — no raging of the heathen, no dissension or catastrophe, no injury or insult. It is not tolerant, for it holds that truth must be absolute, one truth for all humanity; but it is full of forbearance and pity, ready to make allowances, to wait, to turn back, to begin all over again. There is no coldness about it; instead, there is a passion. 'The passion of patience' — somewhere or other that phrase has lately crept into religious discussion, and it admirably describes the marvelous temper of the Catholic Church. Caring so mightily that he would die for his faith and would suffer anything to promote its cause, a good Catholic yet remains undisturbed in the face of calumny.

Of course this has not always been so. Patience is the slowest fruit of time; it is the great lesson which parents generally have to receive at the hands of their children. The Catholic Church was proud and impatient enough in her younger days. But her children humbled her — we Protestants — rebelling and breaking away from her, wounding her bitterly. She tried to punish us ere we fled; she was quite as cruel with us as we were with her. Perhaps it is no wonder that we hated her for a time. But she never hated us (shall mothers hate?), and when we had left her, she set herself to take her discipline, learn her lesson, revealing thereby a native grandeur of soul which ought to call forth the love of the world. She is patient now, very patient and wise. She yearns over us, but she understands us; she will wait for us.

We, meanwhile, do we understand?

Not in the least. Instead of learning patience, we have been busy with quite other matters, lessons of dignity and self-respect which have accorded well with our independence. We are now very critical and confident. We have proved or disproved pretty much everything that concerns our spiritual life, and we have taken our stand on our conclusions. Our attitude is defensive rather than offensive, but it is very positive and suspicious of attack. We are quick to resent any interference and to repudiate, with indignation, anything that can affect our 'integrity.' This militant quiescence makes us a touchy and difficult lot. Our Catholic friends may well have learned by experience to keep their hands off us.

We keep our hands off them too, supposing that our rampant loyalty is a universally human trait, and that a Catholic would be as deeply outraged as a Methodist by a criticism of his faith. There is a significant story about a Protestant woman who for years shielded her Catholic maid from the sound of religious discussion. Whenever, at luncheon or dinner-table, the conversation turned in the direction of the Catholic Church, the mistress was prompt in checking it and diverting it into what she thought safer channels. She took it for granted that the faithful heart of the silent waitress would be seared with burning, smouldering indignation at hearing her Church disparaged. Burning indignation, indeed! That is what the Protestant mistress felt when, after some time spent abroad under the slowly deepening spell of the Catholic Church, she returned home, filled with love for the long neglected Mother, and tried to explain to her fellow Puritans the nature of the revelation which she had had. Nobody would listen to her. Probably she was not very wise. The subject possessed her, and she had never learned the dif-

ficult lesson of holding her peace under possession. At any rate, she and all her friends had an unhappy time. The latter plied her with protests as fast as she plied them with entreaties; they showered her with pamphlets, 'exposing' the iniquities of the Scarlet Woman; they labored and pleaded with her. They said such severe things that, in true Protestant fashion, she vexed herself beyond measure. One morning she was spoiling her breakfast by outspoken lamentations over a letter which she had just received, when her maid paused and looked at her, hesitated, then shook her head and said slowly, —

'Oh, Miss Jane, you're not a very good Catholic yet. Don't you know that nothing can hurt the Church?'

The rebuke was potent. The mistress received it with wide-open eyes and mouth slowly closing from an abandoned vituperation.

'Why, Betty,' she replied very meekly, — a gasp caught in her throat, — 'do you mean to say that you're not angry when you hear the Church criticized?'

'Oh, no, Miss Jane!' The girl smiled and once more shook her head. 'The Church can stand it.'

A lesson like that is never forgotten. The mistress finished her breakfast in a mood of chastened sobriety and went about her daily tasks, revolving many thoughts.

The miracle of this Catholic patience grows the more stupendous, the more one comes to understand the natural strength of the temptation to dispense with it. The awakened Protestant learns the two lessons at once. With all our assurance of doctrine, we denominationalists have been brought up to regard all forms of proselytism as serious offenses. We are glad to see our sects grow, and we welcome all new recruits with a full conviction of their

wisdom in casting in their lot with us. It would undoubtedly be well if all the world saw its way clear to follow their example. But 'Hands off!' is our motto. People must choose for themselves; no one must urge his particular manner of thinking upon anyone else. So strong is our feeling, that the very word 'proselytism' has come to connote all that we disparage in our conception of Catholicism.

But surely this is a strange sentiment — quite ungenerous and unhuman. As has been already suggested, it is not native to us; the instigators of our rebellion did their best to proselytize the world. Our unconcern for the creeds of our fellows has grown with the gradual growth of our tolerance; and that famous plant, as has also been hinted, has its roots in no other soil than indifference. We do not care enough — that is the bottom truth of the matter. We like our denominations, and we insist on being let alone in them; but our reasons for adhering to them are not inevitable. If they were — unless we were mountains of selfishness — we should want at least to suggest their significance to other people. Our sectarian promptings are partial, particular, peculiar only to ourselves and a few others; therefore of course they are unimportant, frankly to be taken or left according to the working of individual intelligence.

Quite otherwise is it with the soul that thinks that its faith has reached down below individual distinctions and has laid hold on a truth which is absolute in itself and therefore of utter importance to the universe. Granting it any generous impulse at all, such a soul cannot fail to burn to share this truth with every other soul it encounters. The desire is a possession, a passion, the most utterly selfless longing that a heart can know. It is to be revered, not criticized. The only real wonder

about Catholics is, not that they ever proselytize, but that they ever contain themselves.

The Protestant's mantle of tolerance drops from his shoulders the minute he catches the spirit of Catholicism; and in its place, next his heart, he discovers a flaming garment of enthusiasm. Clad in this, he is a conspicuous object; and no one with whom he comes in contact can long be in doubt as to the nature of his interest. He does not want to convert anybody — he is not converted himself; but he desperately wants to prick prejudice, to open blind eyes to rare beauty, to heal the rancor of misunderstanding. If, to these mild ends, he can hardly keep his hands off every person he meets, what must be the urging of the priest who does want to convert people, to whom it seems that every Protestant suffers a radical deprivation? Truly, they pay for their patience, these enduring ones.

With the collapse of his tolerance comes an abundant frankness of speech which greatly surprises the Protestant touched with Catholicism. The tradition of modern Protestantism is all in favor of reserve on spiritual subjects. To wear one's religious heart on one's sleeve is considered not only indecent, but even suggestive of insincerity. Religious convictions are not to be talked about, but are to be felt and acted upon. One does not profane the sanctuary of God in the soul by opening it to any mortal eye. All this seems profoundly true.

The Protestant, accustomed to the restrained services of his church and to the religious remoteness of all his acquaintances, accepts the situation as universally natural; and a different state of things never occurs to him as possible until, coming under new influence, he suddenly finds himself talking about God and eternity, life and death, to all the world. The dis-

covery is a great shock to him — all the more so as it probably comes too late to enable him to recover any shreds of his old reserve. He has generally been talking an hour or two before he realizes what he is doing. Then he is arrested, startled, perhaps very much mortified. What an offense against dignity and good taste he has been committing! But he could not, cannot help himself. Convicted and pleading guilty, he is conscious only of a desire to begin talking again; even in a state of mortification, he must still go on talking. A bewildering conflict ensues.

Honestly troubled, the Protestant tries to take himself in hand, to restrain his amazing new proclivity for outspokenness. He does not like it. It seems to him to hurt everything that he has held sacred. He does not recognize his old reticent self in this eager talker, and he is ashamed. Time and again, before going out into the world, he sets a guard upon his lips, resolves earnestly not to speak one word on religious matters during the afternoon or evening. But he might as well try to restrain the breath that comes through his nostrils, the blood that flows through his veins. Better, he might as well set a guard upon the wind. At dinner tables, during the opera intermissions, in lecture-rooms, clubs, streets, drawing-rooms — anywhere, everywhere, he is sure to find himself seizing upon some turn in the conversation and using it as a point of departure for a disquisition on the significance of the Catholic faith. Before he knows it, he is talking fast, and everybody is looking at him with coldly astonished eyes. Then once more he recollects himself, stops short, and is vainly mortified. The experience, often repeated, comes at last to be accepted as humbly and as humorously as possible.

The reason for it, as well as for many

Catholic peculiarities, is touched upon by the illustration of the wind in the last paragraph. Protestant religion comes from within; it is the relation between the particular soul and its God, and is individualistic. Therefore it can be controlled from within. Everybody can set a guard upon that which pertains to himself alone. But the Catholic faith is general. It proceeds from the Church, the Body of Christ, and informs each one of its members according to its own sweet will and their receptiveness. The Protestant builds up a lonely creed, painfully challenging every statement of the creeds of tradition, refusing to accept any of them until he has squared it with his own experience. The Catholic throws himself upon the creeds of the ages and the multitudes, feeling that what so many men have believed must have a larger measure of truth than any limited doctrine which he can fashion for himself; and, instead of fitting the creed to his experience, he fits the experience to the creed. Little by little, if he keeps his eyes faithfully on the pattern, he finds that his life unrolls an explanation of every intricacy. A Catholic creed is a puzzle, yes; but life is the key to it.

This expectant attitude gives the Catholic more real freedom than the Protestant. The latter is a slave to his doubts. He never dares take a step until he has first looked carefully all about him, sounded the ground, calculated the distance and all the consequences. But the former lets himself go, making endless experiments in faith, giving himself every possible chance to appropriate not only his own particular beliefs but also the beliefs of others. The result (which is also a cause) is a community of experience which squeezes the whole richness of life into each separate cup. Drink it, drink it, believer! It is compounded of

visions and aspirations which, singly, thou art not great enough to discover, but which the saints of the Church have had for thee and now share with thee; it makes thee wise with the wisdom and love of all the ages.

The externality of the Catholic faith is a characteristic which we Protestants criticize severely. It seems to us that the love of God cannot be imposed from without, but must spring up from the individual soul. That is true in a sense; not even the Catholic Church can unite men with God against their will. But, granted a right disposition, how much more worth while, how necessarily fuller in truth is the God of a world-wide Church, comprising millions of people, than the God of one solitary, groping soul! God is not for the one but the many; and the more people utter the same prayer, the more fully comes the answer. Moreover, it is worth much to stand allied with a body which holds its members always, inexorably, in the right attitude. Individual souls are uncertain affairs, often incorrigible in their moods. Sometimes they will not and sometimes they will solicit Heaven. But the Church never wavers. Steadfast she stands, facing Jerusalem, and with firm hand she holds her children facing with her. She knows that practice often induces the spirit, that the prayer of the body sinks into the soul and waters it as rain an arid plant. She knows that the will of the many is stronger than the will of the one, and that it better reflects the great Will in which is our peace. She knows that humility has clearer, braver eyes than self-confidence. Therefore she commands; or, rather, Heaven commands through her.

It all comes to this: particles of the Eternal Being as we are, the sum of the truth of things is outside of and beyond us. No man can comprehend it alone. Only by submitting ourselves to one

another, only by learning and sharing alike, can we know anything, can we escape from the burdensome ignorance of our individuality. The Church offers us the common cup into which to empty ourselves and from which to drink.

Why should there be such a paradox in the situation of the Protestant enamored of Catholicism? He finds himself at the same time prompted to unprecedented eloquence and warned into silence. He is kindled with eagerness and cooled with delay. Experience does not often involve an honestly questing heart in such difficulties. The reason seems to lie chiefly at our own Protestant doors. We have broken away not only from the mistakes of the past, but also from its grand, slow processes of growth; we have brought violence upon ourselves. Doubtless, we cleared the air, purged religion; the world could hardly have gotten along without our Reformation. But we also shattered a very precious unity, we rent the seamless robe. This unity must be recovered, this robe must be woven again. For unity is the goal of creation. We are restlessly eager for it now; we make all sorts of experiments in adjustment and compromise, hoping to regain it; we bring our best intelligence to bear on the matter. But Protestant methods are better adapted to disruption than to unity, and we do not seem to be able to lay our old habits aside. Obedience, patience, humility — these are the fruits, bearing the seed, of true unity. We shall have to learn to go slowly again, to defer to one another and to the august tradition of our common past; we shall have to get back in line with the ages, instead of trying to hold ourselves apart. Does this mean return? Not fully. There is no such thing as a real return in the universe. Christendom can never again be what it was before the Reformation. But it

can be better than it was then, and better than it is now; it must be better. Lovers and followers of the same Lord must love one another, must go hand in hand, must see eye to eye.

Have not we Protestants had our fling now? We have reformed and changed and upset until the very walls of our creeds totter around us. Are we not rather tired at last? Both our fretfulness and our indifference would seem to indicate that we are. We cannot yield our conclusions — perhaps not. But can we not yield our methods

a little? They have been excellent for surgery and purification; now for binding up and healing we might allow the Catholic spirit a chance. Patience, humility, love — those gentle virtues would go far toward gathering up the threads of the robe and reweaving them. We have gone our own ways and may perhaps never return to the home of our Mother. But she lingers there still, and at her knees waits a blessing for every wandering child who will stoop to receive it. There can be naught but good for us in loving her.

THE LEOPARD OF THE SEA

A STAMBOUL NIGHT'S ENTERTAINMENT

BY H. G. DWIGHT

AFTER it was quite dark, a man who strolled by happened to catch sight of my camera. He stopped and began to examine it. I discreetly lit a cigarette in order to show him that the camera had a proprietor. He continued his inspection, as much as to show me that he had known I was there. Then he took out his tobacco box, rolled a cigarette with deliberation, came up to me, saluted me politely, and lighted his cigarette from mine. It is the custom of the country, you know. Nobody has any matches. I suppose somebody did once, but since then everybody has gone on taking the sacred fire from everybody else.

Having made the second salutation of usage, the stranger showed no haste to be off. Indeed, after standing a mo-

ment, he sat down on another stone near me — not so near as a Greek would have done. From that, and from his silence, and from a certain easy awkwardness about him, I guessed that he was a Turk.

'Do you make postcards?' he asked at last.

'No,' I said, 'I am just taking a picture.'

'Ah, you have a whim.'

'Yes,' I assented, 'I have a whim.' And I smiled to myself in the dark at the pleasant idiom.

'Why do you take pictures now, when it is dark?' pursued my companion. 'There is a very pretty view from here in the daytime, but can your machine see it at night?'

I did not mind his inquisitiveness.

There was nothing eager or insistent about it. It was simple and natural, and there was a quality in it that I often feel in the Turks, of being able to take the preliminaries of life for granted. The man was evidently not of the higher classes, but neither was he of the lowest. I could make out that he wore European clothes and no collar.

'I want to get the lights of Ramadan,' I explained to him. 'I took one picture at sunset, so as to get the shape of Yeni Jami and the way the Golden Horn lies behind it, and afterwards I shall take another on the same plate, for the lights.'

'Ah!' he uttered, as if perfectly comprehending my whim. And after a pause he added, 'They must make a great feast at Yeni Jami to-night. They have not lighted one lamp yet.'

It was true. The minarets of St. Sophia, the Suleïmanieh, all the other great mosques that ride the crest of Stamboul, already wore their necklaces of gold beads, while mysterious pendants began to twinkle between them. We watched one spark after another spell 'O Mohammed!' above the dome of St. Sophia, and a golden flower grew out of the dark between the minarets of Baïezid.

'Do you come from far?' suddenly asked my companion.

'Yes,' I said, 'from America.'

'From America,' he repeated. I could see by his tone that the name did not suggest very much to him. 'I have been to many countries, but I have not been to America. How many days does it take to go?'

'Eh,' I replied, 'if you pay very much and go half the way by train you can do it in eight or nine days. If you go all the way by steamer it takes about three weeks.'

'Then it is not so far as Yemen,' remarked my companion.

'Oh, have you been to Yemen?' I

asked in turn. 'I have been to many countries too, but I have never been to Yemen.'

'I never would have gone if I had known. But now they go most of the way by train.'

'Did n't you like the sea?' I ventured.

'Fire is for the brazier and water is for the cup,' returned my companion somewhat enigmatically.

A flicker came out against one of the dark lances of Yeni Jami, and then three small lamps — which were glass cups of oil with a floating wick — dropped into place one above another. Presently three more appeared beside them, and three more, until the lower gallery of the minaret was set off with its triple circlet of light. There was an interval, during which one could imagine a turbaned person picking his way up a corkscrew stair of stone, and the second gallery put on a similar ornament. I was wondering whether the turbaned person would have to climb all the way down to the ground and up into the other minaret, when lights began to flicker there too. But what I really wondered was what my companion meant by his odd proverb.

'Have you been much on the sea?' I asked, hoping to find out.

'Eh, my father was a stoker on the Leopard of the Sea, and when I was thirteen or fourteen I went on board too. The captain took a fancy to me, and when I grew up they made me a lieutenant. But we only went outside once; that time we went to Yemen.'

'Oh!' I exclaimed, beginning to be interested in my man and resolving to seize him by the leg if he got up from his stone. 'What sort of a ship was the Leopard of the Sea?'

'Did n't you ever hear of her?' he asked in surprise. I did n't answer and he went on, 'She was not a battleship, if that is what you mean. They called

her a cruiser. She was an old steamer they bought in Europe. Sometimes she carried soldiers to the Dardanelles, but most of the time she lay in the Golden Horn.'

'How did she happen to go to Yemen?'

The experience of a lengthening career has taught me that information may sometimes be obtained by asking for it, and this time my strategy was successful.

'It was an idea of Sultan Hamid. One night, late, late, an aide-de-camp from the Palace came on board with an officer in chains, and said that we were to take him at once to Yemen. Ten minutes later another aide-de-camp came to say good-bye to the officer, from the Sultan, and to give him his promotion as general and to make him a present of five hundred pounds. They said he was a Circassian prince and that he had been plotting. It was a lie. But Sultan Hamid believed it. And how was he to know that you cannot start for Yemen like that, in ten minutes? It was not his trade. It was ours; but none of us were on board, and we had no coal, and no food, and nothing, and the people from the Palace said we must be gone before morning. So sailors came to wake us up—as many of us as they could find—and there was great calamity. And we did start before morning. We got a tug to pull us, and we went around to Küchük Chekmejeh, in the Marmora, and there we staid till we were ready to start. It took us two or three weeks. The machine was old and broken, and we had to get an Englishman to mend it. And the Leopard of the Sea had been lying so long in the harbor that no one could find her bottom. It was all grown with bushes and trees, like a garden. And what mussels grew in the garden! And what *pilaf* they made! We picked off all we could, and we ate them ourselves

till we were sick of them, and we sold the rest. The mussels of the Leopard of the Sea were famous in Constantinople. Afterwards we were sorry we had sold the mussels though. When at last we started for Yemen each one of us had ten loaves of bread and some olives and cheese. We did n't know how long we would be on the way. At the end of three days we had only just passed the Dardanelles and the cheese and olives were gone. A day or two later the bread was gone too, though we were still far from Yemen.'

'How about water?' I asked.

'Water we had, thanks to God! We had a machine for making the water of the sea sweet. It was only food we did n't have. We had to stop at an island and get some.'

'What island was it?' pursued I, in curiosity, wondering how far the Leopard of the Sea got on ten loaves of bread a man.

'How should I know? It was an island in the White Sea.' By which he meant not our White Sea but the Mediterranean. 'I did n't ask the name. Greeks lived on it. The governor of course was a Turk. We were very sorry when we left it. The sea began to show himself after that. Until then we had not known him.'

'Were you sick?'

The darkness hid on my face the grin without which this question may not be asked.

'My soul! Who is not sick when the wind blows on the sea—unless he is accustomed? We were not accustomed. How should we be? We had never put our noses outside the Dardanelles. It was worst for the captain and me, because we had to stay on deck and steer whether we were sick or not. But we got accustomed by-and-by. And the captain taught me a little about the machine which points its finger at the Great Bear, and about the papers

wherein are written all the lands and islands of the earth. And after two or three weeks we found Egypt. It seemed to me a miracle. When I saw it lying white and flat on the edge of the sea and the captain said it was Egypt, I said to myself, How do we know that it is Egypt? It may be Persia. It may be England. But it was Egypt, thanks to God! And if it had not been for the Circassian I don't know what we would have done. He was a very good man. The aide-de-camp who brought him from the Palace said that he was to be kept shut up in a small room and that he was to eat nothing but bread and water. But we were all shut up and none of us had anything but bread and water, and not always that. And so the captain very soon let the Circassian do what he liked. And when we got to Egypt the Circassian bought food and coal for us, out of the money the Sultan had given him. For we had none. We had spent all we had at Küchük Chekmeje and at the island. Then we went on, through the river that goes into the Arabian Sea. We had orders to take the Circassian to Jeddah, but at Suez they brought us a telegram telling us to go on without stopping to Hodeidah, and afterwards to bring the Circassian back to Jeddah. At Hodeidah however we found another telegram which said that we were to go on to Bassorah, for some soldiers.'

'To Bassorah!' I exclaimed.

I began to feel hopelessly choked up with questions. I wanted to know more about the Circassian. I wanted to know more about the captain. I wanted to know more about everything. The man whom chance had brought for a moment to a stone beside me had an Odyssey in him, if one could only get at it.

'To Bassorah, ya!' he said before I could stop him. 'And a time we had getting to Bassorah — more than two

months. It was so hot we could not sleep at night, and again we had nothing to eat. And worst of all, the machine that made the water of the sea sweet got a hole in it, we used it so much, and after that the water was only partly sweet. And it was so bad we tried to find water on the land, and one night we went too near and sat.' (By which the lieutenant of the Leopard of the Sea meant that they ran aground.)

'We sat for two weeks, trying to get away. It was good that the wind did not blow in that time. In the end I don't know whether more water came into the sea or what happened, but all of a sudden we found that we could move. Then another calamity came on our heads. Although we had been sitting for two weeks we had been burning coal most of the time, trying to get away. So before we got to Bassorah no coal was left. The Circassian had bought more than we needed to get to Jeddah or even to Hodeidah, but we never expected to go any farther. So we spent all our time finding wood for the machine. We burned up all the doors, all the chairs, all the tables, all the boats. We cut down walls in the ship, we tore up decks. And then we only just got into the river of Bassorah.

'At Bassorah how good it was to put our feet on the earth! And if you knew what a country that is — hot, flat, dirty! They speak Arabic too, which none of us could understand but the Circassian. And thieves! We had already burned up most of the ship, but they would have stolen the rest if we had let them. So although we had come to land we still had no peace. And twelve hundred soldiers were waiting for us and expected to be taken away immediately. They had been in Arabia seven years, poor things, although when they went the government promised that they should stay

only three. There had been three thousand of them in the beginning. More than half of them had died, not from bullets but from the sun of that country and its poisonous air. And not one of them had been paid or had had a new uniform in seven years. You would have wept to see them — how ragged and thin they were, and how they begged us to pay them and take them away.

‘How could we take them away or pay them? We had not been paid ourselves for four or five months, and we had no food or water or coal, and nobody would give us any. We went to the governor, we went to the general, we went to everybody; but not a *para* could we get. The Circassian still had a little money, most of which we used in telegraphing to Constantinople. And still no money came. We had to sell our watches, our clothes, anything we had left. One day we even sold two windows — you know the little round windows in the wall of a ship? A fat Arab wanted them for his house. What could we do? We had to live. We could n’t find any others to take their places and so we nailed kerosene tins over the holes — one inside and one outside. They looked very funny, like blind eyes. They were at the bow, one on each side.’

My companion paused a moment, as if musing over the blind eyes of the Leopard of the Sea. Then he rolled himself another cigarette. I noticed for the first time that the minarets of Yeni Jami were fully alight, and that other lights were beginning to hang in the darkness between them.

‘In the end it was the Circassian again who got us away from Bassorah. He gave the captain the last money he had and told him to telegraph to Sultan Hamid and say five hundred pounds must be sent to us immediately or we would go to Europe and set the Circas-

sian free. How was Sultan Hamid in his palace to know that we had no coal and could not go to Europe if we wanted to? But the next day the governor came to the captain with five hundred pounds and a decoration, which he pinned on his coat with much speech, and invited him not to let the dangerous Circassian go. The dangerous Circassian was there listening with the others, and the governor liked to speak with him more than with any of us, because he was an *effendi* and knew all the people of the Palace. The governor after all, poor man, was no better than an exile himself.

‘So at last we started back to Jeddah, with money in our pockets and bread in the cupboard and coal in the machine. The captain took care to put a lot in the place where the windows had been that he sold, to keep the tin tight against the wall of the ship. We got along very well that time. We reached Jeddah in forty-five days. Before we got there the captain told the Circassian that he would not give him to the governor but that he would give another man, one of the soldiers, and say it was the Circassian, and bring the Circassian back to Egypt and let him go. But the Circassian would not allow him. He said it was not just that another man should be punished in his place, and that they would find it out in Constantinople and punish the captain and the governor and there would be many calamities. Even when the captain wept and kissed his feet, the Circassian would not allow him. You see they had lived together for so many months and had suffered so much together that they had become friends. Ah, he was a very good man. Because he was a good man God rewarded him, as you will see.’

I did not see at once, however, for my companion stopped again. And when he went on it was not to give me

any essential light on the history of the mysterious Circassian.

'I told you about the soldiers we brought from Bassorah, who had been in Arabia seven years and who had never been paid. They were so glad to leave Bassorah that they made little noise about their money, and the general promised them that they would get it in Jeddah. But when they heard the story of the Circassian, how he telegraphed to Sultan Hamid and got money for us, they said it was a shame that he did n't get money for them too: they had gone seven years without a para. And when the general of Jeddah told them that they would be paid in Constantinople they made much noise. They would not believe that the general had no money, and they brought the Circassian into it again and said he must telegraph to Sultan Hamid. They could not understand! It was only when the general threatened to keep them in Yemen and send the Leopard of the Sea home without them that they were quiet.

'We were sorry to leave the Circassian in Jeddah, but we were glad to start away at last. It is the country of the Prophet, but, *vallah!* it is a dirty country! We came quickly enough up to Egypt. The Leopard of the Sea walked more slowly than ever, because the hole in the machine for making the water of the sea sweet spoiled the water, and the bad water spoiled the machine of the ship. Still, we went forward all the time. And in Egypt, thanks to God, there was no telegram. And our hearts became light when we came once more into the White Sea, where it seemed cold to us after Yemen. The captain said he would stop nowhere till we got to the Dardanelles, lest he should find a telegram. But our calamities were not quite done. It was because of the soldiers again. After they smelled the air of their country once

more and ate bread every day, something came to them. They went to the captain one morning and said, "We wish to go to Beirut." The captain told them he could n't go to Beirut. He had orders to go to Constantinople. What did they wish in Beirut? They merely answered, "We wish to go to Beirut." And in the end they went to Beirut. What could the captain do? They were a thousand, with guns, and we were forty or fifty; and they were very angry. They said they were fools ever to have left Arabia without their money and they were tired of promises.

'So we went to Beirut. The soldiers told the captain that he need not mix in their business: they had thought of a thing to do. Only let him wait till they were ready to go. And half of them staid on the steamer to see that he did not go away and leave them. The other half went on shore and asked where was the governor's palace. Every one was much surprised to see six hundred ragged soldiers going to the governor's palace, and many followed them. When they reached the palace the soldiers asked for the governor. A servant told them that the governor was not there. "Never mind," said the soldiers, "we are six hundred, and on the ship there are six hundred more, and we will find the governor." Then they were told to wait a little and the governor would come. And the governor did come. For I suppose he was not pleased that there should be scandal in the city. Also it happened that he had very few soldiers of his own, because there was fighting in the Lebanon. He received the six hundred very politely, and gave them coffee and cigarettes, and asked them what he could do for them. And they told him their story, and what they had suffered, and how many of them had died, and that they had never been paid, and they said their hearts were broken and

they wished their money. The governor said they were right, and it was hard for a man to go seven years without being paid; still, he was not their general; how could he pay them? "You can telegraph to Sultan Hamid," they said, "and he will send you the money. We shall wait here till the answer comes." And they waited, the six hundred of them.

'They made no noise and frightened no one, but they sat there on the floor with their rifles on their knees, and smoked cigarettes with the soldiers of the governor — who pitied them and said they would never drive them away. And by and by the governor came back and said he had heard from Sultan Hamid, who said it was a sin that his children should be treated in that way, and they should have their money. And then he called a scribe, and they made an account, and the soldiers took the money. It came to eight or nine thousand pounds. And a mistake was made by the scribe, and some soldiers got too little, and the governor gave them what was owed. And the soldiers said they were glad they had not been paid in seven years — to get so much now.

'The captain was not pleased by this work, for it put us back many days and he thought Sultan Hamid might be angry if he got too many telegrams asking for money. However, the captain was pleased and we were all pleased to get away from Beirout with no more trouble. But of course the soldiers were the most pleased, who smelled their own country again after seven years, and who had their money at last. They sat on the deck all day counting it, and singing, and some had pipes which they played, and those who were Laz or Kurds or Albanians danced the dances of their country. But before long the sea began to dance, and then they stopped. And by-

and-by, the wind blew so hard they could not stay on deck. We did not mind, because we were accustomed; and the wind was from the south, which helped us. But they were not accustomed, and they were very sick. The ship was so small and they were so many that downstairs there was no room to turn without stepping on a sick soldier. And water poured down from above, and they all got soaked as they lay on the floor. If we had not burned up all the sofas and tables and chairs in the sea of Bassorah there never would have been beds enough for them. And at last there came a night when even the captain and I began to think. The ship went this side, the ship went the other side, waves rolled back and forth in the cabin, everywhere there were cracks and macks till we thought the Leopard of the Sea would crack in two. By God, it was a night of much fear. But what is there more than *kismet*? It was our *kismet* that that also should pass.'

I saw it was time to open the shutter of my camera, for the lights between the minarets of Yeni Jami had grouped themselves into the image of a ship. It seemed an odd coincidence. When I sat down again on my stone, after pinching the bulb, the lieutenant of the Leopard of the Sea continued to stare abstractedly at the little bark of gold sailing in the dark sky.

'Who shall escape his destiny?' he uttered at length. 'For six months we had had no peace. We had lacked bread. We had suffered storms. We had sat on the floor of the sea. We had been burned and frozen. We had been robbed. We had been worse off than beggars. We had been unjustly treated. We had eaten all manner of dung. But no harm had come to us, thanks to God! And the morning after that night was like a morning of paradise. The sun was bright and warm. The sea was

blue, blue. There was no wind. There were hardly any waves, for we were among the islands again. We could see on them the flowers of almond trees and peach trees. The soldiers said they heard the birds. They had forgotten all their calamities, the soldiers, and were sitting on the deck again, counting their gold, singing, playing pipes, dancing. And in front of us we could see the mountains of the Dardanelles.'

He sighed, telling the beads of the string he carried as he went over the memory in his mind.

'There was only one thing. The Leopard of the Sea sat very low in the water. Why not, after the rivers that came in the night before? I thought nothing of it. We pumped, but we did n't mind because we were so near home. I saw, though, that the captain was thinking. I asked him if he was afraid they would make trouble for us about the telegrams and the money. Sultan Hamid often did things for reasons that were not apparent, and he never forgot.

"God love you!" said the captain. "I think nothing of that. But do you remember those windows we sold in Bassorah? Those are what make me think. We needed bread then, it is true, and no one can blame us. Also we nailed the tin on very tightly. But in the storm I kept thinking of them. And you see the bow now is lower than the stern. Those blind eyes are under water."

"They will still see the way to Stamboul," I told him. "There is plenty of coal behind the tin."

"Yes," he said, "but coal is like rice. It drinks up water, more and more, without your knowing it."

"Eh, if we have a *pilaf* of coal in the ship, what matter?" I said.

He laughed.

"I would not mind so much if we had not burned the boats. Just look

downstairs and see if there is much water about."

'I looked, and I could n't find any to speak of. I went down to the engine room, without telling them why I came, and there was very little. What they were thinking of down there was the machine. It had become more and more rotten, from the bad water, till it would hardly work. The door of our house was open in front of us, but when we would have run to it like boys, the Leopard of the Sea could only walk, slowly, slowly, like an old man.'

He had left out enormously, and I realized in the end that I had small notion what manner of man he was himself. But I am bound to say that he did make vivid, as we squatted there on our neighborly stones, the final case of the Leopard of the Sea.

'Why should I make much speech? The old man never found the door of his house. It was because of his blind eyes. But until the last moment we hoped we might get to the Dardanelles. The sea became more and more quiet. It was more beautiful than anything I have ever seen, like blue jewels with light shining through them. A great purple island stood not far away, and white houses were on it. And sails played like children on the floor of the sea. It was so beautiful and so still that the soldiers were not frightened. They noticed that the ship settled in the water, but the captain told them it was nothing. He asked me what we should do — whether we should let off steam to keep the machine from blowing up. We finally decided not to. We might reach land after all, and steamers and ships were all about us. While if we let off steam and signaled for help, there would be much confusion and the soldiers might make another calamity; for they were very simple. "*Akh!* if they only had n't made us go to Beirout!" the captain said. "We

would have been at home by this time." But we were very sorry for them.'

He stopped again for a moment, yet I knew in my perverted literary heart that it was wholly without melodramatic intent.

'The sun set. Night came — a warm night of stars. I remember how they looked, and how the soldiers sang on the deck, and then how the Leopard of the Sea suddenly began to run — but down, pitching forward.'

I wondered many things, but chiefly if he would say anything more. It seemed indecent to ask him. Presently he did, though not just what I hoped. First, however, he leaned over and patted the ground.

'The earth!' he said. 'The earth! I like to feel that under my feet!'

Then he got up, made me a courteous salaam, and left me on my stone to stare at the little ship of light hanging over the dark mosque.

THE FALLACY OF ETHICS

BY H. FIELDING-HALL

A YEAR ago I received a printed letter from America which contained a problem in ethics, and the sender proposed that I should answer it. He added that he had sent the same conundrum to many notable people and that he hoped that by collating the replies he would arrive at an absolute answer. I have unfortunately lost the printed letter, but it ran something like this:—

'A is a good boy, B is a bad boy. When A and B are together, B breaks a window notwithstanding A's remonstrance. The teacher finds the broken window and suspects that A knows who broke it. Should A tell? And should the teacher bring pressure to bear on A to make him tell?'

My correspondent supposed there was an answer that was always true; he was in search of the absolute.

There is, I suppose, nothing that men have searched for, hoped for, tried for, from the beginning as they have for the

absolute. They have dreamed of an absolute happiness; they have imagined an absolute ethic as a means to that happiness.

Very early man began it by making proverbs and wise sayings. These are some of them common to most peoples:

Do not put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day.

Marry in haste and repent at leisure.

Well begun is half done.

Whatever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might.

A burnt child dreads the fire.

It is better to be lucky than wise.

These proverbs rejoiced him for a time. They seemed so true. He could see that in experience they were sometimes true, and he closed his eyes to the fact that the exceptions were as numerous as the examples. He hoped that he was finding absolute truth, that he was reducing life to formulæ so that he need not think about anything, and the idea made him happy.

Unfortunately there were other proverb-makers as true as the first, and they made these proverbs:—

More haste, less speed.

Happy the wooing that's not long in doing.

Fine before seven, wet before eleven.

Point de zèle.

Familiarity breeds contempt.

Fortune's best gift is wisdom.

All his truths were thus contradicted by other truths. For unfortunately these second proverbs were as good as the former. They were just as true, had just as many examples and just as many exceptions. It was exasperating to be thus driven out of his complacency, and early man was angry. 'Neither of them is completely true,' he declared, 'therefore both are false. They are false because they are both exaggerations. The truth lies between. A curse on both your houses; "in medio tutissimus ibo."'

That was a saying that filled him with delight because of its evident soundness and balance. 'That is matured wisdom,' he thought: 'avoid all extremes; go slowly and carefully and safely.' It was in fact the beginning of philosophy, though unfortunately not the end of it.

It was, however, the end of every early man who believed and practiced it.

Fighting was common in those days, and there were only two kinds of early man who survived at all. One kind was he who went into battle determined to conquer or to die; the second was he who was equally determined, if he could not conquer, to run away. The philosopher who went to battle half-heartedly had it in him neither to conquer nor run away, but was always killed and was generally eaten afterwards. So that fixed ethics led a precarious existence in those stirring times. Still they did not die, and ever with

increasing civilization they increased as well.

Then they took the form of religions taught by priests.

They came to him in one form or another and said, 'You have not found the absolute truth? No, of course you have not. You could not. Absolute truth cannot be found. It can only be revealed. It has been so revealed to us. We know the absolute. Do what we tell you and all will be well.'

And man at first willingly resigned himself. 'It is hard work thinking, therefore let the priests do it for me. It seems an endless labor, saving myself; let the priests save me. Now responsibility is off my shoulders I shall be happy and free.'

But he soon found that he was neither. He had sold himself into a spiritual bondage, and to his surprise this did not make him happy. However hard he tried, there was something in his soul that would not accept this state of things. There was a criticizing spirit that would not accept as truth what it was told, a spirit of independence that kept whispering in his ear, 'You alone are a true judge of what is true for you. No one can judge for you because no one can *be* you. Can't you feel that a great deal of what they tell you is n't true?'

But this was not all. It was not merely, or even mainly, that what faiths told him and priests bade him and ethics directed was not true, for sometimes it was true; it was that it was as bad when it was true as when it was untrue.

For the same inner voice he feared so much would not be still, would not submit. It wanted the mastery of itself, not that others should have it. 'Think,' it said aloud. 'Say you do well. If others bade you, to whom the profit? Not to you. Obedience profiteth nothing. That which profiteth a

man is what he himself thinks, what his soul determines and no other. If you obey others you kill me, because I must have air and exercise and see the light. Would you sell your soul for a lot of maxims? What will it profit you if you go safely through life by listening to others? The object of life is accomplishment, not safety; yet again, at the end it is not what you have done or left undone that avails, but what you are, what your soul is. And what shall I be if you make me a slave, bind me in chains and drive me down into the dark? I am the Inward Light. If you put me out, wherewith can you be lighted?

Man was afraid and tried to kill this critic, tried with all his might, and the faiths helped him with all *their* might.

Yet it lived.

And not only lived but forced him, willy-nilly, from the enervating air of these soul-lethal chambers back into the outer air again.

He would much rather not have gone, but he had to go.

Therefore faiths failed him, but he would not learn from that. 'Truth is evidently not revealed,' he admitted, reverting to his first idea; 'it must be found. The world must find it, for no doubt it's there. I want an absolute rule of conduct, so that in every difficulty I shall only have to turn to it and find out what to do. It must be fixed and absolute, the same for all. No doubt there is such a rule.'

That was his ideal. He did not wish the daily labor of thought, of sight. He did not want to guide himself; he was afraid to do so. He wanted rigid rails of conduct on which to run as a locomotive does: rails he would never leave even to avoid collision, rails leading only to a bourne where thought and freedom never come, where eyes are useless in that dark, and the ideal is the machine.

Then arose philosophies and systems of ethics. 'Wise' men worked at these, work at them yet, and make out systems for the world to follow. These systems are innumerable.

Man has found not one but hundreds of ethics, and then has gone on to find that they were no good. The wrong turned out right quite as often as wrong. The more surely he found absolute truth, the more certainly he discovered it to be absolute falsehood. There was once a great philosopher, greatest, they say, of modern times; he found one ethic — 'Always speak the truth.' It sounded well, for truth is truth. But is it possible? That carping critic in Man's soul would not be silent. 'If,' he asked, 'when you were walking on a moor you met a fugitive, an honest honorable man, escaping from would-be murderers, and you saw him hide; then came the murderers and demanded from you where their victim hid,—would you declare the truth?'

'I would,' he answered, stubbornly refusing to leave his rails of conduct.

'And make yourself accessory to a vile murder?'

'I would.'

But the world cried scorn upon him, forced thereto by that within souls which never will be killed.

Yet again there are cases where truth would stand higher even than a man's life.

Systems of ethics! How many have we seen which have been true? Not one, nor in one detail. If in any part a half-truth was obtained it was exceptional. Any ethic is partly true sometimes, a few are true often, and none always.

Do not kill? Must not the soldier kill, the policeman, the man acting in self-defense? And there are still more exceptions, which can never be reduced to rule.

Must the soldier always kill, the policeman, or he who acts in self-defense? Go out into the world and see. The nearest you can get to any rule in this matter is this: 'You must not kill unless by killing you prevent a greater evil.' But what is a greater evil, and whether killing will prevent it, depends on time and place and persons.

I suppose no man has sought more insistently, more sincerely, and more carefully for a system of right and wrong than did the author of Ecclesiastes. Did he find it? Hear what he said: —

'To every thing there is a season, and a time to every purpose under the heaven:

'A time to be born, and a time to die; a time to plant, and a time to pluck up that which is planted;

'A time to kill, and a time to heal; a time to break down, and a time to build up;

'A time to weep, and a time to laugh; a time to mourn, and a time to dance;

'A time to cast away stones, and a time to gather stones together; a time to embrace, and a time to refrain from embracing;

'A time to love, and a time to hate; a time of war, and a time of peace.'

So wrote he that was the Preacher, that there is no emotion that is not good in its place and in its time.

And did he say how that place and time could be discovered? Did he lay down any rule for discovering the time to love and the time to hate, the time to kill and the time to save alive? He did not; he knew that there is no such rule, nor can be.

There are no ethics worth a thought; there cannot be. At the best any generalization is but an average, therefore never quite true even of one instance, and it will have as many exceptions as inclusions. And *prima facie* no one can tell which is an inclusion or which an

exception, because there never have been, never are, and never can be two cases quite the same. Life is not dead but living; it has no fixed data; change is life and life is change. How can there be finality in change?

Then there is law.

To those who have had no experience of courts and laws, they seem most excellent. Are they not courts of justice? Are not the laws the wisdom of the wisest men distilled in wisest words? Are not offenses all defined with the greatest care, made absolute, so that there can be no doubt when a man has committed a crime, that it is a crime and even a specially labeled crime? To the public of most countries their laws stand for wisdom and their courts for justice, — but to those within them, it is not so.

'I do not sit here to administer justice but law,' a great judge said. They are two very different things, as different as a body and a soul. Let us consider the body.

If law were justice, why a jury? The law is clear; a judge can tell far better than a jury when according to law a crime is proved or not. He has no bias. No one doubts that our judges are honest, able, honorable men; why then a jury?

To stand between the accused person and the law.

If the law were justice there would be no need, but the law is not justice. No one who knows it thinks it is or can be.

'The law is a ass, a idiot,' complained Bumble when he found himself confronted with one of the assumptions which underlie law, which are supposed to be true always and which are so only sometimes. And every one who has had to go to law echoes his complaint. You cannot apply the absolute to human affairs because you cannot standardize humanity. It changes,

it evolves, and what was true yesterday is not so to-day; what is true for you is not so for me.

Therefore the world has failed, must always fail, to find the absolute. Because the absolute means death, and only death. It is the end, but life has never any end.

You cannot standardize human conduct because that would destroy life. You cannot have a fixed ethic because that would do away with thought and judgment.

There may at the best be generalizations which are useful if it be remembered that they are never completely true. Man's true guide is his conscience, that which is in him when he is born, which should be cultivated all his life.

That is the Inward Light, and this is what was written about it, maybe three thousand years ago: —

'What light hath this Man-Soul?'

'Sun's light, O King,' said he; 't is with the sun for light that he sitteth, goeth about, doeth his work, and cometh back.'

'Verily it is so. When the sun hath gone down what light hath this Man-Soul?'

'Moon's light, O King,' said he; 't is with the moon for light that he sitteth, goeth about, doeth his work and cometh back.'

'Verily it is so. When the sun hath gone down, when the moon hath gone down, what light hath this Man-Soul?'

'Fire's light, O King,' said he; 't is with fire for light that he sitteth, goeth about, doeth his work, and cometh back.'

'Verily it is so. When the sun hath

gone down, when the moon hath gone down, when the fire is stilled, what light hath this Man-Soul?'

'Voice's light, O King. 'T is with Voice for light that he sitteth, goeth about, doeth his work, cometh back. Therefore when a voice is uplifted thither he goeth, albeit he cannot behold there his own hand.'

'Verily it is so. When the sun hath gone down, when the moon hath gone down, when the fire is stilled, when the voice is hushed, what light hath this Man-Soul?'

'The light of Self, O King,' said he; 't is with self for light that he sitteth, goeth about, doeth his work, cometh back.'

'What is the Self?'

'It is the Man-Soul made of understanding amid the Breaths, the Inward Light within the heart; he becometh an understanding dream and fareth beyond this world.'

But if you have never cultivated this Inward Light, if you have no oil for that lamp, wherein it burns, no judgment, no self-confidence, with what will you light yourself?

And there is no better way to kill it than by teaching any fixed ethic as the absolute.

That brings me back to the conundrum with which I started. What is the answer? There is of course no answer. It would depend on A's, on B's, on the teacher's personalities, on innumerable circumstances of time and place and other persons, on antecedents and on probable consequences. How can you have a fixed answer to meet all contingencies? Men are not machines.

THE DESERTED PASTURE

BY BLISS CARMAN

I LOVE the stony pasture
That no one else will have.
The old gray rocks so friendly seem,
So durable and brave.

In tranquil contemplation
It watches through the year,
Seeing the frosty stars arise,
The slender moons appear.

Its music is the rain-wind,
Its choristers the birds,
And there are secrets in its heart
Too wonderful for words.

It keeps the bright-eyed creatures
That play about its walls,
Though long ago its milking herds
Were banished from their stalls.

Only the children come there,
For buttercups in May,
Or nuts in autumn, where it lies
Dreaming the hours away.

Long since its strength was given
To making good increase,

And now its soul is turned again
To beauty and to peace.

There in the early springtime
The violets are blue,
And adder-tongues in coats of gold
Are garmented anew.

There bayberry and aster
Are crowded on its floors,
When marching summer halts to praise
The Lord of Out-of-doors.

And there October passes
In gorgeous livery, —
In purple ash, and crimson oak,
And golden tulip tree.

And when the winds of winter
Their bugle blasts begin,
I watch the white battalions come
To pitch their tents therein.

FASHIONS IN MEN

BY KATHARINE FULLERTON GEROULD

NEVER, I fancy, has it been more true than it is to-day, that fiction reflects life. The best fiction has always given us a kind of precipitate of human nature — *Don Quixote* and *Tom Jones* are equally 'true,' and true, in a sense, for all time; but our modern books give us every quirk and turn of the popular ideal, and fifty years hence, if read at all, may be too 'quaint' for words. And to any one who has been reading fiction for the last twenty years, it is cryingly obvious that fashions in human nature have changed.

My first novel was *Jane Eyre*; and at the age of eight, I fell desperately in love with Fairfax Rochester. No instance could serve better to point the distance we have come. I was not an extraordinary little girl (except that, perhaps, I was extraordinarily fortunate in being permitted to encounter the classics in infancy), and I dare say that if I had not met Mr. Rochester, I should have succumbed to some imaginary gentleman of a quite different stamp. It may be that I should have fallen in love — had time and chance permitted — with 'V. V.' or The Beloved Vagabond. But I doubt it. In the first place, novels no longer assume that it is the prime business of the female heart (at whatever age) to surrender itself completely to some man. Consequently, the men in the novels of to-day are not calculated, as they once were, to hit the fluttering mark. The emotions are the last redoubt to be taken, as modern tactics direct the assault.

People are always telling us that fashions in women have changed: what seems to me almost more interesting is that fashions in men (the stable sex) have changed to match. The new woman (by which I mean the very newest) would not fall in love with Mr. Rochester. It is therefore 'up to' the novelists to create heroes whom the modern heroine will fall in love with. This, to the popular satisfaction, they have done. And not only in fiction have the men changed; in life, too, the men of to-day are quite different. I know, because my friends marry them.

It is immensely interesting, this difference. One by one, the man has sloughed off his most masculine (as we knew them) characteristics. Gone are Mr. Rochester, who fought the duel with the vicomte at dawn, and Burgo Fitzgerald (the only love of that incomparable woman, Lady Glencora Palliser), who breakfasted on curaçao and pâté de foie gras. No longer does Blanche Ingram declare, 'An English hero of the road would be the next best thing to an Italian bandit, and that could only be surpassed by a Levantine pirate.' Blanche Ingram wants — and gets — the Humanitarian Hero: some one who has particular respect for convicts and fallen women, and whose favorite author is Tolstoi. He must qualify for the possession of her hand by long, voluntary residence in the slums; he may inherit ancestral acres only if he has, concerning them, socialistic intentions. He must be too altruistic to

kill grouse, and if he is to be wholly up-to-date, he must refuse to eat them. He must never order 'pistols and coffee': his only permitted weapon is benevolent legislation.

I do not mean that he is to be a milk-sop — 'muscular Christianity' has at least taught us that it is well for the hero to be in the pink of condition, as he may any day have a street fight on his hands. And he should have the tongue of men and of angels. Gone is the inarticulate Guardsman — gone forever. The modern hero has read books that Burgo Fitzgerald and Guy Livingstone and Mr. Rochester never heard of. He is ready to address any gathering, and to argue with any antagonist, until dawn. He is, preferably, personally unconscious of sex until the heroine arrives; but he is by no means effeminate. He is a very complicated and interesting creature. Some mediæval traits are discernible in him; but the eighteenth century would not have known him for human.

What has he lost, this hero, and what has he gained? How did it all begin? In life, doubtless, it began with a feminine change of taste. Brilliant plumage has ceased to allure; and, I suspect, the peacock's tail, as much as the anthropoid ape's, is destined to elimination. We women of to-day are distrustful of the peacock's tail. We are mortally afraid of being misled by it, and of discovering, too late, that the peacock's soul is not quite the thing. Never has there been among the feminine young more scientific talk about sex, and never among the feminine young such a scientific distrust of it. Before a young woman suspects that she wants to marry a young man, she has probably discussed with him, exhaustively, the penal code, white slavery, eugenics, and race-suicide. The miracle — the everlasting miracle of Nature — is that she should want, in

these circumstances, to marry him at all. She probably does not, unless his views have been wholly to her satisfaction. And with those views, what has the perpetual glory of the peacock's tail to do?

So much for life. In our English fiction, I am inclined to believe that George Eliot began it with Daniel Deronda. But, in our own day, Meredith did more. Up to the time of Meredith, the dominant male was the fashionable hero. Tom Jones, and Sir Charles Grandison, and Fairfax Rochester, and 'Stunning' Warrington are as different as possible; but all of them, in their several ways, keep up one male tradition in fiction. It is within our own day that that tradition has entirely changed. Have you ever noticed how inveterately, in Meredith's novels, the school-master or his spiritual kinsman comes out on top? Lord Ormont cannot stand against Matey Weyburn, Lord Fleetwood against Owain Wythan, Sir Willoughby Patterne against Vernon Whitford. The little girl who fell in love with Mr. Rochester would have preferred any one of these gentlemen (yes, even Sir Willoughby!) to his rival; but I dare say the event would have proved her wrong. Certainly the wisdom of the ladies' choice was never doubtful to Meredith himself. The soldier and the aristocrat cannot endure the test they are put to by the sympathetic male with a penchant for the enfranchised woman. Vain for Lord Ormont to accede to Aminta's taste for publicity; vain for Lord Fleetwood to become the humble wooer of Carinthia Jane: each has previously been convicted of pride.

Now, in an earlier day, no woman would have looked at a man who was not proud — who was not, even, a little too proud. Pride, by which Lucifer fell, was the chief hall-mark of the gentleman. Moreover, in that earlier day,

women did not expect their heroes to explain everything to them: a certain amount of reticence, a measure of silence, was also one of the hall-marks of the gentleman. If a bit of mystery could be thrown in, so much the better. It gave her something to exercise her imagination on. Think of the Byronic males — Conrad, Lara, and the rest! If they had told all, where would they have been? Think of Lovelace and Heathcote and Darcy and Brian de Bois Guilbert!

Heroes, once, were always disdain-ing to speak, and spurning their foes. Nowadays, no hero disdains to speak, and no hero ventures to spurn any-one — least of all, his foes. He is humble of heart and very loquacious. Mrs. Humphry Ward has inherited from George Eliot; and the latest heroes of Mr. Galsworthy and Mr. Hewlett, for example, are the children of Vernon Whitford, Matey Weyburn, and Owain Wythan (of whom it is not explicitly written that they had any others). They are humanitarian and democratic; they are ignorant of hatred; they are inclined to think the ill-born necessarily better than the well-born; and they are quite sure that women are superior to men. True, Mr. Galsworthy always seems to be looking backward; he never forgets the ancient tradition that he is combating. His young aristocrats who eschew the ways of aristocracy are unhappy, and virtue in their case is 'its only reward.' Perhaps that is why his novels always leave us with the medicinal taste of inconclusion in our mouths. But take a handful of heroes elsewhere: the Reverend John Hodder, the ex-convict, 'Daniel Smith,' 'V. V.', or even Coryston, the Socialist peer. Where, in the lot of them, do you find either pride or reticence in the old sense? Where, in any one of them, do you find the Satanic charm? Which one would Har-

riet Byron, or Jane Eyre, or Catherine Earnshaw, or Elizabeth Bennett, have looked at with eyes of love?

The 'Satanic charm.' The phrase is out. Milton, I suspect, is responsible for the tradition that has lasted so long, and is now being broken utterly to pieces. Milton made Satan delightful, and our good Protestant novelists for a long time followed his lead, in that they gave their delightful men some of the Satanic traits. Proud they were and scornfully silent, as we have recalled; and conventional to the last degree. 'Conventional,' that is, in the stricter sense; by which it is not meant that as portraits they were unconvincing, or that, as men, they never offended Mrs. Grundy. They were conventional in that they followed a convention; in that they were, to a large extent, predicable. They were jealous of their honor, and believed it vindicable by the duel; they had no doubt that good women were better than bad, and that pedigree in human beings was as important as pedigree in animals; and though they might be quixotic on occasion, they were not democratic *pour deux sous*. The barmaid was not their sister, nor the stevedore their brother. (The Satan of *Paradise Lost*, as we all remember, was a splendid snob.)

Moreover, they were sophisticated — and not merely out of books. The Faust idea, having prevailed for many centuries, has at last been abandoned — and perhaps, our sober sense may tell us, rightly; but not so long ago there was still something more repellent to the female imagination about the man who chose not to know, than about the man who chose not to abstain. I do not mean that we were supposed always to be looking for a Tom Jones or a Roderick Random — we might be looking for a Sir Charles Grandison, no less; but at least, when we found our hero, we expected to find

him wiser than we. Nowadays, a girl rather likes to give a man points — and often (in fiction, at least) has to. Meredith railed against the 'veiled virginal doll' as heroine. Well: our heroines now are never veiled virginal dolls; but sometimes our heroes are. Lancelot has gone out, and Galahad has come in. I suspect that there is a literary law of compensation, and that, Ibsen and Strindberg to the contrary notwithstanding, there has to be a veiled virginal doll somewhere in a really taking romance. Perhaps it is fair that the sterner sex should have its turn at guarding ideals by the hearthstone, while women make the grand tour.

Let me not be misunderstood. I am not referring particularly to that knowledge which any man is better without, but to the Odyssean experience which, in their respective measures, heroes were wont to have behind them:—

'And saw the cities, and the counsels knew

Of many men, and many a time at sea
Within his heart he bore calamity.'

They had at least seen the towns and the minds of men, and their morals were the less likely to be upset by a conventional assault upon them. Does any one chance to remember, I wonder, Theron Ware, led to his 'damnation' by his first experience of a Chopin nocturne? It would have taken more than a Chopin nocturne to make any of our seasoned heroes do something that he did not wish to. They knew something of society, and *ergo* of women; they had experienced, directly or vicariously, human romance; and they had read history. Nowadays, they are apt to know little or nothing — to begin with — of society, women, or romance, except what may be got from brand-new books on sociology; and they pride themselves on knowing no history. History, with its eternal stresses and selections, is nothing if not aristocratic,

and our heroes nowadays must be democratic or they die. It is an age of complete faith in the superiority of the lower classes — the swing of the pendulum, no doubt, from the other extreme of thinking the lower classes morally and æsthetically negligible. 'Privilege' is as detestable now in matters of intellect and breeding as in matters of finance and politics. The man with the muck-rake has got past the office into the drawing-room. If your hero has the bad luck not to have been born in the slums, he must at least have the wit to take up his habitation there as soon as he comes of age. We have learned that riches are corrupting, but (except in the special sense of vice-commission reports) we have not yet learned that poverty is rather more corrupting than wealth.

Sophistication, whether social, intellectual, or æsthetic, is now the deadly sin. If we are sophisticated, we may not be good enough for Ellis Island. And there goes another of the hallmarks of the gentleman as he was once known to fiction. Our hero in old days might not have condescended to the glittering assemblies of fashion, but there was never any doubt that, if he had, he would, in spite of himself, have been king of his company as soon as he entered the room. He might have been hard up, but his necktie would not have been 'a black sea holding for life a school of fat white fish.' He might have been lonely or gloomy, but he would not have been diffident, and he would never, never, *never* have 'blinked' at the heroine. 'My godlike friend had carelessly put his hair-brush into the butter,' says Asticot, at the outset, of the Beloved Vagabond. Now in picaresque novels, we were always meeting people who did that sort of thing; but they were not gentlemen. Whereas, the Beloved Vagabond is of noble birth, and despite his ten years'

abeyance, finds the countess quite ready to marry him. She does not marry him in the end, to be sure, but we are permitted to feel that there was something lacking in her because Paragot's manners at tea did not please her.

The hero of old had what used to be called 'a sense of fitness,' and a saving sense of humor, which combined to prevent his entering a ballroom as John the Baptist. The same lucky combination would have prevented him — in literature, at least — from wooing the millionaire's child with dusty commonplaces of the Higher Criticism or jeremiads against the daughters of Heth. But perhaps millionaires' children to-day take that sort of thing for manners. To the argument that a performance of the kind takes courage, one can only reply that, judging from the enthusiasm with which the preaching hero is received by the heroine, it apparently does not. And in any case, the hero is too sublimely ignorant of what socially constitutes courage to deserve any credit for it.

Sometimes, of course, like Mr. Galsworthy's men, he perceives, with some inherited sense, that his kind of thing is not likely to be welcomed; and then he goes sadly and sternly away, leaving the girl to accept a wooer with more technique. But usually he cuts out everybody. For the chief hall-mark of a gentleman, now, is the desire to reform his own class out of all recognition.

Women, as we know, have long wanted to be talked to as if they were men; and the result is that heroines now let themselves be lectured at in a way that very few men would endure. Alison Parr marries the Rev. John Hodder, and Carlisle Heth would have married V. V. if he had lived. Well: Clara Middleton married Vernon Whitford, and Carinthia Jane married Owain

Wythan, and Aminta married Matey Weyburn.

I may have seemed to be speaking cynically. That, I can give my word of honor, I am not. It is well that we have come to realize that there are some adventures which, in themselves, add no lustre to a man's name. It is well that we take thought for the lower strata of humanity — though our actual reforms, I fancy, show their authors as taking thought not for to-morrow but for to-day. Certainly brutality, or the indifference which is negative brutality, is not a beautiful or a moral thing; and certainly we do not particularly sympathize with Thackeray shedding tears as he went away from his publishers because they had obliged him to save Pendennis's chastity. That dreadful person, Arthur Pendennis, would surely not have been made any less dreadful by being permitted to seduce Fanny Bolton.

It is right to think of the poor; it is right to bend our energies, as citizens, to the economic bettering of their lot. No one could sanely regret our doing so. But there is always danger in saying the thing which is not, and in pretending that because some virtues have hitherto not been recognized, the virtues that have been recognized are no good. One sympathizes with Towneley (in that incomparable novel *The Way of All Flesh*) when Ernest asks him, —

"Don't you like poor people very much yourself?"

Towneley gave his face a comical but good-natured screw and said quietly, but slowly and decidedly, "No, no, no," and escaped.

'Of course, some poor people were very nice, and always would be so, but as though scales had fallen suddenly from his eyes he saw that no one was nicer for being poor, and that between the upper and lower classes there was a

gulf which amounted practically to an impassable barrier.'

It is a great pity that Samuel Butler did not live longer and write more novels. But in regretting him, we shall do well to remember that though publication was delayed until some time after the author's death, the bulk of *The Way of All Flesh* was written in the '70's. *The Way of all Flesh* is not sympathetic to the contemporary mood; it is one of those books so much ahead of its time (except perhaps in ecclesiastical matters) that the time has not yet caught up with it. It was doomed inevitably to an interval of oblivion. The case reminds one of *Richard Feverel*.

Only in one way is *The Way of All Flesh* quite contemporary. The hero thinks so well of the prostitute that he marries her. On the other hand, to be sure, he bitterly regrets it, which is not contemporary. I do not mean that the hero's marrying her is especially in the literary fashion, but his thinking well of her is. You will notice that in our moral fever we do not leave the prostitute out of our novels — no, indeed: she must be there to give spice, as of old. Only now, instead of being entangled with her, the young gentleman preaches to her; and she loves him for it. Perhaps this is what happens nowadays in real life. I do not pretend to know; but I suspect it is true, for I fancy the only kind of person who could invent the contemporary plot is the kind who would live it. The wildest imaginings of the people who are made differently would hardly stretch to it. And not only does the hero find himself immensely touched by the tragedy of the disreputable woman, — which is, after all, in certain cases plausible enough, — he burns to introduce his fiancée to her. Now that, again, may be life, — Mr. Winston Churchill, for example, should know better than I, — but it is certainly a world with the sense of values gone

wrong. And when we have lost our sense of values, we shall presently lose the values as well. The girl herself is often to blame: did not the fiancée of Simon de Gex go of her own initiative to see the animal-tamer, and come away to renounce him, convinced that the animal-tamer was the nobler woman? Which, emphatically, she was not. But then, as we know from long experience of Mr. Locke, he cannot keep his head with circus-people about; and sawdust is incense to him. Let Mr. Locke have his little foibles by all means; but even Mr. Locke should not have made the spoiled darling of society marry the animal-tamer (one side of her face having been nearly clawed off) and *then* go with her into city missionary work. Yet I do not believe it is really Mr. Locke's fault. The public at present loves as a sister the woman with a past; and loves city missionary work, if possible, more.

The fact is that with all our imitation of Meredith — and every one who is not imitating Tolstoï is imitating Meredith — he has failed to save us. We have taken all his prescriptions blindly — except one. We have emancipated our women and emasculated our men; we have cast down the mighty from their seats and exalted them of low degree; we have learned all the Radical shibboleths and say them for our morning prayers; and we have faced the fact of sex so squarely that we can hardly see anything else. But we have not learned his saving hatred of the sentimentalist. Miss May Sinclair has admirably pointed out in her study of the *Three Brontës* that Charlotte Brontë was exceedingly modern in her detestation of sentimentality. Modern she may have been — with Meredith; but not modern with the present novelists, for they are almost too sentimental to be endured. And there is the whole trouble. We think

Thackeray an old fool for being sentimental over Amelia Sedley; but how does it better the case to be sentimental, instead, over the heroine of *The Promised Land*? Amelia Sedley was all in all a much nicer person, if not half so clever. She may have sniveled a good deal, but she was capable of loving some one else better than herself.

Of course, I have cited only a few instances — those that happened to come most easily to mind. But let any reader of fiction run over mentally a group of contemporary heroes, and see if the substitutions I have named have not pretty generally taken place. Has not pride given way to humility, reticence to glibness, class-consciousness to a wild democracy, the code of manners to an uncouth unworldliness, and honor in the old sense to a burning passion for reform — ‘any old’ reform? Do not these men lead us into the heterogeneous company of the unclassed of both sexes — and ask us to look upon them as saints in motley? Has not the world of fiction changed in the last twenty years? The hero in old days sometimes fell foul of the law by getting into debt. But we were not supposed, therefore, to be on his side against the law. Now, the hero does not, perhaps, get into legal difficulties himself, but he is always passionately on the side of the people whom laws were devised to protect the respectable from. The scientific tendency to consider that aristocracy consists merely in freedom from certain physical taints has permeated fiction. ‘Is not one man as good as another?’ asked the demagogue. ‘Of course he is, and a great deal better!’ replied the excited Irishman in the crowd. We are in the thick of a popular mania for thinking all the undesirable ‘a good deal better.’ The modern hero is, to my mind, in intention, if not in execution, an admirable figure;

and though one rather expects him any day to give his whole fortune for a gross of green spectacles, one will not, for that, find him any less likable. Some day he will rediscover the Dantesque hierarchy of souls implicit in humanity. And then, perhaps, he will get back his charm.

Some one is probably bursting to observe that we have a school of realists at hand; and that no one can accuse Mr. Wells and Mr. Bennett of sentimentality — also that we have Mr. Shaw and Mr. Granville Barker and Mr. Masfield as mounted auxiliaries in the field. I grant Mr. Bennett; I am not so sure about Mr. Wells. But certainly Mr. Wells is not sentimental as Mr. William de Morgan, Mr. Winston Churchill, Mr. Meredith Nicholson, Mr. Theodore Dreiser, Mr. H. S. Harrison, and Miss Ellen Glasgow are sentimental. If he is sentimental at all, it is rather over ideas than people. (Mr. Masfield, I am inclined to think, is simply catering to the special audience that Thomas Hardy, by his silence, has left gaping and empty.) Let us look into the matter a little. ‘Sentimental’ is one of the most difficult catchwords in the world to define; and you can get a roomful of intelligent people quarrelling over it any time. Perhaps, for our purposes, it will serve merely to say that the sentimentalist is always, in one way or another, disloyal to facts. He cannot be trusted to give a straight account, because his own sense of things is more valuable to him than the truth. He has come in on the top of the pragmatic wave, and the sands of Anglo-Saxondom are strewn thick with him. He serves, in Kipling’s phrase, the God of Things as They Ought to Be (according to his private feeling). His own perversion may be æsthetic, or intellectual, or moral, or sociological, but he is always recognizable by his tampering with truth.

Now, Mr. Wells does tamper with truth. He did it, for example, in the case of Ann Veronica. He wanted Ann Veronica to be a nice girl under twenty, and he wanted her, even more, to be unduly awakened to certain physical aspects of sex. It was sentimentality that made him draw her as he did: determination to prove that the girl who loved as he wanted her to love was just as conventional as any one else. You cannot have your cake and eat it too; but the sentimentalist blindly refuses to accept that. Accordingly, we get the unconvincing creature that Mr. Wells wanted to believe existed. Mr. Wells's heroes may not seem to bear out my argument so well as Mr. Galsworthy's. To be sure, Mr. Wells is not so sentimental as Mr. Galsworthy, and he has not, like the author of *The Man of Property*, and *Fraternity*, and *Justice*, one — just one — fixed idea. Mr. Galsworthy always deals with a man who is in love with some other man's wife; and his world is thereby narrowed. Mr. Wells is interested in a good many things, and his politics are not purely philanthropic as most of our novelists' politics are. But Mr. Wells's heroes, even when they are fairly fortunate, are preoccupied with their own notions of sociological duty, even more than they are preoccupied with passion, though their passion is 'special' enough when it comes. Would any one except a Wells hero take a trip to India and come away having seen nothing but the sweat-shops of Bombay? Always the author's sympathy is with the under dog; whether it is Kipps or Mr. Polly living out his long foredoomed existence, or George Ponderevo analyzing Bladesover with diabolic keenness and aching contempt. 'I'm a spiritual guttersnipe in love with unimaginable goddesses,' says Ponderevo in a burst of frankness. There you have the Wells hero to the life. And Mr. Bennett's

people are only spiritual guttersnipes who are *not* in love with unimaginable goddesses.

The point is that the guttersnipe is having his turn in fiction: if our American heroes are not guttersnipes themselves, it is their sign of grace to be supremely interested in guttersnipes. In one way or the other, the guttersnipe must have his proper prominence. Of course, there are differences and degrees: a few heroes get no nearer the lower classes than a passionate desire for reform tickets and municipal sanitation. But ordinarily they must go through Ernest Pontifex's state of believing that poor people are not only more important, but in every way nicer than rich people; and few of them go back utterly on that belief, as Ernest did. Perhaps that, more than anything else, marks the change of fashion in men. For gentlemen were always, in their way, benevolent; but formerly they had not achieved the paradox that the object of benevolence is *ex officio* more interesting than the bestower.

Books have been written before now in the interest of reform. They tell us that *Justice* set the Home Secretary to thinking. Well: Marcus Clarke actually caused the reform of the Australian penal settlements by his now forgotten novel, *For the Term of His Natural Life*. The hero of Marcus Clarke's book was innocent and unjustly condemned; the hero of *Justice* is guilty. Wanton cruelty is wicked whether the victim be a bad man or a good one; but the difference between these two heroes is not so purely accidental as, at first blush, it may seem. The author of *His Natural Life* starting out to capture sympathy, showed the brutal system wreaking itself on an innocent man, of good family, condemned for another's guilt. Mr. Galsworthy, equally eager to capture sym-

pathy, makes his protagonist guilty of the theft, having tried in vain to incriminate an innocent person. Each writer depended, doubtless, on public sentiment for his effect. In Marcus Clarke's time, public sentiment — however unfortunate the fact may be — simply could not have been aroused to such a pitch by the sufferings of a liar and a thief as by the sufferings of an innocent man who is consciously paying another person's penalty. The Humanitarian Hero had not come into fashion — nor yet the guttersnipe. But Marcus Clarke's book did its work — proof that even in the '50's we were not so callous as we seemed.

I said earlier that in life, as well as in literature, men had changed. One's instances, obviously, must be from books, and not from one's acquaintance; but I spoke truth. Philanthropy is the latest social ladder, but it would not be so if the people on the top rung were not interested in philanthropy. There has been, for whatever reason, a tremendous spurt of interest in sociological questions. Our hard-headed young men, of high ideals, find themselves fighting, of necessity, on a different battlefield from any that strategists would have chosen thirty years ago. Moreover, philanthropy being woman's way into politics, women have been giving their calm, or hysterical, attention to problems which, thirty years since, did not, as problems, exist for them. I said that the change of taste in women would probably account for much of the change of fashion in men. A schoolmate of mine, writing me some years since of her engagement, said (in nearly these words), 'He is tremendously interested in city missionary work; it would n't have been quite perfect if we had n't had that in common.' Both were spoiled darlings of fortune, but the statement was quite sincere. Undoubtedly, without that, it would

not have been 'quite perfect' in the eyes of either.

The mere conversation of the marriageable young has changed past belief. 'Social service' has usurped so many subjects! Have many people stopped to realize, I wonder, how completely the psychological novel and the 'problem' play (in the old sense) have gone out of date? The psychology of hero and heroine, their emotional attitudes to each other, are largely worked out now in terms of their attitudes to impersonal questions, their religious or their sociological 'principles.' The individual personal reaction counts less and less. If they agree on the same panacea for the social evils, the author can usually patch up a passion sufficient for them to marry on. Gone, for the most part, are the pages of intimate analysis. No intimate analysis is needed any longer. As for the 'problem play,' we have it still with us, but in another form. *The Doll's House* and *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray* are both antiquated: we do not call a drama a problem play now unless it preaches a new kind of legislation. And as for sex, — in its finer aspects it no longer interests us.

There was a great deal more sex, in its subtler manifestations, in the old novels and plays, than in the new ones. Not so long ago, a novel was a love-story; and it was of supreme importance to a hero whether or not he could make the heroine care for him. It was also of supreme importance to the heroine. The romance was all founded on sex; and yet sex was hardly mentioned. Our heroes and heroines still marry; but when they consider sex at all, they are apt to consider it biologically, not romantically. We, as a public, are more frankly interested in sex than ever; but we think of it objectively, and a little brutally, in terms of demand and supply. And so we get often

the pathetic spectacle of the hero and heroine having no time to make love to each other in the good old-fashioned way, because they are so busy suppressing the red-light district and compiling statistics of disease. Much of the frankness, doubtless, is a good thing; but beyond a doubt, it has cheapened passion. For passion among civilized people is a subtle thing: it is wrapped about with dreams and imaginings; and can bring human beings to salvation as well as to perdition. But when it is shown to us as the mere province of courtesans, small wonder that we turn from it to the hero who will have difficulty in feeling or inspiring it. Especially since we are told, at the same time, that even the courtesan plies her trade only from direst necessity.

After all, the only safe person to fall in love with nowadays *is* a reformer: socially, financially, and sentimentally. And most women, at least, could (if they would) say with the Princesse Mathilde, 'Je n'aime que les romans dont je voudrais être l'héroïne.' Certainly, unless for some special reason, no novel of which one would not like to be the heroine — in love with the hero — will reach the hundred thousand mark. If there are any of us left who regret the gentlemen of old — who still prefer our Darcy or even our Plantagenet Palliser — we must write our own novels, and divine our own heroes under the protective coloring of their conventional breeding. For they are not being 'featured,' at present, either in life or in literature.

SEMAPHORE

BY JOSEPH HUSBAND

EVERY night, at exactly eight minutes past nine, the limited roars through the village. I can see it coming several miles away, its powerful head-light fingering rails and telegraph wires with a shimmer of light. Silently and slowly it seems to draw nearer; then suddenly, it is almost above me. A wild roar of steam and driving wheels, the wail of its hoarse whistle at the crossing, and then, looming black against the night sky, it smashes past, and in the swing of drivers and connecting rods I think of a greyhound, or a racehorse thundering the final stretch. High in the cab window a motionless figure peers ahead into the night; sud-

denly he is blackly silhouetted by the glare of the opened fire-door, and in the orange light I can see the fireman swing back and forth as he feeds his fire. The light burns against the flying steam and smoke above; then blackness — and now the white windows of the Pullmans flicker past, and through the swirl of dust and smoke I watch the two red lights sink down the track.

Every time I see that black figure in the cab I wonder how far he can peer ahead into the night, and I wonder at the perfect faith that is his: faith in silent men who keep the semaphores lighted and true, and in those humble

servants whose constant watchfulness guards him from broken rail and loosened fish-plate. Last night I sat beside him.

It was not my limited that I boarded, but a faster, greater engine that helps to rush half across the continent—a train before which all others wait and all tracks are cleared. I stood with the Division Superintendent on the platform of the little station where it must pause for water. Beyond the yard-lights its song rose clear and vibrant. With a flare of lofty headlight and the grind of brakes it was beside us, steel lungs panting heavily, a reek of oil sweating from heated sides.

The engineer, a torch in his hand, swung down, and we shook hands before I climbed the iron rungs to the cab. From the high windows I watched him oil and stroke the sinews of his monster. Behind, on the top of the tender, the fireman was filling the tanks with a torrent of water. Then they joined me, and in the torchlight I saw the black studded end of the boiler, like a giant cask-head, a tangle of pipes across its face; water-gauge and steam dial dimly illumined by shaded bulls-eyes. The engineer blew out the torch and climbed into his seat. Opposite him, I settled into mine, the fireman behind me.

There was the thin piping of a whistle in the cab and the engineer slowly opened the throttle. We were off. Rumbling and swaying we passed the upper windows of the station. Telegraphers in shirtsleeves were fingering their instruments beneath shaded lights. The chill of the frosty night air penetrated the cab, and I buttoned my coat about me and looked ahead into the darkness. We were gathering headway. A string of freight cars on a siding swept behind us; already the lights of the village were far behind. Ahead of the long body of the locomotive, ex-

tending incredibly beyond the small front windows of the cab, the track, hardly visible in the ray of the headlight, terminated suddenly in the darkness. The roar of drivers and machinery was deafening. From side to side the engine rocked like a plunging derelict. The crashing roar grew louder, loud beyond belief, and the rocking and trembling almost threw me from the seat.

The fireman slid open the jaws of the fire-box, flooding the cab with light and heat. Within, the flame, white to pale daffodil in its intensity, twisted like streams of fluid in the draught. Behind the cab the black end of the tender rose high above my line of vision, rocking and swaying in contrary motion to the engine, like a bulldog twisting on a stick. Balancing on the smooth steel floor, the fireman stoked his grate-bars, his shovel feeding spots where the coal was thinnest. Then darkness as he closed the doors with his foot. Only the two dim lights on gauge and indicator; and on each side, and above, the stars racing evenly beside us. I looked down at the road bed: it was flooding past us like a torrent.

'Green.' I caught the word above the tumult.

'Green,' echoed the fireman.

Far ahead, four colored lights gleamed like gems against the sky. Two rubies below; above, another ruby and beside it the pale green of an emerald. The green light was in the upper right-hand corner of the square.

'Seventy-five to eighty.' The fireman shouted in my ear.

'Block's clear. That green light gives us a clear track.'

Already the block semaphores were behind us. Blinded by the rush of air I tried to see the track ahead. Like a dark avalanche the world seemed pouring under our pilot, and beneath I felt the road-bed, at last in motion, shiver-

ing and swirling like a mill-race. From under the engine puffs of steam shredded into fog-rift, white in the light from the round holes beneath the grate bars. And through the two great circles of light projected by them, as from a stereopticon, flickered embankments, telegraph-poles, hills and houses, like a reeling cinematograph.

'Green.'

'Green,' came the confirmation.

The fixed green star shone for a minute and flashed past.

Faintly I heard the fireman at my ear.

'Almost ninety.'

Long ago the headlight had become useless except as a warning of our approach; we were past the farthest range of its illumination before the eye could discern what lay before us. Blind and helpless we tore on. Broken rail, a train on the crossing, or open switch, — we would never see it. But 'green' shone the light, and wholly trusting in the silent men who flashed to us their word of safety we never faltered. I thought of a stalled train that might lie sleeping on our rails. But 'green' was the light, — their thin cry through the long night watches.

The engineer, silent, his hand fingering throttle and air-brake, sat huddled high on his seat. Through his goggles he watched the blackness ahead. A brief second's time to set his brakes was all he asked. Far off in the great city the chief dispatcher was following our flight mile by mile, block to block. Over the wires his voice and the voices of his helpers told the rapid story of our progress. In the lonely tower at the next curve some one would flash the green beacon to our straining eyes, and report us on our way. To him others were now reporting, giving him the certain knowledge that our

way was safe. Keepers of the safety of our path; how perfectly we trusted them; how great and unrewarded is their perfect service.

I looked back. Behind, the Pullmans cast steady squares of light on the racing cut. Here was our freight. Sons of Mary; even more blindly they trusted, 'peacefully sleeping and unaware.'

Sons of Martha; they were beside me.

'Green,' they chorused.

Out of the night came the instant crash of the westbound express. With a blast of air and a slamming roar it seemed to brush us. It was gone.

Through a sleeping village we tore on with a wild hoarse cry. Darkened windows flashed reflected light. A station platform whipped past our heels; huddled groups of people pressed back against the building.

'Green!'

Like brilliant stars from a rocket gleamed a constellation at a double crossing. Ruby drops of fire; but the pale green light shone steadily above. The wheels hammered on the crossing.

Thicker and thicker, like colored fire-flies, the switch-lights tangled in a maze. We were entering the city. There was the constant rattle of switch points, and I felt the growing murmur of the streets. On either side buildings piled up in shapeless walls like a canyon; there were sudden glimpses of interrupted streets, waiting street cars, and the glare of arc lights. We were slowing down.

Cleveland. The station echoed with the iron coughing of engines. Men and women surged between waiting trains; their voices mingled in the uproar. The departing, the returning; men staggering with bags and suitcases, women with little children in their arms. In the green star they trusted.

RECENT REFLECTIONS OF A NOVEL-READER

THE human heart has an unlimited appetite for tales with triumphantly happy endings. Not in cheap melodrama alone are thwarted villainy and rewarded virtue beloved. I sometimes please myself by fancying that this taste, like most of our deep, unreasoned preferences, may be both a forecast and the means of its own fulfillment. Certain schools of 'new thought' claim, I believe, that the Universal Mind of our long belief is a subconscious mind, compelled by the law of its being to respond to human suggestion almost as unerringly as our own submerged selves may respond. While this notion strikes us old-fashioned folk as distinctly impious, a kind of magic not to dabble in rashly, it yet has the fascination of suggesting to audacious wits a plausible method of remoulding this sorry scheme of things closer to the heart's desire. Perhaps we all would be glad to believe that novelists, by setting Providence a frequently repeated example of stories with happy endings, were really doing something toward making this world a place where such endings are the rule.

All this is prefatory to saying that in the matter of suggesting to Providence the great desirability of confounding vice and recompensing virtue, Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett has long been one of the most active of our writers of fiction. Her earliest efforts appeared on the 'sitting-room' tables of the late sixties, between the covers of *Peterson's* and *Godey's*. Unreasoned and immature as they were, those very girl-y stories of Fanny Hodgson were warmed with the same optimism that

warms *T. Tembarom*¹ to-day. If there was a slight falling-off in that cheer later, it has returned, mellow, seasoned, assured, comforting. We may find this world a region of a very different quality from the straightforward place of rewards and punishments which she represents it to be, and yet enjoy that representation to the full.

T. Tembarom, who is a self-supporting and self-respecting waif on the streets of New York, from the tender age of ten, rises from selling newspapers to writing for them. Just as he achieves this brilliant success, he inherits a large fortune and a fine old English country-seat. Of course there is a missing heir, who turns out to be Tembarom's own protégé, a man who has forgotten his own identity. Of course, too, while helping the heroine's father to sell an invention, Tembarom makes a fortune for himself that renders him independent of the inheritance he is destined to lose. These outlines sound crudely romantic, but the book is written with so much energy and affection, such a lavish amount of good detail and characterization, that the skeleton of the story is draped almost as closely as Dickens used to drape it, and with something of the same beguilement. No modern writer would dare to trifle with his reader's patience as the master-magician did, nor does Mrs. Burnett attempt it, but her unstinted detail is all cheerful, comforting, humanly pleasant stuff. One feels the better for it, just as one feels the better for a cup of hot tea in front of a blazing fire after a cold and windy walk. Good

¹ *T. Tembarom*. By FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT. New York: The Century Co.

cheer, of which the Victorian age made so much, is, in fact, the prevalent note of her work.

This good cheer has 'gone out' of late years in life as well as in literature. It has been done to death by steam-heat, apartment-houses, over-eating at restaurants, and feminism. Reading Miss Johnston's *Hagar*,¹ one says to one's self, 'especially feminism.' For never was there a book by so able a writer more lacking in vitality, spirit, fresh air, faith, and charity than this. It is excruciatingly uninteresting.

The present writer is merely a critic and is saying nothing about the feminist cause; its strength and its weaknesses are all beside the point. But as a critic, one is entitled to complain bitterly if a favorite artist, becoming entangled in the parasitic mesh of a 'cause,' loses vision, loses charm, loses touch. Everybody who reads at all, knows of what admirable work Miss Johnston is capable. I have not seen *To Have and To Hold* since it came out in the *Atlantic* fourteen years ago, but across those years, and among two thousand odd novels read since then, there remains to me still the sense of its grace and wit, its gay excitement, its intensity. The diction of *Audrey* was even more distinguished and beautiful, while *Lewis Rand* was a fine, substantial piece of work. But *Hagar* — there are no living people in *Hagar*, no adorable phrases, no joy of life or art, not even any sadness that is poignant and compelling. *Hagar* is a Southern girl of talent, at war with her environment and its traditions. She is pictured as a graven image, a solemn prig. She does her domestic duty with an injured air, and successfully secures a 'life of her own' on the side. We are told that she enjoys this, but there is no atmosphere of enjoyment in all the dreary book. It

is infinitely sad to get so little fun out of doing your duty as *Hagar* does. Ultimately she becomes a feminist propagandist. The hero first enters on page 345 of a book of 390 pages. He makes a very pallid appearance, and it is just as impossible to see why anybody should love him as to see why he should love *Hagar*. He vanishes, to reappear on page 383, when impending death leads *Hagar* to mention that she is glad they are going to die together. Unfortunately this does not occur. Presumably they live to marry.

This is *Hagar's* idea of an adequate love-scene: 'I wish a child. While it needs me and when it needs me, I shall be there. . . . Generally speaking, the Woman Movement has me for keeps.'

The immediate answer of normal man to such a pronouncement at such a moment should be: 'It is entirely welcome to you so far as I am concerned!'

I am not saying that the Creator could not make a feminist whom a man could love, — his power is infinite, — but that Miss Johnston has failed to do so. Surely one must continue to prefer, as a specimen of vows exchanged, the classical example offered by the Prayer-Book: '*To have and to hold, from this day forward, for better, for worse, for richer, for poorer, in sickness and in health, to love and to cherish, till death us do part.*'

Do not these words knock at the door of the heart more strongly than *Hagar's* mitigated pledge? And will it not be a day of doom for all the hearts of all the world if they shall cease to do so? One is tempted to say to *Hagar's* sponsor, —

'Dear Miss Johnston, whose work we have loved in the past and hope to love in the future, why do you suppose God creates artists? The subject deserves your reflection, since He has made you one!'

¹ *Hagar*. By MARY JOHNSTON. Boston & New York: Houghton Mifflin Co.

The note of feminine revolt recurs insistently in the winter's fiction. The clever girl in *A Modern Eve*¹ says, 'Freedom is the word I like best in the world, as the word constitution is the one I hate best.' Her not-at-all-clever father answers simply, 'God and nature are very constitutional,'—a statement which revolvers would do well to investigate carefully. There may be something in it. The book also contains an admirable picture of a Victorian mother, frail and dying, who wonders wistfully who will pick up her little domestic burdens, 'too trivial and too many for masculinity or for splendid strong young women like Ellen.'

In *Anna Borden's Career*,² a well-placed and attractive girl who has had social success on two continents, wrecks her life in a fevered search for those marvelous 'moments' that come to all young things. She is a spectacular example of the misery a maid's free will may make for her. The author's material is very interesting, but not as yet entirely plastic in her grasp. Nevertheless she achieves a presentation of caprice that is rather terrifying to the reader, who asks himself in a panic if the whimsical and attractive girls he knows in the actual world can really be so destitute of an inner life and guiding principles as this one.

In *Fatima's career*,³ Rowland Thomas works out an amusing inspiration. He translates militant modern womanhood into Egyptian, with distinguished success. *Fatima* is one of the restless, self-seeking dames who must be served. They are much alike, whether they flower on the banks of the Nile or the Charles, these tiger-lilies. *Fatima* marries a Fool who can amuse the popu-

¹ *A Modern Eve*. By MAY EDGINTON. New York: F. A. Stokes Co.

² *Anna Borden's Career*. By MARGARETHE MUNSTERBERG. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

³ *Fatima*. By ROWLAND THOMAS. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

lace, that he may earn money for her, but she makes the mistake of teaching him to admire her, which is fatal to his unconscious art. What other things *Fatima* does and how she achieves contentment with her life and her Fool are recorded with a satire too humorous to be biting. The flavor of the book is a compound of *Arabian Nights*, *La Fontaine's Fables*, and the *Saturday Evening Post*! The mixture is decidedly unlike anything else we have had. It can be recommended to any masculine reader with whom *Hagar* has disagreed.

Undeniably, there is literature in revolt; undeniably also the revolt should be seen with a certain humor and detachment in order to make anything worthy the name of literature, unless of course, you happen to have the passion of a prophet, which, however, is as rare as humor among our feminine reformers.

The *Coryston Family*,⁴ Mrs. Ward's new novel, literally seethes with revolt of every description. Lady Coryston, the fine old self-willed mother, is up in arms because her children are not more obedient and considerate. All the children rebel more or less against their mother's tyranny; but Lord Coryston, the eldest son, also revolts with equal violence against property in general and against the fact that his mother withholds from him the estates in her gift. This is inconsistent, but not more so than revolutionaries usually are. Marcia, the daughter, revolts against the deep spirituality, tending to fanaticism, of her *fiancé*. The youngest son berates his mother like a bargee because the girl he loves refuses to marry him. This girl, the daughter of a politician who began life as a pit-boy, revolts against the ordered traditions of English society, yet delights in achieving a personal and political standing in

⁴ *The Coryston Family*. By MRS. HUMPHRY WARD. New York: Harper & Bros.

that society while she plays gadfly to as many of its members as she may. John Betts and his wife revolt, to the point of giving up their lives, against the logical outcome of the sacramental theory of marriage. All this tumult and shouting which arrive nowhither, Mrs. Ward transcribes faithfully, without taking sides. Each point of view is shown to have its own justice; the things that are Caesar's are rendered unto him. No one can say that Mrs. Ward preaches, in this novel. Faintly across the background trails the mist of the author's own belief that love is the fulfilling of the law and will appease the quarrel between the young generation and the old as well as between the warring classes of society; but even this preëminently justifiable view is not insisted upon.

This surplusage of speculation and rebellion in the winter's fiction tempts one to issue a Bulletin of Tranquilizing Tales, — for a few such may still be found. Very comfortable, as well as substantial, are Weir Mitchell's *Westways*,¹ Meredith Nicholson's *Otherwise Phyllis*,² and Mrs. Watts's *Van Cleve*.³

Westways, which has an especial interest as the last work of a most genial and versatile mind, is a leisurely story of companionable people of good quality who lived in Pennsylvania during the fifties and sixties. *Westways* is a typical country home of that period, and it is good to linger there with a simple, dignified, likable family. These consoling characteristics belong to Mr. Nicholson's dear modern Indiana people also. It is elderly and old-fashioned to like nice people in novels, and one steels one's self to accept a great many other kinds, sedulously concealing one's

taste for the decently born and behaved; but the taste will out occasionally. Those who are conscious of a similar weakness should read the volumes just mentioned. The author of *Van Cleve* admits more foibles and exposes more pretensions than Dr. Mitchell or Mr. Nicholson, but the social scheme of which she writes is founded on the stability of the Van Cleve Kendricks and the Lorrie Gilberts as on a rock. They are as fine-grained as good black walnut, and have the wearing qualities of the excellent body-Brussels upon which they were reared.

One is tempted to add to these volumes about nice people, *The Truth About Camilla*,⁴ for, while Camilla is frankly an adventuress and undeniably a liar, she is so hard-working, devoted, reliable and patient, that these qualities stand her instead of more shining virtues, while the restrained and delicate humor with which her tale is told achieves for her unusual distinction.

All these books offer a carefully wrought realism as well as refreshment. There are several stories of slighter texture that are sane and sweet. *The Taste of Apples*,⁵ boldly avows wholesomeness in its very name, and the flavor does not belie the title. *Mother's Son*⁶ is the brightest love-story of the season. *Dave's Daughter*⁷ is a billion-dollar girl whose happiness is wrapped up in a three-thousand-dollar man. It takes two romantic New England spinsters to pilot them across the desert of dollars between, and bring them to their joy. *Merrilie Dawes*⁸ is also, approxi-

⁴ *The Truth About Camilla*. By GERTRUDE HALL. New York: The Century Co.

⁵ *The Taste of Apples*. By JENNETTE LEE. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

⁶ *Mother's Son*. By BEULAH MARIE DIX. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

⁷ *Dave's Daughter*. By PATIENCE BEVIER COLE. New York: F. A. Stokes & Co.

⁸ *Merrilie Dawes*. By FRANK H. SPEARMAN. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons.

¹ *Westways*. By S. WEIR MITCHELL. New York: The Century Co.

² *Otherwise Phyllis*. By MEREDITH NICHOLSON. Boston & New York: Houghton Mifflin Co.

³ *Van Cleve*. By MARY S. WATTS. New York: The Macmillan Co.

mately, a billion-dollar girl, but she is able to bring her own love-affair to a satisfactory conclusion by using up her fortune to support a 'bear' market when her lover's stocks are raided. *The House of Happiness*¹ bravely proclaims that sanitariums for 'Resters,' and even 'Tubers,' need not be wholly destitute of cheer. *The Golden Rule Dollivers*² are rampant optimists and very good company.

Jack London and Robert Hichens have not hitherto pointedly aspired to be classified as sweet and sane, but *The Way of Ambition*³ and *The Valley of the Moon*⁴ undeniably deserve these gentle adjectives. Shall an orchid bear apples? — inquires the puzzled reader of *The Way of Ambition*. Here is nothing flame-spotted, unholy, decadent. It is domestic literature, a forcible exposition of the fact that an artist's work, to be impressive, must be direct from his spirit; the way of ambition being the path of failure.

I would not make oath that *The Valley of the Moon* is not something of a fairy-tale, yet if it is not true, it ought to be. Billy Roberts, a sweet-tempered teamster who occasionally works at prize-fighting, and his wife, a pretty girl who does 'fancy starch' in an Oakland laundry, sicken of the town. The wife discovers that 'poor people can't be happy in the city where they have labor-troubles all the time,' so, being of sound country stock, the two set out with knapsacks on their backs to find their way home to the soil. They are not yet, you see, true city-dwellers, or they would throw stones, explode bombs, and demand that somebody

better their condition. The book is a chapter from the pilgrimage of our nation back to the land, which it has so lately, yet already so disastrously, left. There are many thousand chapters to be written in that book. The more convincingly they are indited, the better for us all. Perhaps Jack London paints the blessings of ranching in California in high colors, but the subject is one that tempts to emphasis. The book is the most refreshing its author has written, and even if over-roseate, it is really practical. When Billy Roberts remarks, after sleeping a few nights in the open, 'Gee! I don't care if I never see a moving-picture show again!' he puts his finger in one sentence upon the disease of our city-ridden age and its cure. Only as we escape the horrors that we ourselves have created in the towns can we free ourselves from need for the opiate we have devised to deaden them.

The serious-mindedness so marked in the winter's fiction implies a falling-off in the quantity and quality of novels that are merely entertaining, as compared with the output of a year ago. There are only a few of them this year. Rex Beach has a new adventure-story, *The Iron Trail*,⁵ and Francis Lynde a lively story of Western politics, *The Honorable Senator Sage-brush*.⁶ *The Poison Belt*⁷ by Conan Doyle gives a hair-raising account of the earth's passage through a streak of tainted ether. Grant Richards has another graceful and amusing story, *Valentine*.⁸ This does not read as if the author found it such a lark to write as *Caviare*, but it is light-hearted and entertaining.

⁵ *The Iron Trail*. By REX BEACH. New York: Harper & Bros.

⁶ *The Honorable Senator Sage-brush*. By FRANCIS LYNDE. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

⁷ *The Poison Belt*. By A. CONAN DOYLE. New York: George H. Doran Co.

⁸ *Valentine*. By GRANT RICHARDS. Boston & New York: Houghton Mifflin Co.

¹ *The House of Happiness*. By KATE LANGLEY BOSHER. New York: Harper & Bros.

² *The Golden Rule Dollivers*. By MARGARET CAMERON. New York: Harper & Bros.

³ *The Way of Ambition*. By ROBERT HICHENS. New York: F. A. Stokes Co.

⁴ *The Valley of the Moon*. By JACK LONDON. New York: The Macmillan Co.

Maurice Hewlett is not usually reckoned as a stern moralist, but the final effect of *Bendish*¹ is to sicken the reader of egotism. The book is a study of the Byronic type and period. To the twentieth century, both seem remote and alien. What a tiny world it was, one reflects, in which a character of such imperceptible substance could create so much disturbance as the real Byron did, or as Hewlett attributes to the imaginary Bendish. But perhaps the real Byron weighed more than Bendish. The latter is Sir Willoughby Patterne greatly enfeebled. We are told that Bendish has brains and ability, but we remain unconvinced. He appears merely a shallow egotist living in a world of one dimension. It takes a novelist as great as Meredith to interest us very keenly in such a personality. Even Hewlett's customary allurements of style fail to engage the reader's loyal attention.

Has any one said that Galsworthy is not a novelist at all, but a poet? The life of man is a complicated piece of tapestry made up of many interwoven threads; a novelist usually attempts to convey something of the pattern, coloring, and intricacy of the whole; a lyric poet unravels and holds up to view a detached filament. We encourage in the poet the single eye that we deprecate in the novelist. *The Dark Flower*² is an attempt to isolate the passional life of a man from all the other elements that go to make up normal human existence; to present a moving-picture of the heart of an individual of temperament and talent under that influence sometimes so sinister, sometimes so benign, but always, while it endures, so potent. All objective interests, affairs, art, the world of men,

are practically eliminated from consideration. The book divides itself into three episodes, spring, summer, autumn. It exhibits Mark Lennan the lad, waking to his first knowledge of the authority of sex under the influence of a woman much older than himself. Her personality is nothing to him — for a pair of tearful blue eyes and a mass of gold hair turn his heart from his first worship as smoothly as the rising sun turns the sunflower's head. In the tragic passion of Mark Lennan's maturity we are left in doubt as to whether personality really counts as a determinant; and, assuredly, it does not so enter into the autumn incident, where his blood is stirred to answer the adoration of a girl because she is young, and because he too would fain be young again, — did the gods allow, — or, failing that, would draw Youth to him and drink again from its enchanted cup.

For the purposes of *The Dark Flower*, Anna, Olive, and Nell are but vessels that hold the wine of feeling. This is in the classic tradition. Galsworthy here signifies allegiance to the Greek view of passion; the breath of the gods blows in from the void, and man goes mad in consequence. A poet is always entitled to this view, I take it, but to argue its validity for a twentieth-century novelist is to proclaim a paganism that humanity has fought long, if intermittently. The flesh of man with its vast desires has been moulded by the slow effort of the centuries upon a frame-work of duties, principles, and occupations, even as these our muscles are moulded upon our very bones. If you withdraw that skeleton, the helpless tendons, the strings of flesh remaining, are left quivering, shapeless, unseemly. They no longer keep the likeness of a man.

The fault of *The Dark Flower* as a novel, then, is that Mark Lennan is not drawn in the image of complete, active

¹ *Bendish*. By MAURICE HEWLETT. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

² *The Dark Flower*. By JOHN GALSWORTHY. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

man. None of his passions save the last are represented as holding any imperative relation to the rest of his life. If it be argued that this lack of relation is the *cachet* of passion, the answer is obvious. His case is not typical, for not many men are called upon to fight the call of the blood with sheer, unaided will. Doubtless if they were, life would contain even more such tragedies than we already know it to have; but in the hour when a man's will is as the wind's will and reason weak as water, there are thousands of unconsidered stays and ties, threads in the tapestry or tendons in the flesh, whichever simile you like, that serve to hold him *if he chooses so to be held*, until the 'brief madness' has blown into the void again.

Of course a lyric poet may unravel whatever thread he selects for contemplation, but a candid novelist must admit that into the very texture of life there are still woven more restraints than emancipations. The authors of *Youth's Encounter*¹ and *The Garden Without Walls*,² who occupy themselves with themes somewhat similar, are more novelists than poets, by which token their work is less poignant and moving than Galsworthy's, although truer to the whole aspect of life.

If Mark Lennan's loves are in the classical tradition, the love of Melicent and Perion, brought together from scattered fragments in old chronicles and retold by James Branch Cabell in *The Soul of Melicent*,³ is a very perfect specimen of mediæval love. The real content of classical love is subjective, its effect on the lover; the real content of mediæval love is objective, the service rendered to the beloved. And the log-

ical climax of the former is the piercing instant in *The Dark Flower* when Olive Cramier's husband and her lover crouch at the head and feet of her drowned body, 'like dark creatures of the woods and waters over that which with their hunting they had slain.' The logical climax of the latter is the instant when Perion and Melicent come face to face at last, after long hardships suffered, death outfaced and dishonor endured in the name of their young love; and Perion, seeing in her another than the wondrous girl whose image he had cherished through hard years, is disappointed first, and then is swiftly smitten with a new and finer love, reward of his suffering and hers, which may safely be counted on to recompense the faithful and unselfish servants of an ideal.

The solid value of romance, its actual worth in increasing the efficiency and stability of human nature, is very clearly indicated in the contrast between these two studies of two widely varying ways of love. One would prefer, on the whole, for the good of the race, that young lovers should imitate the case of Perion and Melicent. Mr. Cabell is more than a very cunning artificer in lovely words and a student of old chronicles. He knows, one guesses, why God made artists — that high deeds may not be quite forgotten, that high loves may be kept alive, that the way of the flesh may sometimes be shown as a sun-path to us, not always as a dull morass beneath the moon.

It is H. G. Wells's chief crime against humanity that he also is utterly ignorant of the civilizing value of romance! In *The Passionate Friends*,⁴ he essays the theme of a man's whole life as, looking back upon it in maturity, the man writes it out for his young son to see some day. It is a book of conclu-

¹ *Youth's Encounter*. By COMPTON MACKENZIE. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

² *The Garden Without Walls*. By CONINGSBY DAWSON. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

³ *The Soul of Melicent*. By JAMES BRANCH CABELL. New York: F. A. Stokes Co.

⁴ *The Passionate Friends*. By H. G. WELLS. New York: Harper & Bros.

sions. It is a little mellower, more nearly stable, than anything Wells has yet offered us. And yet, with all the man Stratton's cogitation over his own history, and his desire to record its meaning clearly, he misses what is, for the American reader, the *crux* of the whole story. One wonders if Wells did not miss it too?

As a boy, Stratton loves a girl who refuses, later, to consider him as a marriageable possibility, because of his limited means. They are comrades in mind and spirit, perpetual refreshment and stimulus to each other, yet she deliberately marries a man of great wealth who is repugnant to her, because she wants a life splendid with all the richness, variety, and interest that wealth added to position can command in England. She accuses Stratton of being 'greedy and ignoble' because he desires marriage with her. They do not meet for years, but become lovers when they are finally thrown together. The jealous husband demands an entire separation of their lives, which is necessarily accorded. Time, travel, the effort to help other people to a better understanding of life than he himself possesses, finally restore Stratton to a certain poise. He sees at last that 'all our lives we must struggle out of our pits; that to struggle out of our pits is this life. There is no individual life but that, and there comes no escape here, no end to that effort but the release of death. Continually or frequently we may taste salvation, but never may we achieve it while we are things of substance. Each moment in our lives we come to the test and are lost again or saved again. To be assured of one's security is to forget and fall away.'

This is greater insight than any other of Wells's characters has yet attained. Stratton finds work to do and a woman to love; he marries, has children, makes a life and a home. Later an

accidental meeting with Lady Mary Justin is misinterpreted by the jealous husband, who begins suit for divorce. The 'splendid life' for which she married no longer satisfies Lady Mary and the scandal would ruin Stratton's political career, so she kills herself. The husband and Stratton, meeting, realize that between them, they have done her to death, torn her to pieces no less than if they had murdered her with their hands. Stratton arraigns jealousy for having done this thing, arraigns woman's position in the world, 'the vast tradition that sustains and enforces the subjugation of her sex.' He therefore devotes his life 'to the destruction of jealousy, and of the forms and shelters and instruments of jealousy, both in my own self and in the thoughts and laws and usages of the world.'

This is impressive, but not rational. For if woman is really to be man's equal, she must accept, no less than he, the burden of her own mistakes. She must pay her own penalties. In the beginning of her sordid story, Lady Mary deliberately chose to sacrifice young love and comradeship to her conception of what was a suitable life for a person of her birth and capacities. In the end she paid the price demanded for that initial mistake. Her life was not thrown away because she was a woman and her husband was a jealous brute, but because as a girl she was avid and greedy of splendid living — and greed in those who should know better is the unpardonable sin. Stratton never suspects this fundamental truth, and neither, one judges, does Wells. For all the free play of her fine intelligence, for all her birth, breeding, bravery, and ability, Lady Mary is blood-sister to Undine Spragg of Apex, Mrs. Wharton's latest heroine. Undine wants things; Lady Mary also wanted things, but she paid for having them as Undine did not do. The mighty merchant

with whom we do our bargaining has no fixed price. He asks most from those to whom most has been given.

No doubt Wells would scorn mediæval love and the fantastic loyalties of Perion and Melicent, but out of his own work we may convict him. It was a wiser than Wells who wrote of Romance, —

Thou art, in sooth, that utter Truth
The careless angels know!

In *The Custom of the Country*,¹ we have neither revolt nor passion. The emotion lying under Mrs. Wharton's powerful lens is feminine greediness. Undine Spragg is embodied, indiscriminate appetite. From first to last, her desires are the only determining factors in her evolution. Undine not only did not have a soul, but, unlike her namesake, she never acquired one, although if the love of mortal man could have bestowed this grace upon her, she might have possessed an indefinite number. Her marital career she began in Apex, with one Elmer Moffatt for a partner, so early in life that her rich but respectable parents were able to have the marriage dissolved speedily by sheer force of their objections to the match. After three divorces and a death, the cycle of Undine's experiences returns upon itself, and in the end she remarries Elmer Moffatt, who has become a railroad king.

In lavishing her undoubted competence as a novelist upon this unseemly history, Mrs. Wharton exercises a restraint that is really marvelous. She reports without comment and without rancor a checkered career, leaving it for the reader to say that Undine is a monster because nothing she achieves is valued by her after she discovers that other people have things they value more. Undine herself always believes that she 'wants the best.'

¹ *The Custom of the Country*. By EDITH WHARTON. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Strange doors open to her beauty. Her second marriage allies her to a poet and places her in the inner circle, 'dowdy and exclusive,' of old New York; and her third gives her assured position in the Faubourg St. Germain. But she understands the prejudices of the latter community as little as she understood the principles and passwords of the former, and only her fourth marriage gives her what she really desires, namely, the power to buy everything in the world that can be bought. On the last page she is seized with a sudden ambition to be an ambassadress, and learns to her discomfort that neither beauty nor influence nor millions can procure for her this distinction, because 'they won't have divorced ambassadresses.' The author leaves her gnawed by the conviction that the rôle denied her is the one part she was really created to play. Not all Mrs. Wharton's art can make Undine agreeable company. She is a horrible warning, but perhaps will only seem so to those who need no such admonition.

*Down Among Men*² is one of those books whereof the perceptive critic speaks eagerly yet reluctantly. There is so much real fire in it — the fire of youth that has seen and suffered — so much vitality and passion, that one grows chary of petty comments. When you visit a sick soldier in a hospital, you do not tell him that he is unshaven or that he would be a better warrior if he had a different hair-cut. And yet words and phrases are the weapons of him who wars with the pen, and, especially in the first quarter of this book, before the writer thoroughly warms to his work, there are so many instances of the wrong word carefully sought for, so many sentences made awkward and difficult with the evident intention of

² *Down Among Men*. By WILL LEVINGTON COMFORT. New York: George H. Doran Co.

making them piercing and impressive, that the reader cries abruptly to the writer, 'Man! Sharpen your tools! Don't try to carve with dull chisels! You want to do a big thing. You have here a big thing to do. Don't mess about with inadequate instruments!' As the story sweeps on, however, the reader forgets his carping; the style becomes simpler and more vivid, the affectations fall away. About the author's conception there is never any lack of vividness.

This is the story of the making of a man from a youth of extreme sensitiveness and talent. Being a war-correspondent in Asia, he is made by the roughest and hardest means Asia has at command. War shapes him, and hardships; insults and injustice; the sight of blood and death and corruption; wounds, fever, and fear of failure. He is steeped in the unspeakable mire of the Orient, trampled under the feet of herded coolies, fouled with their loathsome rags. Yet he experiences also friendship and favor; he achieves the thing he is fiercely struggling to achieve, and, later, he is shaped by success, by clubs and comrades, cards and alcohol; later still by God's out-of-doors and the gift of a great affection. All this brings him to a conception of God's fatherhood and man's brotherhood. Up to this point all the emotion of the tale is genuine and very strong. The writer offers us the cup of life, and there is blood in the cup. But the latter part of the book rings false.

The girl who loves this youth — and their idyl is as genuine as John Morning's suffering — is told by a man who believes that John Morning has in him the making of a 'world-man,' that love, marriage, and consequent contentment (yet why assume contentment as the sequel of marriage?) will ruin the work of brotherhood to which he is called, while the torture of a withheld love will

complete his experience of human suffering. At the cost of melancholia and finally death to herself, the girl offers him, as she believes, to humanity. He is an unwilling and uncomprehending victim of this experiment, but one feels that the writer accepts the sacrifice for him and has faith in the arbitrary making of prophets after this fashion. This climax is repellent and unreal, mawkish, in fact. Because of it, the reader refuses to believe in John Morning as a world-man, and the reader is right.

I am not going to tell the author of *Down Among Men* how God does make his prophets. For one thing, it would take too long; for a second, I do not profess to know all the facts; for a third, he would not believe me. But I can tell him that the finishing touches are not put on competent prophets in the fashion he represents. To be indeed a brother to all the world, one must share in all respects the common lot. If he knew this and falsified the values of his story purposely, he deserves the abatement thus occasioned in his work's worth. If he does not know it, one can only be sorry that he wrote this book now instead of a dozen years hence, when the mental ferment will be over and the wine of his thought run clear from the lees. Nevertheless, one does not cavil in this fashion at insignificant or feeble work. Whatever distortions or diminutions one may perceive in *Down Among Men*, it has much of both beauty and virility. The writer is searching for an explanation of life and comes close to finding one that has satisfied many saints and many sages.

The author of *The Yoke of Pity*¹ perceives very clearly that philosophers are created by one process and prophets by another, but, unlike the historian of John Morning's development, he has

¹ *The Yoke of Pity*. By JULIEN BENDA. Translated by GILBERT CANNAN. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

small use for prophets. The book is a wonderfully vivid presentation of the simple fact that profound mental activity of the creative type cannot co-exist with that strong, selfless emotion for which we have no better name than pity. The hero twice experiences pity as a passion. In the first instance, he suffers vicariously for the mistress he has ceased to love, but, aided by natural fickleness he overcomes his own compassion and pursues his intense mental life, undisturbed, through marriage and fatherhood, until his only child becomes a victim of hopeless, though not fatal, disease. Then, indeed, the heart takes its revenge. In spite of himself, he lives in and for the child. The concentrated life of the mind becomes less and less possible to him as he gives himself more and more to paternal love and passionate sympathy. He accepts this new and selfless life, acknowledging that as love wills, so it must be, but in his secret soul he is still of the school of Nietzsche. Had it been possible for him to remain self-centred, neglectful of the child, he would be glad, for the old life of ideas calls him still, and seems to him more beautiful, more valuable, than the existence of abnegation he has accepted in his own despite.

Many of M. Benda's French and English critics have denied the life-and-death opposition he maintains between 'the religion of ideas' and 'the religion of pity,' but such denial is really a confession of ignorance as to the conditions of intellectual creation and the selfless life. The plain truth is that one must pay the price demanded for any supreme experience, whether intellectual or emotional. Choose as Nietzsche did, and you will doubtless end as he in the mad-house. Choose as M.

Benda's hero, and you will never be an epoch-making philosopher. On the whole the race needs tender fathers more than mad philosophers, and what the race needs, we become. Why, then, such a fuss about it? M. Benda is in revolt, as Nietzsche was, against the laws of the spirit's very life. It is possible to pick a very pretty quarrel with these conditions, but it is not possible to overthrow them.

When books are like these, full of the color, the sharpness, the pang of living, criticism of them speedily passes into criticism of life itself — which, perhaps, is always vain. To turn from *The Yoke of Pity to Roads from Rome*¹ is to pass from a sun-beaten, white high-road into the coolness and peace of a high-hedged, ancient garden. If you tire of reading-matter that surrounds you with the atmosphere of crude revolt, of feminist egotism, of half-baked altruism, of pitiful greed, of spiritual uncertainty and feebleness, of the philosophy of self-assertion, — in short, if the faithful reflection of our modern world wearies you, as well it may, take up this little book. It is exquisitely written; it has the disregarded charms of delicacy, simplicity, and ethical certainty; it handles fragments of the life of ancient Rome somewhat as Pater handled them in *Marius*. Mrs. Allinson is more tenderly human and less fantastic than the Pater of *Imaginary Portraits*, whom she of course recalls. One does not know how many readers there are left upon our noisy, dusty, smoke-stained, hotel-and-factory-spotted earth for little books like this one, but one hopes, wistfully, that there are more than casually appear.

¹ *Roads from Rome*. By ANNE C. E. ALLINSON. New York: The Macmillan Co.

THE PATH OF LEARNING

BY MARGARET LYNN

WE could go to school by either of two ways. We could follow the drive down to the gate and take the road east for nearly quarter of a mile and then turn south for a mile, at the end of which, where the section roads crossed, we should find the schoolhouse. Taking this way, we would go along between barb-wire fences, bordered with a shaving of scant prairie grass, and when we got to the top of one hill we saw another just like it before us. The advantages of this way were almost entirely social. Other children came and went along the road, and we had the pleasure of exchanging views on current topics with them — they knew a great deal that we did not know — and of getting tags at successive gates. The scanty traffic of the road afforded varied interests, too, as well as a chance of rides with the good-natured drivers who overtook us. Many different kinds of men went along that road, but there was rarely one who, if he had any room at all to spare or any horse-strength, did not pull up when he was beside us, with a 'Whoa' and a push on the creaking brake, and a cordial 'Want a ride?' — the word we had been waiting for. If it did not come, he was a mean thing, and the boys made demonstrations in the rear of the wagon to illustrate their opinion.

The social intercourse of the road had an added attraction because, as we did not usually take that way, we were regarded by the others as company of a sort, and had the advantage of their hospitality. We took the road

when it was wet weather, or in winter when the snow was deep or soft, or when some impulse of sociability led us to walk home with the other children. At other times we cut down through the orchard, — a very convenient thing to do at the right season, — and then along a farm-road beside a cornfield, over the half-mile fence, and finally across a quarter-section of original prairie, still unbroken. That way was a half-mile shorter than the other and we were encouraged to take it in suitable weather, for one of the vague or unuttered because of which grown-ups had always an endless store in mind.

Aside from its convenience this path offered many allurements. It was surprising that we reached school at all, there was so much to see along the way. The orchard itself — from the time when the burnished mahogany of its tops changed to the faint rosiness of the closed buds and then to the cool pink of the open blossoms, and we breathed hard and deep all the way through it to get all possible of this enriched air, until the day when the last wagon had driven around to gather up the 'down apples' — offered us a hundred reasons for staying along the way. If nothing else delayed us, we — Mary and I, that is, not the boys — must take a bouquet for the teacher or for the home decoration of our desks, where the stems were thrust precariously into a topply bottle or into the shallow depths of the ink-well. The bouquet came from a Ben Davis or

Limberrig tree, though; the most reckless person would not sacrifice a Jonathan or Red June possibility.

The orchard once passed, we sped along pretty rapidly by the milder attractions of the cornfield and the farm-road, unless a butcher-bird on wire-fence or hedge-tree, or a harmless blue-racer, or a toiling family of tumble-bugs, made us pause. No one has written a book about tumble-bugs, although they are much more interesting than the intelligent bees. If a snake were certainly harmless, Henry and John conscientiously killed it, even at the risk of tardiness. If it bore the dreadful tradition of being deadly poisonous, they let it escape.

We should have liked one of those new-fashioned schools where the pupils arrive at their own sweet will, as often at eleven-thirty as at nine. We never found a teacher of that charming attitude of mind. Ours always had a predilection for keeping us after school — or worse still, at recess — to make up delinquencies, or making us write our names in a *pæna* list on the blackboard. One discerning teacher made Henry write out the family list — knowing doubtless that within the family circle vicarious punishment does not long remain merely vicarious.

Beyond the cornfield a barb-wire fence waited to be crossed. Any one who has crossed a barb-wire fence, at least any one who wears the garments of civilization, knows what exigencies and problems that offers. But after the fence came the stretch of prairie grass. Half the flavor of going to that country school would have been lost had we not had the experience of crossing the wild grass in the mornings and evenings. That made a frame into which all the events of the day were set.

There were early summer mornings when the grass was only shoe-high, soft and springy under foot and de-

liciously green, and the calls of the meadow-larks dotted its quiet here and there, and we could n't help, however good our intention, darting out of our way for just a minute to pluck a violet or a wild verbena or a horse-pipe to take apart and stick together again; June mornings when the sweet wild strawberries colored the southward-sloping hillside and we barely escaped being late to school, our fingers and lips telling the tale of our foraging, even at that; September mornings when we found bulrushes ripe-brown in the slough our path skirted, and chased each other with stiff, dry bristles of jimson weed; late autumn mornings when the tardy sunrise reddened all the lovely pink in the drying bunches of prairie grass, even while the frost lay on the yellow upper blades, and we raced with the wild tumble-weeds, and reached school all prickly with broken bits of tickle-grass secreted in unreachable places among our garments.

There were autumn evenings, when all the grass lay pale under a dead gray sky and the strange cry of the fleeing wild geese came down to us from far up in the grayness, and we sped along home to a warm supper and a cozy indoors. There were sunny winter days, with the grass crisp under foot and a bright blue sky curving over the rose and the buff of the prairie — or else over acres of bright snow, smooth and unbroken save where a man had been sent along to make a path for us. And then early spring again, and the wild geese going back, joyful this time we thought, and the floating V of the wild ducks, and the green creeping up from the roots of the grasses, and the sharp, satisfying smell of burning cornstalks in the air. These and a thousand other things formed the experiences which led us up to the door of the schoolhouse in the

morning, and caught us up there again in the evening, when we had finished quips and pungent courtesies with the other children at the schoolhouse door and set off on our own road.

The schoolhouse itself differed from the hundreds that have appeared in literature, in that it had not a single romantic element in its construction or surroundings. Its little square yard was enclosed by a smooth wire fence and the moth-eaten remnants of an osage-orange hedge, and was set out with a few cottonwoods and box-elders, still small. A long hitching-rack, the bark all worn away from the poles by the teeth of 'mully-grubbing' horses and the feet of young acrobats, surrounded it, and a stile allowed us to cross the fence — of more use for social purposes however than for this, since no one would wait to cross a stile when it took only an instant to roll under the fence. The schoolhouse sat by the road, and I suppose it could be called a ragged beggar sunning, since the shade was scanty and it was never all in repair at once. It was of the general proportions of a Greek temple, but the resemblance to a Greek temple was not close. It bristled fiercely with lightning-rods, a sign of the successful loquacity of some agent or of the scientific faith of the school directors. And there was a covered well-house at the side of the yard.

The well-house was mainly a show, however. For when the rope was not broken the well needed cleaning, — for reasons frankly explained by the children, — and when the water was drinkable the windlass-handle was gone or the bucket was staved in. These things did not matter, however. It would have been a great pity if the well had been always usable, because then we could not have brought the water from the Browns' well, half a quarter down the road. A journey to the Browns was a

rare excursion, especially for us smaller children, since the big boys and girls were too likely to arrogate the privilege to themselves. The Browns had not only a well, but a loom where a grandmother worked, weaving rag-carpets, and a cider-mill and a sorghum-press and a leach, trickling off lye for soft soap. There was always reason for hanging around to watch some interesting operation. The Browns made sauerkraut too, and had a smokehouse, and there was always something going on there which did not occur at our house, and which added to the joy of going for water.

We drank a great deal of water, I believe. There was scarcely an hour on a spring day when some public-spirited one was not offering to pass the water or to fetch a fresh bucket from the Browns' well. The ceremony of passing the water added some of the charms of social intercourse to our academic pursuits. It was almost like serving afternoon tea. The passer put on little graces and manners and took the opportunity to exchange persiflage, sometimes involving a sly liquid retort, with the passees. We made it a point to show our fastidiousness by drinking as close to the handle as possible, a spot which was supposed to be sequestered. Nine tenths of us drank from that place.

As it seems to me now, the elements of this section of our education consisted of the following things: slate-rags, the Fifth Reader, notes, passing the water, headmarks, what the big girls said, Blackman and a torn dress, spilled ink, and pokeberry substitute, the big boys, apples, staying in, speaking pieces on Friday, cube root, the dinner-bucket, geography, — the book, not the science, — partial payments, chronological recapitulations. I suppose we learned a few other things, but these are all I remember. They are

the projecting mountain-tops above the general mist of education. Being educated is a hazy sort of thing anyway.

As to the slate-rag, the least said the soonest mended. But no object connected with our early intellectual development stands more clearly before my mental vision than that slate-rag — a fabric in dull grayish black with an accompanying odor of Araby — and the small vial of water which all housewifely little girls affected. I can't claim that I was housewifely, but I was easily made emulous in any line; and in fact there are many purposes not domestic to which water may be put. So I, too, had my little bottle of water. In a jocular or vindictive mood, you filled your bottle to the brim and then after you had reached your seat you put your thumb on its mouth, turned casually in the direction of some one deserving such an attention, and pressed down on your thumb. A simple law of physics took care of the result — though not always of the consequences. That was one of the advantages of using a bottle instead of keeping water in the ink-well — where we never kept ink. The teachers were too cautious for that. There were children who did not rise to the plane of owning bottles of water at all, but used a convenient natural resource. And there were some who did not have slate-rags, but used their sleeves. But on the other hand there were priggish little girls, now doubtless high in the profession of domestic science, who flaunted their pride in the number and size and shade of their slate-rags, to a disgusting degree.

I suppose there was a time in the life of every slate-rag when it was white and dry and odorless. But that was an intimation of immortality early forgotten. I generally had Augusta Horlocher (pronounced Highlocker) for a

seat-mate. Seatmateship, I may say in passing, has many elements of matrimony, and like it requires mutual forbearance and complementary virtues. Augusta was a domestic soul who spent more time in washing up the desk and putting my things over on my own side than she did in learning definitions. When Augusta emptied the water-bottle it was always for a worthy purpose. I can't say the same for myself, but I helped her — having got permission to communicate — with complex fractions. Poor Augusta never got beyond decimals. She washed her slate assiduously, but between times she never could get the answer.

I hardly know why it is the Fifth of all the Readers which I distinguish in memory, except that the Reader we were interested in was never the one out of which we were at the time supposedly learning to read, and the contents of which were already tiresomely familiar, but one ahead of that, which we borrowed from the big girls to read at our desks. The Fifth Reader was in advance of us longer than any of the others, so of course I knew it best of all. There was a Sixth Reader, we had heard, but it was like a digamma or an ideal: no one had ever really seen one. Even the big girls never reached it.

Learning to read meant learning to read aloud. It did n't make any difference whether we learned to get the meaning from a 'selection' by reading it to ourselves. The thing was to be able to pronounce the words out loud and to give the definitions at the bottom of the page. There were two rules for reading. One was to let your voice fall at the end of a sentence, and not to read over a comma; the other was to read all words in italics very loud, those in capitals *fortissimo*. That was a rule we could appreciate. There was a result to which definite measurement

could be applied. In the Fourth Reader was a soft little poem which ended with a tender epitaph, printed in small capitals; we came out strong on that epitaph. When we read in concert, as we were fond of doing for reasons which the sociologist and pedagogist know, one could have heard 'SOMEBODY'S DARLING LIES BURIED HERE,' forty rods away.

Did you ever get a note in school? — from a boy? — from a big boy? I suppose there are other experiences in life that are comparable to this, but certainly there is nothing else at that time which combines the same elements, — dramatic, embarrassing, gratifying, triumphant, delicious, queer. Not that there was anything in such a note — the outside, as the missive first came to view, was much more thrilling than the contents. But the very sight of it — penciled on rough blueish scratch-paper, and ragged-edged and rumped — as it was flipped across an intervening space, or offered slyly behind a geography, or dropped on the desk as the writer went up to the A spelling class, gave a sensation not to be duplicated in any later years. The contents, I regret to say, were insignificant, negligible. It is to be hoped that the big boys learned more about the art in time. But the mere fact of getting such a note, of having it written to yourself, of forecasting the contents, of having the other girls see you get it, all that in addition to the exciting fear that the teacher might see — once she made a girl read a note out loud! — filled the moment with peculiar emotion.

Notes had a family connection with apples which appeared mysteriously on your desk or were offered slyly at recess, with gum-drops, — available only on Monday, since people went to town only on Saturday, — with being chosen in Clap-In-and-Clap-Out, with valentines in the valentine box, with

distinguished attentions in Drop-the-Handkerchief and such games, and — acme of romance! — with your name carved by some one, bold and unashamed, on some one's desk. The pleasures of the affair were largely factitious, however. The notes which looked so promising and had nothing in them were typical of the whole matter. It was all like Clap-In-and-Clap-Out or Miller-Boy. It was very exciting and gratifying to be chosen, but after you had settled down in partnership, shyly uncomfortable and unable to think of anything to say, the game was largely over for you — no more excitement, no suspense; you were merely an onlooker on life. Your partner in discomfort became very unattractive, and you rather envied those not yet chosen. As you looked around you saw no one you liked less than the boy who had chosen you.

Cube root and partial payments were the two great mountain peaks of the science — I had almost called it the art — of arithmetic. Many a climber faltered and failed before he reached the dizzy heights of their summits. To have mastered them was to have a reputation for scholarship and intellectual attainment, not only in the school but in the whole neighborhood, and even in adjoining ones, which nothing could shake. When, at a ciphering-match, after other competitors had been following the easy paths of cancellation and long division, you called for 'cube root' with an easy nonchalant air, an audible breath of admiration came from the ranks of your allies, and visible consternation mingled with awe spread among your foes. It was almost glory enough for one life. When you came to the last great problem in partial payments — a Titanic problem, a problem to set Homeric heroes — and you were chosen by the teacher to put it on the black-

board for the benefit of the class, it was a half-day's work. You were excused from all other classes while you wrought at it. You essayed a modest demeanor while you explained it to the unsuccessful ones, but it was difficult to support.

It is an instance of the bad management of destiny that after all this preparation you should never be in the position of a large creditor with such a problem to solve, and that a bank-clerk can sum up all your little finances with a few clicks of an insignificant machine. I supposed at such moments of glory that in my riper years I should spend a part of every morning computing interest and courteously accepting partial payments. So much of our practical education is useless to us.

Chronological recapitulations afforded a chance to achieve the same sort of scholarly triumph that partial payments did. Studying history meant reading along hazily about this and that, with only one thing really clear, namely, that the United States was always right, no matter what it was doing, and whoever interfered was wrong, — wickedly, shamelessly wrong. We came out on solid ground about once a month, however, when we reached a chronological recapitulation. Here were concrete facts, isolated, to be sure, and rather meaningless; but 'committing' them was a definite task, to which we could buckle down with a satisfying effort of will. When learned, they were to be written in a long list on the black-board. You wrote them by putting down all the dates first, in a wavy disjointed line, and then, beginning at the top, you set in order the appropriate happenings. Sometimes you forgot, and left gaps in the progress of events, where important dates stood alone, begging for facts to prove their distinction. Something happened in 1775,

you meditated with chalk on lip — but what was it? A chronological recapitulation was a leveling process, where all events assumed precisely the same importance. It was a kind of historical multiplication table. Sometimes the class recited the list in concert, — a popular form of recitation which made individual weakness inconspicuous.

The performance began in full chorus: —

1607, Virginia was settled at Jamestown.

1609, Henry Hudson navigated the Hudson River.

1610, Starving time prevailed in Virginia.

But only a quartette survived into the eighteenth century, two of these fell in the hardships of colonial life, and only a soloist sighted the French and Indian war. Glory waited the soloist, however, and in so difficult a feat as this the failure of the others was regarded as something to be condoned.

There were other chances for academic distinction, such as the writing lesson, in which, however, proficiency was of a distinctly low order, — Augusta had a beautiful copy-book and never spilled her ink, — and headmarks, which one could achieve in either reading or spelling. The glory which went with headmarks was not of so fine a type as that which was attained through partial payments or chronological recapitulations, but still one would not be without it. Even in speaking pieces one could attain a sort of eminence, though in this as in all artistic achievement, the result was less definite and logically certain than in the pursuit of pure scholarship. After you got used to speaking pieces there was a kind of pleasure in it. I got my pieces largely from Chambers' *Cyclopedia of English Literature*, where I found many a thing that suited my fancy, at least; whatever other merits

they lacked, they had the virtue of variety. But I suspect the audience liked them much less than the selections from the ragged *Speaker Number Three*, which came into requisition weekly.

As I recall the process of education now, the lunch-basket seems to occupy a disproportionately large place in it. The receptacle was more frequently a bucket, — we preferred to say bucket, though most of the children said pail, — since a bucket stood the physical strain better than a basket, and was more easily replaced from month to month. A great many different situations and dramatic interests and physical joys and sorrows were connected with that daily dinner-bucket. From the moment when Maldy or my mother packed it brim-full in the morning and tucked in the special red-bordered make of napkin which was devoted to school use, until we dropped the empty bucket inside the kitchen door at night and were promptly bidden by Maldy to pick it up and put it away, it was, one might say, an active element in our lives. In the first place, there was the daily — semi-daily, in fact — question as to who was to carry it. Dramatic and emotional possibilities hovered about this problem, which was no simple one. It involved intricate issues of precedence and succession and privilege, and physical superiority and age and sex, and who did it last, and vigor of conscience and proportion of appetite, and some occasional problems which no system could foresee or provide for.

Mary shamelessly pleaded privilege of sex and age. But I, being a suffragist by birth and so prideful as to be loath to acknowledge physical inferiority, accepted my turn as a matter of principle and only contended that I should not have more than my turn. Having brothers is a great quickener of

moral courage. One day, Henry, who was at times sophistical beyond belief, proved by some masculine system of logic that if women ought to vote I ought to carry the bucket as often as both he and John: and they set the lunch at my wrath-paralyzed feet and went racing off. The spirit of Deborah and Semiramis and all the rest of them descended upon me. I placed the bucket in a fence-corner, hid it with a clot of tickle-grass, and went high-mindedly on. The look on the faces of the boys when they discovered my act sustained me in many an hour afterward; and they never tried the experiment again. After being generously supplied from our neighbors' buckets at noon, we resurrected our own lunch on the way home and ate it in restored amity, tinged with respect on the part of the boys, I was pleased to notice. Henry carried the bucket home.

That was not the only time when we found ourselves dinnerless. Sometimes through real forgetfulness or genuine misunderstanding of the transportation system, the packed bucket remained standing on the kitchen table, and we were left at noon, or rather at recess, for no one could wait until noon, unsupplied with what seemed at times to be the main object of going to school. The result, however, was far from tragic. The readiness with which the other children divided their own resources and laid their offerings before us, was entirely characteristic of the temper of the prairie. I had never been in the Eckharts' house and never would be, but I ate with cordial relish their cold boiled eggs and their pieplant pie, with its subconscious flavor of sauerkraut. The relish was partly superinduced by curiosity, however. This was a fine opportunity to test the contents of other dinner-buckets, on which we had looked with curious and speculative eye.

Some of the children had the custom of trading select morsels in moments of cordial intimacy; but that was forbidden by the authorities at our house, I did n't know why. We could n't even exchange apple-cores, after the pleasant social manner of the Huffs and Browns. I tried it once, exchanging the luscious, translucent heart of a Jonathan for the dry remains of a Ben Davis, mysteriously but unmistakably flavored with sausage and that bread-and-buttery taste which is undesirable except in bread and butter. I was n't sure but there was a taste of Huff on it too. After that experiment it was easy to obey the injunction not to exchange.

But on the occasions when we were thus the objects of public charity, we courteously sampled everything that came our way, from the rich brown-topped coffee-cake of the Eckharts — again with the sauerkraut flavor — to the cold biscuits with only milk and sugar for 'spread,' proffered by the poor Burnhams whose father was a renter. The opportunity was as valuable as a whole course in sociology. The Huffs were renters too, but they had mince pie and always a little glass of preserve.

In bad weather or on rainy days, the lunch pervaded the whole noon-hour, reappearing at intervals and filling in the interstices of Clap-In-and-Clap-Out, or charades. At these times we set our provisions on the desk-tops and began the meal with some show of ceremony. On other days, when the normal excitement of Blackman, or Dare-Base, or coasting, called us, we dispatched our lunches so rapidly that they hardly seemed to have existed at all, and took a prompt departure for the outdoors, holding a final slice of bread and jam aloft on a smeary palm, and eating it into a neat curve around the edges. The most conscientious

member of the family was always left to put away the remains. It is needless to say that Mary put ours away.

The real epicure of the school was Augusta Horlocher. All pictures of the noon hour are pervaded by her. Augusta in a mood of easy friendliness, cracking her hard-boiled eggs — the pickled limes of our time — on the forehead of her intimate for the day, or, in a period of soul-aloneness, on her own brow; Augusta scraping the greater part of the preserves over to one corner of a slice of bread, so that the last bite should be preëminently the best; Augusta eating roll-jellycake and reveling in the mechanical process, following round and round its snail-like convolutions without once removing it from her lips until the centre was reached; Augusta retiring with her choicest morsel to a quiet corner where no covetous glance could seem to urge her to divide; pictures like these showed an art of enjoyment which none of the rest of us ever attained.

It was through the big girls, I believe, that the major part, the really desirable part, of our education was carried on. They had attained a wisdom of life which, amid the reserve practiced by the elders at our house, I despaired of ever reaching. The big girls knew so many things which I did not know, and which in fact no one at our house seemed to know. It behooved me to be hanging about, listening to what they had to say to each other, — only they so often whispered, — and picking up any savory crumb of knowledge that they kindly dropped for me.

What greatness the big girls possessed! They were so worldly-wise, so authoritative. I can't remember that they shone academically; they often bore, very lightly, too, the ignominy of being in classes with us, and even at that by no means outstripping us. They even had to be 'put back' on oc-

casian. But at recess and noon it was different. Then we dropped into our proper place and they rose to theirs. No one else can ever be so grown-up as they were. Every sign of maturity about them was a wonder.

Augusta was really more impressed than I was. All other incentives to ambition had passed over Augusta, leaving her unmoved; but the ambition to grow up bit her hard. When she should have been committing her spelling-lesson, she was slyly but seriously piling her hair on top of her head. And she spent much time sitting out to the end of the seat and letting her skirt hang straight down until it reached the floor, so that it would look long and grown-up. She would look down at this expanse of trailing garment, feel her small stack of hair, and wave the fan made from a leaf cut neatly out of her copy-book and carefully wimpled, and have the most blissful feelings.

As for me, I coveted the knowledge of the big girls more than I did their years. There was Amanda Huff. I learned a good deal from her while she sat in front of me. Amanda was quite sixteen, an age which we understood marked an epoch in feminine experience. She was going to stop school pretty soon, she was so big. Even now she very readily stayed out for house-

cleaning, or the baby, or washing. Joe Withers went to see her every Sunday night, and Monday morning in school, having got permission to 'speak' to ask the grammar lesson, she told me all that had happened the night before. Her information marked clearly the stages in Joe's courtship, a progress to which, to do her justice, Amanda was offering no obstructions. I was a young confidant, but a very responsive one. I learned a good deal from Amanda. But when I began to tell it to my mother she spoke of having my seat changed, and I divulged no more. My mother's views on education by experience were limited.

Amanda was married the next year, and so lifted above companionship with me forever. I never attained the state of being a big girl myself, because my sojourn in the school was too short. So I never could know their feelings or their glory. They were still looking down on me as a little girl, I have no doubt, when on a June 'last day' I stacked my other books and my slate upon my geography as a foundation, and carried them across the prairie quarter-section for the last time.

There were masses of blue spiderwort and white anemone down by the slough that day, I remember, and ripe strawberries among the grass.

THE UNKNOWN QUANTITY IN THE WOMAN PROBLEM

BY ELISABETH WOODBRIDGE

I

IN all the discussions which I have heard on the nature of women, there are two main difficulties. First, it is very hard for us to talk at all without considerable heat. We may begin coolly enough, but in the end we are pretty sure to work up to a vehemence quite different from that with which we handle a purely academic question. The fact is, the question is not a purely academic one, it is an intensely practical and personal one, for it concerns itself in a very radical and searching way with one of the things we most deeply prize — family life in the home.

This is what is really involved in every answer to the question. Here is Mr. W. L. George¹ telling us, that because woman is one kind of person, therefore the home has been and is her worst enemy. Here is Mr. J. L. Tayler² assuring us that because she is another kind of person, therefore the home is and must be her salvation. Which are we to believe?

It is surely an odd situation. We are surrounded by women. Half of us are women ourselves, and yet we are in serious doubt as to what women essentially are. Perhaps, though, 'serious doubt' is the wrong phrase. 'Distracting controversy' would be better. For few people seem really in doubt. Al-

most every one has very firm opinions, and yet no one appears to have the kind of knowledge which is readily transmissible to others. Argument does not change people's opinions, therefore: it only heats them up just where they stand.

And even if we escape this heating process, and are able to regard the matter with some placidness of spirit, there is still a second difficulty to meet, in a lack of the right kind of data. I say the right kind, because we all have data enough, of a certain sort. Indeed, this is one trouble. On matters somewhat remote, knowledge of which has to be achieved with some effort, we are apt to be fairly teachable, ready to accept expert opinion — almost too ready. But where some of the facts are matter of daily observation, we are rather apt to make hasty judgments and then stick to them firmly — for have we not seen with our eyes? and are not our eyes as good as another's? We draw sweeping conclusions from the instances which have happened to arrest our attention, and when others confront us we ignore them or dispose of them as exceptions. There is in particular a natural tendency to assume that the qualities we see in any species are qualities fixed in that species. For example, I may have become familiar with geraniums as I have seen them in window-gardens, where they have shown a lankiness of stem and prominence of pot that impresses me unpleasantly. I say, 'I hate geraniums. They have lanky, rheumatic-

¹ *Woman and To-morrow*. By W. L. GEORGE. New York: D. Appleton. 1913. See also his *Atlantic* article, December, 1913.

² *The Nature of Woman*. By J. LIONEL TAYLER. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1913.

looking stems, and yellowish leaves that fall off, and no blossoms to speak of.' But if I chance to see geraniums growing in California, I shall have to construct my idea of them *de novo*.

Now our ideas about women are very much in the condition of my postulated idea about geraniums. There are a good many different window-gardens where women are growing, and, according to those we happen to have observed, our conception of woman will vary. And though California, as it chances, is offering to women, as well as to geraniums, a new environment, it is too soon to look for any results by which to correct our impressions.

If, then, we turn from our own observations and appeal to scientific principles we are no better off. It is upon biological principles that the Feminists, according to Mr. George, base their assertion that 'there are no men and there are no women,' and therefore 'no masculine and feminine spheres.' But it is also on biological principles that Mr. Tayler bases his contrary conclusions that the influence of sex is stamped deeply into the intellectual and spiritual nature of men and women. Evidently, biology has not reached a stage where it can help us.

On one point every one seems agreed: that at the present moment women are actually different from men. Therefore it would appear that the burden of proof rests upon those who maintain that they are potentially like them. But, the appeal to observation and that to biology having both failed, what is there left?

There is the appeal to experiment. The nature of the experiment would be determined by the nature of the argument. Now the argument of those radicals who stand for the likeness of men and women is that women are at present different from men because of their different training. One might

illustrate by another case from among the plants. Here are dandelions growing in deep grass. Their stems are as long as the grass-blades, so that the blossoms float in the sunshine they love. Suppose one were to say, 'Dandelions have stems a foot and a half long. They need deep grass to grow in, otherwise their stems would flop over and lie on the ground.' It would sound reasonable enough if we had not happened to notice what dandelions do on a close-shaved lawn—how their almost stemless blossoms star the green carpet and escape the closest-set blades of the mower. If one had seen the second condition instead of the first, one might have argued that dandelions could not grow at all in long grass because they would get no sunshine. There we have, in a figure, the gist of the radical argument. Society, it maintains, does not know what women are really like because it has never tried to find out. It has never tried to find out because it supposed that it knew. It has gone round and round in a circle, giving women the training that was sure to bring out certain so-called womanly attributes, and then claiming to discover in these attributes a reason for the training. Are these attributes, then, the cause or the result?

Experiment would answer. It might follow two lines: a group of boy-babies might be set apart and brought up precisely like girls, and a group of girl-babies might be brought up precisely like boys.

The first line is not likely to be tried. The use of criminals for experiment is defensible, but we do not recognize any class of infant criminals.

The second line of experiment has not thus far been tried except in the field of school studies. Here, indeed, there are already some results worthy of attention. Professor Thorndike of Columbia, in his little book called

Individuality,¹ gives the results which he has reached during his study of pedagogic problems. He finds that there is practically no difference ascertainable between the intellectual power of boys and that of girls so far as this is subject to school-tests. He concludes that individuality is the whole thing — that variations among individuals as such are enormous, while variations between men and women as such are much less important than has been popularly supposed.²

It ought to be noted that, women being still under such different conditions from men, all experiments which show likeness between them and men ought to be given great weight, since this likeness must be existent in spite of considerable discouragement. On the other hand, all experiments which show unlikeness ought to be given somewhat less weight, because this is only what was to be expected. For this reason Professor Münsterberg's jury experiments with men and women are not to our purpose. He shows that eighteen women react differently from eighteen men. But even if this proved that all women react differently from all men, it would prove only what is generally accepted. Considering the way in which women's reasoning powers have been discounted, and their powers of so-called 'intuitive' perception have been encouraged and even glorified, it would be strange if they showed much capacity for correcting their judgments through the avenue of discussion.

That women really are still under different conditions from men may perhaps be challenged. Many women, it

will be argued, have had excellent opportunities for development — more opportunities than many a newsboy who has risen to eminence. True, but equality of condition is not determined by material advantages alone. Good physical and mental training, good economic environment, these are not enough unless they are backed by what I may call, for lack of a better phrase, a general attitude of expectancy. The newsboy will serve as illustration. Many a one has indeed risen to eminence. He has done this with the minimum of material opportunity and the maximum of material hindrance. He has had neither good physical training nor good mental training, but he has had one bit of knowledge — the knowledge that, if he 'has it in him,' he has a chance to become eminent. No matter what eminence means to him. It may mean being President, or being an inventor, or being a banker. Whatever his goal, he knows that being a newsboy, though it constitutes a handicap, does not throw him out of the race. He knows that the world of men whose standards matter to him, think of his chances in this way. They may not be actually thinking about him at all. But he knows that if, or when, they do think of him, this will be their attitude. This I call the attitude of expectancy. A sheaf of sermons might be written on its workings.

It is this which until very lately has been lacking to girls. With a girl, there has been no question whether or not she 'has it in her.' It has been taken for granted that she has n't it in her. Her being a girl is different from being a newsboy, because instead of constituting merely a heavy handicap, it has actually thrown her out of the race. I agree entirely with Mr. George in thinking that this attitude of society makes more difference than all the material things which it may bestow or

¹ *Individuality*. By EDWARD L. THORNDIKE. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1911.

² Investigation, along various lines, seems to point to a greater variability in man than in woman. This would not necessarily affect their averages. — THE AUTHOR.

withhold. I believe, too, that it will be the last thing to change. Not one of us, no matter what our opinions, is untouched by it. There are many people who are ready explicitly to admit the equality of women and men, but whose instinctive reactions are widely at variance with their deliberate theories. It is amusing or annoying as you happen to look at it. We are all in the grip of tradition — of what Professor William G. Sumner used to call the 'mores'; and they are stronger than we are because the momentum of the whole race is in them.

This attitude toward women, largely unconscious, implied rather than expressed, begins at birth and stacks the cards for the whole game. Over the cradle—or whatever now takes the place of the cradle—discussion begins as to whether the sex is not already plainly apparent in the embryonic features. 'You'd know she was a girl, just to look at her,' or, 'He's boy all over, already.' Even the nursery rhymes carry out the ancient traditions:—

Clap hands, clap hands, till Father comes home,
For Father has money but mother has none.

Oh, dear, what can the matter be,

Johnny's so long at the fair?

He promised to bring me a bunch of blue ribbons
To tie up my bonny brown hair.

Curlylocks, Curlylocks, will you be mine?

You shall not wash dishes nor yet feed the
swine,

But sit by the fire and sew a fine seam,

And feed upon strawberries, sugar and cream.

Here indeed is the gospel of the eternal feminine in all its baldness: 'parasitism' and the 'sheltered life,' the delicacy of the dependent nature, its beauty and its vanity and its patience.

It may be objected that these doggerels come out of a past which we have outgrown. But this is only partly true. We are indeed outgrowing that past, but we have not sloughed it off. We

bear it about with us still, and, though we may smile at these quaint survivals of an earlier day we cannot disregard them. They are chips on the current showing how it sets, and though there are counter currents—even a great tide of new influences—yet these forces out of the past must be reckoned with.

II

As we go on from infancy into childhood there are more chips for us to watch. The little girl is surrounded with dolls and pretty trifles, the little boy with tools and games of strength and skill. When we see the girl crooning over her doll we call attention to the 'natural mother,' while perhaps the 'natural father' latent in the little boy beside her has never been called out. The persistent love of dolls on the part of very little boys is the occasion of much amusement among adults, or still oftener among older children in the ruthless stage of middle childhood. No wonder it is soon suppressed. The era of furry toy animals has been a great blessing to all little boys, because it has given them an outlet for the brooding maternalism—or let us call it paternalism—with which they are overflowing. The boy may not without self-consciousness take a doll to bed, but he may go to sleep with his arms about his 'teddy bear.'

In the matter of children's dress we are indeed working toward better things. The little girl is still decked with ribbons and dainty foot-gear while her brother is left ungarnished, but these differences are as nothing compared with those of the past. The present fashion of short hair and 'rompers' for girls and boys alike is in the nature of a revolution when we contrast it with the period of which Miss Austen's novels have given us so intimate a knowledge, or the later period in which

one of its victims — a bold and joyous spirit — said that ‘little girls had no legs — they had only feet pinned to the bottoms of their pantalettes.’

Even in the realm of literature there is still something to be desired. We may smile at the assumption of our grandfathers that ‘female literature’ was in a class by itself, at the attitude which encouraged the production and tolerated the existence of such books as *The Lady’s Keepsake*. Yet the same tradition is carried on to-day in the magazines specifically for boys, for girls, for women, and for ‘ladies.’

There is justification, then, for saying that the great experiment of equal conditions for men and women has not yet been tried. If, meanwhile, without such equal conditions, occasional women have been able to qualify, side by side with men, it may indicate that women as a body have certain things ‘in them’ which society has not believed them to have. But it may only indicate this for the occasional woman, which every one has always known. Until it is possible to point to more than an occasional woman, it might be well to regard the feminine nature as an unknown quantity, to be investigated with an open mind. It might be better still to let it alone; but we know very well that we shall not let it alone. We shall go right on, data or no data, debating whether women are really only ‘female men,’ as wonderful old Dr. Bushnell denied, or whether they are that mystic blending of subjection and inspiration which he believed them to be and which so fired his enthusiasm.

It has fired the enthusiasm of many other men too, — not small men either, nor brutal men, nor domineering men. And this suggests one consideration which it may be well to touch upon. It is an obvious fact, although one which people seem able to forget, that men and women, for at

least part of their lives, want to attract and please each other more than they want almost anything else. One of the ways of doing this is through the challenge and the relief of contrast. Therefore men and women have at least thought that they liked the other sex for the things in which it differed from their own. Each has at times been glad of its own defects since these have brought out the qualities of the other. A man has smiled over the clumsiness of his hands because it has reduced him to joyful dependence upon the deftness of a woman’s fingers. A woman has been well content with her weakness because of a certain exquisite pleasure she has both given and received in resting on a man’s strength. This is not entirely a sex-instinct. It has its part in all deep friendship, but it seems most marked between the sexes, and it cannot be lightly brushed aside as sentimentality or affectation. It might conceivably interfere with the great experiment. For just as women and men began to discover that they were more alike than they had supposed, they might deliberately set about being different, just because it struck them as more interesting.

In men, this impulse, this admiration of what is different, has been balanced by another. For if a man, at certain periods and in certain moods, strongly desires to meet the standards set for him by women, he also desires, almost all the time, and in almost every mood, to meet the standards set for him by men. Often the two desires work together. Sometimes they run counter. One at its height is called love, the other honor.

In women, on the other hand, the corresponding impulse — to come up to the standards of other women — has been very faint, except in regard to clothes and conventions; but this is changing. Women are meeting one

another in clubs, in institutions, in many kinds of associated work, they are doing things together in larger or smaller groups, and this is beginning to have its effect. Whereas among men there have always been recognized two sorts, the man's man and the woman's man, — among women also there are coming to be two sorts, the man's woman and the woman's woman. This fact, too, will have its influence in determining the future development of women's nature and ideals.

There is so far, then, nothing very conclusive to be said as to the nature of women. We have opinions, but no proof — if we define as proof, evidence which carries conviction to all intelligent minds. For clearly it will not do to class as unintelligent all those whom our particular bundle of evidence fails to convince.

I said it might be better to let the whole matter drop. But, even if we were otherwise willing to, we could hardly do so, because, as we have seen, it is not an academic question. For there is this matter of the home pressing for adjustment. If woman is precisely like man, then perhaps home has been her worst enemy — or at least, is so now. And if this is true, we ought to know it, and do something about it.

King Alfred, watching the cakes baking before the fire, his mind on the welfare of a kingdom, is considered a touching picture of royalty debased. Is woman in the same situation? King Alfred let the cakes burn, and no one — except the narrow-minded housewife — seems to have blamed him. There are people to-day who think that if women let their cakes burn they are not to blame either. The men may eat burned cakes — it serves them right for making the women do all the tending of them. But it might be contended that King Alfred really was to blame, royal though he was. He promised to

watch those cakes, and then he did not watch them — a clear case of breach of trust. So with us women. Here we are, with the cakes on our hands. Perhaps it is true that we have been debarred from our rights, from our kingdom. Perhaps we must anxiously plan, see visions and dream dreams, before we come into it. But meanwhile, have we any right to let the cakes burn?

III

The situation is this: owing to conditions so far in the past that we can only dimly guess at them, the institution of the home arose. It undoubtedly had certain real uses which at least in part justified its existence, one of the most obvious of these being the provision of a relatively peaceful environment for the rearing of children. Men can get along without homes. So can women. But children cannot. In the course of time, owing again to complex conditions, the home came to be woman's peculiar charge. It still is. It has been handed down to her from age to age, and each generation of women has been held responsible for it. She may maintain it static, or she may improve it, but she must not let it go to pieces until she has provided something better. She is answerable for this, not to the men of the past, who were doubtless never consciously responsible for the condition of subjection in which women lived; not even to the men of the present, who, although perhaps somewhat more conscious, still feel themselves largely at the mercy of existing institutions; but to the children. She is bound to furnish them homes until she can give them something demonstrably better.

This is what she is trying to do. Not the feminists alone, or the suffragists alone; not even the anti-suffragists, who, in the name of the home, seem

often to be darkening counsel rather than illuminating. Intelligent women of all creeds see that home-management needs reform.

But it does not appeal to me as a good start to begin by belittling the occupations of the home. This is what Mr. George does. 'I contend,' he says, 'that her work is mainly sterile, that it is essentially humiliating. . . . I contend too that labor in the home steals from woman her individuality, her originality, her opportunities for self-expression and self-development; that it makes her stupid, limited, harsh (or sentimental), that it deprives her of her beauty and her grace, divorces her from her true social function and generally unfits her to become the equal companion whom man could respect. . . . Woman is preoccupied with infinite small cares, and it does not much matter what they are; most of them are sterile. . . . A full half of woman's time is absorbed by these domestic complexities. . . . Every care disturbs and deflects her from other pursuits and from thought. . . . The great mass of these cares is pure futility.'

This is a severe arraignment, but it loses some of its force when we realize that it is an arraignment, not of home life alone, but of human life, and more particularly of any administrative business. 'My occupation,' says President Eliot,¹ 'offers, I believe, more variety than that of most professional men: yet I should say that nine tenths of my work, from day to day, was routine work, presenting no more novelty or fresh interest to me than the work of a carpenter or blacksmith, who is always making new things on old types, presents to him.'

If the President of Harvard could say this of his work, it may probably

¹ *The Durable Satisfaction of Life*. By CHARLES W. ELIOT. New York: T. Y. Crowell & Co. 1910.

be said with even greater emphasis of most other work. Everything depends on the spirit in which it is said. Often, to complain of the sterility of work is to arraign not the work but the worker. Every one knows that it is possible to go through the same routine in such a way as to make it either sterile or fruitful, and the habit of regarding home-management as a mass of sterile and stultifying detail is one to be regretted. It is perhaps inevitable. We tend to belittle whatever we have recently outgrown, and though women have, I hope, not altogether outgrown the home, they are in just the position where they see all its faults with the clearness born of a union of intimacy and detachment. Moreover, reformers seldom see the best side of what they are reforming. If they did they might not be reformers. But the result is that reforms are always misunderstood and often harmful. At present the home is in a hard position, suffering from attack on the part of the feminists, as though it, too, were an exclusively 'man-made' institution, and suffering equally from defense on the part of certain conservatives, who bring to the discussion a sentimentality and an obliviousness to facts that is singularly unhelpful.

The home is, of course, not entirely man-made. And the aspects of it which justify, if anything justifies, such criticism as this of Mr. George's, are almost entirely woman-made. There are, to be sure, men who, just as they like their wives to dress showily, like also to have their homes managed showily. It is a form of ostentation that feeds their pride. But with most men, the simpler a home is, the better they like it. Were men ever the happier because the patchwork quilts in their houses took months to make? Maggie Tulliver, a feminist of her own day, called it 'foolish work, cutting things apart and then sewing them together again,' and so

perhaps it was. So was a good deal of work done in the home. Whatever drove women into it, — whether a perverted inventiveness, a cramped and hedged-in zest for creation, or merely the ostentation of industry, — whatever it was, it was certainly not the urgency of the men.

But if the women of the past involved themselves and their homes in a tangle of self-imposed detail, the women of the future are in danger of going to the other extreme. The Germans have an expression, 'to throw out the child with the bath,' that is a very suggestive one, and seems to belong just here. What I mean is, that in simplifying the home, in eliminating, in delegating, we must be careful not to lose the home itself. And of this we are in much greater danger than were our grandmothers, in spite of their foolish patchwork. We sometimes allow ourselves to pity our great-grandmothers. I am not so sure that we are right. Materially their lives were harder, but spiritually, perhaps, they were easier.

The home, if it is anything, is a spiritual reality. But we are so constituted that we have to get at the spiritual through the physical. Generosity, courage, purity — it is only in the old Moralities that we meet these face to face, and we know how cold the meeting is. It is not generosity that stirs us, but a cup of water passed on by the dying gentleman to the poor soldier whose need appealed to him more strongly than his own desire. Courage is a name, but to get its thrill we think of the other English gentleman walking quietly out of the storm-bound tent into the Antarctic night, that by his death he might give his friends a better chance for life.

So with the other values of life. In proportion as they are spiritual they are not won by direct assault. Wealth may be won, but not happiness; bodily

health, but not health of the soul. If we spend ourselves in clearing an open path to what we want, — cutting away the tangle of importunities that seem to hold us back, trampling down and hurling aside whatever threatens to trip us, — the more thoroughly we do this, the more likely is it that as we go forward briskly along the cleared way we shall discover that there is nothing ahead — the path leads nowhere. The things we most care for — the spiritual rewards — seem to come always as by-products.

It is a little like this with the home. It is spiritual, but it arises through the vehicle of the physical. We may not be able to track it down to any one material aspect. Sleeping under one roof does not make a home; eating together does not make a home; gathering about a common lamp or a common fireplace does not; possibly even children in a nursery cannot make a home. We may eliminate one or another of these and still keep the spiritual thing that we prize. Sometimes we must eliminate, when the very multitude of its outward signs blur the real meaning — you cannot see the woods for the trees. But a proverb usually needs a supplementary gloss, and in this one it should be added that without trees there will be no woods. And so, in the case of the home, if in one extreme there is danger of submerging its significance in the mass of its physical expressions, there is at the other extreme the danger of dissipating significance through a paucity of physical expression. It is the second danger which would threaten the feminist home as described by Mr. George: —

'I imagine the Feminist home rather as a large block of flats in a garden over a common restaurant; the staff is directed by an elected manageress and her deputy . . . a competent kitchen staff, under a well-paid *chef*, prepares

table d'hôte meals for the lazy and a lengthy *à la carte* bill for the fastidious. . . . Everything that can be done to throw the business of the household upon a salaried staff is done.'

To most people this proposition will seem a *reductio ad absurdum* for the whole feminist programme. 'If this is what Feminism means, let us have no more of it.' And it is not only the conservatives who will say this.

But let us hope that Mr. George's bleak plan for us is not the only one possible. Even at a first glance one might almost predict that nothing so cheap and easy as his Feminist Flats could embody a solution of society's problem. And the more I consider it, the more I feel sure that his solution of the home would be a betrayal of the home. 'Clear the way for a real home,' he says in effect, 'with leisure to realize it.' Very well. The way is clear: the kitchen is gone, the cookery is delegated, the cleaning is delegated, the nursery is eliminated. These things are in the hands of experts, and the family, having been marshaled by experts through its communal day, comes together, if at all, at its close (there seems no chance before), in the sitting-room of its own flat, and says, 'Let us now, being at leisure, and free from petty cares, get a real sense of home.'

This is what I have called bleak. If I were confronted with the alternative of achieving a sense of home through leisure and no work or through work and no leisure, I should choose the second. I believe that you can give a child, and get for yourself, more of the feeling of home by going out with him and picking up wood for the fire, and coming in and making it, and sweeping up the floor afterwards, and then, perhaps, having only five minutes left in which to sit down by it and read him a story, than you will by sitting down with him in a dustless room before a

steam-radiator heated, with no trouble to you, from a central plant, and having a whole hour of leisure in which to read him many stories.

And even if in the first case you had to use up all your time, so that you had to tell the child his story while you lugged in the wood, and even if you and the child were both very tired when all was done, whereas before the steam-radiator you would both have felt quite fresh—even so, I still believe the sense of home would be stronger and worth having at the price. That is one of the reasons why I do not think we need to pity our great-grandmothers.

It evidently comes down to our theory about life. One theory is, that there is, on the one hand, such a thing as 'real life,' and on the other 'stultifying detail.' Real life is desirable, stultifying detail is despicable. Therefore we must, so far as possible, get rid of detail, in order to make room for real life.

The other theory, which I find much more useful, is that life is felt only through detail. Detail is stultifying only if it is not vitalized. Our lives are enveloped in it as we are in the air we breathe; they express themselves through it; it is their medium. In one sense, then, there is no such thing as 'real life'; but in another and truer sense, there is nothing else. Therefore, there is no point in trying to escape detail. The only escape is in turning to it, meeting it, using it. Concretely, the detail of home-management is not to be despised and evaded, it is to be valued and seized upon and made vital. Mr. George considers it an obstacle. I consider it both a means and an end.

But if his plan is a betrayal of the home it is so not through inadvertence. He means to betray it. He regards the individuality of the home as a fetter, the privacy of the home as a menace, the sacredness of the home as a fetich.

But I hope it is possible to wish for women many of the things which he wishes, and yet to see in the individuality of the home a stimulus, in its privacy an opportunity, and in its sacredness an inspiration.

IV

There is, however, no use in blinking the fact that some of Mr. George's reforms are in line with actual economic movement. It is more his spirit than his matter that gives offense. The communal flat is not yet here, but we are a good deal nearer to it than even our grandfathers would have deemed possible. The exodus of home occupations out of the home and into the hands of organized labor is a commonplace of daily observation. It began long ago, but is proceeding with gathering momentum. Not only light but heat, and even hot water, are being furnished from an outside plant. The vacuum cleaner, which comes at our summons, has revolutionized housecleaning. Probably one third of the kitchen work has gone, or, for households that patronize bakeries, perhaps one half. And this is the result, not of feminist-driven reform, but of general economic changes. Neither feminists nor reactionaries have either helped or hindered it. But what the final effect on the home is to be depends somewhat on the attitude of the homemakers — the men and the women and the children who are coming.

There is no question that the immediate result has been to lighten enormously the home labor of women, and either to send them out of the home in pursuit of other occupation, or to leave them in the home, high and dry, with hands idle or occupied only with work which has been rather artificially concocted to fill them. How this is affecting the home, whether it is helping it or

destroying it, whether it is developing some group-form of social life other than the family form, and whether this would be a good thing or a bad thing — these are questions which we cannot help debating even though we have as yet few data to go on.

But in this connection it might be worth while to scrutinize rather carefully one assumption, — the assumption that the best way for society to do things is through experts. I do not say, the best way for it to get things done. It does not require much scrutiny to discover that if we want any particular thing done in the best way we must go to the expert. The question is, whether this is the best way for society to do things. It is rather generally assumed that it is. And yet there is another theory which casts a doubt upon this: the theory that it is better for any one to do many things for himself, even if he does them rather badly, than for him to have them done — even better done — for him. We all recognize this about children. It is better for a child to wash his own hands, even though the thumbs are neglected and a grayish water-line is left at the wrist, than for him to have them washed for him, though they come out immaculate — and with no water-line. It all depends on whether your eyes are fixed on the people who are doing the things or on the things they are doing. If it is the things, go to the expert. If it is the people, don't.

Possibly even the things suffer in the long run. Manufacturers here and there are beginning to suspect this. After having worked for years toward greater and greater specialization of labor, they are now beginning to suspect that they are suffering from a loss of quality in their laborers, who compare unfavorably with the 'all-round' worker, and they are casting about for a remedy. In other words, specializa-

tion may be good for production but bad for the producer. If with this in mind we should review the question of home-management by experts, we might decide that, though something will be gained, something also may be sacrificed. It is not enough to prove that it would make for economy and efficiency in heating, lighting, cleaning, catering. It might do all this, and still the gain might be outweighed by the loss.

v

Just a word, finally, about fathers and husbands. It is not the fashion to talk about them much. Mr. George speaks of the child as the expression of 'the feminine personality.' He says, 'The wife should die in child-birth, and the mother rise from her ashes.' Why cannot the husband also die, and the father rise from *his* ashes? And there would be Father and Mother face to face, which is all of Husband and Wife, and something more. It is even better than a mother, with a father as 'mere excrescence.'

Here is a curious bit of thinking. Beginning with the assertion that men and women are potentially alike and equal, Mr. George's argument somehow slides off into an assumption of a difference incredibly great — the difference between a mother militant or triumphant, and a father excrescent. This is bewildering. For many of us have supposed that the development of fatherhood has been one of the main lines of social progress; that the goal which society has been working toward is the equal comradeship of man and woman. If it is important to

achieve this as regards all other aspects of life, why should we deliberately throw it away in the one that touches us most deeply? It is worth any price, it is what spiritualizes passion, and makes of marriage something a thought more wonderful than friendship. And now to forget, — to be blind to the beauty, the infinite desirability of men and women standing together as regards the most precious thing they can create and possess, the child, — any one who can do this would seem to have strayed so far as to have forfeited all claim to be listened to.

How can we trust ourselves to such guidance? None of us sees the path clearly. We are hardly sure of the next step, but if we are not right about this, then we do not even know which way we are facing. This is why the note of sex-antagonism in suffrage argument ought to be deeply deplored and sternly repressed. It is a false note. Class-antagonism we have. Perhaps we shall have class-war. To some this seems inevitable, to others probable, to all it seems possible, because even with the extinction of one class, society could still go on. But it is not possible for one sex to wish the extinction of the other. The well-being of each is bound up with the well-being of the other, and we must distrust every leader who does not recognize first of all that, wherever safety lies, it does not lie in separation or hostility. Society is like a bird with two great wings, woman and man. It has not been able to fly very well because one of its wings has been broken. At last this wing is coming to its full strength. Will it help, then, to cripple the other wing?

THE GOLDEN BOUGH

BY GEORGE HODGES

WHEN Æneas visited 'the place that hath no road for living men,' he carried in his hand a golden bough. Whether the poet found this branch growing in the forest of his own luxuriant imagination, or plucked it in the gardens of mythology or of archæology, nobody definitely knows. It may have been only the leafy stem with which a suppliant approached a king. Virgil says that it looked like mistletoe; and in that form it appears on the covers of the ten handsome volumes of Dr. Frazer's *The Golden Bough*.¹

Four hundred years after the Æneid, Servius, a commentator, illustrated the passage by referring to a tradition, current in his time, which found the bough in a wood near Aricia, by the Lake of Nemi. The tree was guarded by a priest of Diana who had gained his place by killing his predecessor, and who daily awaited the coming of one at whose hands he himself must encounter the same fate. It is the situation which is sketched by Macaulay, —

These trees in whose dark shadow
The ghostly priest doth reign,
The priest who slew the slayer,
And shall himself be slain.

The connection between the text in

¹ *The Golden Bough*. By J. G. FRAZER. London and New York. The Macmillan Co.

I. *The Magic Art and the Evolution of Kings* (2 vols.), 1911.

II. *Taboo and the Perils of the Soul*, 1911.

III. *The Dying God*, 1911.

IV. *Adonis, Attis, Osiris*, 1907.

V. *The Spirits of the Corn and of the Wild* (2 vols.), 1912.

VI. *The Scapegoat*, 1913.

VII. *Balder the Good* (2 vols.), 1913.

Virgil and the comment of Servius is so remote as to justify the suggestion of Andrew Lang (in his *Magic and Religion*) that Servius, 'after the manner of annotators in all ages,' finding that he knew nothing about Virgil's branch, discoursed at length concerning another branch about which he happened to have a quantity of curious information. Servius said that the candidate for the office of priest, or King of the Wood, must be a fugitive slave, and that he must qualify himself to fight with the guardian of the tree by first breaking off the magic bough.

It does not greatly matter. The relation of the comment to the text, and of the combined text and comment to Dr. Frazer's ten volumes, is like the distance between the Lake of Nemi and the church towers of Rome. In the first edition of his book, Dr. Frazer said that in still weather the sound of the bells of Rome could be heard in the silence of the Arician forest. In the third edition, now completed, he acknowledges that this is impossible, but he frankly leaves the statement uncorrected. 'In *Old Mortality*,' he says, 'we read how a hunted Covenanter, fleeing before Claverhouse's dragoons, hears the sullen boom of the kettledrums of the cavalry borne to him on the night wind. When Scott was taken to task for this statement, because the kettledrums are not beaten by the cavalry at night, he replied in effect that he liked to hear the drums sounding there, and that he would let them sound on so long as his book might last. In the

same spirit I would make bold to say that by the Lake of Nemi I love to hear, if it be only in imagination, the distant chiming of the bells of Rome, and I would fain believe that their airy music may ring in the ears of my readers after it has ceased to vibrate in my own.'

The reader remembers this convenient music as he turns the pleasant pages of these books. When he cannot hear what the writer hears in the chants of magicians and the refrains of savage liturgies, he is permitted to think that perhaps the sound is audible to the ear of imagination rather than to the ear of science. Indeed, as the reader proceeds in his exploration of the strange regions into which the author brings him, he does not care whether the customs of the country mean precisely what Dr. Frazer says they mean, or not. He is quite content to read these friendly pages, charmingly printed, for the sake of the stories which they tell, and with no agreement with the senior wrangler who objected to *Paradise Lost*, saying, 'What does it prove?'

This does not signify that the writer has no propositions which he undertakes to prove. He is perpetually proving. What it means is that the processes and the conclusions are often only the pleasant guesses of an ingenious mind. They amuse him, and are intended to entertain us. Dr. Frazer is entirely frank about it. 'The whole fabric of ancient mythology,' he says, 'is so foreign to our modern ways of thought, and the evidence concerning it is for the most part so fragmentary, obscure, and conflicting that in our attempts to piece together and interpret it we can hardly hope to reach conclusions that will completely satisfy either ourselves or others. In this as in other branches of study it is the fate of theories to be washed away like children's

castles of sand by the rising tide of knowledge, and I am not so presumptuous as to expect or desire for mine an exemption from the common lot. I hold them all very lightly, and have used them chiefly as convenient pegs on which to hang my collections of facts.'

Sometimes the facts hang awkwardly on the pegs. In that case the thing to do is either to sew a little strap to the fact to hang it by, or to punch a hole in it to admit the peg. Take, for example, the Passover in Egypt, and its connection with the sacrifice of the first-born. Unfortunately, it has n't any connection, for the first-born who died that night were of the Egyptians. But wait; we will make a connection. It was not the first-born of the Egyptians upon whom the Angel of Death laid his summoning hand, but the first-born of the Israelites, because the Hebrew law required that every first-born be redeemed. This must have arisen in an ancient custom of human sacrifice, enacted on a large scale at the Passover, and continued in a mitigated form when animals were substituted for children, and the leaders suggested to the people that 'if they only killed a lamb and smeared its blood on the door-posts, the bloodthirsty and near-sighted deity would never know the difference.'

Thus the fact is hung discreetly on the peg. And the author as he puts it in its proper place hears, 'if it be only in imagination,' the distant moaning of the children of the Hebrews.

The illusive music sounds again in the account of the taking of Jerusalem by David. 'Some of the old Canaanite kings of Jerusalem appear to have played the part of Adonis in their lifetime, if we may judge by their names, Adoni-bezek and Adoni-zedek.' Thus the story goes on the Adonis-peg. 'If Jerusalem had been from of old the seat of a dynasty of spiritual potentates

or grand Lamas, who held the keys of heaven and were revered far and wide as kings and gods in one [the bells of Rome are ringing so loud now that we can distinguish between St. Peter's and St. Paul's!], we can easily understand why the upstart David chose it for the capital of the new kingdom which he had won for himself at the point of the sword.' David might reasonably hope to inherit their ghostly repute as well as their broad acres, to wear their nimbus as well as their crown.

Why not? He put upon his own head the crown of Milcom, god of the Ammonites. And is not the very name of David the same as Dod or Dodo, 'the Beloved One,' by which Adonis was known in Southern Canaan? It is almost as good a case as that whereby Archbishop Whately proved that Napoleon was a sun-myth, and that his victories were as fabulous as the adventures of Hercules.

The reader of *The Golden Bough* must keep in mind the fact that Dr. Frazer's perceptions are uncommonly keen, and that in the heart of the woods of Aricia he can hear the ringing of the Angelus in Rome. He begins with a fanciful or tentative suggestion, which is presently employed as a premise, and the premise is made a step toward a logical conclusion. Thus he conducts us across wide rivers on stepping-stones of 'ifs' and 'buts.' First, you put your foot on a 'perhaps'; then you spring lightly to a 'be-that-as-it-may'; thence to a 'hardly-therefore-can-it-be-unreasonable'; and before you know it, here you are safe on the other side of a succession of resting-places, not one of which will really bear your weight.

The theme of *The Golden Bough* is the mythology of vegetation. The priest who slays the slayer in the Arician wood is enacting the annual mystery of the succession of the sea-

sons. All the green things upon the earth die in the winter and come to life again in the spring. For this essential order primitive man feels himself responsible. He must do something about it. And the thing which he finds to do is like the thing which he desires the gods to do. The formula of the doctrine of savage magic is *similia similibus*: like is produced by like. If the men of two villages play a game of football, the winning village will have fair weather, having kicked away the clouds — because a football looks a little like a cloud. If the flames of our sacred fires at midsummer burn high, we shall have tall crops; we can fix the height of the crops by fixing the height of the fire.

It follows that the priest, who thus determines the order of nature, and holds in his hand the sun, the rain, and the wind, is easily identified with the god whom he serves. But such an identification has inconvenient consequences for the priest. The priest-god is so important to the community that he must be taken care of with the most punctilious caution. The laws of taboo are made in order to perceive and avoid the thousand ways in which this necessary divine man may be injured or offended. Especially, the god may not be permitted to grow old and die. The whole universe would perish with him. In the midst of his health and strength he must transmit the treasure of his life to his successor.

Thus we begin to understand the tragedy of the Arician wood; and with it the stories of Adonis, of Attis, of Osiris, of Dionysus, who died and came to life again, and who thus dying and reviving enacted the annual death and resurrection of the corn and the vine. Such annual enacting of the succession of the seasons belongs to man's sense of responsibility for the order of nature. The magician lights his taper in

the dark of the early morning, and presently the sun rises. The coincidence looks like cause and effect. He does not dare to intermit the lighting of his magic taper, lest he destroy the world. In a like spirit, he observes the festivals of the dying and reviving god, lamenting the fate of Tammuz, or Dionysus, or Osiris, according to the land in which he lives, and welcoming the god returning to life, lest by his neglect the brown ground should never be green again.

This mystery play by which the return of spring was not only illustrated, but enforced, involved one serious difficulty. It demanded the sacrifice of the priest-god. When the priest-god, as the most important man of the tribe, was also the king, this sacrifice interfered with the progress of the political administration. The habit of annually killing the best man in the tribe seemed out of accord with reasonable economy. So a substitute was provided. The substitute, as a compensation for the tragic brevity of his reign, was permitted during certain days to behave himself as he pleased, being a Lord of Misrule. Then he was killed, and the priest-king-god, reinvigorated by this new blood, reigned on. Then, as times changed, and men grew wiser, and doubts increased, the tragedy of the dying god became the comedy of the Christmas revels, and Adonis and Osiris appeared as the King of the Bean, or the Abbot of Unreason, with a twelve-day tenure of office, between Christmas and Epiphany. The transformation is perplexing, and the reader finds himself in the position of the Jews at the Feast of Purim, who were required, Dr. Frazer says, to drink so deep in honor of the day that at last they were unable to discern the difference between 'Cursed be Haman!' and 'Blessed be Mordecai!' Things which at first sight look very different, finally

appear, as the pages are turned, to have a kind of dizzy identity.

Connected with the sacrifice of a god, or of a priest-king, or of a human substitute, or of an animal substitute, is the ritual of the scapegoat. The idea is that the sins of the people may be transferred to one who shall suffer in their stead, or at least shall carry the transgressions away. Gradually this office devolved, by a pious economy, upon the dying god. 'On the one hand we have seen that it has been customary to kill the human or animal god in order to save his divine life from being weakened by the inroads of age. On the other hand we have seen that it has been customary to have a general expulsion of evils and sins once a year. Now, if it occurred to people to combine these two customs, the result would be the employment of the dying god as a scapegoat.' Thus we climb the easy hill of conjecture, and view from the top an extensive prospect in which the fences between the Hebrew, the Christian, and the pagan fields have disappeared.

Thus the author of *The Golden Bough* leads us through eight interesting volumes in which the golden bough is hardly mentioned. We caught sight of it for a moment at the beginning, growing on the sacred tree by the Lake of Nemi. Now at last we see it again in the tragedy of Balder the Good. Balder, in the Norse mythology, is slain by a weapon made of mistletoe. But Balder, being slain, was burned, and the fact suggests the sacred bonfires which from time immemorial have flamed on the hills of Europe, on Midsummer Eve or Hallowe'en. Away we go to watch these fires. We return in the tenth volume to be instructed in the doctrine of the external soul. The soul, which normally resides within the body, may come out and dwell for safety in some protected object. The

mistletoe contained the soul of the priest-king-god of the Arician tree. This is why the first act of the slayer must be to break the golden bough. But Dr. Frazer is now 'less than ever disposed to lay weight on the analogy between the Italian priest and the Norse god.' He allows it to stand because it furnishes him with 'a pretext for discussing not only the general question of the external soul in popular superstition, but also the fire-festivals of Europe.'

Thus *The Golden Bough* deals with almost everything except the golden bough.

As for the idea that Christianity itself belongs to the mythology of vegetation, and that Christ must take his

place with Tammuz and Adonis and Osiris and Dionysus in the common pantheon of dying and reviving gods, it depends upon the most remote and superficial similarities. It is true that the Christian religion came into a world in which life, death, and resurrection were universal facts of nature, and were used to interpret the destiny of man. It is true also that Christianity as it made its way baptized a thousand pleasant superstitions. But to find in the rites of Dionysus and in the mysteries of Isis the faith of the disciples that their Master though dead was still alive, is to hear in the midst of the fight in which the priest of the golden bough is killed the chiming of the bells of Christian churches.

LETTERS OF A WOMAN HOMESTEADER

CALLING ON THE MORMONS

BURNT FORK, WYO., November, 1913.

MY DEAR FRIEND, —

I have wanted to write you for a long time, but have been so busy. I have had some visitors and have been on a visit; I think you would like to hear about it all, so I will tell you.

I don't think you would have admired my appearance the morning this adventure began: I was in the midst of fall house-cleaning which included some papering. I am no expert at the very best, and papering a wall has difficulties peculiar to itself. I was up on a barrel trying to get a long, sloppy strip of paper to stick to the ceiling instead of to me when in my visitors trooped, and so surprised me that I stepped off

the barrel and into a candy-bucket of paste. At the same time the paper came off the ceiling and fell over mine and Mrs. Louderer's head. It was right aggravating I can tell you, but my visitors were Mrs. O'Shaughnessy and Mrs. Louderer, and no one could stay discouraged with that pair around.

After we had scraped as much paste as we could off ourselves they explained that they had come to take me somewhere. That sounded good to me but I could not see how I could get off. However, Mrs. Louderer said she had come to keep house and to take care of the children while I should go with Mrs. O'Shaughnessy to Santee. We should have two days' travel by sled

and a few hours on a train, then another journey by sled.

I wanted to go powerfully, but the paste-smeared room seemed to forbid.

As Mrs. Louderer would stay with the children, Mr. Stewart thought the trip would be good for me. Mrs. O'Shaughnessy knew I wanted to visit Bishop Colton, a shining light among the Latter Day Saints, so she promised we should stay over night at his house. That settled it, so in the cold, blue light of the early morning, Mr. Beeler, a new neighbor, had driven my friends over in Mrs. Louderer's big sled, to which was hitched a pair of her great horses and his own team. He is a widower and was going out to the road for supplies, so it seemed a splendid time to make my long-planned visit to the Bishop. Deep snow came earlier this year than usual, and the sledding and weather both promised to be good. It was with many happy anticipations that I snuggled down among the blankets and bearskins that morning.

Mr. Beeler is pleasant company, and Mrs. O'Shaughnessy is so jolly and bright, and I could leave home without a single misgiving with Mrs. Louderer in charge.

The evening sky was blazing crimson and gold, and the mountains behind us were growing purple when we entered the little settlement where the Bishop lives. We drove briskly through the scattered, straggling little village, past the store and the meeting house, and drew up before the dwelling of the Bishop. The houses of the village were for the most part small cabins of two or three rooms, but the Bishop's was more pretentious. It was a frame building and boasted paint and shutters. A tithing office stood near, and back of the house we could see a large granary and long stacks of hay. A bunch of cattle was destroying one stack, and Mrs. O'Shaughnessy re-

marked that the tallow from those cattle should be used when the olive oil gave out at their anointings, because it was the Bishop's cattle eating consecrated hay.

We knocked on the door but got no answer. Mr. Beeler went around to the back but no one answered, so we concluded we would have to try elsewhere for shelter. Mrs. O'Shaughnessy comforted me by remarking, 'Well, there ain't a penny's worth of difference in a Mormon bishop and any other Mormon, and Colton is not the only polygamist by a long shot.'

We had just turned out of the gate when a lanky, towheaded boy about fourteen years of age rode up. We explained our presence there, and the boy explained to us that the Bishop and Aunt Debbie were away. The next best house up the road was his 'maw's,' he said, so as Mr. Beeler expected to stay with a friend of his, Mrs. O'Shaughnessy and I determined to see if 'Maw' could accommodate us for the night.

Mr. Beeler offered to help the boy get the cattle out, but he said, 'No, paw said it would n't matter if they got into the hay, but that he had to knock off some poles on another part of the stock-yard so that some horses could get in to eat.'

'But,' I asked, 'is n't that consecrated hay,—is n't it tithing?'

'Yes,' he said, 'but that won't hurt a bit, only that old John Ladd always pays his tithe with foxtail hay and it almost ruins paw's horses' mouths.'

I asked him if his father's stock was supposed to get the hay.

'No, I guess not,' he said, 'but they are always getting in accidental like.'

We left him to fix the fence so the horses could get in 'accidental like,' and drove the short distance to 'the next best house.'

We were met at the door by a plea-

sant-faced little woman who hurried us to the fire. We told her our plight. 'Why certainly you must stay with me,' she said. 'I am glad the Bishop and Deb are away. They keep all the company and I so seldom have any one come; you see Debbie has no children and can do so much better for any one stopping there than I can, but I like company too, and I am glad of a chance to keep you. You two can have Maudie's bed. Maud is my oldest girl and she has gone to Ogden to visit, so we have plenty of room.'

By now it was quite dark. She lighted a lamp and bustled about preparing supper. We sat by the stove and, as Mrs. O'Shaughnessy said, 'noticed.'

Two little boys were getting in wood for the night. They appeared to be about eight years old, they were twins and were the youngest of the family. Two girls, about ten and twelve years old were assisting our hostess; then the boy Orson, whom we met at the gate, and Maud, the daughter who was away, made up the family. They seemed a happy, contented family, if one judged by appearance alone. After supper the children gathered around the table to prepare next day's lessons. They were bright little folks, but they mingled a great deal of talk with their studies and some of what they talked was family history.

'Mamma,' said Kittie, the largest of the little girls, 'if Aunt Deb does buy a new coat and you get her old one, then can I have yours?'

'I don't know,' her mother replied, 'I should have to make it over if you did take it. Maybe we can have a new one.'

'No, we can't have a new one I know, for Aunt Deb said so; but she is going to give me her brown dress and you her gray one; she said so the day I helped her iron. We'll have those to make over.'

For the first time I noticed the discontented lines on our hostess's face, and it suddenly occurred to me that we were in the house of the Bishop's second wife. Before I knew I was coming on this journey I thought of a dozen questions I wanted to ask the Bishop but I could never ask that careworn little woman anything concerning their peculiar belief. However, I was spared the trouble, for soon the children retired and the conversation drifted around to Mormonism and polygamy, and our hostess seemed to want to talk, so I just listened, for Mrs. O'Shaughnessy rather likes to 'argufy'; but she had no argument that night, only her questions started our hostess's story.

She had been married to the Bishop not long before the manifesto, and he had been married several years then to Debbie. But Debbie had no children, and all the money the Bishop had to start with had been his first wife's, so when it became necessary for him to discard a wife it was a pretty hard question for him because a little child was coming to the second wife and he had nothing to provide for her with except what his first wife's money paid for. The first wife said she would consent to him starting the second, if she filed on land and paid her back a small sum every year until it was all paid back. So he took the poor 'second' after formally renouncing her, and helped her to file on the land she now lives on. He built her a small cabin, and so she started her career as a 'second.' I suppose the 'first' thought she would be rid of the 'second,' who had never really been welcome, although the Bishop could never have married a 'second' without her consent.

'I would *never* consent,' said Mrs. O'Shaughnessy.

'Oh, yes, you would if you had been raised a Mormon,' said our hostess. 'You see, we were all of us children

of polygamous parents. We have been used to plural marriages all our lives. We believe that such experience fits us for our after-life, as we are only preparing for life beyond while here.'

'Do you expect to go to heaven, and do you think the man who married you and then discarded you will go to heaven too?' asked Mrs. O'Shaughnessy.

'Of course I do,' she replied.

'Then,' said Mrs. O'Shaughnessy, 'I am afraid if it had been myself I'd have been after raising a little hell here intirely.'

Our hostess was not offended, and there followed a long recital of earlier day hard times that you would scarcely believe any one could live through. It seems the first wife in such families is boss, and while they do not live in the same homes, still she can very materially affect the other's comfort.

Mrs. O'Shaughnessy asked her if she had married again.

She said no.

'Then,' said Mrs. O'Shaughnessy, 'whose children are these?'

'My own,' she replied.

Mrs. O'Shaughnessy was relentless. 'Who is their father?' she asked.

I was right sorry for the poor little woman as she stammered, 'I — I don't know.'

Then she went on, 'Of course I *do* know, and I don't believe you are spying to try to stir up trouble for my husband. Bishop Colton is their father as he is still my husband, although he had to cast me off to save himself and me. I love him and I see no wrong in him. All the Gentiles have against him is he is a little too smart for them. 'T was their foolish law that made him wrong the children and me, and *not* his wishes.'

'But,' Mrs. O'Shaughnessy said, 'it places your children in such a plight: they can't inherit, they can't even claim his name, they have no status legally.'

'Oh, but the Bishop will see to that,' the little woman answered.

Mrs. O'Shaughnessy asked her if she had still to work as hard as she used to.

'No, I don't believe I do,' she said, 'for since Mr. Colton has been bishop, things come easier. He built this house with his own money, so Deb has nothing to do with it.'

I asked her if she thought she was as happy as 'second' as she would be if she was the *only* wife.

'Oh, I don't know,' she said, 'perhaps not. Deb and me don't always agree. She is jealous of the children and because I am younger, and I get to feeling bad when I think she is perfectly safe as a wife and has no cares. She has everything she wants, and I have to take what I can get, and my children have to wait upon her. But it will all come right somewhere, some time,' she ended cheerfully as she wiped her eyes with her apron.

I felt so sorry for her and so ashamed to have seen into her sorrow that I was really glad next morning when I heard Mr. Beeler's cheerful voice calling, 'All aboard!'

We had just finished breakfast, and few would ever guess that Mrs. Colton knew a trial; she was so cheerful and so cordial as she bade us good-bye and urged us to stop with her every time we passed through.

About noon that day we reached the railroad. The snow had delayed the train further north, so for once we were glad to have to wait for a train, as it gave us time to get a bite to eat and to wash up a bit. It was not long, however, till we were comfortably seated in the train. I think a train ride might not be so enjoyable to most, but to us it was a delight; I even enjoyed looking at the Negro porter, though I suspect he expected to be called Mister. I found very soon after coming West

that I must not say Uncle or Auntie as I used to at home.

It was not long until they called the name of the town at which we wanted to stop. Mrs. O'Shaughnessy had a few acquaintances there, but we went to a hotel. We were both tired, so as soon as we had supper we retired. The house we stopped at was warmer and more comfortable than the average hotel in the West, but the partitions were very thin; so when a couple of 'punchers,' otherwise cowboys, took the room next to ours, we could hear every word they said.

It appears that one was English and the other a tenderfoot. The tenderfoot was in love with a girl who had filed on a homestead near the ranch on which he was employed, but who was then a waitress in the hotel we were at. She had not seemed kind to the tenderfoot and he was telling his friend about it. The Englishman was trying to instruct him as to how to proceed.

'You need to be *very* circumspect, Johnny, where females are concerned, but you must n't be too danged timid either.'

'I don't know what the devil to say to her; I can barely nod my head when she asks me will I take tea or coffee; and to-night she mixed it because I nodded yes when she said, "Tea or coffee," and it was the dangdest mess I ever tried to get outside of.'

'Well,' the friend counseled, 'you just get her into a corner some'eres and say to 'er, Dearest 'Attie, I hoffer you my 'and hand my 'eart.'

'But I *can't*,' wailed Johnny. 'I could never get her into a corner any way.'

'If you can't you're not hold enough to marry. What the 'ell would you do with a woman in the 'ouse if you could n't corner 'er? I tell 'e women 'ave to 'ave a master, and no man better tackle that job until 'e can be sure

'e can make 'er walk the chalk line.'

'But I don't want her to walk any line, I just want her to speak to me.'

'Dang me if I don't believe you are locoed. Why, she's got 'e throwed hand 'og-tied now. What d'e want to make it any worse for?'

They talked for a long time and the Englishman continued to have trouble with his *h's*; but at last Johnny was encouraged to 'corner 'er' next morning before they left for their ranch.

We expected to be astir early anyway, and our curiosity impelled us to see the outcome of the friend's counsel, so we were almost the first in the dining-room next morning. A rather pretty girl was busy arranging the tables, and soon a boyish-looking fellow, wearing great bat-wing chaps, came in and stood warming himself at the stove.

I knew at once it was Johnny, and I saw 'Attie' blush. The very indifference with which she treated him argued well for his cause, but of course he did n't know that. So when she passed by him and her skirt caught on his big spurs they both stooped at once to unfasten it; their heads hit together with such a bump that the ice was broken although he seemed to think it was her skull. I am sure there ought to be a thaw after all his apologies. After breakfast Mrs. O'Shaughnessy went out to see her friend, Cormac O'Toole. He was the only person in town we could hope to get a team from with which to continue our journey. This is a hard country on horses at best, and at this time of the year particularly so; few will let their teams go out at any price, but Mrs. O'Shaughnessy had hopes, and she is so persuasive that I felt no one could resist her. There was a drummer at breakfast who kept 'cussing' the country. He had tried to get a conveyance and had failed, so the cold, the snow, the people, and everything else disgusted him.

Soon Mrs. O'Shaughnessy returned, and as the drummer was trying to get to Santee, and that was our destination also, she made her way toward him intending to invite him to ride with us. She wore over her best clothes an old coat that had once belonged to some one of her men friends. It had once been bearskin but was now more *bare* skin, so her appearance was against her; she looked like something with the mange. So Mr. Drummer did not wait to hear what she was going to say but at once exclaimed, 'No, madam, I cannot let you ride out with me. I can't get a rig myself in this beastly place.' Then he turned to a man standing near and remarked, 'These Western women are so bold, they don't hesitate to *demand* favors.'

Mrs. O'Shaughnessy's eyes fairly snapped, but she said nothing. I think she took a malicious delight in witnessing the drummer's chagrin when a few moments later our comfortable sleigh and good strong team appeared.

We were going to drive ourselves, but we had to drive to the depot for our suit-cases; but when we got there the ticket-office was not open, as the agent was probably having his beauty sleep. There was a fire in the big stove and we joined the bunch of men in the depot. Among them we noticed a thin consumptive-looking fellow, evidently a stranger.

Very soon some men began talking of some transaction in which a Bishop Bunker was concerned. It seemed they did n't admire the Bishop very much; they kept talking of his peculiarities and transgressions, and mentioned his treatment of his wives. His 'second,' they said, was blind because of cataracts, and although abundantly able he left her in darkness. She had never seen her two last children. Some one spoke up and said, 'I thought polygamy was no longer practiced.' Then

the man explained that they no longer contracted plural marriages, but that many kept *all* their wives and Bunker still had both of his. He went on to say that although such practice is contrary to law, that it was almost impossible to make a case against them, for the women would not swear against their husbands. Bunker had been arrested once, but his second swore that she did n't know who her children's father was, and it cost the sheriff his office the next election. The stranger I have mentioned listened closely and we could see he was deeply interested.

Mrs. O'Shaughnessy spoke to an acquaintance of hers and mentioned where we were going. In a short while we got our suit-cases and we were off, but as we drove past the freight depot the stranger we had noticed came down the steps and asked us to let him ride out with us. I really felt afraid of him, but Mrs. O'Shaughnessy thinks herself a match for any mere man, so she drew up and the man climbed in. He took the lines and we snuggled down under the robes and listened to the runners' shrill screeching over the frozen surface.

We had dinner with a new settler, and about two o'clock that afternoon we overtook a fellow who was plodding along the road. His name was Bunker, he said, and he pointed out to us his broad fields and herds. He had been overseeing some feeders he had, and his horse had escaped, so he was walking home as it was only a couple of miles. He talked a great deal in that two-mile trip; too much for his own good, it developed.

For the first time since Bunker climbed into our sleigh, the stranger spoke. 'Can you tell me where Mrs. Maria Bunker lives?' he asked.

'Why, yes,' our passenger replied. 'She is a member of our little flock. She is slightly related to me, as you perhaps

noticed the name, and I will show you to her house.'

'Just how is she related to you?' the stranger asked.

'That,' the man replied, 'is a matter of protection. I have *given* her the protection of my name.'

'Then she is your wife, is she not?' the stranger asked.

'You must be a stranger in this country,' the man evaded. 'What is your name?'

But the stranger did n't seem to hear, and just then we came opposite the residence of the Bishop, and the man we had picked up in the road said, 'That is my home, won't you get out and warm? My wife will be glad to get acquainted with you ladies.'

We declined as it was only a short distance to the house of the man Mrs. O'Shaughnessy had come to see, so he stayed in the sleigh to show the stranger to the house of Mrs. Maria Bunker. I can't say much for it as a house, and I was glad I did n't have to go in. The stranger and Bunker got out and entered the house, and we drove away. Next morning as we returned through the little village, it was all excitement. Bishop Bunker had been shot the night before, just as he had left the house of Mrs. Maria Bunker, for what reason or by whom no one knew; and if the Bishop knew he had not told, for he either would not or could not talk.

They were going to start with him that day to the hospital, but they had no hopes of him living.

When we came to Mrs. Maria's house, Mrs. O'Shaughnessy got out of the sleigh and went into the house. I could hear her soothing voice, and I was mighty glad the poor forlorn woman had such a comforter. After a while Mrs. O'Shaughnessy came out and the woman followed. As soon as I saw her face I knew *who* the stranger was, although I don't know his name. A few

miles from the town where we left the angry drummer we met Johnny.

One of our horses had snow-balled up on his foot, so Mrs. O'Shaughnessy asked Johnny to knock it off for her. He was not so tongue-tied with us; he told us the north-bound train was snow-bound for a few hours as the wind the night before had drifted the snow across the track; he said he had started home to the ranch that night but a few miles out had met a stranger staggering along almost frozen. He had taken the stranger behind him on his horse and had started back to town, but when they had come in sight of the snow-bound train he had deserted him and joined the crowd around the train and he, Johnny, had gone back to town and was just now getting toward home again.

'And did you tell any one about your quare adventure?' asked Mrs. O'Shaughnessy.

'No,' he said, 'there was n't any one up at the hotel and this morning I slept so late I saw no one but Hattie and — and we talked *all* the time about homesteading.'

'Well,' she said, 'don't say anything about it to *any* one and I'll bake your wedding cake when Hattie says yes, and I'll see to it that your cabin is not bare besides.'

Johnny blushed and promised, so we resumed our journey. Mrs. O'Shaughnessy drove and was unusually silent. Just once she spoke.

'I'd kill a man, too, if he wronged *my* sister and her children that way.'

I was so *very* glad to get home. How good it all looked to me! 'Poop o' Roome'¹ has a calf, and as we drove up to the corral Clyde was trying to get it into the stall with the rest. It is

¹ Mr. Stewart being a Presbyterian and his wife a Catholic, their cattle are named in accordance with their individual prejudices. — THE EDITORS.

'Poop's' first calf and she is very proud of it, and objected to its being put away from her, so she bunted at Clyde and as he dodged her the calf ran between his feet and he sat down suddenly in the snow. I laughed at him, but I am powerfully glad he is no follower of old Joseph Smith.

Mrs. Louderer was enjoying herself immensely, she loves children so much. She and Clyde hired the 'Tackler,' so called because he will tackle *any* kind of a job whether he knows anything about it or not, to paper the room. He thinks he is a great judge of the fitness of things and of beauty. The paper has a stripe of roses, so Tackler reversed every other strip so that some of my roses are standing on their heads. Roses don't all grow one way, he claims, and so his method 'makes 'em look more nachul like.'

A little thing like wall-paper put on upside down don't bother me; but what *would* I do if I were a 'second'?

Your loving friend,

ELINORE RUPERT STEWART.

[The present series of completely ingenuous letters should close with a brief note written quite recently, after the writer knew that the *Atlantic* was printing her letters. Mrs. Stewart had been gravely ill owing to the conditions of her life and the absence of medical attention.]

BURNT FORK, WYO., January 23.

To the Editor of the *Atlantic*:

DEAR MR. EDITOR, — I sent you a letter the other day, and when the man came back he brought me yours dated January 10 which I was powerfully glad to get. I am just up from a long and serious illness. That is why you have not heard from me, and as I could not send you the letters in time

for continuation I thought you would not care for any more and I was mighty blue. I felt so unworthy and so negligent to have let *such* an opportunity slip by even though I had been bedfast. But I don't feel so badly now.

Indeed you are right about my getting letters and cards from many people on account of my *Atlantic* articles. It makes me wish I *could* deserve all the good things they say. One dear old lady eighty-four years old wrote me that she had always wanted to live the life I am living, but could not, and that the Letters satisfied her every wish. She said she had only to shut her eyes to see it all, to smell the pines and the sage, and she said many more nice things that I wish were true of me. Then I had a letter from a little crippled boy whose mother also wrote, both saying how the Letters had cheered them and eased the pain of the poor young flickering life. The mother said she wanted to thank one who had brought so much of the clean, bright outdoors into her helpless little son's life. I wrote her it was you who ought to be thanked and not I. It wrings my heart to think of so many so hungry for what there is *such* an abundance of. There is so much to love in people that I can never think how there can be anything else but love between all the world. Jerrine tells me she has already written you. I am sorry I knew nothing of it. I was ill for so long that I suppose she got tired of waiting. She writes and spells so poorly that I should not have let her take up your time had I known.

Some women and myself went on an elk-hunt not long since, and I shall shortly send you an account of it.

Hoping I may not disappoint you, I am,

Sincerely your friend
ELINORE RUPERT STEWART.

(The End of the Series.)

ADVENTURES IN AMERICAN DIPLOMACY

I. THE AFFAIR OF X, Y, AND Z

BY FREDERICK TREVOR HILL

I

ON the afternoon of October 8, 1797, three Americans sat in the office of the Minister for Foreign Affairs at Paris awaiting their reception as Envoys Extraordinary to the Republic of France. The official anteroom into which they had been ushered was a comfortable apartment, but they were obviously ill pleased with their surroundings, and there was ample justification for the silent dissatisfaction they displayed. Once before, earlier in the day, they had attended by special appointment to present their credentials, only to be told that their official host had been unfortunately called away and could not receive them until three o'clock. But now at the appointed hour they were informed that the citizen official was engaged with the Portuguese Minister, and though the request to enter the waiting room was couched in the most courtly phrases, it was in no very amiable spirit that the envoys accepted the invitation.

Minute after minute passed and the secretaries and clerks who drifted in and out of the official sanctum exchanged amused glances as they noted the rustic garb of the strangers and observed their air of stiff and solemn resentment. This was not the first embassy that had been forced to cool its heels at the door of the Foreign Minister, for that dignitary was Citizen

Talleyrand, late Bishop of Autun, but now, by grace of the Directory, the dominant factor in international affairs. In the ashes of the Revolution France had tempered a sword of war that had enabled her to dictate terms to almost half the world, and her representative did not underestimate his power.

It was therefore somewhat droll to see these American *parvenus* in the diplomatic world waxing impatient at their delayed reception. Poor fledglings! They did not appear to be overburdened with feathers, but had they many or few, an hour with the former Bishop of Autun would leave them without a single plume. And the cream of the joke was that every one knew this except the victims who chafed, *ma foi*, because their plucking was postponed! It was droll; it was certainly very droll.

Meanwhile, the unconscious subjects of these diverting reflections were growing less and less pleased with their situation. To all of them it was embarrassing, but to one of them it was exasperating in the extreme, for he had already experienced a grave humiliation at the hands of the French Government and every second of waiting now increased the injury to his pride. This was Charles Cotesworth Pinckney, who had been sent to succeed Monroe as Minister to France, but had departed from Paris with more speed than ceremony, on being informed that

the Directory would recognize no minister from the United States until it righted certain alleged grievances, and that the law required strangers to obtain a 'Card of Hospitality' from the police if they wished to tarry more than thirty days upon the soil of France.

This insult was not, of course, personal to the individual American to whom it was addressed, but was aimed at the United States in general for its ingratitude, if not perfidy, in having negotiated a treaty with Great Britain, the one irreconcilable enemy of France. Nevertheless the full force of the affront fell on the rejected diplomat, and Pinckney's florid countenance grew well-nigh purple as he nursed his wrath outside Monsieur Talleyrand's door.

Only ten minutes elapsed before that door opened to admit the special envoys whose mission it was to restore the friendly relations between America and France, but the delay was not auspicious, and it was a very grave trio that was finally ushered into the presence of the man to whom Europe bent the knee. To Talleyrand the advent of these Americans was at once a personal triumph and an opportunity to wipe out an old and rankling score. It was not so long since he, an exile, if not a refugee, from France, had visited the United States and had sought an audience with Washington, who had declined to receive him on the ground that his official reception would give offense to France. This, in itself, might have been interpreted into something of a distinction; but Washington, disliking the reputation of the visitor, had evinced no desire to meet him *unofficially*, and the shrewd ex-priest had not been slow to comprehend the slight.

These and other grievances were not forgotten when the representatives of the upstart nation which had ignored him in his hour of adversity stood before him, and the faint smile which

habitually hovered about his mouth boded ill for the success of their mission. His quiet blue-gray eyes, half hidden behind bushy eyebrows, sought his visitors' faces, watching them with the keenness that had penetrated many a diplomatic mask; and, as he gazed, a suggestion of contempt was added to the insolent uptilt of his nose and the haughtiness of his protruding lower lip. From his point of view the visitors were, at best, but provincial Englishmen, two of whom represented the political faction most hostile to the interest of France in the United States, while all of them evidenced the self-importance and crudity of the people by whom they were accredited. In the field of diplomacy they were, of course, mere innocents abroad.

There was certainly nothing in the outward appearance of the delegation to cause the wordly-wise and cynical Frenchman to distrust the success of the programme he was maturing for their initiation. Perhaps the most notable figure in the group was that of a man about forty years of age, whose great height and athletic proportions well-nigh dwarfed his associates. But though his stature and physique rendered him conspicuous, they imparted neither distinction nor grace, for his body was ill-proportioned and his huge limbs were ungainly to the point of dislocation. These defects might possibly have disappeared under the touch of a skillful tailor, but the man was clothed in rusty, ill-fitting, and not over-clean garments which would have disfigured Apollo himself, and every article of his attire accentuated his physical peculiarities. Had his head and face been as ill-formed as his body, he might have been ogreish, but he would have been interesting. As it was, he was commonplace, for his clean-shaven face was not particularly strong and his low forehead, dark complexion and thick

raven-black hair, nullified the effect of his bright eyes and firm mouth.

Altogether this envoy from the New World was as unprepossessing a countryman as Talleyrand had encountered anywhere in the States, and the fact that his name was John Marshall did not convey any particular meaning to the Foreign Secretary or cause him to revise his plans. There were those in France who were competent to advise him that the outward appearance of his uncouth visitor was deceitful, and that he had best be on his guard against the leader of the American Bar whose practice and reputation were so great that Washington had successively offered him a United States district-attorneyship, the Attorney-Generalship of the United States, and even the Ministry to France — all of which he had declined. But the warning was not uttered, and had it been it would probably have fallen on dull ears, for Citizen Talleyrand had little to fear in the familiar realm of diplomacy from the intrusion of any provincial lawyer, no matter how highly he might be esteemed at home.

Possibly he regarded the man who stood at Marshall's elbow as the more dangerous of the two, for Pinckney had conducted himself with no little skill in his last encounter with the French Republic. He was certainly much more presentable in figure, face, and dress than his confrère. Indeed, his whole appearance was agreeable, his pleasant, clean-shaven face, clear eyes and erect carriage betokening a man of intelligence in the prime of life. His great reputation as a lawyer was, of course, like Marshall's, more local than international, but his education had been obtained at Oxford where he had studied under Blackstone himself, and in point of culture and breadth of reading he had few peers in his profession.

The third member of the group was

not entirely a stranger to Talleyrand, for Elbridge Gerry was one of the ardent Republicans who had welcomed him to America with outstretched arms. Indeed, Gerry's appointment on the embassy had been a concession to the party whose well-nigh hysterical enthusiasm for France had encouraged the French Government to believe that it could take extraordinary liberties with the United States.

There was, in truth, good ground for that belief. Not only in Massachusetts, but throughout New England and New York, adulation of everything French had become, for a time, the public rage. French cockades were mounted on every hat; French flags adorned public and private buildings; civic feasts were held with absurd imitations of Parisian mummeries; orators vied with one another in eulogizing France and damning Jay's treaty with the mother country, while applauding thousands burned its negotiator in effigy and stoned Hamilton for daring to defend it. Even the title 'Citizen' was substituted for the ordinary modes of address, and all sorts of unutterable follies were tolerated, until Citizen Genet, the French Minister, demanded unheard-of privileges for his country in her pending conflict with Great Britain, and, failing to shake Washington's policy of neutrality, threatened to appeal to the people over his head. Then a reaction set in.

Nevertheless, the United States was not yet a nation, in the highest sense of the word, when its peace envoys sought an audience with the Foreign Secretary at Paris. It was, at best, but an aggregation of colonials divided among themselves under foreign banners, and destined, in the opinion of Europe, to become a dependency of either England or France.

Talleyrand had good reason, therefore, to remember so stout a champion

of the French as Citizen Elbridge Gerry. Certainly his personality was sufficiently striking to be remembered, for his thin, shrewd, solemn face, extraordinarily long nose, big mouth, and heavy white wig were all peculiar enough to attract attention and mark him as a man apart. But if Talleyrand recalled him he gave no sign of recognition as he rose to greet the visitors, his movement betraying the almost forgotten fact that he was a cripple and increasing, if that were possible, the embarrassment of the ensuing pause.

The situation was certainly awkward, for Talleyrand, though he understood English, did not trust himself to speak it, and none of the Americans commanded more than a few words of French. It was necessary to utilize the services of an interpreter, and through him the credentials of the envoys were received and instructions given that cards of hospitality be issued to them in due course. As to their reception by the Directory, however, the visiting citizens were informed that the Foreign Secretary was preparing a report on American affairs to that body, after submitting which he would do himself the honor of again conferring with the representatives of the United States. With this rather curt announcement the envoys were dismissed and withdrew to the seclusion of their hotel — a seclusion which was soon to be disturbed in most extraordinary fashion.

II

For a week the visitors were too well occupied with exploring Paris to question the fact that they were being officially ignored; but when ten days had passed without a word from the Foreign Secretary they began to wonder what his silence meant. No explanation was forthcoming, however, except some back-stairs gossip to the effect

that the Directory was displeased with the President's public criticisms of France, and intended to express its resentment by postponing the reception of the envoys. This rumor sounded highly improbable, and although it was said to have originated with one of Talleyrand's secretaries, no attention was paid to it until it was confirmed by a strange communication which reached the ears of Pinckney one evening, during a private conversation with an acquaintance, who impressively advised him that a certain Monsieur Hottinguer, to whom he had been casually introduced on a previous occasion, was a gentleman of credit and renown on whose word it behooved the American diplomats to place the most implicit reliance.

Hardly had this Delphic utterance — half hint and half warning — been delivered when the mysterious Monsieur Hottinguer's card was handed to Pinckney at his hotel, followed by the appearance of the gentleman himself. At the moment this seemed to be a mere coincidence, and after greeting his caller, Pinckney rejoined the group of men with whom he had been talking when the interruption occurred. The newcomer, however, soon seized an opportunity to whisper that he was a confidential messenger from Talleyrand and must see the American envoy alone. Surprised as he was at the irregularity of this performance, Pinckney immediately excused himself to his friends and led the way to a private room, where his new acquaintance proceeded to cloud the mystery still further by explaining that he did not come from Talleyrand himself but from a certain Monsieur Bellamy, an intimate friend of the Citizen Minister. This singularly indirect approach was indicative of extreme caution, but according to the speaker it had been adopted in order that the Americans might be ad-

vised, as delicately and unofficially as possible, of certain facts essential to the success of their mission.

Pinckney stared at the speaker with unfeigned astonishment. Why Talleyrand should have thought it necessary to communicate with the Embassy through a third party was puzzling enough; but why that third party should have delegated his authority to a stranger was beyond the American's comprehension. However, the whole proceeding was inexplicable, so he merely bowed assent and begged his visitor to proceed. Thus encouraged, Monsieur Hottinguer vouchsafed the intelligence that the Directory in general, and two of its members in particular, were very much incensed by President Adams's reference to France in his recent message to Congress, and that his objectionable reflections on the Republic would have to be retracted or explained.

The idea of suggesting that the Americans who had crossed the Atlantic for the purpose of presenting the grievances of their country against France should begin with apologizing for the utterances of their Chief Magistrate, must have appealed to Pinckney as somewhat humorous. But he made no reply to the absurd ultimatum, and his silence inviting further confidence, the speaker went on to explain that the United States, having satisfactorily disposed of the offensive criticisms, must then guarantee to make a liberal loan to France.

Again Pinckney made no reply, being well advised that this demand had been forestalled in the Government's letter of instructions, which positively forbade the consideration of any such loan. However, he concluded that the deputed go-between was reaching the climax of his instructions by easy stages, and that it would be well to let him unbosom himself with-

out interruption. This he proceeded to do by remarking that, the first two conditions having been complied with, there was a third preliminary to the renewal of friendly relations between the two countries and the assurance of a liberal treaty, and that was the provision of a substantial 'gratification'¹ for the private pockets of the Directory.

Prepared as he was for some surprising disclosure, Pinckney was fairly astounded by the barefaced effrontery of this demand, but instantly realized that he must control his indignation lest Talleyrand's confidential-agent-once-removed should take alarm before he had thoroughly committed his principal. He accordingly managed, after a pause, to inquire in a casual manner as to the amount of the loan which France desired of the United States. Of that the agent was not advised, but he had apparently been fully instructed as to the details of the third (and more important) condition, namely, the amount of the *douceur* or 'gratification' for the Directory. That, he coolly volunteered, was twelve hundred thousand livres, or about two hundred and forty thousand dollars.

Had Pinckney been wholly ignorant of European politics he might have received this astonishing announcement with a gasp of incredulity. But since his dismissal from France he had lived for some time in Holland and had used his eyes and ears to good advantage. He was therefore acquainted with the fact that Talleyrand and certain members of the Directory were quite capable of levying blackmail on weak nations, and had in fact done so. But even so, the extortionate nature, to say nothing of the brazen impudence of this particular demand was almost too

¹ This is the word used by the envoys in the original dispatches. The word employed by Talleyrand's agents was '*douceur*.' — THE AUTHOR.

much for his composure.¹ Nevertheless, he succeeded in maintaining a calm exterior, merely remarking that such an important communication should be submitted, not to one but to all of the American envoys. Hottinguer was evidently unprepared for this suggestion and for a time he strenuously objected; but as no exception had been taken to the matter of his proposals, but simply to the manner of their submission, he yielded the point and consented to meet the envoys at breakfast on the morning of October 21 for the purpose of repeating his message. Indeed, he was so encouraged by Pinckney's affable docility that he even agreed to reduce the propositions to writing for his benefit, and the enlightened diplomat lost no time in advising his colleagues of the treat which was in store for them at the proposed breakfast of the twenty-first. On the morning of the twentieth, however, the expected guest called to say that Monsieur Bellamy, Talleyrand's confidential friend, preferred to meet the envoys himself and conduct the negotiation in person. This suited the supposedly pliable Americans still better, and an appointment was made for that evening at seven o'clock, in Marshall's room.

Meanwhile, a memorandum of the 'conditions precedent' to the negotiation of a treaty, was submitted to the envoys. This remarkable document virtually recapitulated Hottinguer's propositions, but it contained the additional information that the forced loan to France might be secret if the United

States desired to conceal the fact that it was providing England's enemy with the sinews of war, and it closed with this delightfully ingenuous statement: 'There shall also be included in and taken from this loan certain sums *for the purpose of making the customary distributions in diplomatic affairs.*'

It is safe to say that bribery and corruption were never more artistically veiled than in that gossamer web of words. The euphemisms and subtleties of the English language were fairly familiar to the Americans, but 'the customary distributions in diplomatic affairs' was a masterpiece of elegance which revealed the greater possibilities of the Gallic tongue and intensified the interest of the prospective conference.

Promptly at the appointed hour M. de Talleyrand's deputy appeared, supported by the presence of his former substitute, and the couple were soon ensconced in Marshall's apartment behind closed doors. Probably the Frenchmen were not aware that they were in the presence of two of the most skillful lawyers of their day. But if they were, Marshall's brusque manners and countrified appearance, and Pinckney's blandly innocent air, apparently disarmed them, and they evidently counted on Gerry as a friend. They accordingly entered upon the interview without reserve, Monsieur Bellamy confirming the information of his predecessor but taking care to emphasize the point that he had no authority to bind Talleyrand, whose purpose was simply to assist the Americans in making overtures which would be agreeable to the authorities. Of course a pretense was made of rehearsing the grievances of France by producing a copy of the President's objectionable message and pointing out the offending passages, but to all this the Americans made little or no response. Indeed, the silence of his auditors soon wearied the

¹ Bastide, in his life of Talleyrand, supplied a list of the nations that contributed to Talleyrand's fortune and the sum in which each was mulcted. The total is put at 14,650,000 francs, probably an exaggeration. Talleyrand himself when asked by Bonaparte shortly after his *coup d'état* how he had acquired his wealth, adroitly replied, 'Nothing could be more simple, General. I bought *rentes* the day before the 18th Brumaire and sold them the day after.' — THE AUTHOR.

amateur diplomatist, for he suddenly dropped the subject and blurted out impatiently, *'But, gentlemen, I will not disguise from you that this satisfaction being made, the essential part of the treaty still remains to be adjusted. You must pay money. You must pay a great deal of money.'*

This was the admission for which the American envoys had been patiently waiting, for as it fell from the lips of Talleyrand's trusted agent they were one step nearer to placing the responsibility where it belonged. They accordingly promised to give the subject their careful consideration, and the conference was adjourned to the next morning, when it was agreed that Bellamy should breakfast with his hosts and further develop his instructions.

This breakfast proved a highly exciting repast, for it brought forth the amount of the required loan and the method of concealing it. The United States, it appeared, was to buy at par certain securities which France had exacted from Holland to the extent of thirty-two million florins (\$12,800,000). These so-called securities were then selling at about fifty per cent of their face value, and by purchasing them at double their market value, America could provide France with the required loan without seeming to do so, and also cover the two-hundred-and-forty-thousand-dollar 'gratification' for the Directory.

With this exposition of the gentle art of thimble-rigging on an international scale, the American envoys concluded that the affair had been carried quite far enough, and after consulting apart, they delivered a written answer to Bellamy, declining to act upon the suggestions which Citizen Talleyrand and the Directory had been good enough to make for their benefit. This significant answer instantly alarmed the emissary and he refused to receive

the paper, protesting that neither the Directory nor Citizen Talleyrand had made any demands. He alone was responsible for the propositions. That, replied the envoys, was assumed as a matter of form. But of course it would be insulting to suppose that a man of Monsieur Bellamy's high reputation and position would presume to act without authority.¹ All Monsieur Bellamy's suggestions must, therefore, out of respect for him, be considered as having been first approved by the Citizen Minister.

With this shot the envoys speeded their parting guest, who retired uttering dire prophesies of the fate which awaited the United States. Hottin-guer likewise retreated with his principal, but soon reappeared, affecting to dread the necessity of war between the two republics and desiring to know positively, one way or the other, as to the envoys' position concerning the payment of the money which was expected of them. 'We have already spoken to that point very explicitly,' was the impatient response. 'No, you have not,' protested Hottinguer. 'What is your answer?' 'It is No! No!' burst out Pinckney. 'Not a sixpence!'

Little did the speaker dream that his indignant words would inspire the slogan, 'Millions for defense, but not a cent for tribute!' and that the story of that eventful interview would soon be spread broadcast across the Atlantic.

III

But the time for reporting their adventures to the home government had not yet arrived, for the envoys were hoping to turn their circumstantial evidence into positive proof before they sealed their dispatches, and the

¹ This was not flattery but fact. Bellamy was unquestionably a man of high standing in the world of business and finance. — THE AUTHOR.

opportunity for this came sooner than they expected. Indeed, within twenty-four hours¹ a new actor appeared on the scene in the person of a Monsieur Hauteval, who called on Gerry to express Talleyrand's pain and surprise that he and his associates had not seen fit to visit him informally, as private citizens; and this being reported to Marshall and Pinckney, it was agreed that Gerry, as a former acquaintance, might, with propriety, accept the suggestion.

Gerry accordingly called with Hauteval upon the Foreign Secretary, who informed him that the Directory was about to pass a very severe *arrêt* touching the mission, but if the envoys would promise the required loan to France the proposed measure could be pigeon-holed. To this Gerry replied that the Embassy had no power to give any such promise, but that one of its members might possibly be willing to return to the United States for further instructions. This would not do, according to Talleyrand. The money must be paid at once. However, he would delay the decree a week. Gerry hastened back to his lodgings and wrote a careful account of the interview which he submitted to his colleagues, who promptly advised Talleyrand not to delay the issuance of his threatened decree on their account; and then, to put a quietus on the activity of his confidential friends, they informed Messrs. Hottinguer, Bellamy, and Hauteval that no further indirect negotiations would be tolerated. If this was expected to discourage the attentions of those gentlemen, however, it was an utter failure, for they continued to buzz, whisper, and write with undiminished zeal.

Meanwhile, the envoys, with the aid of a minute diary which Marshall had kept, busied themselves with the

preparation of a dispatch in cipher detailing their experiences in France. Of this, six duplicates were made, and on the eleventh of November they forwarded each copy to America by a different vessel, to avoid the 'accidents' which they were informed frequently occurred in the transmission of official papers from the French capital.

Then weeks passed without any change in the existing situation, until Gerry at last proposed to invite Talleyrand to meet his colleagues at dinner, and Bellamy, who was scarcely ever out of ear-shot, endorsed this idea, volunteering his escort to tender the suggested invitation. He accordingly called at Gerry's apartment on the morning of December 17 for that purpose, but the moment he was closeted with him he seized the opportunity for reopening the propositions concerning the loan and the 'gratuity.'

At this juncture Marshall happened to drop in, and he and Gerry were informed that sixteen millions of the Dutch securities could then be purchased for a trifle over six million dollars and France would be satisfied with a loan of that amount. This was about half of what had been previously demanded, and Bellamy had evidently been instructed to announce the advent of Bargain Day in the International Market. However, as the envoys had no power to make any loan, this great reduction in the price of peace would not have interested them at all had it not been accompanied by a decidedly novel inducement. This was addressed directly to Marshall, and took the form of as naïve a proposition as was probably ever submitted to a member of the bar. In leading up to this, Bellamy declared that he had been charmed to learn that Marshall was counsel for the great merchant Beaumarchais in his suit against the State of Virginia. That was a most

¹ October 22, 1797.

happy circumstance. Why? Why, because it removed all difficulties and embarrassment growing out of the Directorial 'gratification.' How so? Very simply, it appeared. Marshall had obtained a judgment for his client in the sum of £145,000. Well, Beaumarchais would agree that when this sum was paid he would remit £45,000 of it to the United States. This would practically cover the amount necessary to satisfy the Directory, and *voilà!* — there would be no loss.

It was difficult not to smile at this unique scheme for making his client pay the piper, but Marshall's sense of humor had been somewhat damaged by his sojourn in France and his reception of the plan did not promise well for the gayety of Gerry's little dinner-party. Neither did Talleyrand's acceptance of the invitation to that function encourage the belief that he was ready to change his tactics, for he took the occasion of Gerry's proffer of hospitality to refer to the amended conditions which had been submitted by his familiar, whose responsibility he then endorsed. In fact he then and there submitted a written memorandum of his terms, omitting, however, any reference to the 'gratification,' which he evidently feared to put on record. But even with this omission he apparently regarded the paper as dangerous, for he took the precaution of burning it as soon as Gerry returned it, and then agreed upon a day for the diplomatic love-feast.

Under ordinary circumstances the proposed banquet might have effected its object, but far too much had been said and done to be forgotten around the social board, and a stiffer and gloomier company never sat at a table than Gerry and his guests. Indeed, by this time Marshall and Pinckney were disgusted with the entire proceedings and took but little pains to conceal

their feelings, and this, added to the fact that all the conversation had to be conducted through interpreters, rendered the evening a ghastly affair.

From this moment the mission was hopeless, and every day that passed widened the breach between the countries. True to its threat, the Directory issued a decree intended to drive American trade from the seas, and the envoys uttered a vigorous protest against such unfriendly action, following this by a long document addressed to Talleyrand, presenting their whole case with an ability and force which should have brought a prompt response. But the Citizen Minister did not see fit to make any reply for some weeks, and though he had two or three informal interviews with the envoys, they led to nothing but increasing irritation.

IV

Meanwhile, the rumors of war had been playing havoc with the nerves of one of the Americans, for Elbridge Gerry believed that a rupture with the French Republic meant the utter ruin of the United States, whose commerce had already been severely damaged by the seizure and confiscation of merchant vessels at the hands of French privateers. His admiration for France and her institutions had been considerably abated by his experience during the past months, but his love was now tempered by fear, and as the tension of the situation grew he strove to avert disaster by softening the sturdy language of his colleagues in their official documents and assuming a conciliatory attitude toward the French authorities. Talleyrand was not slow to observe this sign of weakness, which promised to lend itself admirably to the accomplishment of his ends. He accordingly began to distinguish Gerry from his associates, playing upon his

evident desire to avert hostilities and flattering his vanity by guardedly hinting that he had it in his power to prevent the ruin of his country. Seeing that these approaches were having the desired effect, the wily Foreign Secretary grew bolder, and openly suggesting that the American cause was in the wrong hands, invited his confidant to take the whole responsibility into his own.

All this was far from displeasing to the gentleman from Massachusetts, for Gerry had no small opinion of his own ability, and to find himself preferred to such men as Marshall and Pinckney seemed to indicate a nice discrimination on the part of the French authorities. Nevertheless, in betraying a decidedly receptive attitude toward Talleyrand's complimentary advances, he was not actuated entirely by conceit, for he sincerely believed that the total failure of the mission would involve his land in a ruinous war and he easily persuaded himself that he was the one man who could avert that disaster. Therefore, long before a crisis was reached in the envoys' efforts to obtain an audience from the Directory, Marshall and Pinckney were well aware that their colleague was no longer acting in concert with them. It was with no surprise then that on March 18, 1798, they received an insolent letter from Talleyrand, informing them that the Directory would 'treat with that one of the three [envoys] whose opinions, presumed to be more impartial, promise in the course of the explanations more of that reciprocal confidence which is indispensable.'

This plainly meant Gerry, but that there might be no misconstruction of the diplomatic circumlocutions, the Foreign Secretary followed up his official document with an informal note to Gerry, stating that he supposed that Marshall and Pinckney had taken his

broad hint and departed from France. He therefore suggested that his correspondent and he should at once proceed to business. As a matter of fact, neither Marshall nor Pinckney had then retired, but in the face of this letter they hastened their preparations for quitting France, warmly advising their colleague to do the same. But Gerry protested that his departure would be the signal for a declaration of war, and that the safety of his country depended upon his presence in Paris. Disgusted and indignant with this fatuous reasoning, the two lawyers immediately renewed their demands for safe-conducts. For a time, however, these papers were denied them on the ground that, not having been officially received, they were not entitled to protection as envoys, and it was not without a struggle that they at last forced the delivery of the necessary documents and retired from the capital, leaving their associate to the tender mercies of the late Bishop of Autun.

Meanwhile, the first dispatches of the envoys had arrived in the United States, and on March 5, 1798, Adams sent a message to Congress, advising that body that they had arrived. They were not yet fully deciphered, he declared, but enough of their contents was known to justify him in warning the people not to expect good news, and on March 19 he announced the failure of the mission, recommending that steps should be taken immediately to defend the sea-coast and protect the commerce of the country. War measures were accordingly voted, but not without objections from the partisans of France, and before much progress had been made they roundly denounced the President's warning as a ruse to create prejudice against the sister republic, and called for the production of the official documents themselves. This was precisely what Adams had hoped that they

would do, and concealing the names of Talleyrand's agents under the letters X, Y, and Z, he submitted the envoys' story of their experiences at the hands of the ancient ally of the United States.

To say that this exposure startled the French faction is far too mild a statement. It fairly obliterated them, for with a roar of indignation the whole people rallied about the government, and, in the place of a weak confederation of timid British colonials, France found herself confronted by a nation.

From that moment there was no further talk of conciliation. War was accepted as the inevitable sequence of the deliberate affront offered to the United States in the persons of her ambassadors, and measures were instantly taken to place the country in a proper condition of defense. Money and supplies were readily voted for the navy; the army was recruited to its full strength; Washington was summoned from his retirement to accept a lieutenant-generalship and supreme command of the troops; the war vessels in foreign ports were ordered home; forts and earthworks were speedily erected on the coast, and a day appointed for national fasting, humiliation and prayer. But, despite all its zeal, the government could not keep pace with the popular enthusiasm. In almost every village and town volunteer companies were formed to swell the ranks of the army; subscription lists were started to provide the navy with additional warships, Boston quickly collecting \$125,000 for that purpose and New York raising \$30,000 within an hour of the first appeal, while other seaports responded in a similar spirit, until the ship-yards were fairly deluged with work and a veritable armada was in the making.

Meanwhile, innumerable addresses of loyalty and confidence poured in up-

on the President; mass-meetings were held to encourage the authorities in fearlessly asserting the national dignity; French flags and cockades disappeared as if by magic; the stars and stripes and the black cockade¹ were everywhere displayed; the press teemed with patriotic odes and sentiments, of which 'millions for defense but not a cent for tribute' was the theme, and even the tradesmen, in advertising their wares, paraphrased Talleyrand's ultimatum, '*Il faut de l'argent — il faut beaucoup d'argent*,' by advising their patrons that although it was necessary to pay cash for their wares, it was not necessary to pay 'a great deal of money.'

Every public meeting-place witnessed some form of the popular enthusiasm, but it was at the theatres that the patriotic fervor reached its height. There, in default of a national hymn, the orchestras played 'Yankee Doodle' and 'The President's March,' while the audiences stood and cheered and demanded countless repetitions of the tunes, regardless of the play. These nightly demonstrations of patriotism finally resulted in the production of something that approached the dignity of a real national anthem, for a popular actor in Philadelphia named Fox, taking advantage of the situation, sought the aid of Joseph Hopkinson, who fitted 'The President's March' with words, and thus immortalized himself as the author of 'Hail Columbia!' The singing of this song by Fox created a public furor utterly unlike anything previously recorded in the history of the country,—for the audience, mad with delight, sprang to its feet and, calling for encore after encore, cheered each repetition to the echo. Within a fortnight, 'Hail Columbia!'

¹ Black cockades were worn by the American army during the Revolution and were generally regarded as the national emblem.—THE AUTHOR.

was a part of the literature of the land.

In the midst of all this excitement Marshall returned from Paris, his arrival being the signal for another outburst of patriotism which took the form of bell-ringing and parades, public receptions, congratulatory addresses, and complimentary dinners. Indeed, he and Pinckney were the heroes of the hour until Captain Stephen Decatur eclipsed them by firing on a French privateer preying on American commerce, and brought her into port as a prize. Thus hostilities began without any declaration of war — a situation almost unparalleled in history.¹

V

Meanwhile, the misguided but well-meaning Gerry, in complete ignorance of the course of events in the United States, was continuing his futile negotiations with Citizen Talleyrand. Indeed, the first intimation he received of the existing condition of affairs was the receipt of dispatches virtually terminating the mission. He elected, however, to read the instructions as though they authorized him to remain if he saw fit to do so, with the result that he was still in Paris when the dispatches of the envoys concerning X, Y, and Z appeared in the public press. Astonished and dismayed by this unexpected disclosure, the luckless envoy made haste to insure the safety of his official papers, anticipating his instant expulsion from France. Before his preparations were completed, however, a note arrived from Talleyrand demanding the names of the persons designated as X, Y, and Z, and an official denial of the statements set forth in the

press. To this Gerry responded with some spirit that Talleyrand knew the real names of X, Y, and Z as well as he did, but that he had no objection to furnishing the superfluous information, if desired. He accordingly supplied the names but declined to retract a word of the dispatches. Talleyrand instantly published this correspondence, accompanying it with a furious denial of the story recorded by the American envoys, who were bitterly denounced as reckless liars and ignorant dupes.

But in this wholesale repudiation of the transaction the Foreign Secretary reckoned without his confidential agents, for Bellamy, finding himself assailed as a fraud, promptly rushed into print with an indignant contradiction, stoutly maintaining that he had had Talleyrand's direct and positive authority for everything he had said and done throughout the entire affair. In the face of this blast it was difficult for the shifty minister to keep up appearances, but he attempted to effect his retreat under cover of a sharp correspondence with Gerry, in which denials, accusations, and veiled threats flew right and left. But by this time the American had recovered his second wind, and fought back with such courage and skill that when he finally retired from the field the empty honors of the diplomatic duel were unquestionably his.

Meanwhile, the United States navy had begun to exhibit its strength,² and before Gerry reached this country the government at Paris had opened negotiations with the American Minister at The Hague, through whom assurances were given that if the United States would send another minister to France he would be received 'with all the respect due to a representative of a

¹ Whether the United States and France were at war has never been positively decided, but the weight of judicial authority seems to support the contention that they were not at war. — THE AUTHOR.

² The naval engagements in this and the following year (1799) caused a loss to France of over eighty vessels. — THE AUTHOR.

free and independent nation.' These were almost the words which the President of the United States had used in prescribing the conditions necessary to any renewal of diplomatic relations with France. After considerable opposition and delay by the Senate, he accordingly appointed William Vans Murray, the Minister at the Hague, Oliver Ellsworth, Chief Justice of the United States, and William R. Davie,

the Governor of North Carolina, as Envoys Extraordinary to France; and this embassy, having been received with due honors, found but little difficulty in negotiating a convention favorable to the United States.

Thus ended an episode without a parallel in the history of diplomacy, and with its close came the recognition of a new force in the councils of the family of nations.

A THIRD VIEW OF THE SINGLE TAX

BY EVANS WOOLLEN

THE Case *for* the Single Tax having been stated, and the Case *against* the Single Tax, there is reason perhaps for stating the Case *of* the Single Tax. For notwithstanding these years of disputation it is not quite clear that we are all talking about the same thing when we talk about the Single Tax. Indeed, the term seems sometimes a hardly less slippery one than Socialism. Thus, in the December *Atlantic*, Mr. Garrison defines the Single Tax as a method of raising money for the necessary expenses of government, and then proceeds to the advocacy of a project not fiscal in its primary purpose but social. It is not a method of raising money related in amount to the necessities of government, that he advocates, but a method of abolishing private property in land, a method whose application would indeed raise money available for the expenses of government, but incidentally, and in amount related to the value of the private property to be abolished, and quite unre-

VOL 113—NO. 4

lated to the necessities of government.

The abolition of private property in land is one thing. Governmental appropriation of the unearned increment in land-values is another. A third is the taxation of land-values. And there seems not infrequently to be failure to discriminate the one from the other, and the third from the first two. All three were involved in Henry George's propaganda. The end he sought was the abolition of private property in land. Governmental appropriation of the unearned increment, appropriation in the name of taxation, was the means. He attracted to his standard —

1. Those who, with himself, favored a tax that would take the whole rental value of land and thus abolish private property therein.

2. Those who, not favoring the abolition of private property in land, yet believed with John Stuart Mill that the state should appropriate the future increment in land-values which is said to be unearned. And

3. Those who, favoring neither the abolition nor the appropriation, yet believed that land independent of improvements thereon or therein should bear a larger burden of taxation.

And thus three things have been confounded, and the term Single-Taxers has come to include those who believe in any of the three.

Toward the first of these, the abolition of private property in land, this world of ours that takes little stock in doctrines of natural rights has made no appreciable progress since George's time. No advocate of commanding influence has appeared since the desertion of Herbert Spencer, and the interest in the subject remains academic rather than political.

Such progress as has been made under the name of the Single Tax has been toward the second of the three things confounded,—the governmental appropriation of the unearned increment in land-values, a social project for ameliorating the evils of, without abolishing, private property in land; and toward the third,—the increased taxation of land-values, a fiscal project for raising money for the necessary expenses of government.

It was the second that engaged Mill and his Land-Tenure-Reform Association. They sought to ameliorate the evils of private ownership through 'the interception,' to use the language of the association's platform, 'by taxation of the future unearned increase of the rent of land (so far as the same can be ascertained), or a great part of that increase.' By the rent of land they meant, of course, economic rent, that rent which is a remuneration for the use of what Ricardo called 'the original and indestructible powers of the soil.' They proposed to take the unearned increment by using the taxing machinery. It might be taken otherwise. They proposed to distribute

the unearned increment by using it, in lieu of taxes, for the expenses of government. It might be distributed otherwise. These two matters of method should not be allowed to confuse the consideration of the merits of the appropriation of unearned increment.

Confusion has arisen, too, from overlooking the fact that unearned increment does not mean an increment in value unearned by any one. It means an increment not attributable to the owner or his predecessors in the title. That there is in this sense an unearned increment in land-values is not questioned. Indeed, any increment in land-value will be found, as George says, to have 'social growth as its basis. . . . A man may work or spend on land to any amount; but no matter how valuable his improvements, the land itself acquires no value except as the community around it grows and improves, or access to larger populations is opened.' Would it not be right to appropriate this increment to the use of those who have earned it? Would it not be right to appropriate the increment in the Duke of Bedford's Covent Garden estate, — that estate which was worth some thirty dollars a year when it came to his family and was worth one hundred and twenty thousand dollars a year when, afraid it is said of what Lloyd George might do, he recently sold it for fifteen millions? Undoubtedly, the appropriation of all increments to the use of those who have earned them would be rightful. But many things are rightful enough that are neither practicable nor expedient. And the world seems quite to have made up its mind that the comprehensive and theoretically correct appropriation and distribution of unearned increments is one of these.

It is impracticable because the comprehensive and theoretically correct appropriation of unearned increments

would have to be regardful not only of land-values but also of all the other monopolies in which unearned increments are likely to show themselves; and, as others have pointed out, would have to be regardful of unearned decrements as well as of unearned increments.

And the distribution — what of that? Who have earned and are accordingly entitled to these increments which the owners have not earned? What share has the parasite earned and what share the community-builder? To use the appropriated increments in lieu of taxes is not of course to answer the question.

It is inexpedient to appropriate unearned increments comprehensively because, as Professor Johnson pointed out in the January *Atlantic*, the chance of the unearned increment is a motive that we could not well do wholly without. The chance of getting more than is allowed by the stern logic of the theorist has started and finished much good work.

But, while this work-a-day world is not showing much interest in the appropriation and distribution of unearned increments in anything like a comprehensive and theoretically correct way, it is, in its blundering fashion, showing interest in some compromises on the subject. It was with reference to these that I said above that progress had been made, under the name of the Single Tax, toward governmental appropriation of the unearned increment.

The compromises referred to are the British and German increment taxes mentioned by Mr. Garrison, and described in the 1913 edition of Professor Seligman's *Essays in Taxation*. The British increment tax is one of the four land-taxes of 1909. A fifth of the increment in the site-value, above a non-taxable increment of ten per centum, is taken by the government when the

land changes hands or, in the case of land not changing hands, every fifteen years. This legislation followed interesting increment taxes in the German Colony of Kiauchau in 1898, and in a great many of the German municipalities. The latter were supplanted in 1911 by an imperial increment tax. This tax is levied on the difference between the selling price of real estate and the purchase price plus the cost of improvements. The rate varies in accordance with the ratio of the increment to the purchase price: the minimum being a tenth of increments of not more than ten per centum, and the maximum three tenths of increments of two hundred and ninety per centum and more.

About these increment taxes of the British and the Germans two facts are to be noted: there is no purpose to abolish private property in land, and there is no appropriation beyond a portion of the future increment. In view of these facts one may question the justification for Mr. Garrison's statement that the Lloyd George budget recognizes the principle of the Single Tax. Neither the increment tax nor any other part of that budget is a recognition of the principle that land should not be held privately, and that is the principle of the Single Tax as advocated by Henry George. Rather, as Professor Seligman has said, the Lloyd George budget is not to be regarded as a triumph for the Single-Taxers. It accepts indeed a small part of the single-tax reasoning, but it refuses to be bound by its narrow limitations.'

What the British increment tax does recognize is the rightfulness of the appropriation of future unearned increments, and both the practicability and the expediency of the appropriation in a limited way, to the end that the evils of private property in land be ameliorated. And to bringing about the use of

the taxing machinery for the accomplishment of this social project, the Single-Taxers have contributed largely.

They have contributed largely also to bringing about the third of the three things confounded, the fiscal project of increasing the taxation of land-values. They have done this in two ways: by helping to overcome the prejudices and inertia that have supported our all but universal general-property tax, and by helping to establish the principle on which the increased taxation of land-values rests.

The general-property tax, of which it has been said that 'a cruder instrumentality of taxation has rarely been devised,' has been under attack in this country ever since the notable report made in 1871 by David A. Wells as New York Tax Commissioner. During that period there has come to be quite general acceptance by authorities in fiscal science of the ability criterion: acceptance, that is, of the principle that taxes should be levied proportionately to the ability to pay them. Tested by this criterion, the general-property tax is condemned both as to its theory and as to its administration. It is condemned because its theory takes no account of earning ability which in turn obviously measures tax-paying ability. Its theory takes no account of the industrial captain's earning ability, but takes full account of the teamster's mule. It is condemned because its administration 'sins against the cardinal rules of uniformity and universality,' and because it stimulates the iniquities of tax-dodging.

With the abandonment or modification of this discredited general-property tax, that is, of its personalty and land-improvement elements, there should undoubtedly come, as the Single-Taxers urge, increased taxation of land-values. Such taxation rests on the principle that a tax on the monopoly

element of the tax-payer's income, that part of his income which has been paid to him for a monopoly appropriated by him, is to be preferred to a tax on the competitive element of his income. A tax on the monopoly element cannot be shifted; its incidence can be reckoned on; whereas the final incidence of taxes on the competitive element, and the total of their injustice, cannot be reckoned on. Furthermore, a tax on the monopoly element costs the community less, in that it does not interfere with the free action of capital and the increase of the general fund from which taxes must be paid and the community maintained.

In so far as this principle of taxing the monopoly element has been accepted, progress has been made toward the increased taxation of land-values because of all monopolies the most important is land. But the railroads, the street railways, the water-works, the ability to labor more effectively than wage-earners who gain a bare subsistence—these too are monopolies. And the single tax toward which the Single-Taxers have been helping is really a single tax not on land but on monopoly, of which, as I have said, land is the most important part.

It is under this third head, the taxation of land-values, not under the head either of the abolition of private property in land or of the appropriation of unearned increment, that the taxes cited by Mr. Garrison as evidence of single-tax progress in Australia, Western Canada, Pennsylvania, should be assembled. They are evidence of the progress, not of Henry George's social project or of Mill's, but of a movement toward better fiscal legislation, toward taxation more regardful of social considerations; and in this movement the Single-Taxers, so-called, — but in large measure inappropriately so-called, — are helping importantly.

THE TURLERS

BY HENRY CHRISTOPHER CHRISTIE

I

'Look a' dat! Prins Artur — dere goes! Dash dat boat in der sea. Please Gawd das hawksbill big as barrel er flour. Ebery mans look out! Down hellum'.

As the huge Negro grunted out these disjointed orders, there was instant confusion among the turlers. Prince Arthur grabbed an oar and leaped to the stern of Ephraim's boat, and while the others fought and scrambled for grains, water-glasses, and bullys,¹ they were gliding rapidly in the direction indicated by their captain.

The cause of all this commotion was a tiny column of water which Ephraim's keen eyes had detected as it rose a couple of inches or so above the sea level. An untrained observer would not have seen it at all, but to the turler it meant a turtle. A turtle spouts like a whale, but the spout is seldom thicker than a ruling pencil and never over two inches high.

All day they had followed the brown belt of thimbles that floated like huge percussion caps on the surface of the sea. Turtles delight to feed upon them.

The ocean for acres around was a smudge of umber where thousands, millions, of thimbles expanded and shrank ceaselessly. Coming out of the invisible and infinite source of things they voyaged the waters from yon to

thither, brown, cap-shaped, tirelessly opening and closing their empty valves, thus making speed. Thimbles are the tidbits of the turtle epicure. Shutting eyes fast, for contact with a 'thimble' is fatal to sight, he floats in the brown stream and luxuriously munches the soft luscious morsels.

All day Ephraim had held with the drift, slipping along under easy sail, hoping that he would find a few hawksbills feeding, which would repay for the time lost on his irregular course.

The boats, six in number, formed in lines of three on each side of the fish, which, blindly browsing in the marine meadows, were unaware of danger. Cautiously Prince Arthur edged Ephraim toward their prey: the oar revolved noiselessly and the bows of the boat merely wrinkled the tide in front of her, so quiet was their approach. Suddenly Ephraim held up his hand. The oar grew quiet as, bending forward, he grabbed at the turtle.

Fastening one hand firmly beneath the nape of its neck, he wrenched the creature swiftly forward. Before it could gain headway his other hand had grasped the tail piece, and instantly his prey, a big mottled hawksbill, lay snorting and floundering in the boat.

'Le's spansel him,' ordered Ephraim, and Prince Arthur produced a large sail-needle threaded with sieve twine, while Ephraim felt for the soft spot which Nature seems to have provided for this emergency. Setting one knee upon the turtle's belly, Ephraim bent the fore fins forward until they met;

¹ The bully is a large galvanized hoop which is laced in such a way with fish-line that it forms a wide-mesh net above. — THE AUTHOR.

then Prince Arthur thrust the needle into the fins, drawing the twine after it in such a way as to flatten the fins on the calipee. Then it was tied and the turtle was helpless.

Ephraim was gloating over his capture as he adjusted it, calipee up, on the boat's bottom, when Prince Arthur tugged at his sleeve. Following his directing digit with his eye, Ephraim saw a purple bulb floating near by.

'Das Portugee,' he whispered. 'Pull ter yer. Hawksbill got 'im.'

Outside the belt of thimbles, a beautiful nautilus was floating, his sails set and his purple striped balloon inflated. The nautilus is another morsel of which the turtle is fond. He has, however, to attack it blindfold, as, like the thimbles, contact with it ruins the turtle's eyes. The turtle was biting the nautilus under water, endeavoring to puncture his air-bulb and thus place the creature entirely at his mercy.

Ephraim crept stealthily forward, but as he was within an inch of success, his first capture made a violent motion, perilously rocking the little skiff. Ephraim kept his balance, but Prince Arthur was pitched headlong from his station in the stern. The noise of the fall and the clattering of the oar alarmed the turtle. Quitting his prey, he sank slowly into the sea.

There was no time for reproof. Ephraim signaled wildly to the five boats that were questing in the thimbles, and as they lined toward him gave brief jerky orders.

'Youna make ring — dis way. Pull ter yer; let er go; git yer grains ready.'

The boats made a large ring around the spot where the turtle had disappeared, and a battery of water-glasses was directed upon it. The creature was sighted in a few moments.

Turtles have to breathe, they cannot remain long under water. The hunters knew this, and waited. They kept

strict watch, and the expert scullers were ready to make a lightning dash in any direction.

Much depended upon the condition of the game. If he were not tired or winded, he might stay under long enough to defy capture, but if he had been spent when he was routed, there was every hope of his breaking water near-by, and to cover him and drive the grains through his back would be easy work. But the sponger dislikes to use the grains. It is the last resort, as they are sure to ruin one, perhaps two, of the valuable plates of armor which alone make the hawksbill one of the most coveted of marine animals.

'Look out, dere he go!' a man in one of the boats yelled, and pointed with a frantic hand. Instantly the fleet gave chase. Spreading fanwise, the scullers drove their skiffs into foaming ruts, while the others hung over the bows with water-glasses, searching the deep. The run was not a long one, for the turtle was blown; he paused and began making spirals in the water, each spiral growing sharper and sharper until the last one drew to a point formed by the curved beak of the reptile, which sprouted suddenly above the sea. Instantly the sharp grains crashed through his armor and held him captive, and in a few moments he was groaning in dismal chorus with his mate in the bottom of the dinky.

The little flotilla made its way back to the schooner in high good humor. Here was fresh meat, sweet and nourishing, and also a fair day's wages in the mottled backs of their captives.

'Gawd will provide, my brudders,' the Exumean exclaimed unctuously, as he fleshed his knife in the soft stomach and carefully ripped the calipee from its frame. As the snowy flakes fell into the pan, they were cleaned by Prince, who afterwards handed them to Ephraim to be stowed away in a locker.

'Looker dem calipee! Dey white as flour an' dey t'ick. Dey fesh fifteen dollars a pun', please Lawd, an' dis back, looker!' he held up a scale that was burning with claret and amber, 'dis Gawd wuk — an' he gin it we for lib 'pon — Praise Him! Praise Him!'

Ephraim separated the thirteen sections of the back armor and handed them to Prince Arthur; then came the chimes and the hoop. The two turtles were soon reduced to a heap of white and polychrome shell, and chunks of green and gray and wine-colored meat, the latter the chief object of interest to the crew, as it would soon be supplied to them steaming and savory, and would minister its peace and plenty to their souls.

II

The banks are more hazardous for the turtle-hunters than the open sea, but they are more profitable as well. Ocean fishing cannot be depended upon, as the thimble drift may lie too near the gulf for small craft to follow, or the turtle may be always fresh and elude capture; but by the banks, where the water is not so deep as to prohibit diving, where the long burrowed reefs are fertile with succulent mosses and soft mussels, and where every shell affords a meal for the greedy turtle, they can be found in shoals. The ledges provide shelter from prowling sharks, and the wide beaches comfortable perches for nests. Hawksbills with radiant scales, green turtles with opulent adipose, and lumbering loggerheads, the poor relations of the chelonian family, will all be sporting and hunting on the rich reefs.

Ephraim had a strong contempt for competition, nevertheless he was both discouraged and annoyed when he discovered that his brother Nego was also on the Banks.

'Wot dat chillum foller me fer?' he

muttered to himself on hearing this bit of family news. 'He too fool fer turkle. He jest wan' bodder me dis minnit.'

He was fretful and ill at ease when he loosed his painter from the schooner. Superstition was troubling him. He had always had bad luck when Nego was around. He was carefully equipped for his work — a water-glass, a pair of grains, and a bully lay in the skiff.

The turtle fisheries were in every way different from the sponging grounds. The water was nowhere more than four fathoms deep, and the bottom presented a very different spectacle from the dull depressing mud. The coral pockets swarmed with gay fish, and the green mosses, sable sea-rods, and streaked fans grew in veritable forests, tinting the olive sands with luminous hues.

It was peaceful springtime and the sea was enjoying a rest from winter's turmoil. The long graceful ground swells, sweeping slowly in from the ocean, made the water look like a huge carpet shaken by giant hands.

Ephraim did not hold his water-glass in one position as on the 'Mud,' but swept it from side to side, focusing every object, every likely pocket or tangle of sea growth. Whenever he held up his hand, Prince would stop sculling, when he lowered it, the boy would resume the oar, not, however, with the noisy careless motion which he was wont to make on the 'Mud.' He made slow, stealthy strokes that were as silent as the swing of the fins of the fishes beneath them.

'Das one,' muttered Ephraim at last. 'He sleepin' like det.'

He signaled to Prince, who swung the dingy broadside to the sea. At a depth of three fathoms a huge hawksbill lay sprawled on the bar. Ephraim raised his bully and straightened the tangled lines carefully, then he slipped it over the side of the boat and into the sea. Slowly he lowered it until it hung just

over the doomed but unconscious reptile. Then Ephraim slacked the rope, and the bully fell with a rush. The roused fish aware of danger, scuttled to the sides of the bully and was at once entangled in the net. The operation was simple and complete, and when Ephraim hauled up the bully the turtle was quite helpless, his fins wrapped round and round with the fish line. To release him and to spangle his fins was the work of a moment.

Elated by his luck Ephraim started off at a good pace, and presently another turtle was sighted. This one was wide-awake, however, and the shadow of the boat sent him racing down the Bank at a tremendous speed, so that all that could be seen of him was a streak of silver with yellow and brown tarnishing. Ephraim in hot chase tracked him to a mossy corner in the cliff. There the turtle dodged and evidently meant to hide until his enemies were gone.

'Le's wait 'pun'im,' suggested Prince Arthur, who, with the true spirit of the Negro, was quite content to drone the day away. More than idleness, however, would have served as an excuse for not venturing to dive for the turtle. The face of the cliff was black with hedgehogs. Clustered and scattered, they presented a barrier of long gleaming spears against the intruder upon their domains; even to touch one of them meant pain, but to fall upon a battery of this kind would be worse torture than the Spanish Inquisition could have contrived.

Ephraim saw the dismay in Prince's face when he turned on him with a curt, 'Chance him.' He laughed, however, as Prince obediently slipped off his scanty costume and stood, gaunt and straight, ready for the plunge.

'You wan' dibe in sea-egg nes'?' he asked good humoredly.

'Wha' fer I kin do?' cried Prince

glumly. 'Ain' yer say dibe? an' I goin' dibe, please Gawd!'

Ephraim grinned.

'Looker! watch dem damn ting flee like bud.'

He drew a box filled with a white granulated substance from under the stern seat, and dipping his hand in the crystals threw them broadcast on the water. As the grains sank to the level of the hedgehogs, they tumbled from their perches in wild disorder. In a moment the face of the cliff was bare, not one of the terrifying crowd remained.

'Gawd!' ejaculated Prince Arthur. 'I nebber see ting like dis befo' — das witch, enty?'

Ephraim grinned again.

'Chance him,' he repeated.

Prince waited for no further word, but plunged into the sea. It was a perilous task he had undertaken; many less desirable creatures than turtles haunt the reefs. Sharks hide motionless in the shadows, waiting for passing prey; green morays, with triple rows of teeth like steel saws, wrap their sinuous bodies in the narrowest cracks; barracudas roam about like devils seeking what they may devour; vindictive rays and the frightful scuttlefish cuddle in the stones or burrow in the sands at its base; and then there is the turtle himself to consider. Mismanagement at a time when every moment is of the utmost importance may spell disaster and death.

Prince Arthur could just reach the turtle's tail-piece, for in its fear the creature had crowded to the limit of its hold, but though he could grasp one of the hind fins, the boy's strength was not sufficient to dislodge it, and winded and ashamed he was forced to rise and spit out salt water and excuses to his unsympathetic captain.

'I misdoubt you ketch him,' remarked Ephraim, who had removed his garments in anticipation of his under-

study's failure. As soon as Prince was able to handle the oar the older man shot down like a bolt into the water.

The plunge that Prince had made had served to raise the thin mud at the bottom, but in spite of this, Ephraim would have noticed, had he not been so intent upon his prey, the fine puffs of mud which floated just beneath the hollow in which the turtle was hiding. Prince Arthur, watching the operations of his chief, saw the disturbance, but his horrified shriek of warning could not reach Ephraim fathoms beneath him.

In his terror Prince grabbed the grains and poised it for a cast; but it was useless to strike; not even Ephraim could have reached so far through the water. Realizing this, Prince flung the grains from him in despair.

Ephraim had reached the hole safely and had grasped the turtle's hinder fin with one hand while he braced himself against the sides of the cliff with the other, summoning all his strength for a mighty effort, when he caught sight of the flat slate-colored bulk of the sting ray rising slowly from the sand.

The great brute was angry at being disturbed; and his tail, armed with the vicious prong that was as venomous as a snake's fang and as hard as chilled steel, was bristling with rage.

Retreat was impossible. The slow, circling advance of the monster would change to lightning velocity at Ephraim's slightest motion. His safety lay in quiet.

Ephraim stiffened his body against the cliff, as immobile as a black statue. Round and round, the great ray circled, each circle growing wider and wider as he neared the miserable man. Ephraim could hear the muffled pulsing of his fins and feel the faint ripples which they made. His ears drummed, his eyes grew dark and it was only by the supremest effort that he kept his tense grip on the rocks.

Nearer and nearer came the ray. He seemed to be gloating over his victim with terrible, spectral eyes and to be selecting at his leisure the right spot to strike. Ephraim gave himself up for lost and was fast reaching that point where he would cease to care what happened, when the fish paused as a white sediment rained down past him and settled squarely on his table-like back. The next moment he was fleeing like a scalded dog and Ephraim was free.

His ascent to the surface was rapid. He found Prince Arthur dancing in glee on the gunwale of the dingy and flourishing the empty box in his hand.

'Gawd, he run,' shrieked Prince, overbalancing and tumbling into the sea. 'Gawd, he run,' he spluttered as he rose to the surface. 'It scal' 'im like hot water. Gawd, he run!'

'Good fer yer,' grinned Ephraim gratefully. 'I did n't know salt good for stingree too — good fer yer! We gotter get mo' salt, dough,' he said, a moment later, as he inflated his lungs for another plunge. 'Plenty sea egg on dis reef, an' we mus' clear dem out befo' we goin' get turtle.'

Ephraim had no intention of relinquishing his prey, and as soon as he had recovered his wind, dove again, and reaching the crevasse thrust in his arm. When he found that he could not get the purchase to use his strength, he quickly decided upon another plan of attack. Coming close to the hole, he pushed his hand over the turtle's back and dug his fingers in the nape of the creature's neck. This is a most dangerous method of capture, for if the hunter is weak-winded, he may lose his life, as the turtle's neck-shell has a pocket in which his head fits snugly. Whenever he is thus attacked he draws in his head forcing the fingers of his assailant against the horny scales of this pocket. A giant is helpless in such a strait. The bold hunter, however, allows the

turtle to execute this manœuvre, as it gives him a firmer grip than he could otherwise get. Then, when the turtle by his own act is held fast, the fisherman proceeds to draw him out of his lair backwards. It is an extremely hazardous experiment, however, and this Ephraim soon proved. He could not tilt the turtle, the hole was too shallow, and as Ephraim, who was now desperate, wrenched the creature forward, it fanned furiously, blinding the struggling man with a mist of bubbles and mud.

Ephraim was enraged. Releasing his grip on the rocks, he secured a fin and gave a tremendous pull. There was scraping and rasping, and then amid a volley of sand, pebbles, and moss the turtle shot out of its lair backwards. It was easy work after that to point him upward, whereupon he rose to the surface dragging his captor with him.

III

Meanwhile the Banks were being searched by a little navy. The crews, in their frolicsome way of work, were chasing and bellowing, routing the turtle to crazy flight over the stained floor of the reef. A boat shot alongside Ephraim's and he recognized Nego as one of the crew. He was bare to the waist, and was issuing orders with a definite air. He gazed enviously at the reward of his brother's toil.

'You ketch two 'ready?' he shouted. 'I dunno wat make me hab bad luck like dis. We ain' see scale yet. Dey mus' weigh forty poun' 'piece. I wish I had dem to speculate wid.'

'Wuk den.'

Ephraim grunted out this advice, and was about to follow with more in the same vein, when a scream from Nego drew the attention of every one.

'Looker! — Looker!' he shrieked, overbalancing in his excitement and

tumbling across the thwarts. 'Looker! My Gawd! 't is wite turtle — true ter Gawd he wite as flour an' he pure lantern back.'

All eyes turned in the direction in which he pointed, and there, feeding leisurely among the undulating mosses and chrome-colored anemones, was a huge white lantern-back — the most valuable and coveted of all turtle, the blue ribbon of the species.

Ephraim's mouth watered and every muscle was taut as he jerked himself to his knees and grabbed his bully. He ordered Prince Arthur to 'let her dribe,' but Nego was not willing to leave the prize to his brother. Instead of obeying Ephraim's cautious counsel and allowing the bully to be used, he dashed down into the sea. Diving in the open is the last resource of the turtle-trapper, for while not so dangerous as pocket-work, one must use consummate skill. The diver must be swift, noiseless, and, above all, strong. In a hole a turtle can offer only a dead resistance, but in the open he can fight. To pounce upon a turtle in the depths, and battle with him until he reaches the surface is a Herculean task.

Nego knew little about turltling. His one idea was to secure the pot of gold that lay so temptingly before him. Just as Ephraim was poisoning the bully for a cast, he shot down on the quiet creature. He reached him safely, but made the mistake of seizing him by the neck piece, instead of by the fin, and the next moment he was being dragged along to certain death.

For the fraction of a second Ephraim was motionless. There came to him the thought that thus he might be free from his incubus and win Titie as his own. But the next instant, with a shout to Prince Arthur to bring the boat along, he sprang into the sea. He was a trifle ahead of the flying pair at the bottom and the momentum of his

plunge sent him farther still, so that when his unhappy brother passed him, he caught one of his writhing feet in his powerful grip. Hauling himself forward, hand over hand, he reached the turtle and with savage force beat the creature's head upward. It was a fierce, brief struggle, but Ephraim was victorious, and soon the three were at the surface, beating the water to a smother of foam. The turtle fanned vigorously and belabored Ephraim with his flat fore fins, but Ephraim held on to his prize.

Prince Arthur, though hysterical with excitement, was ready with the boat.

'Ketch Nego,' bawled Ephraim with water-choked voice. 'Take de boy — lef' de turkle wid me.'

Nego's mouth and nose were draining blood and it was a question whether he was alive or not; but fiercer than fraternal feeling was the lure of the chase, and it was not until after the fight was over (and a stubborn fight it was, for the turtle's fore flippers were as hard and broad as shingles, and he used them with all the courage of despair), that Ephraim bethought himself of his brother.

He was sprawling over the side of his dingy, vomiting salt water and blood.

'Yer all right, Nego?'

'Yes,' he admitted sullenly. 'I'se all right, but wot 'bout de turkle?'

'Wot 'bout de turkle?' cried Ephraim, all his right of possession flaring in his speech, 'I doan' see wot you got fer say 'bout dat turkle.'

'We ketch it — 't is ourn,' piped Prince Arthur blithely, 'an' yer better praise Gawd, Nego, yer ain' dead drowned.'

'Bes' fer drown,' wailed Nego, 'bes' fer drown wen yer own brudder wan' rob yer ouden yer hard labors.'

Ephraim's face worked solemnly. Was he to be called a thief by Nego? It was a turn in the tide of affairs

which he could not comprehend. The comedy of it was beyond his appreciation. He battled with his rising rage, and having conquered it spoke to the boy kindly.

'Nego — you wan' say dat turkle yourn?'

'I ketch it,' insisted Nego. 'I bleed for dat turkle.'

'Yes, yer bleed,' parried Ephraim, 'but wot yer blood show? — det', das all.'

'Bes' fer dead — I wan' dat turkle to speculate wid furnitur' an' 'ting. I goin' married soon, an' how I goin' married ef I doan hab nutten to married wid?'

'Das fool talk fer true, bul Nego,' put in Prince, to whom such sentiment made no appeal. 'Yer doan' married on dis turkle, please Lawd.'

Nego began to sniff and whine again, and Ephraim, who was holding the boats together, turned fiercely on Prince.

'Shet yer mout', an' mine yer 'oos. Ef yer skin yer teet' in dis ting agen, I goin' broke yer lim' fer yer. Mine yer mout'.'

Prince, unaccustomed to such threats from Ephraim, slunk trembling to the stern and dropped out of the argument.

'T ain' fair,' he sniffed to himself. He could detect a weakening in Ephraim's manner. 'T ain' fair, an' I say so ter der las'.'

'Cos' Ephum bigger an' stronger, he tink de wul' mek fer him, enty? Dis turkle b'long ter me.' Nego's tone was hopeful. He shared Prince Arthur's keen perception. 'Sides, 't is Gawd gimme dis turkle,' he went on. 'He know wot I wan' do wid it. Please Gawd dat turkle 'nough to speculate wid furnitur' fer me an' Titie. Now cos Ephum big he wan' take it.'

His disappointment howled in his speech.

'Nego,' Ephraim was wrenching his soul from the capture. 'Nego — take

it an' Gawd go wid yer. But long as yer lib' nebber scull boat 'long wid me agen, now hear me.'

He lifted the miserable turtle and half hurled it into Nego's boat. Then he loosed her and they were soon rods apart. Prince Arthur was wisely silent, but his expression as he sculled Ephraim back to the schooner, was one that would have tantalized the skill of the most dexterous artist.

The news of the gift was received with utmost dissatisfaction by Ephraim's crew. Fear of their captain prevented any serious outbreak, but sullen looks and exasperating hints were on every face and in every mouth. Ephraim's experiences were very bitter.

'Vite turkle skase as gole dus', an' for gin dat one ter lazy good-fer-nuttin' Nego, I doan' know wot Ephum tinkin' 'pun.'

'Das 'ooman,' counseled Prince Arthur from the folds of the mainsail, 'das 'ooman. Ephum 'witch wid 'ooman, an' 'tain' no use 't all, 't all fer talk ter 'im. When man got 'ooman's on de mine, he fool — Gawd! he fool.'

'Dat is disrespectabilities you 'dulgin' in,' rebuked the Exumean. "'T is 'tain' proper fer chillun like yer to criticize mans like Ephum. Yer should er shame. 'Member wot de Book say — Respec' due ter old pepil, an' he wot does it is wise.'

'"Tain' disrespec', retorted one of the crew. 'Der lad mus' talk; ain' he got mout'? We all got fer talk wen man's stribin' in wet an' cole to make v'y'ge an' der captin gin erway we labor so, so.'

'I ain' disrespec'bul', Zekel,' pleaded Prince. 'I'se just talkin' so 'bout 'ooman. Ain' I know wot 'ooman is? Ain' I got ma an' Titie — ain' dey 'ooman? Ain' I know dem? Gawd,

befo' I let 'ooman fool 'roun' me — I drowned fus'. Deys pure distemper to man, an' dat 's de trut'.'

'Wot yer talkin' 'bout 'ooman? Dey's Gawd creetur, enty? Ain' Gawd make um?'

'Dunno 'bout dat,' grumbled Prince heretically. 'All I know is dat man is man till he meet 'ooman; den dorg better 'an him. Now looker bul Ephum, he der bestest man in de hull wul, — but Titie jes' tun 'e head till he so fool he dunno — he dunno —' Prince was once more adrift on his rhetorical sea, and foundered as usual, winding up with his irrepressible, 'Gawd, he dunno.'

'Breddren,' a religious expostulator repeated solemnly, 'lef' it ter Gawd. Ephum cotch der turtle, he gin it ter Nego, — de Book say de Lord lub de cheerful gibber, so lef' it ter Gawd, I tell yer — you wan' rowdy Ephum for generosity — dat ain' nice. Lef' it ter Gawd an' do you likewise.'

He moved off humming a tune, and ran into John Fulin who was holding an empty pipe.

'Brudder,' pleaded John, 'I right outer terbaccer, gin me one smoke. I dat longing, my tongue loose in my head.'

'I'se sorry, brudder,' replied the exhorter, 'I'se real sorry, but I ain' got nuff as 't is. I short er terbaccer now. I doan' see why,' he went on in aggrieved tones, 'youna mans doan' outfit right. De Book say, de prudent man forsee de evil, an' flee derefrom. De carelless pass on an' punish — an' dat 's de clear trut' from Gawd. I jest got nuff terbaccer fer de v'y'ge an' I'se sorry, brudder — but yer see fer yerse'f, ef I gin yer my terbaccer wot I goan' do fer mese'f? De Book say he dat caret' not fer his own is wus dan infidel.'

JUSTICE

BY REGINALD WRIGHT KAUFFMAN

My friend the Judge is pink and fat;
A ruby shines from his cravat;
And when a street-girl pale and thin
Tells in his court her life of sin,
He vindicates morality —
The phrase is his, and well may be! —
By listening to her sordid tale
And sending her straightway to jail:
He shakes his venerable head,
Then shakes the prison-keys.
*(She sells her body for her bread;
He sells his soul for ease.)*

My landlord leads a righteous life,
Providing for his child and wife
By buying cheap from who must sell
And selling dear to who must buy;
He would not steal; he would not tell,
Even to save himself, a lie;
But an embezzling clerk, his niece,
He handed to the town police:
'A cheat,' he said, with solemn nod.
*(Yet he was given the gift of life
And squandered it for child and wife:
Has he not cheated God?)*

Because twelve men convicted her,
They hanged a girl at Lancaster
To-day at rise of sun,
Who killed her false love's love-child. (*I,*
*Who in my soul have slain at birth
So many selves of promised worth, —
What murders I have done !)*

AT THE TEMPLE GATE

BY ABRAHAM MITRIE RIHBANY¹

I

FROM the time I met Mr. K. in the latter part of February, 1894, when he told me the enchanting story of the millionaire philanthropist who had placed a million dollars in his hands as an endowment for a college, as I have already stated in the preceding chapter, until September of the same year, when I was to enter that college as an especially favored student, my whole life was a state of intense expectancy. The future so beamed with joy that, like a child on Christmas eve, I often wished I might have fallen asleep at the end of our conversation and awakened in the class-room at the college.

In the meantime, my friend Mr. K. was leading to a successful conclusion negotiations to secure control of the small college at North Manchester, Indiana. Finally, the college, which had been struggling painfully for years to maintain its existence, was placed in his hands, and he proceeded with characteristic western enterprise to mature the plans stipulated in the endowment contract.

On the fourth day of September, 1894, my pilgrim staff rested in North Manchester. There I found Mr. K. bearing the prerogatives of his office as college president with the simple dignity of a Lincoln. The citizens were happy that a new and virile educational era was dawning upon their town. A corps of efficient professors took

charge of the various departments, and a happy student body, numbering about two hundred, sought the pabulum of knowledge at the richly endowed institution. Those of us who were to receive special financial aid were known as the millionaire students, which designation we bore with becoming dignity. Literary societies, political clubs, and prayer circles were soon organized, and all signs inspired the hope that ere long our college would merit the title of the 'Harvard of the Middle West.'

The theological department, in which I was especially interested, was under the sole control of an elderly preacher who succeeded eminently in convincing his pupils that he knew Hebrew, Greek, and Latin. He was a devout man, brimful of friendliness and fatherly counsel. Perhaps his most serious defect was his strong tendency to doze during recitations. On one occasion, in order to awaken him in a polite manner, we sang a hymn. He woke and was so pleased with our melody that he discoursed to us for about half an hour on the power of music over a congregation.

My life in North Manchester was most happy. American friendliness and hospitality never seemed to me to be more free and abundant than in that little city. The demand for me as a lecturer and preacher was always more than I could supply. On one occasion I was highly honored by being asked to represent the college at a patriotic celebration and make an address on George

¹ Mr. Rihbany's autobiography began in the *Atlantic* for November, 1913.

Washington. I took for my text the story of the hatchet, and proved conclusively that the Father of his Country was a very honest man, concluding with the admonition that, in order to be worthy of such a father, as American citizens we should all be honest.

The entire population of the college, as well as the town, had implicit faith in the 'anonymous millionaire' until the beginning of the second term, when the treasurer of the college, having spent all the tuition money he had received at the beginning of the school year, became suddenly insolvent. He was in frequent consultation with the president, when attitudes spoke louder than words. The countenances of our poor professors began to betray a portentous situation, and the student body was seized with a secret fear such as is felt upon the first intimations of an earthquake. At last the treasurer became more communicative and informed the faculty that the college was in 'financial straits.' 'What? With a million dollars back of it?' When appealed to for funds, the president stated rather cheerfully that *ultimately* all was safe. The reason, he said, that the 'millionaire' had not yet turned over to the college treasurer the first installment of the endowment fund was due to the fact that the citizens of the town had not as yet met the terms of their agreement by beginning the erection of a certain building for the college. The citizens protested that they had never entered into such an agreement, but that they were willing to aid the college in every possible way, provided that a committee chosen from among their most highly respected citizens be permitted to meet the 'donor' himself and ascertain his wishes with regard to what was expected of them. But the president contended that to reveal even the name of his wealthy friend would be base treachery on his part,

adding emphatically that he would rather resign than commit such a deed.

'Some one had blundered,' and thus what seemed, at least to Mr. K. and to me, one of the most significant educational enterprises of the nineteenth century was practically killed in its infancy, just because a millionaire philanthropist insisted on interpreting literally the scriptural injunction, 'When thou doest thine alms, let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth, that thine alms may be in secret.' Just because of such a technicality, we, millionaire students, were suddenly reduced to pauperism.

Whatever the original design of Mr. K. was, I thanked him for his many kindnesses to me and faced again my college problem, saying to myself, 'Wait on the Lord; be of good courage.'

My few months of college life in North Manchester were not unfruitful of good things. My close contact with individuals and families in a typical American town deepened my insight into the life of a country my love for which had already become a ruling passion. Within the college I enjoyed the excellent opportunity of observing the various moods of American youth, from the political, social, and religious points of view. The few regular lessons I had were not without their guiding influence toward systematic thinking; my vocabulary was greatly enriched and my self-confidence as a public speaker much strengthened. And not the least of the results of my brief career as a 'millionaire student' was the following smile of fortune:—

During my last week in the ill-starred college, I met a Methodist minister of Des Moines, Iowa, the Reverend W. A. Wiseman, whose three children were among our students. Mr. Wiseman said to me in a very gracious, complimentary manner that, two days before, he had heard me give a lecture on the Orient,

with some observations on American life, which not only deeply interested him, but convinced him that I had a message which the general public needed to hear. Furthermore, he said that he was in deep sympathy with my purpose to secure a college education and enter the ministry. Therefore, if the offer met my approval, he would like to be my 'advance agent' and plan for me a regular 'lecture tour' in the farther West, which would bring me more money than any lecturing for a 'collection' could. His final proposition was that he would give me two hundred dollars and pay all my expenses for twenty-four consecutive dates. He explained that since I was not known to fame, he could not ask a higher price for a lecture than twenty or twenty-five dollars, and that, by the time he had paid all my expenses, the cost of advertising and other incidentals, his share of the proceeds would be much smaller than mine.

Of course, two hundred dollars had not the hypnotic charm of a million, but it was the biggest sum of *real* money I had ever fancied my lecturing would bring me in one month. I did not allow Mr. Wiseman to leave my room before I closed the contract with him.

My lecturing tour began in the city of Des Moines, most auspiciously. A large and appreciative audience gave me a most cordial reception. The *Iowa State Register* published, the following day, this report (in all probability written by Mr. Wiseman): 'Mr. A. M. Rihbany, a native of the Holy Land, lectured at Grace M. E. Church last night to a large and delighted audience. He is a speaker of great ability and keeps his audience in fine humor from beginning to end. No lecture given in Grace Church ever gave such universal satisfaction.' That was all that was necessary for us to 'sweep' the state of Iowa and a considerable portion of Illi-

nois. Prosperity and joy attended our course, at the end of which I found in my possession, for the first time, two hundred dollars in real 'greenbacks.' Certainly now not all the Fates could prevent me from securing a college education.

Early in September, 1895, I matriculated at the Ohio Wesleyan University. My fear that I might not be able to complete the regular course led me to elect a special course. I chose my studies as a boy picks apples out of a basket — taking the biggest. All but one of the branches I elected came in the Junior and Senior years. To the protest of the president that such studies were too advanced for me, I answered most conceitedly that I should be very willing to take less advanced studies if I failed to measure up to the other students in those higher classes. I was permitted to follow the course I had chosen. The compassion of my professors, coupled with some effort on my part, prevented me from being transferred to the lower classes.

The Ohio Wesleyan University of that period was suffering from that affliction which was, and, to a large extent still is, common to denominational institutions. As a rule, its professors were chosen not so much with reference to their qualifications as instructors and educators, as to their doctrinal 'soundness.' Consequently the university was heavily over-preached. The surplus of doctrinal soundness could not be used to make up the deficit occurring on the educational side. But the branches in which I was deeply interested — psychology, ethics, history, and English literature — were taught by two professors who were considered the most modern and efficient in the entire institution. They had 'a vital touch to them,' and their methods stimulated thought and encouraged independent research.

At the end of my second term in college, I became again 'financially embarrassed.' In view of the fact that among the eight hundred students there were many 'local preachers' who were endeavoring to make their way through college by preaching in the churches for miles around, my opportunities for lecturing and preaching were greatly limited. Was it not, therefore, the part of wisdom for me to leave college for a time and reënter the lecture field with my friend Mr. Wiseman, secure the necessary funds, and return to the university the following September? So it seemed to me and to my good professors, who, while regretting the emergency which made such a course necessary, earnestly hoped for my return to them in the autumn.

When, about the middle of March, 1896, I left the Ohio Wesleyan University for the little town of Morenci, Michigan, where my friends had moved from Wauseon, Ohio, and where I was destined to live for several years, I little dreamed that I should never see a college again as a student. In April and May I 'toured the West' again as a lecturer, and again in August. Shortly after my return to Morenci, the Methodist minister called on me on a Friday evening and requested me to preach in his stead at a union meeting of all the churches of the town, to be held in the Congregational Church on the following Sunday evening. The time for preparation was short, but the request was urgent and I consented to serve. In my brief diary of that year, written in Arabic, I find the following entry, literally translated: 'Saturday, September 5 — Spent the greater part of this day in preparing myself for a sermon which I will preach in the Congregational Church here at a general (union) meeting.'

On the following Sunday evening a large audience taxed the capacity of

the Congregational Church. My text was from Luke XII, 48: 'To whomsoever much is given, of him shall much be required.' The cordial eagerness of my auditors was inspiring, and I spoke from the depth of my soul.

At the close of the service many of my hearers were most generous with their appreciative remarks; as typical Americans they believed in encouraging a beginner, in 'helping a fellow along.' But my sermon on that evening brought to me other significant and utterly unexpected results. During the following week the senior deacon of the Congregational Church came to me with the following, to me most astonishing, proposition. 'Our people,' he said, 'were so pleased with your sermon last Sunday night that they have directed me to ask you if you would not take charge of our pulpit for the coming winter and become our regular pastor.' For the moment I could not believe that the good man was really serious in what he said. 'I to become your regular pastor?' was my astonished question to him. 'Yes, if you will,' he replied with a very genial smile.

To my objection on the ground that my English was as yet barbarous, and utterly unfit for devotional services; that I had not had a college or theological education, and had not the slightest knowledge of pastoral duties, he replied to the effect that colleges did not really make preachers; that although I did at times split the infinitive and use an adjective where an adverb should have been used, all such matters were of small importance. 'There is something vital in your utterances,' he added, 'and it is that something which we are after. Your emphasizing the wrong word or syllable now and then gives your message a pleasant flavor. As to pastoral duties, you will learn them as you go.'

Notwithstanding the fact that the gracious words of the deacon greatly expanded my youthful vanity, I did not feel vain enough to accept the offer. I consented, however, to supply the pulpit of the Congregational Church for a few Sundays before going West on another lecturing tour. So I did. But upon my return from the West, those good Congregationalists renewed their offer to me with greater insistence and cordiality, and again I consented only to supply their pulpit for a season.

But, on this occasion, I urged another objection to my becoming the regular pastor of a church. About that time the entire country was on fire with political excitement. The campaign of 1896, one of the most agitating, most spectacular campaigns in the history of America, was upon us, and, as a true patriot, fired with the zeal of a new convert, I decided to remain free from the limitations of a ministerial position in order that I might 'serve my country politically.' I would first do my utmost to save the nation from the 'disgrace and ultimate ruin of cheap money.' Bimetallism, 'sixteen-to-one,' the double standard, and other heresies, seemed to me to be like smallpox, cancer, and diphtheria, which must be stamped out at whatever cost. I would preach on Sundays to the best of my ability under the circumstances, but on all other days I would place myself on the altar of the 'Gold Standard,' the savior of the commercial integrity of the nation.

I devoted myself unreservedly to the study of the monetary question. You might not think that my sources — campaign documents — were the most reliable, but they were the only means at hand, and the time was short. Besides, they had been published by Republicans whose learning and veracity I had no reason to suspect — chiefly because the Republican party had

'saved the Union' in 1861-65, long before I was born.

I did make several speeches which met with the heartiest approval of my fellow citizens — the Republicans. One of them, an influential leader in local politics, said to me one day, 'You can't convince me that you had never studied the monetary problem before this campaign. You must have studied it in Europe or somewhere else. I have learned more from you on the present issue than from those "big guns" that the State Central Committee sends to us. You ought to head for the Legislature instead of the pulpit. Do let us start the "boom" for the next state campaign.'

The suggested 'boom' had no attraction for me. My goal was the pulpit. But I was decidedly proud of what I did in that great campaign. No king, I believe, ever felt more exalted with his crown and sceptre than I did whenever I said, 'My country!' Just think of me, the child of ages of oppression, now having a great country to serve, to defend, nay, to *save* from impending ruin! It was undefiled glory to address 'my fellow citizens,' even to carry a torch — a lighted one — and join the procession under the Stars and Stripes.

The country having been 'saved' at the election, I turned my undivided attention again to the ministry. The Congregationalists of Morenci were still waiting for me with the attractive offer to become their pastor; my relations with them had been growing more pleasant as time passed, and, after much hesitation and with some misgivings as to my fitness for the position, I accepted the 'call' and postponed indefinitely the matter of my return to college.

It may not be uninteresting to the reader to know that I did not come into the office of a pastor alone. The ro-

mance of 'love at first sight' had already occurred; Cupid's arrows, which no barriers of race or language can check, had already pierced two hearts, the one Semitic, the other Aryan, and made them bleed for one another. The sacred union, which the Church blesses and the State makes legal, followed, and brought to my side an American wife from Ohio to share with me the trials and triumphs of the ministry. And it may interest the reader to know also that notwithstanding the fact that, in reporting this marriage, the editor of the *Ohio State Journal* used the heading, 'An Ohio School Teacher Has Poor Taste,' I have already forgiven him, for he knew not what he did, — he never saw me.

Now before undertaking to write the Gospel which I felt commissioned to preach when I assumed the office of a Christian minister, I wish to mention an event which bears a very close relation to my political activities. When war between this country and Spain seemed inevitable, I decided that if the circumstances required I would enlist, not as a chaplain, but as a private soldier. Consequently I wrote to my father with regard to the matter, begging not only his opinion but his consent. Having in mind the warlike spirit of the Rihbany clan, I was not very greatly astonished when I received the following letter: —

BETATER, LEBANON, SYRIA.

To our Beloved and Honored Son, may God protect him: —

We send you our intense love and parental blessings from the depth of our hearts which are deeply wounded for your absence, for you are the possessor of our hearts in life and in death. We ask daily the mighty God to bless you and keep you and multiply the fruits of the labor of your hands. Your letter is received and we thank God

that you and your honorable wife are safe and well. We learn from your letter that there is war between your government and that of Spain and that you intend to enlist if needed. This news causes us intense anxiety and life seems worthless without you. Nevertheless, O dear son, such being the case, we commit you to God, hoping that his mighty arm may protect you. First we ask that God may bring peace on earth; and second we beseech you, O our son, not to shrink from entering the army to fight for your government. We know that you are brave, and bravery is characteristic of your clan and ancestors. As long as you are an American citizen, you must fight for your exalted government, and not only you, but if your brothers can help fight your enemies we would gladly send them over to America. America has done much for you, and you ought to pay her back by fighting her enemies as an honorable man. We hope to see your luminous, smiling face again, but let us say, under the circumstances, 'God's will be done.' Your mother sends a thousand kisses to you and your wife. The Reverend Father, our priest Michael, sends also his rich blessing. May God prolong your days.

YOUR FATHER.

Here I had not only my father's consent, but his mandate, to enlist. But Spain was considerate enough to give up the fight before I deemed it necessary to don the 'blue.'

II

When I first came into the pulpit as a regular minister, I was granted a salary of six hundred dollars a year and a 'donation' — that is, the proceeds of an annual church supper at which the guests were supposed to pay more than the repast was worth. The success of

the donation depended largely on the weather. I was simply a layman in earnest. The conventional phraseology of the pulpit was well-nigh unknown to me. I prayed at the sacred desk as simply as in my secret chamber, and preached in an unaffected conversational tone.

As has been already indicated, I had had no college education, no familiarity with authoritative systems of theology, and no extensive memories of creeds and catechisms. I was supremely conscious of one great fact, namely, that by my sincere and reverential consent to serve in the office of a Christian minister, I was ordained to preach the Gospel of Christ in the simplicity of the New Testament and not necessarily as it has been restated by any group of theologians. This attitude toward the ministerial office was the cumulative result of all my religious past.

Having departed from the Greek Church in my youth, I carried away with me from that fold, not doctrines but religious feelings. My Mother Church exerted upon me unconscious, mystic, indefinable spiritual influences. In the almost entire absence of preaching in that church, doctrines are only implied in the ritual, not directly taught to the laity. As a Greek Orthodox, I simply took it for granted that the tenets of the faith of my church were absolutely correct.

When I first came in contact with Protestantism in the American mission school at Suk-el-Gharb, that faith appealed to me as a more stimulating, more enlightened, and more enlightening form of the Christian religion than the one into which I was born. It was the intellectual and ethical phases of Protestantism which drew me away from the less reflective faith of my fathers. True, here I was taught doctrine, but always with the understanding that Protestantism was the Chris-

tianity of the open Bible, the individual conscience and private interpretation. Consequently, in that early period of my religious history, whenever I glanced over the scroll of my destiny, and in so far as I was able to do so, I thought of myself as a *free man in Christ*.

When I left my father's house in far-off Lebanon and came to the New World to struggle and to suffer, it was not the learned polemics and authoritative creeds of theologians which kept my heart from breaking. It was God, the compassionate Father, and Christ, the triumphant fellow-sufferer, who said to me, 'Fear not, be not dismayed.' It was He who loves us more than a mother loves her babe who walked with me the rough road of hunger and nakedness and loneliness, and was with me in the musty darkness of the tenement houses of New York, as a strengthening and consoling presence.

In my travels in this country before I entered the pulpit I studied Christianity not in catechisms but in the faces and characters and helpful deeds of living men and women of all creeds and no creed. I never knew the exact doctrinal positions of such persons. What I was aware of was that by their reverential and friendly attitude toward God and man, by the sanctity of their lives and their readiness to aid every good endeavor, such men and women addressed themselves to my inmost soul as fresh revelations of the divine spirit and as inspiring examples of the Christ-life.

Now, do you suppose that when I came into the pulpit to break the bread of life to my congregation, I was going to close my eyes to all these open visions of the spiritual life, my Protestant freedom and the simplicity of the New Testament, and turn to dusty and musty theological documents to find my faith, my God, and my Christ? To

do so seemed to me to be like forsaking my newly acquired freedom as an American citizen and returning to the bondage of Turkish rule. No; as God revealed himself to Isaiah and Paul, so He reveals himself to me and to every soul that seeks Him. The Council of Nicæa, or any other council, had no more right to make an authoritative and infallible creed for the succeeding generations than it had the right to make an infallible bill-of-fare for every age and race.

With such ideas and convictions as my background, I preached to my people with the utmost directness and sincerity of which I was capable. My hearers often told me that I did not preach 'after the usual manner,' to which I answered that I did not know what the 'usual manner' was. We loved one another. Our church prospered to the extent that we had to build an addition to our auditorium in order to accommodate our growing congregations and church activities.

During my ministry of nearly three years at Morenci, as I had no public library at hand and as I had but few books of my own, my reading was of necessity miscellaneous. My theological library consisted of two commentaries on the Bible: the one (written in the seventeenth century) given to me by a friend; the other (written in the eighteenth century) I bought from an enterprising publisher at a 'slaughter sale of epoch-making books.' Both of these commentaries are treasure-houses of preconceived ideas regarding God's attitude toward man and the universe. But during those years three books of quite different type fell into my hands. The first was *The Apostolic Age*, by Professor A. C. McGiffert, concerning which, when I had read it, I concluded that its author believed in making use of his mental faculties and his reason even when writing 'sacred

history.' The other two were *The Theology of Civilization*, and *The Religion of a Gentleman*, both by the Reverend Charles F. Dole, D.D., of Boston. These books convinced me not only that their author was a truly civilized man, but that he had succeeded in sounding the spiritual depths of human interrelations.

But my real book of theology was the New Testament. I read it with the freedom with which the Master read the Old Testament in his day — as the freeman of the Spirit and not the bondman of the letter. I read it in my study, on trains, and in railway stations, with all my spiritual faculties alert, not so much to know what every single text meant as to discover the controlling purpose of the whole book.

It is indeed most difficult, if not impossible, to analyze the religious consciousness chronologically. But the fixing of dates and the defining of eras is not necessary here, because I am not writing a diary of events but trying to make a confession of faith. What I feel certain of is that no person can read the records of the spiritual life, as they are inscribed in the souls of well-meaning, kindly disposed men and women and the New Testament, with reverent freedom, — taking into consideration the mentality and the social habits of the times and country in which it was written, — without feeling upborne by a spiritual tide high above all creeds and dogmas. It was such a state of mind of which I became intensely conscious during my second year in the pulpit. The words of the Master, 'Love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and thy neighbor as thyself,' and, 'On these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets,' held undisputed sway over all my thoughts and words. For me Christianity shook itself free from all divisive dogmas and appeared as the religion

of brotherly love, of trust and salvation, and not of fear and damnation. All good men of whatever creed or nationality seemed to me to be friends and disciples of Christ. In this frame of mind, I could not, of course, be an efficient helper at those 'revivals' at which professional 'evangelists' consigned to hell the majority of mankind. A revival always seemed to me more like a tragedy, poorly acted, than a profound spiritual experience. Whenever the evangelist would compress the message and mission of Christ so as to fit the narrow dimensions of his own particular view of Protestantism, and urge his hearers (and by implication the world at large) to believe or perish, my whole soul would say no. He who has taught us to forgive 'seventy times seven,' and to love our enemies, will not torture his enemies forever.

As all thoughts gravitate toward expression, and in view of the fact that I never intended to believe one thing and preach another, as time passed, my pulpit utterances became increasingly infected with liberalism. In proportion as the spiritual Christ prevailed with me over the dogmatic Christ, I felt the limitations of my theological environment and the suspicions of the conservatives in the community. My conception of my newly acquired freedom as priceless, made me decidedly inhospitable to arbitrary restraints. When on one occasion one of my deacons advised me to keep my 'broad views' to myself and preach the 'accepted doctrines,' I answered rather abruptly that I and my forefathers for centuries had suffered enough political and religious repression; that I had not learned my 'broad views' at any heretical school. My teachers were Congregational Protestantism and Americanism, both of which urged me to 'stand fast in the freedom wherewith Christ hath made us free.'

III

Shortly after the close of the Spanish-American War, at the urgent invitation of my parents, who longed to 'behold my face again before death parted us,' and to 'revive their hearts by beholding the Lady, my beloved American wife,' I visited Syria. The people of Betater, both aristocrats and commoners, gave us a royal welcome. All the clans of the town called on us in fifties and hundreds. Invitations to feasts were more than we could accept. For the time being, the aristocrats admitted me into their ranks with cheerful generosity as 'a man who had progressed much in the land of *effrenj*.'

How did the old home appear to me after an absence of seven years? Well, from the pretentious buildings of Beyrout to the ordinary dwellings of Betater, everything seemed to me amazingly small. The scale of my vision had been so enlarged in giant America that upon my arrival in Betater the place seemed to me for all the world like a kindergarten. And what was even more astonishing to me was my unconscious departure from many of the customs of my people. The friendliness of the Syrians is very inquisitive. It has very little regard for what Americans call 'private matters.' On the very evening of our arrival, old friends assailed me with a multitude of questions which could be answered only by the laying bare of both my outer and inner worlds. One day an acquaintance, whom I had forgotten altogether, arrived at our home. He said to me that he had journeyed two hours for the purpose of seeing my 'blessed face,' and to inquire particularly as to how much money I had — in all — and how I managed to get an American wife. Of course I was asked by many how old my American wife was, and whether the 'clear color in her face was *natural*.' It required all

the Yankee shrewdness I had acquired in America to evade such questions without giving offense.

At the invitation of our old parish priest we attended mass in the church of my earlier years. Contrary to the rules, two chairs were placed for us near the reader's desk, where I used to stand during mass before I left the church of my fathers. There I gazed again at the old Mizpeh, — altar of sacrifice, — the robed priest, the pictures of saints, the candlesticks, and the worshipping congregation. The priest sent us two pieces of the *korban* — consecrated bread — with which distinguished members of the congregation are favored during mass, and which is the symbolic remnant of the sacred feast which was eaten at religious gatherings in bygone days. That sense of reverence which I have never failed to experience in a house of worship of whatever faith, invested the hour with solemnity. Nevertheless, what I had become in the New World could not be easily reconciled to what I had been in the Old World. The service awakened in me old feelings and sentiments, but they were such feelings and sentiments as one experiences while turning over the pages of an old picture-book with which one had been familiar in childhood.

As I looked at the worshippers before me gazing reverently at those material objects, made sacred to them by long associations, I said to myself, Suppose that all these objects were taken away from these persons, would they still know what their religion was? To the remote ancestors of these men, Jesus spoke in simple, fluid, living parables. Those parables have become hardened into material objects in the ancient ecclesiastical communions, and into rigid creeds at the hands of more modern theologians. Christ recognized neither of these forms. There is no greater

warrant in his Gospel for an inflexible creed than for this lavish spectacle. Let those who find religious inspiration in such forms have them. For my part, I prefer that Christianity which was preached on the Mount, by the sea side, at Jacob's Well, and in the upper room on Mount Zion — the Christianity of the open air and the open mind.

The governmental, religious, and social institutions of the land of my birth seemed to me to be in distressing harmony with one another, and turned my gaze with a profounder sense of appreciation toward forward-looking America, the land of light, liberty, and active hopefulness. I felt, as never before, that as an American citizen my religion must be as free, as progressive, and as hopeful as the genius of my adopted country.

While on that voyage and during a short stay in Naples and in England, whenever I found myself in the company of an enlightened person, whether preacher or layman, I took the opportunity to discuss with that person the 'present state of the religious world.' Of the clerical orders, I conversed with Catholics, Anglicans, Congregationalists, and Unitarians. What was pleasantly surprising to me in all such conversations was the fact that almost every person with whom I discussed the momentous question of religion impressed me with the idea that discontent with many of the old statements of religion, and a desire for new and more enlightened ones, was very strong among many men in all communions. By all this I was much encouraged and confirmed in my belief that in my limited sphere I was facing the light of a new and happier day.

But when, upon returning to America, I made my views more fully known in my Michigan parish, I was met with more determined opposition. As usually happens in such cases, a very

lively local theological controversy of a few months' duration, which in all probability would not have assumed such significance in a larger centre of population, agitated and entertained the community. Of the many amusing incidents which occurred during that controversy, the following are a few samples.

After hearing one of my liberal sermons, an elderly gentleman of impenetrable conservatism, was asked what he thought of the discourse. 'Well, sir,' was his prompt and decisive answer, 'it is the surest way to hell that I know of.'

A good Methodist, an old man of saintly purity, called on me one day to express his regrets at my departure from 'sound doctrine.' At my invitation, the good man dined with us. In the course of our conversation, he assured me that I was in danger of eternal damnation because, in the sight of God, I was no better than a drunkard. 'But,' I asked, 'Brother G., if the matter were left to you, would you throw me into such a lake of fire and brimstone as you believe hell to be?' 'Of course not. I would n't do it.' 'Don't you think, Brother G., that God is as sensible and as good as you are?' With no little perplexity Mr. G. said, 'He must be much better than I am. He is — well — God works in mysterious ways!'

IV

Fourteen years have elapsed since I fought the decisive battle of my religious freedom and followed definitely the open road of the religion of the spirit. Of these years, after leaving Morenci and previous to my settlement in Boston, I spent two years in Mount Pleasant, Michigan, and nine of joyous ministerial activities in the youthful and progressive city of Toledo, Ohio. During these years, hav-

ing been deprived of a regular college course, I have followed the path of my destiny in the world, not as a *learned*, but as a *learning* man. I have always sought to conserve the truths of the past. I have listened eagerly to the voices of scientists, philosophers, sociologists, and theologians. So far as my time and ability have permitted, I have acquainted myself with 'Evolution,' the 'New Psychology,' the 'Higher Criticism,' 'Social Religion,' and other fields of modern research. My contact with such men and systems of thought has been to me like the contact of the 'men of Athens' with Paul on Mars hill: they all say to me, 'The God whom you ignorantly worship, Him declare we unto you.'

Every step forward confirms me in my belief that God's judgments are those of a loving Father, that Christ's mission is to awaken all men to their divine sonship, that religion is life, and salvation spiritual self-fulfillment. And I find it neither possible nor just to think of myself as the pupil and beneficiary of any one church or denomination to the exclusion of all others. I am the grateful child of the whole Church of Christ, regardless of sect and creed. But I am particularly indebted to those communions whose activities have influenced my life in a more direct way.

To my Mother Church, the Greek Orthodox, I am indebted for the earliest spiritual inspiration which flowed into my life in the name of Christ. Notwithstanding the pagan traits which still cling to her, that ancient church fixed my eyes in childhood and youth upon the cross of Christ as symbol of the soul's victory over sin and death.

To the missionary zeal of the great Presbyterian denomination, and to its firmness in the Christian faith as it is known to its members, I am indebted for my first lessons in the religion of an open Bible, and of individual con-

viction. It was in that Presbyterian school on the western slopes of my native Lebanon that I first learned to think of Christianity as a personal and not a corporate religion.

To the Methodist Episcopal Church of America I owe the profoundest sense of spiritual fervor. In my lonely days of poverty and struggle, when America was yet a strange land to me, the brotherly spirit and friendly touch of Methodism did more than any other one church influence to renew my strength and steady my faltering steps. And I trust that no modern revolutions, either in science or theology, will ever lead that communion to lose its noble and apostolic spirit of friendliness.

To the Congregational Church, both Trinitarian and Unitarian, I owe the largest measure of theological freedom and the highest level of spiritual thought I have yet attained. And I believe it is fitting, at the close of this story of my religious evolution and in connection with the preceding paragraph, for me to add the following.

About seventy-two years ago, when the Trinitarian-Unitarian controversy was going on among the Congregational churches of New England, the noted scholar, patriot, and preacher, the Reverend James Freeman Clarke, D.D., organized a church in the city of Boston. In order to save that church from the theological contentions of the period, he would have for it no doctrinal conditions of membership, but founded it on the simple basis of spiritual discipleship to Jesus Christ, with the sole object of coöperation in the study and practice of Christianity; and called it 'The Church of the Disciples.' Although the members of this Church have come from among the 'liberals,' its pulpit has never given itself to acrimonious controversial preaching. The deep spiritual insight of its founder led him to realize that the controversy be-

tween 'liberals' and 'orthodox' dealt largely with the non-essentials of Christianity, and that the essentials were common to both factions. Time has proved his wisdom. It is now my privilege to serve this free church whose altar bears this inscription: 'In the freedom of the Truth, and in the spirit of Jesus Christ, we unite for the worship of God and the service of man.' It was indeed most gratifying to me that at the service of my installation as minister of this church both wings of Congregationalism were represented.

Now, do you wish to know what riches I have gathered in the New World? I will tell you. These are my riches, which neither moth nor rust can corrupt. I have traveled from the primitive social life of a Syrian village to a great city which embodies the noblest traditions of the most enlightened country in the world. I have come from the bondage of Turkish rule to the priceless heritage of American citizenship. Though one of the least of her loyal citizens, I am rich in the sense that I am helping in my small way to solve America's great problems and to realize her wondrous possibilities. In this great country I have been taught to believe in and to labor for an enlightened and coöperative individualism, universal peace, free churches and free schools. I have journeyed from the religion of 'authority for truth' to the religion of 'truth for authority'—a religion which teaches me the fatherhood of God, the brotherhood of man and the friendliness of the universe, and makes me heir to all the prayers, songs, and sermons of the ages. I am privileged to occupy the office of a minister of religion—the holiest vocation in the possession of man. I enjoy the blessings of a happy home, and daily bread comes to me and mine as regularly as it came to Elijah when he was being fed by the ravens. In all

these things I am unspeakably rich; my dividends are large and constant and the source of my blessings seems inexhaustible. Last, but not least of my spiritual companions, is my 'Aim of Life,' which I rejoice to hear the children and young people in my Sun-

day School repeat together at their meetings:—

Our aim is to conquer
Ignorance by Knowledge,
Sin by Righteousness,
Discord by Harmony,
Hatred by Love.

(*The End.*)

THE ROAD THAT TALKED

BY WINIFRED KIRKLAND

I HAD walked that way a score of times and never seen that road, yet it must have seen me and singled me out, or else it would never have peeped about from its ambush of berry thicket and swamp and said, 'Come.' I was sturdily plodding the broad state road, for there is a state road everywhere, white and useful, belonging to everybody, — to the lumbering brown milk-wagons, to the bouncing muddy buckboards, to the motor-cycles with their vibrant chugging, to the skimming automobiles. The state road talks business all the time, incessant talk to blur the hearing; for all good talk is half silence, and the only people who have anything to say are the people who have listened. I was lonely for someone to talk to when the little road beckoned.

The state road always chooses the river-way, always bustles along on the level; how could one ever be friends with a road that never climbed a hill? My feet were trudging the macadam, though growing more gypsyish each moment, when the flash of a red leaf on a dusty bush, the rustle of an unseen

bird, and I saw the little road hailing me, and turned. It was waiting for me, half revealed, half hidden, like a shy, would-be friend, and at first, except for certain gypsy gleams along its fence-rows, it was commonplace enough, it might have been anybody's road.

At first, too, it went along discreetly, it turned and walked parallel with the state thoroughfare, a little apart, it is true, but steadily patterning on the manners of the highway, so that if a traveler had chanced on it, he would have seen nothing unconventional. The little road went along like that, and waited for its friends, but I had faith to believe it would soon begin to climb, that climbing was what it wanted of me. Imperceptibly at first it swerved from the parallel, imperceptibly it mounted a little, so that presently, near as we still were, we could look down at the village.

Then the little road began to talk, politely, pleasantly, but in no wise pregnantly. Its language was meaningless at first, but with a lure, as comrade eyes light to yours above lip-chat

that does not need to mean anything. We could go slowly, having all the morning to get acquainted. Together the road and I looked down at the town through a screen of late September leaves.

The place lay in mist, partly of the late-lingering fog, partly of the fires that belong to these days when all the village rakes and burns, and the youngsters tumble and romp and shriek in piles of leaves. All outlines are blurred by a pearly haze, against which eddies the deeper blue of chimney-smoke. Beyond the town the hills are dull gray against the luminous gray of the sky, and between town and hill the river runs, a shining silver sheet, with broken, deep-toned reflections near the bank. Looking eastward through the flickering leaves, I watch the sun steadily shining through, shredding the mist with fires of opal, in gleams of blue and orange and amethyst. Down at the village they see none of this, they know only that the fog lifts while stubble-gardens, and lawns, and house-fronts all turn brown and bare and commonplace beneath the relentless sun. It is for me to see the opal fires lick up the mist; such cheery little wonders of the road are all for me.

The road keeps silence, letting me listen to the village sounds, musically fused at this brief distance; the shunting of a freight train and its raucous whistle, the ringing of hammers on new scaffolding, the shrilling of the saw-mill, the barking of dogs. All to herself, like the shy one that she is, the little road murmurs her replies, in the twittering of sparrows in fence-thickets, in the rustle of wind in bared branches, in the scratch and scud of dry leaves that race, the soft thudding of a chestnut burr.

The sun is high, and the wind is blowing, and the comrade road is waiting, genially postponing its sure self-revelation, but a-tiptoe to be off now

to the woods, where we may share our fun unmolested, unsuspected. The little road is climbing now beyond mistaking. She is stepping through the woods so familiarly that you might miss her trail if you did n't follow close, for she knows there is no fun in the woods if you can't get lost, can't drop the pack of personality from your shoulder, and grow one with brushwood shadow, or arched branch. When the road said this to me, I began to listen to her for every word that she might say. But stealing ever deeper into the woodland, my path is not talking now, she is singing rather, she is dancing. Suddenly in the deeps of the wood she opens up a long green alley of fairy turf, and waits to see if I will share it with her and go scudding it like a squirrel. The white state-way never dreamed that I could fly, but the little friend-road knew. The road plays with me. Near the rut made by a lumber team, she tosses a handful of wintergreen berries like flecks of coral for me to garner, and lifts a sudden torch of scarlet oak against some wood-recess black and deep as a cave. Every time she hears the sound of wood-chopping she whisks away into still deeper shadow to be alone with me. Looking to right and left you cannot see the open; the only open is above, in the blue.

In the heart of the woods there is elfland. Trusting me, the little road dared to turn mad, she who had been so circumspect down below in the valley. Of the trees, some were still summer green and some were russet gold and some were claret crimson, so that the sifted light was strange, the light of faery. 'There is no state road anywhere,' said my mad little path to me, 'there is nothing in all the world but wood and sky. You are a tree, a cloud, a leaf, — there is no you! Dance!' In and out through the trees she eddied and whirled, my road, glad as a scud-

ding cloud and mad as the wind, in and out, in and out. Free winds that piped in the tree-tops, white clouds that raced the blue above us, laced branches that swayed to a dance eternal, exhaustless, — round and round we eddied, panting, the road and I, all by ourselves, alone, unguessed, in the heart of the woods. They, too, were drunk with the madness of out-of-doors, Bacchus's mænads.

Then, 'Whisk!' cried the little road, 'we can't long keep up this sort of thing, friend-woman!' She turned sober in an instant, wild laughter dying to bubbling chuckles at itself. The tall trees broke away abruptly on stump-pocked fields, flaunting sumach by their stone walls. We had come upon a bustling little farm. My road, the wild and lonely-hearted, was transformed into a chatty neighbor, and turned in cheerily to pass the time of day at the back door. A brisk and friendly farm it was. The orchard jounced us a red apple as we passed, a white-nosed horse thrust head from the barn window and whinnied a welcome. Two shepherd dogs, one a stiffened grandsire, the other a rollicking puppy, barked a dutiful protest, then sniffed and licked genially. There was a baby carriage on the porch, a swing beneath the shaggy dooryard pine, there were geraniums at the window, and gleaming milk-pans on the back porch. Beyond the big house was a whole village of miniature houses, kennels and chicken sheds and corn-cribs, set down cosily anywhere to be handy. The big red barns were chatty with clucking hens. A sunny, sociable, commonplace farm that drew us to gossip on the back steps, to pause and rest there, the road and I. As we chatted, lingering and happy, of buttermilk and buckwheat and the cut of kitchen aprons, would any one have guessed that this little cosy domestic road, back there beyond the turn, had

reeled in bacchic dance for very ecstasy of solitude?

When we were alone again, the road explained, questioning with searching friend-eyes to see if I understood, 'Many selves belong to every road that must be always climbing a hill, all alone. Don't you know,' laughed the little road, 'that there was never a dryad but longed sometimes to bind a big apron over her flickering leaf-films and slip into some crofter's cot in Tempe and slap the wheat-cakes on the warm hearth-stones?'

'And I have other moods as I climb,' whispered the little road, as we took hands and trudged along, shuffling the leaves and playing with them, with no one to watch, sharing with each other the eternal child that chuckles inside lonely folk; the undying child within us is not startled to hear itself laugh out loud in the friendly solitude of little roads like this.

Yet, laughing, we were thoughtful, too. Maples like great torches of flame studded the wayside, and beyond them in broad fields marched the corn-shocks, a ragged brown battalion. The sky was ever burning bluer above the hill-crest. Then we left the farm fields for a wild stretch of boulder-grown pasture, and suddenly the little road said, 'Look, a wayside shrine! Let us stop.'

Pine trees such as survive now in only a few scattered groves formed a vaulted chapel. Beneath the trees someone had built a rude stone pile, a picnic fireplace, now for us become an altar, for to a little wildwood road all things are natural. We stood silent on that pavement of brown pine-needles beneath the arching green, supported on its blue-brown pillars of high pine trunks. Through the far tops there went singing an eternal chant. No one ever listened long to that music, all alone, who did not know that it is a hymn older than any creed, and out-

living all doubt. In the amber-lit shrine, swept by clean wind and haunted by eternal music, there was beauty to empty the heart of all desire, so that, troubled, I asked, 'But it was to pray that we stopped?'

'Oh,' answered the pagan road, 'I never pray, for what is the use of learning how to lisp? — I only praise!'

We were a long time silent beneath the pines, but we were deeper friends when we went on, for there is no bond in friendship closer than the sharing of a faith. Our feet were springing along

as up we went. There were no more farms now, only at last above us the hill-top and the sky, clouds that raced across it, the sweep of great clean winds, and the call of high-winged crows.

The little road, so shy at starting, now dared to say to me this intimacy, 'Do you not know my gospel, — that gladness is God? That is why I am always climbing hills. That is why I called you this morning, so that for a little while I and you might step into the sky.'

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

BARBER SHOPS OF YESTERDAY

I HAVE just been to a barber shop, — not a city barber-shop, where you expect tiled floors and polished mirrors and a haughty Venus by a table in the corner, who glances scornfully at your hands as you give your hat, coat, and collar to a boy, as much as to say, 'Manicures himself!' — but a country barber shop, in a New England small town. I rather expected that the experience would repay me, in awakened pleasant memories, for a very poor hair-cut. Instead, I got a very good hair-cut, and no pleasant memories were awakened at all; not, that is, by the direct process of suggestion. I was only led to muse on barber shops of my boyhood because this one was so different. Even the barber was different. He chewed gum, he worked quickly, he used shaving powder and took his cloths from a sterilizer, and finally he held a hand-glass behind my head for me to see the result, quite like his city

cousins. (By the way, was ever man so brave as to say the cut *was n't* all right, when the barber held that hand-glass behind his head? And what would the barber say if he did?) No, this shop was antiseptic, and uninteresting. There was not even a picture on the walls!

But, to the barber's soothing snip, snip, snip, and the gentle tug of the comb, I dreamed of the barber shops of my boyhood, and of Clarkie Parker's in particular. Clarkie's shop was in Lyceum Hall block, one flight up — a huge room, with a single green upholstered barber's chair between the windows, where you could sit and watch the town go by below you. The room smelled pungently of bay rum. Barber shops don't smell of bay rum any more. Around two sides were ranged many chairs and an old leather couch. The chair-arms were smooth and black with the rubbing of innumerable hands and elbows, and behind them, making a dark line along the wall, were the

marks where the heads of the sitters rubbed as they tilted back. Nor can I forget the spittoons, — large, shallow boxes, two feet square, — four of them, full of sand. On a third side of the room stood the basin and water-taps, and beside them a large black-walnut cabinet, full of shelves. The shelves were full of mugs, and on every mug was a name, in gilt letters, generally Old English. Those mugs were a town directory of our leading citizens. My father's mug was on the next to the top shelf, third from the end on the right. The sight of it used to thrill me, and at twelve I began surreptitiously to feel my chin, to see if there were any hope of my achieving a mug in the not too distant future.

Above the chairs, the basin, the cabinet, hung pictures. Several of those pictures I have never seen since, but the other day in New York I came upon one of them in a print-shop on Fourth Avenue, and was restrained from buying it only by the, to me, prohibitive price. I've been ashamed ever since, too, that I allowed it to be prohibitive. I feel traitorous to a memory. It was a lurid lithograph of a burning building upon which brave firemen in red shirts were pouring copious streams of water, while other brave firemen worked the pump-handles of the engine. The flames were leaping out in orange tongues from every window of the doomed structure (which was a fine business block three stories high), but you felt sure that the heroes would save all adjoining property, in spite of the evident high wind. Another picture in Clarkie's shop showed these same firemen (at least, they, too, wore red shirts) hauling their engine out of its abode; and still another displayed them hauling it back again. On this latter occasion it was coated with ice, and I used to wonder if all these pictures depicted the same fire, because the trees were in full

leaf in the others. There also hung on the walls a truly superb engraving of the loss of the Arctic. Her bow (or was it her stern?) was high in air, and figures were dropping off it into the sea, like nuts from a shaken hickory. This was a very terrible picture, and one turned with relief to Maud S. standing before a bright green hedge and looking every inch a gentle champion, or the stuffed pickerel, twenty-four inches long, framed under glass, with his weight — a ponderous figure — printed on the frame.

Clarkie Parker was in reality a barber by avocation. The art he loved was angling. Patience with a rod and line, the slow contemplation of rivers, was in his blood, and in his fingers. It took him a long time to cut your hair, even when, on the first hot day of June, you bade him, 'Take it all off with the lawn mower.' (Do any boys have their heads clean clipped in summer any more?) But while he cut, he talked of fishing. You listened as to one having authority. He knew every brook, every pool, every pond, for miles around. You went next day where Clarkie advised. And there was no use expecting a hair-cut or a shave on the first of April, when "the law went off on trout." Clarkie's shop was shut. If the day happened to be Saturday, many a pious man in our village had to go to church upon the morrow unshaven or untrimmed.

I know not what has become now of Clarkie or his shop. Doubtless they have gone the way of so many pleasantly flavored things of our vanished New England. I only know that I still possess a razor he sold me when my downy face had begun to arouse public derision. I shall always cherish that razor, though I never shave with it. I never could shave with it! But I love Clarkie just the same. He only proved himself thereby the ultimate Yankee.

A HOSPITAL WINDOW

I AM glad that rooms have windows. Otherwise they would be dungeons. Mine is a hospital room. I have won through the depths of ether, that strange, uncharted sea whose crashing surges must forever haunt the ears, — won through to quiet sailing in a small white boat to which my body is chained, — but never I!

Past my door the busy nurses flit; they do hard things to me with deft and tender hands. Motor-cars roar to the unseen entrance and the doctors come stamping and booming through the hall in all their professional cheerfulness, — not professional only, big, cheer-giving boys that they are. Sometimes my door is swiftly closed, that I may not hear or see, but I know the sound of those creaking wheels and the burden that they carry; burden wide-eyed and fearful as it goes, sodden with heaviest sleep when it comes back.

But my room has a window. Sounds float through it to me in bed, distant engines that shunt and call; nearer hens that clack incessantly like busy house-keepers who never cease; the shrill-sweet fluting of a cardinal bird, highest-hearted whistling in the world, like a gallant fife at the lips of a prince; the far-away lusty crying of the baby boy who is the latest comer: I wonder what she lies and thinks about, that newborn mother; I wonder what he is thinking about, that new man-soul who came flying through another hospital window like my own.

There are flowers against my panes, — tall hibiscus, with pointed leaves and great pink bloom against the sky; only flowers and sky in my window, delicate selection: sky high-blue, cloud-swept, or palest pink, and flowers great pink blossoms, crimson-hearted and gold-pistiled. All day the hibiscus holds open house. At six, when the white mist is

first upcurling from the world and the sky is clouded opal, comes dart and whirring of my humming-bird. I can see his tiny feet just poised upon the broad pink petal, his hungry beak hidden. For such a fairy thing, what little glutton cries he can give! A hundred times a day he comes. He is my last caller of an evening, after the night nurse has safely nested me. What a sorry little drunkard he must be, yet undizzied in his cups!

There are other guests, arriving, sipping, off again, all day. The bumble-bees rumble and fumble until the pink blossoms shake and dip beneath their onslaughts. The bumble-bees take their time, clumsy and careless; the other bees are more business-like, — a brief drink for them and then off again to work. Airiest gallants of the tavern are the butterflies, all in their jeweled velvet. They come a-dart out of nowhere to hang a moment motionless, outlined sharp as green leaf and pink petal against the sky. Bird and bee and butterfly, how they drink and drink! I never knew hibiscus held such bacchanalian invitation for all the tipplers of the air.

By night my merry flowers turn elfin. They sway in strange slow dance. Even on a moonless night they gleam moon-white, and the leaves have a silver underside. And then, mysterious, while you look, out bud the stars. They gleam from between petals, from beneath leaves. They gem the blue above and throb against the panes, as I watch, for hospital nights are long, stretching darkness and stillness, broken by the buzz of some wakeful call-bell, and the hurrying patter of the night nurse, answering the summons.

At night, out of the shadow in the corner of the room, comes pain, stalking to grapple across my bed with comfortable sleep, to grapple and to conquer, while I hide and cry and beg.

Then I turn my face to the window, and I know that my body is a room, and my soul forever unfettered. Pain holds me fast, but I turn my face to the window and over the black sill the little white stars come swarming to talk to me.

A QUESTION OF STATURE

MOST people who think at all about the days grinding by, think of them as 'bright or gray,' 'happy or disappointing,' 'interesting or dull.' For me days are 'tall or short.' Tallness or shortness in a day is quite subjective. A tall day is so because during my experiences of that twenty-four hours I feel tall — like a man of stature, like the possessor of physical inches. My short days are the days I try to forget, when schoolboys tower above me, and the little kitchen-maid looks down on my bald spot.

I have tried to decide what internal change makes me feel tall at one time and short the next. It can have little to do with physiology, because sometimes, when I am most healthy, most energetic in nerve and fibre, I feel most wretchedly stunted. On the other hand it cannot be entirely a matter of emotional psychology, for good news may shrink me to stubbiness, or a bitter shock may keep me literally uplifted for days. There should be some unit for measuring 'human' inches, a unit which would combine pathology and circumstance, and could compass the feeling of stature.

In corporeal terms I am neither tall nor short, but am cursed with 'mediocrity.' Height, therefore, is not a harrowing circumstance in my affairs. I am not a success or a failure in anything because of inches or of the lack

of them; nor do I mingle with physical culture teachers or sanitarium patients, who might be asking me continually how tall I am. Yet there are days when I feel miserably short, and think of going away to some lonely spot to grow up. That feeling is cause or effect — I cannot tell which — of many minor disasters. As the day grows, annoyances increase and the feeling of shortness keeps pace. I am not a person of immoral days, disgraceful days, or of days of oppression. The tenor of my life is even enough for serenity and easy enough for peace. Why should my stature afflict me?

It seems that the first group of people I approach in the morning may determine the character of my day. They may make me feel taller than they by their actual size, or by their attitude toward me, or they may shrink me with a complex glare, crowd-fashioned and mob-inspired. The sort of group I meet first in the morning is a matter of accident, to be sure, but all moods of mine are accidental and none the less real for that.

Tall days surely are happiest, which again may be cause or effect. Perhaps saints and submissive women, if they share my sensitiveness in this regard, are happiest when they feel shortest. Perhaps they come up to the level of the eyes of the crowd reluctantly. For me, stature is happiness, although I cannot attain it at will nor hold the illusions which sometimes bless me.

I am sure Heaven is a place where every meek little angel feels taller than all the other little angels. It is not a heaven of strife because each angel is sure of his own stature, and there is never any argument about comparisons. I should strive earnestly to reach a heaven like that.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

MAY, 1914

ATTLEBOROUGH
PUBLIC LIBRARY,
APR 30 1914
ATTLEBOROUGH, MASS.

DISORDERLY STATES

BY HENRY JONES FORD

THE usual explanation is that the causes are either climatic or racial, but neither theory will bear analysis. The beginnings of culture were tropical fruits. Political system and governmental order first developed in countries where climatic conditions gave a hot-house luxuriance to vegetable growth, and nature itself kept renewing the fertility of the soil. These conditions were most amply provided in the alluvial deposits of river valleys in tropical countries. But peoples having such advantages are not left in undisturbed enjoyment of them, and organization of public authority is necessary for the guidance and protection of the community. If successful invasion takes place, the conquerors must develop means of holding what they have gained, or else they must in their turn yield control to more capable hands. The result of this selective process is the gradual formation of empire, whose first seats were all in tropical countries.

The principle is illustrated by Aztec culture in Southern Mexico and Inca culture in Peru, as well as by the great states that were formed in the valleys of the Nile and the Euphrates, with a longevity far beyond anything that European political history can show.

As the advance of art extended human mastery over natural resources,

the economic basis of empire shifted, to the disadvantage of its original seats, but even then empire long kept close to its tropical source. During the many centuries in which the Mediterranean Ocean was a Roman lake it could not have occurred to any one that there was a connection between political order and a cold climate. That orderly states belong to the temperate zone, and that disorderly states belong to the tropics, are associations of ideas of recent origin, which upon any large view of history are seen to be fallacious.

The racial theory is even less substantial. Cant about Anglo-Saxon political ideals is very common, but neither the Angles nor the Saxons ever produced an orderly state. The British Isles were a favorite hunting ground for the tribesmen of Northern Europe until the Norman Conquest introduced a more efficient governmental system. There was not an orderly state in all Europe after the collapse of the Roman Empire, until the formation of national monarchies on the basis of royal prerogative. Professor Henry Sidgwick in his *Development of European Polity* points out that in the middle of the eighteenth century absolute monarchy was generally regarded as the form of government 'by which the task of establishing and maintaining

a civilized political order had been, on the whole, successfully accomplished, after other modes of political construction had failed to realize it.' That is to say, European character was such that constitutional government was impossible and a strong dictatorship was the only practical way of maintaining order, — the same dictum now heard with regard to popular character in other parts of the world.

It may be said that even in the period of European absolutism the case of England showed that orderly government could be maintained without dictatorship, but some of the wisest heads then in England did not think so. France, under absolute rule, was reckoned much the superior of England in order and civilization. The historian Gibbon deplored the fact that circumstances compelled him to live in England instead of among a people 'who have established a freedom and ease in society unknown to antiquity and still unpracticed by other nations.' The philosopher Hume, in an essay published in 1741, points out that the limitations on royal authority in England admitted an intolerable tyranny of factions, and he concludes that 'we shall at last, after many convulsions and civil wars, find repose in absolute monarchy, which it would have been happier for us to have established peaceably from the beginning.'

The reputation of England for political stability is quite recent, as history runs. Up to the nineteenth century it was a notorious example of a disorderly state. Levity and turbulence were regarded as English political characteristics. A curious physical explanation was advanced, which even John Milton appears to have taken seriously. In his treatise on *A Free Commonwealth*, he refers to 'the fickleness which is attributed to us as we are islanders,' and he remarks that 'good

education and acquire wisdom ought to correct the fluxible fault, if any there be, of our watery situation.'

The English self-governing commonwealths now rank as orderly states, and it appears to make no difference in this respect whether they are in a cold climate or in a hot. Canada extends far into the Arctic region; but Australia is in the same latitudes as countries of South America where there has been much political disorder; and South Africa is in the same zone as Southern Brazil, Paraguay, and Uruguay. Canada is both French and English, and racial and linguistic difference is accompanied by radical religious difference, — circumstances making against the theory that its political order is a racial product. Canadian politics were long in a state of turbulence, public discontent breaking out in rebellion in 1837-38. The situation became so serious that representative government in Canada was abolished and the country was governed for some time by an appointed council, whose first ordinance suspended the *habeas corpus* act. The existing state of political order in Canada dates from the British North America Act of 1867, giving Canada its present federal constitution.

Australia has had a less troubled history, but any theory that its political order results from the character of the inhabitants must reckon with the fact that the colony made its start as a convict settlement. Darwin, who visited it in 1836, noted that 'the whole community is rancorously divided into parties on almost every subject,' and that 'among those who, from their station in life, ought to be the best, many live in such open profligacy that respectable people cannot associate with them.' He thought conditions were such that society 'can hardly fail to deteriorate.' The organization of South Africa, and the competency of

its government, present a surprising phenomenon following so closely after a war between the Dutch and the English elements of its population, and it is inexplicable on any climatic or racial theory. Indeed, if racial or linguistic homogeneity were essential to political order, every country in Europe would be in a bad way, and particularly Switzerland, where there is a high development of orderly and efficient government although four languages are spoken in the country, all apparently holding their ground.

Although it is impossible to account for political order as a climatic or racial product, there is a general principle that holds good of all political forms, — the biological principle of the correlation of structure and function, which is merely a scientific way of stating the familiar business principle that order and efficiency are products of sound organization. It is an invariable rule that the development of political order is connected with improvement in the organization of public authority. In England it was obtained by breaking down the old partitions of authority and by consolidating power. Instead of perpetual contention over the scope and limitations of royal prerogative, the system of cabinet government was instituted, which brings authority in its entirety under the direct control of public opinion. The notion that royal prerogative has been in any way superseded or impaired by the growth of popular rule in England is a fallacy. Crown authority is now greater than ever, and it is still on the increase. What has happened is that it has passed into the custody of the leaders of the party in control of the House of Commons, so that crown authority and parliamentary authority have been united.

The late Professor Maitland's *Constitutional History of England* observes

that 'we must not confuse the truth that the King's personal will has come to count for less and less with the falsehood (for falsehood it would be) that his legal powers have been diminishing; on the contrary, of late years they have enormously grown.' That is to say, royal prerogative having been converted into a formula of popular sovereignty, free use is made of it as an agency of democratic administration. Sovereignty is essentially a unit, and it is only since constitutional adjustments were made connecting executive and legislative authority in one organ of sovereignty that England has ranked as an orderly state.

In accomplishing a sound organization of her own public business, England incidentally provided safe methods of government for her colonies, and their position as orderly states belongs to this period. The process has, however, been much more than mere transmission of parliamentary institutions. Care has been taken to found the system on strict business principles, and to correct defects when revealed by experience. The constitution of Canada is a short act of settlement, free from abstractions and concerned wholly with the actual organization of authority. Its fundamental principle is the connection of the executive and legislative branches, and its fundamental regulation is that no appropriation can be made except upon the recommendation of the administration. The business conditions thus established impart to the government its tone and character. The administration appears before the representative assembly as does a general manager before a board of directors, and so likewise it is the duty of the administration to prepare and submit for consideration all needful measures.

It is a familiar business principle that sound accountancy is the foundation

of sound business. In introducing responsible budget control, the English constitution established the cardinal feature of the orderly state, but Australian experience showed the need of auxiliary precautions, and the course pursued is even a better instance of scientific method than is supplied by the case of Canada, whose needs were met by forms of the ordinary British pattern. In some Australian states, democratic tendencies caused the introduction of elective senates, and then there were two legislative bodies, each of which could claim to derive authority direct from the people. Thus it might happen that an administration would have its policy marred or frustrated by a hold-over senate. Conflicts occurred, resulting in legislative deadlocks, and disorders ensued, requiring the intervention of the English government. As English experience afforded no precedents for treating such a situation, recourse was had to Scandinavian experience. An expedient was adopted that was first introduced into political procedure by the Norway constitution of 1814. It is that when a bill has been twice passed by the assembly and rejected by the senate, the two houses shall meet in joint convention to vote on the measure as one body, a two-thirds vote in its favor being requisite for passage.

This expedient was introduced in Australia with characteristic British modification, the joint convention not taking place until the two houses have been simultaneously dissolved and their successors have been elected, which must take place within ten days after such dissolution. Then if disagreement still continues, the two houses meet in joint convention and a majority of the whole decides. This arrangement, which put an end to legislative deadlocks, was adopted in the constitution of the Commonwealth of Australia.

It was put in the constitutions given to the Transvaal and the Orange River Colony when those countries were reorganized after the Boer War. It is also a feature of the constitution of the Union of South Africa. It is owing to the care with which the public business has been organized, and with which the transaction of its affairs has been conditioned, that the English commonwealths now rank as orderly states.

The same relation between structure and function may be described wherever orderly and efficient government is found, look where we will. The present state of order in France is the result of constitutional adjustments radically different from those which resulted in the failure of previous experiments. Incidentally that experimentation produced a form of municipal government that has gone all over the world, and it works well wherever it has been adopted, whether it be in Japan or in South America. In general character it is the same system as is found in our own business corporations, the municipal councilors organizing like a board of directors by electing one of their number to be the presiding officer and the head of the executive management. It is well known that some of our own business corporations, organized after this simple pattern, administer larger revenues than any of our states. The same principles of organization hold good when applied to the management of the public business. The issue of the *Consular and Trade Reports* for December 3, 1913, mentions the fact that the municipality of Buenos Aires had awarded a contract for the building of 10,000 houses for employees and workmen, construction to be at the rate of 2000 houses a year. Such transactions on public account are not unusual in the large cities of South America, and their competency to engage in them is attested by results. Is that compe-

tency to be attributed to climate, or to race, or to the fact that they took over from the French code a sound system of municipal government?

Illustration of the point has been carried to an extent that might seem superfluous were it not that there is an obstinate American prepossession to the effect that the character of government is determined by the character of the people. This attitude of thought obstructs intelligent comprehension and salutary treatment of some acute problems in our foreign relations. It has become a matter of the most serious importance that consideration should be given to the fact that institutions mould character. The case of Scotland is a classic instance, cited by the historian Lecky as evidence of the transformation of character through changes of environment, introduced by legislation. He remarks that prior to the Revolution of 1699, 'of all the nations of Europe, there was probably not a single one which was so violent, so turbulent, so difficult to govern as the Scotch.' The measures which 'in a few generations raised Scotland from one of the most wretched and barbarous into one of the most civilized and happy nations in Europe,' give him occasion to make these wise observations:—

'Invectives against nations and classes are usually very shallow. The original basis of national character differs much less than is supposed. The character of large bodies of men depends in the main upon the circumstances in which they have been placed, the laws by which they have been governed, the principles they have been taught. When these are changed the character will alter too, and the alteration, though it is very slow, may in the end be very deep.'

Of course some political capacity is prerequisite to the organization of

public business, just as there must exist some business capacity before there is a basis for the organization of private business. But the disorderly states whose condition most concerns the United States do not present the case of peoples who have yet to attain political consciousness. Their position as civilized states is at least so well established that they are not regarded by other powers as presenting a proper field for extra-territorial jurisdiction. Notwithstanding the sanguinary violence of their politics, cultured society is found in them, and evidences are displayed of ability in art, literature, science, and jurisprudence. It is safe to say that if a society has reached the stage of civilization, material exists for the formation of orderly government. The public business can utilize motives of honor and distinction that do not operate in private business. If in order and efficiency the transaction of public business falls below that of private business, and the tone of its morality falls below the ethical standard of the community, the fundamental defect is in the organization of public authority. The remedy lies in better constitutional arrangements. The case presents no difficulties that have not been successfully dealt with by such methods. It is a matter of political engineering—the adjustment of the mechanism of government to the forces that move it. The prime cause of trouble in the disorderly states of America is that at present they have unworkable constitutions.

It must be admitted that modern history furnishes little or nothing of precedent or guidance in political reorganization through international action. The European state is a military product, the outcome of a process of rigorous selection on the principle of efficiency, an incident of which is the maintenance of public order. A state

unable to develop efficient government invited destruction, not reorganization. Such was the fate of Poland, although the intelligence and vivacity of the national character, properly organized, would have sustained a noble commonwealth.

Prepossessions derived from European history would lead one to expect that political evolution would eventually result in the formation of orderly states throughout the Americas by the same selective process as in Europe, the incapable being destroyed by annexation of their territory; but there are considerations that make against this view. American states are developing under conditions that did not apply to European states. These are, —

1. The great scope of modern banking operations and the international fluidity of capital. This condition is peculiar to this period of the world's development.

2. The Monroe Doctrine. This condition is peculiar to the American situation.

Up to the seventeenth century it was state policy to prohibit the exportation of money, each country striving to hold on to its stock of gold and silver. That policy was not so much abandoned as destroyed through inability to enforce it; but antipathy to investment of capital outside of national jurisdiction continued up to our own times. This feeling was manifested by the British government during the last century. Speculators in foreign concessions were made to feel that they could not count upon much sympathy or support if they came to grief. But a great change has taken place in national policy, a convenient mark being the financial control which was established over Egypt in 1879, originally by England and France in conjunction, but which since 1883 has been maintained by England alone. It is virtu-

ally a receivership, instituted because Egypt, under native administration, failed to meet obligations contracted with European banking interests. This of course has greatly emboldened capital, and banking companies now hunt investments throughout the world. It has become a function of diplomatic service to promote such enterprise. Recently the spectacle has been presented of great powers contending for the privilege of obtaining for their banking companies the right to make loans to China.

Here, then, is a change in the international situation which removes incentives for political improvement that formerly existed. Rulers are no longer dependent upon the immediate resources of their own government for the satisfaction of personal ambition. Opportunities which used to be closely limited to current receipts from taxation may now be capitalized by means of foreign loans or by the sale of concessions. The cases of Egypt, Korea, and Persia, show what the national consequences may be. The process of foreclosing upon nations and instituting a receivership of their resources is now so systematized that it may be effective without apparent breach in the legal continuity of authority. Egypt still figures in the gazetteers as a tributary state of Turkey under the government of the Khedive, who, upon the recommendation of England, appoints a financial adviser without whose concurrence no financial decision can be taken. This practically suffices to put the administration of the country in the hands of a receiver appointed by England, who has no higher title of authority than merely that of British Agent and Consul General. The native government of the country is nominally intact, although practically it is a British province.

Such terms as spheres of influence,

pacific penetration, protectorates, and client states — now become familiar in world politics — denote adjustments in empire by which the great powers are taking over the administration of all states unable themselves to maintain order and fulfill their obligations. This is the test of capacity which republican government in China must meet in order to preserve its territorial integrity and its national independence.

The process cannot be justly characterized as immoral. The end of the state is the perfection of human life, and the elimination of deficient or effete forms of the state is a concomitant of the advance of the human species in the scale of being. Upon this ground the Monroe Doctrine has been attacked as being essentially vicious, in that it shields American states from their proper responsibilities and maintains preserves for disorder, corruption, and violence. Another inference made from the same premises is that the Monroe Doctrine entails upon the United States imperial responsibilities, so that it is the duty of our government to police the Americas and supervise state behavior in that field. This aspect of the Doctrine offends and irritates the great nations of South America, and is a source of estrangement between them and the United States. Just what that Doctrine means cannot remain a matter of academic discussion. Events are manifestly pressing toward a practical interpretation of it.

As originally promulgated it was no more than a diplomatic intimation meant for a particular situation then existing. It was evoked by a movement in world-politics claiming to rest upon the highest possible moral grounds. After the final overthrow of Napoleon Bonaparte, and the restoration of the Bourbon dynasty in France in 1815, the Czar of Russia proposed to the

allied powers the treaty of the Holy Alliance, by which they bound themselves to take as the sole rule of their conduct 'the precepts of the Christian religion.' This treaty, entered into by Russia, Austria, and Prussia, and concurred in by France, provided for meetings devoted to 'the examination of measures which shall be considered most salutary for the repose and prosperity of the people, and for the maintenance of European peace.' England refused to join, on the ground that the plan was impracticable; and when there were indications that, as part of the scheme of restoring public order, the Holy Alliance intended to take in hand the revolted Spanish colonies in America, the English government actively exerted its influence against the project, and made overtures to the United States for joint action. While that suggestion was not entertained by our government, President Monroe took independent action, and in his message of December 2, 1823, made the statement of policy since famous as the Monroe Doctrine. Pointing out that it is the established policy of the United States not to meddle in European affairs, Monroe went on to say that, —

'It is impossible that the allied powers should extend their political system to any portion of either continent [of America] without endangering our peace and happiness. It is equally impossible, therefore, that we should behold such interposition in any form with indifference.'

The extension of our own political system to the East through the acquisition of the Philippines manifestly impairs the position taken by President Monroe, which was equivalent to saying, 'You keep hands off our part of the world, and we'll keep hands off your part.' If we have a right to take over the administration of a country in the East, why has not a European state

as good a right to take over the administration of a country in the West? If we explain that it is simply a temporary arrangement, to be discontinued when the subject people are fit for independence, how can we disallow like professions from a European power extending its control over an American country? Such a system of control as England maintains in Egypt would leave the outward form of national autonomy intact. It might be contended with much force that it would not be even a temporary extension of European political systems since international receivership respects the forms of local authority and abstains from interference with the language and customs of the people. If the Monroe Doctrine in its traditional form were a rule of international law binding our national policy, it would be susceptible of applications that might be embarrassing to our national interests; but it is merely a political principle, taking such shape as our national interests may require, good so far as we are willing and able to make it good. Its present shape has to be adapted to present circumstances, which are created by conditions unthought of, and indeed inconceivable, when the Monroe Doctrine was originally promulgated.

From the foregoing survey the contingencies which may arise from international disturbances caused by disorderly states appear to be either annexation, or clientage, or reorganization. The first of these was about all that was in mind when the Monroe Doctrine was first proclaimed, and it has been an effectual barrier to that process. But clientage, as now developed in international practice, opens possibilities of control that can be met only by a corresponding development in our own national policy. Such a development is taking place. It is what

has been called the Wilson Doctrine. The first public statement of it was made in President Wilson's speech at Mobile, October 27, 1913. He said, —

'You hear of concessions to foreign capitalists in Latin America. You do not hear of concessions to foreign capitalists in the United States. They are not granted concessions. They are invited to make investments. . . . It is an invitation, not a privilege, and states that are obliged, because their territory does not lie within the main field of modern enterprise and action, to grant concessions, are in this condition, that foreign interests are apt to dominate their domestic affairs, a condition of affairs always dangerous, and apt to become intolerable. . . . I rejoice in nothing so much as in the prospect that they will now be emancipated from these conditions, and we ought to be first in assisting that emancipation.'

The effect of the Wilson Doctrine in checking schemes of foreign exploitation in American states has been already displayed in announcements of the withdrawal of European capital from negotiations for concessions. The exclusion of such influences will tend to weaken the springs of revolution, by conditioning the introduction of capital upon the existence of investment conditions. The attitude of the United States could not be one of indifference to the development of such conditions. The positive phase of the Wilson Doctrine is, therefore, reorganization, which is exactly the reverse of clientage. The one aims to establish the authority of the state with which it deals, while the other aims to supersede that authority.

Interference in other people's affairs is proverbially a delicate matter, but there are occasions when it may be right and necessary, and by the exercise of tact and caution the business may be managed without giving of-

fense. The idea may be novel to the people of the United States as a feature of our public policy, but the exercise of organizing influence is common practice as between private business concerns. It is an everyday affair for a bank or a large business house to make accountancy suggestions to customers. Constitutional government is essentially the application of sound accountancy to the public business. The principles of organization in public business are now sufficiently well known to admit of their intelligent application to the case of disorderly states. The task is not an easy one, but events tend to make it our duty. In performing it,

the United States might well coöperate with such great states as Chile, Brazil, and Argentina, which have succeeded in establishing stable institutions after an experience that should give special value to their suggestions. An essential requisite of success in such exertions of influence is to avoid anything like arrogance. Polite and conciliatory manners, abstention from professions of philanthropy, and habitual continence of speech should characterize all agencies of our national policy. With the opportunities these qualities can secure, the case of the disorderly states admits of cure, not by impairing their sovereignty but by invigorating it.

OUR INSTINCTIVE IDIOCIES

BY SEYMOUR DEMING

'She foundered, with seventy souls, and nineteen sailors.'

As often as anything is said to my neighbor, Wilcox, about the suffering brought by hot weather to the tenement districts, his remark is, 'Yes, but they don't mind it as you or I would.' This response is as prompt to act as the flare of a safety-match, and something more certain. What is more, he has been repeating it for twenty years and he will — in common with some thousands of his brethren who conceive it the whole duty of man to vote the straight ticket and send their sons to college — go on repeating it for twenty more, if he lives.

Switchboard minds. Press a given button and get a given buzz. They would keenly resent the suggestion that

they are doing business with the same office furniture that their fathers used. They would just as keenly resent the suggestion that they are not doing business with the same mental furniture that their grandfathers used. They do so in print, and they do so across their own dinner-tables. Now, it is inconceivable that they should do this on purpose. Nobody except a reformer (he asks nothing better) makes a spectacle of himself voluntarily. I suspect, therefore, that the reason lies deeper: that it is a bread-and-butter reason to be searched out of patrons, clientèles, customers, and pay envelopes, and that honestly lovable folks who go on rehearsing such stupefying inanities as that 'luxuries give employment to the working-class,' do this not so much

because people repeat themselves as because types do.

This was borne in upon a reluctant intellect by an episode at Narragansett Pier. A young undergraduate, marooned there for the summer, ventured to ask the New York woman whose two little sons he was tutoring, whether it had ever occurred to her that the possession of wealth entailed a responsibility. 'Of course it has,' said she. 'People are always trying to get it away from you.' Being a sanguine youth, he tried again, explaining that what he meant was social obligations. 'I think,' quoth the dame with some complacency, 'that I entertain as much as any woman in New York.' It was suddenly and blindingly clear that a woman of that social stratum could be counted on for such an indiscretion to a degree which robs betting of all sportsmanship.

Similarly, 'No young man should marry until he has \$100,000 in the bank,' is the dictum of a venerable money-changer who has spent his life (and the lives of some hundreds of others) in the accumulation of several times that sum. He considers the figure a modest one for a starter. The same gentleman has also been heard to remark, during a discussion of the smoke nuisance, that people who object to smoke should live at Tarrytown or in Montclair.

A chief of police is putting himself on record as opposed to 'violence':—

'I stand for law and order. If I had the authority I would shoot down these strikers like dogs.'

And a brother of his craft thus expounds his theory of the administration of justice:—

'I don't care whether you can hold these people morally responsible or not. I don't care whether they are actually guilty or not. It is necessary to make an example of some one; and

you must punish the man you can get hold of.'

In lighter mood, we have this question, asked by a skeptical pedagogue: 'Did Giovannitti write those poems which are published under his name?' It is insidiously intimated to him that the said verses were written in collaboration by Dr. Van Dyke and Ella Wheeler Wilcox. 'No! really?' says he, vastly tickled. 'I suspected all along that they could n't have been produced by an Italian labor agitator. He! he! What amusing hoaxes these literary people do hatch!'

These are the lapses which sweeten and solace the souls of radicals, and fill them with a wild and mystical joy. Not the less because, when asked what the joke is, no amount of explaining will convey a shadow of the humor to the unconverted. For the fun is this: Ten men are running a race. They are running with tremendous earnestness, for at the end of the course lie money, fame, influence, and position. Suddenly, one of the ten, guessing that the true goal lies in precisely the opposite direction, wheels and runs just as hard that way as the other nine are running the other. . . . From the radical wing of the bystanders goes up a roar of delight. The rest chime in more gingerly: there is a joke on somebody, just where is uncertain. It might be on the nine they are backing. One can never be sure.

It was an eminent neurologist who proposed, as a remedy in an industrial dispute which had thrown eleven thousand women into idleness, that the whole eleven thousand go into domestic service. He dwelt at length on his efforts to secure competent servants. The trifling circumstance that all of the strikers were non-English-speaking aliens, innocent of Anglo-Saxon cookery, seemed to him readily surmountable; and yet he was quite miffed at the

suggestion that his view of the industrial unrest was that of a gentleman chiefly impressed with the difficulty of keeping cooks.

Genealogically, of course, all speeches of this calibre derive from poor Marie Antoinette's unfortunate suggestion that the people eat cake. But I suspect their ancestry of being even more ancient.

The first axiom in social geometry is that dead radicals are honored, not because they were radicals, but because they are dead. Also, it follows that they would never be honored at all if the issues which made radicals of them were not as dead as they are. We will cheerfully, even piously, raise a monument to the revolutionary patriot of 1776; nor, at the dedication exercises, will we neglect to launch platform lightnings at the revolutionist of 1914, without even remotely suspecting that he may be a patriot as well. A revolutionist may find it expedient to wear a disguise, but a patriot never.

Let me confess that I am patiently awaiting the satirist who will recite the painful adventures of some venerated hero of the anti-slavery days who, horribly to the chagrin of his worshippers, espouses the cause of — let us say — militant suffragism or the I.W.W. Instantly, all the cosy, hen-roost society which has been showering him with eulogy, enraptures the revolutionists by committing an instinctive idiocy on a gigantic or community scale, as thus: —

'Poor old man. He is beginning to break up. Curious! The reformer must take up with a bad cause rather than none at all. Abolition was humanitarian. But this is nothing more than lawlessness.'

Is it possible that this is why a prudent custom discourages the erection of monuments to popular heroes until after they are safely entombed? That

a community should have pre-indorsed in *aes triplex* 'the regrettable vagaries of a noble mind' which has, in senility, turned to live issues, is an embarrassment too distressing to contemplate.

Bench, press, and pulpit reek with this common brand of picayunanimity. A magistrate, measuring off sentences on the ribbon-counter method, thus delivers himself: 'Even if the shot which killed this woman was fired by the police, her death was caused by the strikers,' — the ingenious logic of which is only equaled by the subtle wit of the next: —

MAGISTRATE: What is this man charged with?

OFFICER: Your Honor, he was arrested for free speech.

Mrs. Pankhurst's adventures at Ellis Island polished this gem of purest ray in an editorial setting: —

'Her crimes are crimes against humanity. Let her be admitted into the country and then hang her.'

Is there any doubt that this citizen would have voted on the side of respectability for the preservation of 'law and order' in the Sanhedrin of 33 A.D.?

Extreme was the delicacy and finesse of a letter penned to a newspaper by an estimable citizen who lamented the breaking up of the sex-taboo. After attacking the attitude of the men of recognized standing in the community whose endorsement 'lent an air of respectability to these debates,' he continues, —

'Yet in order to protest against this, we are forced to do the very thing we wish to prevent, namely, — discuss it.'

He had made the fascinating discovery that whether you swim with the current or against it, you keep going in the same direction. This was encouraging. If he kept at it faithfully, there were good hopes that more things might be revealed to him.

Unsearchable are the processes of

the stand-pat mind. In Ibsen's *Ghosts*, Pastor Manders remarks that Oswald is growing to look like his father. Mrs. Alving, nervously resenting a supposed reference to the sensual curves around her son's mouth, hastens to object that on the contrary she thinks Oswald has quite a clerical cut of mouth. 'Yes,' assents the clergyman innocently, 'I have noticed the same type of mouth among my colleagues.' Around this dialogue has always raged the dispute: Do people in real life ever so egregiously give themselves away?

Do they? It was a rich old dean, known to be a heavy investor in southern cotton mills, whose pulpit had been usurped the Sunday previous by a brother clergyman who had preached economic reforms. So the incumbent felt called on to discourse of Mistaken Enthusiasms. And this (minus the suave intonations which small pica and large caps would be powerless to convey) was his peroration, verbatim:—

'Conspicuous among the mistaken enthusiasms of our time, dearly beloved, is a zeal, no doubt sincere but not the less surely misdirected, to alleviate, all too precipitately, the sufferings of the poor. Now poor there must always be. And they must always suffer. It is a discipline which it were ill for them to forego. Nor should we be too hasty in relieving that material suffering when our chief dread should be *speerichule destichushun*.'

Now while I am aware that there are those who will not fail to point out that when an ecclesiastical shareholder cautions his flock against too precipitate relief of the sufferings of the poor, churchgoing is not nearly so tedious as a derelict generation is prone to suppose, my aim is merely to indicate how the stand-pat mind can deliver itself of the most amazing nonsense, the most transparent knavery, all in the serene assurance that it is

uttering inspired wisdom. Like the rich old cleric, these gentry suppose themselves to be discussing the rights of man, when all they are discussing is the rights of stockholders. It would appear, therefore, that when a rogue is determined to hang himself, the only necessary precaution is to be sure that he has plenty of rope.

The mayor of a city attacked for its admitted political corruption relieves his mind (and his conscience) in this wise:—

'Whenever I hear an honest but mistaken' (reformers are always, please notice, 'mistaken') 'advocate of reform say that this is an extremely wicked town, unclean and vicious to a marked degree, I feel called on to deny the charge and to administer strong rebuke. But even though the city were as black as it is painted, those who talk about it would be doing it harm rather than good. Is it right to conceal defects? I answer, Yes! The Scripture says: "Charity shall *cover* a multitude of sins."'

The italics, be it said, are his own.

By allowing the stand-pat mind to interpret, you are rewarded with a unique brand of New Testament exegesis, and one which, you suspect, accounts for more soft spots in our social apple than it is flattering to suppose. Meanwhile, for their quality of pure, lyric ecstasy, let me record two masterpieces of the instinctive idiocy as it flowers on the veranda of a summer hotel.

FIRST MATRON: What book are you reading?

SECOND MATRON: A book by Miss Jane Addams, *A New Conscience and an Ancient Evil*.

FIRST MATRON: Do you read such things?

SECOND MATRON: I surely do. They are not agreeable, to be sure, any more than attending to the needs of a sick

person, but they are very necessary. You may borrow the book if you wish.

FIRST MATRON: No. I don't think I shall read it. After all, what can Miss Addams know about such things? She has never been married.

A thread of logic which discretion bids us not give too rude a pull. The other remark (wirelessed across the intervening wicker chairs and tables in one of those abrupt rhythmical lulls of the conversation which occur in crowded assemblies) gives an intimate view of the processes of the employing mind. Thus the philanthropist: 'My father-in-law, who could hire a valuable man for less money than anybody I ever knew, used to say, "A man ought to be worth twice what he is being paid."'

A truce to the estimable folks (the sort who gravely assure you that the Social Democratic party in Germany 'does not include the "best people"') who make these stumbles in their innocence and their ignorance; a truce to them, a stifled chuckle perhaps; but a smile and a compassion that understands and sympathizes, that knows their hearts are right. It was written that they should mistake stagnation for stability, that they should mistake their outraged prejudices for moral conviction. It was written that they should strike out blindly and wound themselves and those most dear to them. Comparatively harmless, too, are their weapons, rummaged out of the common arsenal of mediocrity. But when officialdom — courts, constabularies and congresses — begins to bow down to a god of horse-sense, with the accent on the horse, the joke of the stand-pat mind threatens to change to grim earnest.

The stand-pat mind only knows how to do one thing: sit on the lid. This posture it is impossible to maintain for any considerable length of time, and on the willingness to climb down grace-

fully and in season depend the chances of saving whatever is worth saving in the life and institutions which are marked for change.

It is doubtful if any one fully comprehends this fact of history until he has stood in the midst of the struggle himself and watched how the fighting went. Then nothing could be more clear. There has been one thing, and one thing only, happening since the beginning of the world: a battle between the party of obstruction and the party of change. The party of obstruction is foredoomed to make one tactical blunder after another, as the apostle knew when he sang, 'He hath blinded their eyes.' This hopelessness, this initial futility, of the programme of repression, once comprehended, is the most profoundly encouraging lesson of world-history. Repression has invariably been tried, and it has invariably failed. The young man, who has fought and been worsted in his first encounter, thinks, 'Lo, I alone am left,' until the prophet shows him that the mountain is full of chariots and horsemen.

In all the pictures of Christ before Pilate, there has always been one presentation lacking. Mihailov, the painter in *Anna Karenina*, portrayed a Christ who pitied his judge: 'As one sees him, Pilate does not appear a bad man, but an official to the bottom of his heart, utterly ignorant of what he is doing.'

Where is the painter who will show us in the face of a bystander — perhaps shrewd and plucky Luke, or Joseph of Arimathea, 'just man' and secret sympathizer — the mind in which, through all the gloom and terror of the scene, there flickered a subconscious guess, a prophetic sense of what all this was to mean: arbitrary authority defeating itself by the very instruments of oppression; that Pilate and his like are the fools of time, the obstinate blunderers who are fated to set the hour-

hand of the world ahead by the simple act of setting it behind. . . . One can suppose Luke, even in the trouble of that hour, exclaiming under his breath and in the vernacular of to-day: 'Good Lord, what fools Pilate and Caiaphas will look to the next generation!' . . . From the verdict of posterity there is no appeal. And if there is one thing certain in the whole struggle for liberty, it is that its enemies are fated to blunder by the very fact that they *are* its enemies.

Such are our instinctive idiocies in the historical scale. In the social scale of their merely personal perpetrations I can a tale unfold.

It chanced that a famous modern revolutionist was lecturing informally to a hallful of young men, — settlement-workers, university instructors, journalists, and a dramatist or two, — on the various programmes of radicalism. During the quiz at the end, an earnest, rosy-faced boy, evidently seeking a light which had not yet burst in upon him, rose and queried: —

'You say that you find people are naturally good — only that our scheme of society makes them bad. I was taught, on the contrary, that a baby, for instance, is bad, and that something must happen to it before it becomes good, — baptism.'

Over the assemblage went that tightening of neck-muscles which accompanies the resolution of the well-bred not to titter. But the laugh would not be quenched; it rippled over the hall, and, in the midst of it, a great-great-grandson of Jonathan Edwards of Calvinist memory commented with a twinkle of glee: —

'The doctrine of original sin has made its appearance among us. In a gathering like this I should say that it amounted almost to a "social error."'

Here was a group of young men more than averagely keen on religion

(though more concerned with its practice than its theory), and the idea of the individualistic method of saving their souls struck them instinctively as comic. It is true they were more interested in souls than in anything else in the world, but the souls they were interested in were not their own, — perhaps the surest method of getting them saved.

And so I can foresee a time when there will be a new kind of social error; when it will be considered as bad form to commit one of these instinctive idiocies as it is now to eat pie with a knife, and when the considerate hostess who formerly used the wrong fork to countenance the guest who had used the wrong fork, will, when an instinctive idiocy is uttered at her table, counter with another of the same stripe in order to let the blunderer down gracefully. Thus, when her guest has the misfortune to remark, 'The trouble with the working-class is that they have too many children,' — good manners will require the hostess to respond, 'Yes. It would be better, far, far better, if most of them had never been born.' — And courtesy bids the other guests affect to heed the slip no more than if their unlucky fellow had quaffed out of his finger-bowl.

As yet this new conception of etiquette is imperfectly established, the result being that you get such painful situations as this: —

GUEST: We all know that race-mixture produces a hybrid. Are n't all these immigrants coming over here going to ruin the country?

HOST: Ask that question of the next Indian you meet.

In a revolutionized social order, I contend, such brutality on the part of a host will be unheard-of; in such stumbles of a purely social nature, the untutored will be shielded from mortification.

That the commission of these instinc-

tive idiocies should altogether cease in the era of that new dawn is no more to be expected than to be desired. Once the taste for this sort of humor has been formed, ordinary jokes fail to satisfy. These have a richer flavor. Strong food. They pillory whole types and classes and betray the secret hypocrisies of the colossally smug. They transform the reading of the daily papers from a penitential but necessary chore into a carouse of unbridled delight. Why should any one pay ten cents for a cut-and-dried funny paper when the instinctive idiocies of the

scribes and pharisees drench every page of the one-cent and two-cent daily prints with a humor so sardonic and so deadly? It does, to be sure, sometimes turn a trifle grim, as when the president of a national bank announces, —

‘What we need is a good, stiff panic. When they’ve starved a while they may be glad to stop striking and work for what they can get.’

Yet while I am prepared to admit that the foregoing is not an excruciatingly funny joke, I do say that it is best to learn how to laugh. At least, it is better to laugh than to swear.

A DEFENSE OF JOY

BY ROBERT HAVEN SCHAUFFLER

Joy is such stuff as the hinges of Heaven’s doors are made of. So our fathers believed. So we supposed in childhood. Since then it has become the literary fashion to combat this idea. The writers would have us think of joy not as a supernal hinge, but as a pottle of hay, hung by a crafty creator before humanity’s asinine nose. The donkey is thus constantly incited to unrewarded efforts. And when he arrives at his goal he is either defrauded of the hay outright, or he dislikes it, or it disagrees with him.

Robert Louis Stevenson warns us that ‘to travel hopefully is a better thing than to arrive,’ portraying eloquently the emptiness and illusory character of achievement. And, of those who have attained, Mr. E. F. Benson exclaims, ‘God help them!’ These sayings are typical of a wide-spread liter-

ary fashion. Now to slander Mistress Joy to-day is a serious matter. For we are coming to realize that she is a far more important person than we had supposed; that she is, in fact, one of the chief managers of life. Instead of doing a modest little business in an obscure suburb, she has offices that embrace the whole first floor of humanity’s city hall.

Of course I do not doubt that our writer-friends note down the truth as they see it. But they see it imperfectly. They merely have a corner of one eye on a corner of the truth. Therefore they tell untruths that are the falser for being so beautifully and neatly expressed. There is no more treacherous guide than the consummate artist on the wrong tack. Those who decry the joy of achievement are like tyros at skating who venture alone upon thin ice, fall down, fall in, and insist on the way

home that winter sports have been grossly overestimated. This outcry about men being unable to enjoy what they have attained is a half-truth which cannot skate two consecutive strokes in the right direction without the support of its better half. And its better half is the fact that one may enjoy achievement hugely, provided only he will get himself into proper condition.

Of course I am not for one moment denying that achievement is harder to enjoy than the hope of achievement. Undoubtedly the former lacks the glamour of the indistinct, 'that sweet bloom of all that is far away.' But our writer-friends overlook the fact that glamour and 'sweet bloom' are so much pepsin to help weak stomachs digest strong joy. If you would have the best possible time of it in the world, develop your joy-digesting apparatus to the point where it can, without a qualm, dispose of that tough morsel, the present, obvious and attained. There will always be enough of the unattained at table to furnish balanced rations.

'God help the attainers!' — forsooth! Why, the ideas which I have quoted, if they were carried to logical lengths would make heaven a farcical kill-joy, a weary, stale, flat, unprofitable morgue of disappointed hopes, with *Ennui* for janitor. I admit that the old heaven of the Semitic poets was constructed somewhat along these lines. But that is no real heaven where you do nothing but lie about in a rather overdecorated auditorium and rehearse the same chorus during a seven-day week. No; the real Heaven is a quiet, beautiful place where every one is a Heaven-born creator and is engaged — not caring in the least for food or sleep — in turning out, one after another, the greatest of masterpieces, and enjoying them to the quick, both while they are being done and when they are quite achieved.

I would not, however, fall into the

opposite error and disparage the joy of traveling hopefully. It is doubtless easy to enjoy one's self in a wayside air-castle of a hundred suites, equipped with self-starting servants, a Congressional Library, a National Gallery of pictures, a Vatican-full of sculpture, with Hoppe for billiard-marker, Paderewski to keep things going in the music room, Wright as grand hereditary master of the hangar, and Miss Annette Kellerman in charge of the swimming pool, keeping Mumm about the wine-cellar. I am not denying that such a castle is easier to enjoy before the air has been squeezed out of it by the horny clutch of reality, which moves it to the journey's end and sets it down with a jar in its fifty-foot lot, complete with seven rooms and bath, and only half an hour from the depot. But this is not for one moment admitting the contention of the lords of literature that the air-castle has a monopoly of joy, while the seven rooms and bath have a monopoly of disillusionized boredom and anguish of mind. If your before-mentioned apparatus is only in working order, you can have no end of joy out of the cottage. And any morning before breakfast you can build another, and vastly superior, air-castle on the vacant land behind the wood-shed.

'What is all this,' I hear the reader ask, 'about a joy-digesting apparatus?'

It consists of four parts. Physical exuberance is the first. To a considerable extent joy depends on exuberant health. The joy of artistic creation, for instance, lies not so intensely and intoxicatingly in what you may some time accomplish as in what has actually just started into life under your pencil or clayey thumb, your bow or brush. For what you are about to receive, the Lord, as a rule, makes you duly thankful. But with the thankfulness is always mingled the shadowy apprehension that your powers may fail

you when next you wish to use them. Thus the joy of anticipatory creation is akin to pain. It holds no such pure bliss as actual creation. When you are in full swing, what you have just finished (unless you are exhausted) seems to you nearly always the best piece of work that you have ever done. For your critical, inhibitory apparatus is temporarily paralyzed by the intoxication of the moment. What makes so many artists fail at these times to enjoy a maximum of pleasure and a minimum of its opposite, is that they do not train their bodies 'like a strong man to run a race,' and make and keep them exuberant. The actual toil takes so much of their meagre vitality that they have too little left with which to enjoy the resulting achievement. If they become ever so slightly intoxicated over the work, they have a dreadful morning after, whose pain they read back into the joy preceding. And then they groan out that all is vanity, and slander joy by calling it a pottle of hay.

It takes so much vitality to enjoy achievement because achievement is something finished. And you cannot enjoy what is finished, in art for instance, without re-creating it for yourself. But, though re-creation demands almost as much vital overplus as creation, the layman should realize that he has, as a rule, far more of this overplus than the pallid, anæmic race of artists. And he should accordingly discount their lamentations over the vanity of achievement.

The reason Hazlitt took no pleasure in writing, and in having written, his delicious essays is that he did not know how to take proper care of his body. To be extremely antithetical, I, on the other hand, take so much pleasure in writing and in having written these essays of mine (which are no hundredth part as beautiful, witty, wise, or brilliant as Hazlitt's) that the leaden

showers of drudgery, discouragement, and disillusionment which accompany and follow almost every one of them, and the need of Spartan training for their sake, hardly displace a drop from the bucket of joy that the work brings.

Why? Because 'I keep under my body, and bring it into subjection.' This procedure has meant so much vital overplus that long ago I spurted and caught up with my pottle of joy. And, finding that it made a cud of unimagined flavor and durability, I substituted for the pottle a placard to this effect: —

REMEMBER THE RACE!

This placard, hung always before me, is a reminder that a decent respect for the laws of good sportsmanship requires me to keep in as hard condition as possible for the hundred-yard dash called Life. Such a regimen pays thousands of per cent in yearly dividends.

Exuberance is an alembic which transforms all things into joy — even sorrow itself. I wonder if any one seriously doubts that it was just this which was giving Browning's young David such a glorious time of it when he broke into that jubilant war-whoop about 'our manhood's prime vigor' and 'the wild joys of living.'

The physical variety of exuberance, once won, makes easy the winning of the mental variety. If your body is shouting for joy over the mere act of living, mental calisthenics no longer appear so impossibly irksome. And anyway, the discipline of your physical training has induced your will to put up with a good deal of irksomeness. This is partly because its eye is fixed on something beyond the far-off, divine event of achieving concentration on one subject for five minutes without allowing the mind to wander from it more than twenty-five times. That something is a keenness of perception which

makes any given fragment of nature or human nature or art, however seemingly barren and commonplace, endlessly alive with possibilities of joyful discovery, — with possibilities, even, of a developing imagination. For the auto-comrade, your better self, is a magician. He can get something out of nothing.

At this stage of your development you will probably discover in yourself enough mental adroitness and power of concentration to enable you to weed all discordant thoughts out of your mind. As you wander through your mental pleasure-grounds, whenever you come upon an ugly intruder of a thought which might bloom into some poisonous emotion such as fear, envy, hate, remorse, anger, and the like, there is only one right way to treat it. Pull it up like a weed; drop it on the rubbish heap as if it were a stinging nettle; and let some harmonious thought grow in its place. There is no more reckless consumer of all kinds of exuberance than the discordant thought, and weeding it out saves such an amazing quantity of *eau de vie* wherewith to water the garden of joy, that with it in hand every man may be his own Burbank.

When you have won physical and mental exuberance, you will have pleased your auto-comrade to such an extent that he will most likely startle and delight you with a birthday present as the reward of virtue. Some fine morning you will climb out of the right side of your bed and come whistling down to breakfast and find by your plate a neat packet of spiritual exuberance with his best wishes. Mental and spiritual exuberance, then, are the second and third parts of the joy-digesting apparatus. I think there is no need of dwelling on their efficacy in helping one to enjoy achievement. Let us pass, therefore, to the fourth and last part, which is self-restraint.

Perhaps the gravest count in the indictment of attainment is its sameness, its dry monotony. On the way to it (the writers say), you are constantly falling in with something new. But, once there, you must abandon the variegated delights of yesterday and settle down, to-day and forever, to the same old thing. In this connection I recall an epigram of Professor Woodrow Wilson's. He was lecturing to us young Princetonians about Gladstone's ability to make any subject of absorbing interest, even a four hours' speech on the budget. 'Young gentlemen,' cried the professor, 'it is not the subject that is dry. It is *you* that are dry!' Similarly, it is not attainment that is dry; it is the attainers, — who fondly suppose that now, having attained, they have no further use for the exuberance of body, mind, and spirit or the self-restraint which helped them toward their goal. Particularly the self-restraint. One chief reason why the thing attained so often and so quickly palls is that men seek to enjoy it immoderately. Why, if Ponce de Leon had found the fountain of youth and drunk of it as bibulously as we are apt to guzzle the cup of achievement, he would in no time have turned himself into an embryo! Even traveling hopefully would pall if one kept at it twenty-four hours a day. Just feast on the rich food of Beethoven's Fifth Symphony morning, noon, and night, for a few months and see how you feel. There is no other way. Achievement must be moderately indulged in, not made the pretext for a debauch. If one has achieved a new cottage, for example, let him take numerous week-end vacations from it. And let not an author sit down and read through his own book the moment it comes from the binder. A few more months will suffice to blur the memory of those irrevocable, nauseating foundry proofs. If he forbears — instead

of being sickened by the stuff, no gentle reader, I venture to predict, will be more keenly and delicately intrigued by the volume's vigors and subtleties.

If you have just made your fortune, be sure, in the course of your Continental wanderings, to take many a third-class carriage full of witty peasants, and stop at many an 'unpretentious' inn 'Of the White Hind,' with bowered rose-garden and bowling-green running down to the trout-filled river, and mine ample hostess herself to make and bring you the dish for which she is famous over half the countryside. Thus you will increase by at least one Baedekerian star-power the lustre of the next *Grand Hotel Royal de l'Universe* which may receive you.

And be sure to alternate pedestrianism with motoring, and the 'peanut' gallery with the stage-box before the latter becomes a chestnut. Be sure to punctuate with stag vacations long periods of domestic felicity. When Solomon declared that all was vanity and vexation of spirit I suspect that he had been more than unusually intemperate in frequenting the hymeneal altar.

Why is it that the young painters, musicians, and playwrights who win fame and fortune as heroes in the novels of Mr. E. F. Benson enjoy achievement so hugely? Simply because they are exuberant in mind, body, and spirit, and, if not averse to brandy and soda, are in other ways at least, paragons of moderation. And yet, in his *Book of Months*, Mr. Benson requests God to help those who have attained!

With this fourfold equipment of the three exuberances and moderation, I defy Solomon himself in all his glory not to enjoy the situation immensely and settle down in high good humor and content with the paltry few scores of wives already attained. I defy him not to enjoy even his fame.

We have heard much from the gloomily illustrious about the fraudulent promise of the cup of fame. At a distance it seems genuine, they admit. But only step up and peer over the jeweled rim, and all you find there is dust and ashes, vanity and vexation of spirit. If a man holds this view, however, you may be rather sure that he belongs to the bourgeois great. For it is just as bourgeois to win fame and then not know what on earth to do with it, as it is to win fortune and then not know what on earth to do with it. The more cultivated a famous man is, the more he must enjoy the situation; for along with his dry scrag of fame, the more he must have of the sauce which alone makes it palatable. The recipe for this sauce runs as follows: to one amphoraful best physical exuberance add spice of keen perception, cream of imagination, and fruits of the spirit. Serve with grain of salt.

That famous person is gravyleless who can, without a tingle of joy, overhear the couple in the next steamer-chairs casually mentioning his name to each other as an accepted and honored household word. He has no sauce for his scrag if he, unmoved, can see the face of some beautiful child in the holiday crowd suddenly illuminated by the pleasure of recognizing him, from his pictures, as the author of her favorite story. He is bourgeois if it gives him no joy when the weight of his name swings the beam toward the good cause; or when the mail brings luminous comprehension and gratitude from the perfect stranger in Topeka or Tokyo. No; fame to the truly cultivated should be fully as enjoyable as traveling hopefully toward fame.

In certain other cases, indeed, attainment is even more delicious than the hope thereof. Think of the long, cool drink at the New Mexican pueblo after a day in the incandescent desert, with

your tongue gradually enlarging itself from thirst. Has not the new president's aged father a slightly better time at the inauguration of his son than he had at any time during the fifty years of hoping for and predicting that consummation? Does not the successful altruist enjoy more keenly the certainty of having made the world a better place to live in, than he had enjoyed the hope of achieving that desirable end? Can there be any comparison between the joys of the tempest-driven soul aspiring, now hopefully, now despairingly, to port, and the joys of the same soul which has at last found a perfect haven in the heart of God?

And still the writers go on talking of joy as if it were a pottle of hay, — a flimsy fraud, — and of attainment as if it were as comfortless as the plight of a hobbled mule afflicted with indigestion. Why do they not realize, at least, that their every thrill of response to a beautiful note, their every laugh of delighted comprehension of Hazlitt or Crothers, is in itself attainment? The creative appreciator of art is always at his goal. And the much-maligned present is the only time at our disposal in which to enjoy the much-advertised future.

Too bad that our literary friends should have gone to extremes on this point! If Robert Louis Stevenson had noted that 'to travel hopefully is an easier thing than to arrive,' he would have hit the truth. If Mr. Benson had said, 'If you attain, God help you bountifully to exuberance,' etc., that would have been unexceptionable. It would even have been a more useful — though slightly supererogatory — service, to point out for the million-and-first time that achievement is not all that it seems to be, from a considerable distance. In other words, that the laws of perspective will not budge. These writers would thus quite sufficiently have played dentist to Disappointment and ex-

tracted his venomous fangs for us in advance. What the gentlemen really should have done was to perform the dentistry first, reminding us once again that a part of attainment is illusory and consists of such stuff as dreams — good and bad — are made of. Then, *per contra*, they should have demonstrated attainment's good points, finally leading up to its supreme advantage. This advantage is — its strategic position.

Arriving beats hoping to arrive, in this: that while the hoper is so keenly hopeful that he has little attention to spare for anything besides the future, the arriver may take a broader, more leisurely survey of things. The hoper's eyes are glued to the distant peak. The attainer of that peak may recover his breath and enjoy a complete panorama of his present achievement, and may amuse himself besides by reclimbing the mountain in retrospect. He has also yonder farther and loftier peak in his eye, which he may now look forward to attacking the week after next; for this little preliminary jaunt is giving him his mountain legs. Hence, while the hoper enjoys only the future, the achiever, if his joy-digesting apparatus be working properly, rejoices with exceeding great joy in past, present, and future alike. He has an advantage of three to one over the merely hopeful traveler. And when they meet this is the song he sings: —

Mistress Joy is at your side
Waiting to become a bride.

Soft! Restrain your jubilation.
That ripe mouth may not be kissed
Ere you stand examination.
Mistress Joy's a eugenicist.

Is your crony Moderation?
Do your senses say you sooth?
Are your veins the kind that tingle?
Is your soul awake in truth?

If these traits in you commingle
Joy no more shall leave you single.

THE LITTLE SIGN FOR FRIEND

BY MARGARET PRESCOTT MONTAGUE

I

Now there are diversities of gifts, even in a school for deaf-mute children. There was Everett Dwight, for instance, who, in the modeling class, always specialized in pigs — most engaging pigs, with expressively cocked ears, and tails of an unbelievable curliness. There was little Mary Logan, who had learned to say, 'I know,' long before any of the other children in her class, and who said it upon all occasions, in season and out. And again, there was great awkward Christopher Adams who could make grotesque wooden snakes. But to Charlie Webster, — little old Webster, as all the teachers called him in sheer affection, or 'W-on-the-eyes,' as his sign went among the deaf children, for a reason which has been explained elsewhere,¹ — to him was the gift for friendship.

From what enchanted source had a little deaf boy of ten drawn this miracle of affection that bubbled forth to enrich every new acquaintanceship? At the Lomax School for Deaf and Blind Children, he was friends with every one, — high and low, black and white, deaf and blind, — and his hands were forever flying together to form the little sign for friend, which is made in the deaf language by locking the forefingers first in one direction and then in the other; and by this sign he conquered.

'Certainly it takes little old Webster

¹ 'Why it was W-on-the-Eyes,' in the *Atlantic Monthly*, April, 1913.

to be friends with Christopher Adams,' Miss Evans, one of the teachers, sighed as her mind's eye presented the picture of the latter's awkward shambling figure, and his dumb bewildered face.

Christopher Adams was a great lumbering deaf mute of nineteen, sent to school years too late, and so homesick and confused and unhappy, and with a mind so long neglected, that he was well-nigh unteachable.

'You should have let us have him years ago,' Mr. Lincoln, the Superintendent of Lomax, had cried reproachfully when Christopher's father had brought him to school. The boy's agonized glance flickered about the unfamiliar room, alighting here and there, on the bookcases, the typewriter, the desk, then fled back to his father's face to cling there in desperate question. His body was that of a man almost six feet tall, but the spirit of childhood, like a captive Ariel, looked forth from the dark tragic eyes, terrified by the unknown, and caught so fast in its prison of deafness, that it might never give place to maturity.

'I allus 'lowed he ought to go to school,' his father sighed. He was a little, shabby, discouraged man from the backwoods of Lupin County. 'But his mammy said she wa'n't agoin' to have her afflicted child sent among strangers. But this fall we heard you was teachin' deaf children to talk, so I got her persuaded to let me bring Chrissy.'

'But your boy is so old —,' Mr. Lincoln broke off, hunting for the kind-

est words; but the little man's fear caught him up sharply.

'You mean — you mean my boy can't learn?'

As Mr. Lincoln hesitated, Charlie Webster pushed open the study door, his dancing eyes asking permission to enter, while his fingers signed a request for some writing paper. Mr. Lincoln, however, shook his head over the signs.

'You must speak,' he commanded.

And little old Webster, who believed with all his small soul in articulation for deaf children, flung back his head obediently, and, though somewhat embarrassed by the presence of strangers, made a buoyant attempt to control his stubborn lips.

'Ples' gif me —' He paused, his vocabulary being as yet very limited, and, touching his forehead, and flinging his hand out, made the sign for, 'I don't know.'

'Some paper,' Mr. Lincoln prompted him.

'Ples' gif me som' paper,' Webster repeated, reading the words from the other's lips and beaming with excitement.

And when Mr. Lincoln complied, he said, 'Thank you,' pressing his finger to the side of his nose, as he always did to be sure that the vibration was right; flashed his engaging smile once more upon every one, and departed.

'Why, he's a-talkin'!' Mr. Adams burst out in great excitement. 'He's a-talkin' an' he's deaf, ain't he? Why can't my boy learn good as him?'

'Because your boy has been kept from school too long. However,' Mr. Lincoln went on kindly, 'perhaps we can give him a little speech even yet. And at any rate, if he is contented here' — he glanced rather doubtfully at the terror in Christopher's eyes — 'we can at least teach him a trade, and he will pick up the sign language.'

But the little man's slow mind was

working over the Superintendent's earlier remark.

'He oughter to come sooner — when they's little they kin learn better.' His thin jaws worked a moment uncertainly; then, 'I reckon,' he began, — but suddenly caught himself up. 'No — no,' he mumbled, his words trailing off to silence.

Later that morning Mr. Lincoln was startled by an agonized cry, and the sight of a great body flashing past his study window. Rushing out to the porch, he found Mr. Bennet, the supervisor of the deaf boys, struggling to calm Christopher Adams.

'He's just realized that his father has left him here,' the former gasped.

With a sudden inspiration of hope, Christopher tore himself free from the supervisor and dashed away to Mr. Lincoln's study. His father was not there. He fled back again to the front yard — nor was he there either. Then to the schoolrooms, the dormitories, the carpenter's shop, the yard again, — to all the places they had visited together, — but his father was in none of them. His agonized eyes questioned Mr. Lincoln's face for a moment, as desperate as those of a lost dog. Then he was off again, running down the path and through the school gates and away to the railroad station, Mr. Lincoln and the supervisor in pursuit. He reached the station just as the little jerky local train was pulling out. His father was on the rear platform. Christopher caught sight of him and, screaming inarticulately and waving wild arms, plunged after the train. On the platform, the little man burst into a babble of incoherent, futile words, the tears raining down his cheeks, his hands trying to form reassuring signs.

'Don't be skeered, son,' he cried. 'They ain't goin' ter hurt ye. Don't be skeered, honey! Pappy'll be back for ye in the spring. Don't — son —'

Quickening its pace, the train swept away around a bend and the father, still waving his hands and crying useless words to his son's deaf ears, was snatched away out of sight. Christopher stood a blank moment, staring down the track. Then he flung his arms high above his head, and pitched over upon the ties.

The next morning in school, little Hiram Cobb engaged in a desperate struggle with the written word — always so difficult to deaf children who have never heard it spoken — and produced the following: 'We have a new boy. He is big. He is never to school. He is very a savage.' He was extremely proud of this effusion, for it had required time and patience and a thrust-out tongue to achieve it, and moreover, it contained three capital H's which were more beautiful than any he had ever before accomplished. He showed it to Charlie Webster at recess, but little old Webster promptly tore the neatly written page to shreds; upon which they fought, Hiram sustaining a skinned knuckle and sprained finger, and Webster a swollen lip. Afterwards, Webster sought out Christopher Adams where he sat in one corner bowed over in utter misery, and related to him on his fingers the whole history of the battle, — how Hiram had written bad things about Christopher; how he, Webster, had torn them up; and how they had fought. With extraordinary vividness of gesture, the incidents flowed from Webster's fingers in a series of sharp pictures. The signs were utterly unintelligible to Christopher, of course, and he had not the least idea what it was all about; but no one could have the entire attention of little old Webster's engaging personality without responding somewhat to it, and when he finished his narrative with a fine flourishing defiance of the whole world, and then, pointing to Christo-

pher and himself, locked his fingers together in the little sign for friend, the agonized look of Christopher's face relaxed faintly and he presented the other with his apple which he had been too unhappy to eat. Webster accepted the apple, — though he had already devoured two, — for he was well aware that the game of friendship should not be played with all the favors coming from one side, and any way fighting always made him hungry.

After the first days of frantic bewilderment, and constant attempts to run away, Christopher settled down to a stunned acquiescence. He was docile enough, and appeared to be trying with his groping mind to discover what it was all about; but it was infinitely difficult to get into touch with the imprisoned Ariel of his soul. Having never been to school, the spoken and written word was, of course, wholly unintelligible to him; nor did the sign language which all the deaf children used in their play hours, help him much more, for their signs were not like the ones that he had himself made up for his own use at home. Mr. Lincoln never saw his lumbering figure towering up in the class of little beginners of six and seven, nor looked into his dazed, unhappy face, without a contraction of rage for the lost years.

'If I had my way, I'd hang, draw, and quarter every parent who keeps his deaf or blind child at home from school,' he commented grimly.

Moreover, Christopher, from lack of training, was full of uncouth habits, inarticulate sounds, strange gestures and grimaces which made him the continual butt of the other children. Against the older boys he had no hesitancy in using his fists; but it had evidently been drilled into him at home that he must never put forth his great strength against anyone smaller than himself, and once his slow mind had closed upon

a command, it apparently never opened to any exceptions. The astonishing fact developed itself that this great giant would run away from the little boys; would, if tortured too far, even burst into frantic tears rather than turn and defend himself.

Little Hiram Cobb was the first to discover this. He treasured a resentment against Christopher as having been the cause of the destruction of his capital H's, and one cold, sleeting day, just before Christmas, when the boys were all collected in the gymnasium at playtime, he caught up a bean bag and, running across to where Christopher leaned against the wall, flung it violently in his face, and scuttled away. Glancing back, however, what was his astonishment to discover that Christopher was running from him. With a squeal of joy, he caught up more bean bags and started in hot pursuit. Other little boys joined in. With inarticulate cries, they harried their victim all across the gymnasium, pelting him with the bags. The older boys stopped their games to shout with laughter at the spectacle of the biggest boy in school fleeing from assailants who barely reached to his waist. Driven mad by the laughter, Christopher made a dash for the door to escape, but the big boys joined forces and, blocking his way, thrust him back to his tormentors. The whole room rocked with laughter, and wild applause.

Christopher, who knew no defense save his fists, plunged at one big, laughing boy after another. But he could not fight them all, and he must not fight the little ones. Crimson, bewildered, frantic, pelted by the bean bags, he rushed first in one direction, then in another, now attacking a big boy, now fleeing from a little one. The room reeled before his distracted eyes, full of taunting gesticulating boys, all laughing at him, all against him. He

had no language of either word or gesture. He did not know why he had been brought to this terrible place; he was one against sixty. All the agony, and confusion, and desperation of the past months rushed upon him. He dropped his clenched fists. A bag struck him on the head; another in his bewildered face. He turned and, with the rabble still at his heels, stumbled blindly over to one corner of the gymnasium, and there, crouching down, turned his face to the wall, and burst into helpless tears, an uncouth, weeping giant, with the little boys shouting with laughter and pelting him.

Suddenly Webster was among them. But such a Webster! Eyes flashing; cheeks on fire; fists clinched. He made short work of Hiram Cobb and his like. Then he turned upon the big boys, and poured forth a furious speech with his hands.

'Shame! Shame!' his hand flung the word at them, and his eyes blazed it. 'All you boys on one! Shame! Not one of you big enough to fight him alone! Shame on you! Shame on you!'

The sign for shame is sufficiently expressive in itself, but Webster flung into it such an impassioned scorn and contempt, such accusation, that all the culprits, turning away, began to pretend an elaborate interest in boxing gloves, dumb-bells, vaulting horses, or anything that would shield them from the blazing eyes of one accusing little boy.

Then little old Webster stooped down to Christopher. What gift of insight bestowed upon him the understanding and tenderness of a mother? With an infinite compassion — a compassion that realized in his own little body all the other's mortification — he found Christopher's cap for him; smoothed his disheveled hair, dusted his coat with eager, sorry hands, and then, grunting all the while little in-

articulate sounds of sympathy — which neither he nor Christopher could hear — he drew the broken, sobbing giant to his feet, and trying with his inadequately small body to shield his friend from the eyes of the other boys, he led him away from the scene of his humiliation.

The next day Christopher Adams was gone. At some time when the night-watchman was in another part of the building, he had slipped out and away into the open country. It was Christmas Day that he went, and while all the school made merry with Christmas trees and festivities, Mr. Lincoln was scouring the country and telephoning far and wide. At dusk they caught him. He was walking straight down the railroad track, his eyes wide and far away, picturing some distant desired spot. At the end of the day, when every other child was replete with nuts and candy and Christmas cheer, Christopher, tired and footsore and frustrated, limped into the deaf boys' sitting-room, and sinking into a chair, put his head down on the table in front of him, and not even Webster with all his array of toys could rouse him from his hopeless despair. So, after a time, little old Webster desisted, and just sat quietly by his side, not trying to do anything, simply assuring him of his sympathy by his loyal presence.

Once when Christopher looked up for a moment, Webster crooked his forefingers together in the sign for friend. A faint bleak smile went over the other's face, and his clumsy fingers copied the little sign.

II

The winter swung into the New Year. The busy schooldays went by, treading fast upon one another's heels, and in all the pressure of work, and the

care of over two hundred children, it was not possible to give Christopher the individual attention that his case required. He did, it is true, begin to learn a little, and to pick up a few signs, but his face had settled to a strained and baffled look as if his whole soul were striving to understand, and could not because the doors had been closed too long. The teachers regarded him always with a vague foreboding. It did not seem possible that all the smouldering unhappiness which his eyes showed would not flame out into tragedy somewhere, somehow. Had it been possible for him to have a special teacher, things might have been different. But this the parents could not afford, and the school funds were too limited for it to be thought of, much as Mr. Lincoln desired it.

But, as has been said, there are diversities of gifts, and even Christopher had his. He could make snakes. They were whittled bits of wood, painted black, and mottled, joined by stout thread, and so cunningly balanced that when grasped by the middle they would writhe and twist and lash themselves from side to side in a truly snake-like and repulsive manner. Christopher had brought one of these snakes to school with him, — apparently his only treasure, — and there was not a deaf girl at Lomax who did not shudder at the sight of it, or a deaf boy who did not covet it. Nothing would induce Christopher to part with it, but one day he set to work in the carpenter's shop to fashion a similar one, indicating by signs that the new snake was to be for Webster. He was a slow worker, with his untrained mind and clumsy fingers, but his whole soul went into the task, and as he worked, he chuckled and grimaced happily to himself.

It was something conceived by his brain, brought to birth by his hands, and destined for his friend, so heart

and brain and hand were all at work together, and in the fashioning of that snake, he knew his first happy moments at school. In the midst of all the baffled bewilderment which he felt for his other tasks, here was something he could do; something, moreover, which no one else in the school could do. He began to improve, to lose a little of his strained look, and in the respect which his snake gained for him, the inhibiting mortification which he had suffered from being placed with the little boys lifted somewhat. Because he could do one thing well, he began to do everything a little better.

Through the long, bewildering hours of study, his mind warmed itself with pictures of the carpenter shop and the treasure it held. Lacking language, his thoughts made pictures and presented sensations with extraordinary clearness. When he thought of the consummation of his task — the presentation of the snake to Charlie Webster — he saw the whole picture of the sun-lighted work-room with its group of admiring boys; he could smell the shavings and sawdust, could feel the snake in his grasp, and could see Webster's little eager up-turned face; while the delight of doing something for his friend ran in warm anticipation through his whole being.

At last, the snake was finished. His soul shining through his face, Christopher lifted the hideous thing from the bench and held it out to Webster, but in the moment that his tribute to their friendship was changing hands, Hiram Cobb in sheer bravado, leaped forward, snatched the snake away, wrung it to bits, and flung the fragments in the stove. With a choking sound that was half a roar and half a sob, Christopher's great fist shot out, and Hiram went down, limp and unconscious. The other boys rushed up, dragging Christopher back, accusing him with

wild gesticulations, and pointing down at Hiram.

Struggling, and panting, and horrified, all the bubble of his happiness shattered, Christopher stared for a moment at the boy at his feet. Then, wrenching himself free, he flung his arms up before his face and fled away into the snow-covered country, sobbing and panting, and running.

An excited company of boys carried Hiram to the hospital, and there, after a time, he regained consciousness, very limp and frightened, but not seriously hurt.

But Christopher was gone, and another fact was revealed. Charlie Webster was gone also. When? Where? No one knew. One of the big deaf boys remembered seeing him in the group that carried Hiram to the hospital, and remembered that as soon as Hiram opened his eyes, and showed signs of being alive, Webster had rushed from the room.

Mr. Lincoln had been absent from the school at the time and it was late when he returned. Fortunately, though the ground was covered with snow, a thaw had set in and it was not cold.

'That little old Webster's gone after Christopher,' Mr. Lincoln said. 'And Christopher'll make straight down the railroad track for home, and neither of them can hear a train.'

For hours he drove along the country road, a full moon overhead, and on his right hand the black lines of the railroad track stretching into the distance. But the boys had a long start of him, and dawn came and then full morning before at last he found them. Rounding a bend in the road, he came upon a little appalled huddle of humanity caught together in the fellowship of disaster. The gray winter landscape surrounded them; the uncaring sky arched overhead, and beside them lay the sinister line of the railroad.

They were all there: Christopher's father and mother; his little white-faced brothers and sisters; a few neighbors hastily collected; the track-walker; the station agent. Charlie Webster was there too, and Christopher was there. At least, his body was. The track-walker had found them: Christopher lying where the train had flung him, and Webster beside him, weeping and cold and terrified, but keeping faithful watch over his friend. It had happened not far from Christopher's home. Neighbors had recognized him and sent the tragic word to his parents.

Mr. Lincoln went over and looked down at the body, and suddenly his eyes blurred. The heavy dead fingers were locked tight in the little sign for friend, and he knew that at the last Christopher had looked into the face of one person whom he loved. Perhaps, too, Webster had reached him in time to make him understand that he had not killed the boy he had struck, for the face turned up to the bleak daylight had lost its terrified bewilderment, and in his death Christopher Adams looked as though he could at last hear and understand, and was free.

From her place beside her boy Christopher's mother rose up from her knees and confronted Mr. Lincoln. She was a gaunt mountain woman, and her face was terrible.

'Look!' she cried, 'look at my son!' and spread her shaking hands out over the body at her feet. 'I sent you my boy—I trusted him to you. I sent him away well and strong, and *now*—Here he comes runnin' and runnin' home to his mammy through the dark and the cold.'

With a sharp sob, she broke off and, flinging herself down, began touching the great broken body here and there, tending it softly, pushing the hair from the forehead, brushing the coat, and with her coarse apron wiping the face.

'You knowed yer mammy'd take keer of you, didn't yer, little boy?' she whispered. 'You was runnin' home through ther dark to yer mammy, was n't you? Oh!' she burst out, distractedly, 'it's er *lie*! It's all er lie, I tell yer! Deef children *can't* learn! It's er lie they tell ter git 'em fooled erway from their mammies. *It's er lie! Er lie!*'

'Ca'line, they *kin* learn when they's little!' All at once her husband who had been weeping beside his son stopped crying. 'They *kin* learn when they's little, Ca'line!' he persisted, his voice sharp with pleading. 'Make him talk—show her!' he commanded suddenly, whirling upon Mr. Lincoln and pointing to Webster. 'Make that there little feller talk.'

Mr. Lincoln hesitated. It seemed too cruel to show the mother what her misdirected love and ignorance had cost her son; but there was such a wrung intensity in the little man's voice, and in his tear-disfigured face, and he cried so insistently, 'Make him talk! make him talk!' that the Superintendent could not but comply. Drawing Webster over to him, he put him through some of his familiar questions.

'How old are you? What is your name? Have you a sister? Have you a brother?'

And putting his small cold hands into Mr. Lincoln's, and raising his quivering face to the latter's, Webster made a faithful attempt to control his voice. He was white and distraught, and his eyes wavered constantly in the direction of his dead friend, but obedient as always, he did his best.

'I am ten years ou'ld. I haf no sister. I haf no bro'ther.' His replies came as he read the questions from the Superintendent's lips.

'I *told* you they could learn if they was sent to school early! I told you they could learn, Ca'line!' the little

man's sobbing and pleading broke out.

'He ain't deaf! That ain't er deaf child like mine!' she cried passionately.

'He is stone deaf, he can't hear a word,' Mr. Lincoln returned.

She looked at Webster a moment longer as he went patiently on through his sentences, and at last conviction grew in her eyes.

'Sonny! Sonny!' she cried, putting her face down close to Christopher's, and caressing him pitifully, 'O little boy, I reckon yer mammy's love ruined yer! I would n't let you go to school — I thought nobody could do for you like yer mammy — O sonny —'

Suddenly, little old Webster broke away from Mr. Lincoln and going over, touched the mother, and, pointing to Christopher's locked hands, copied the sign of the dead fingers.

'Fr-r-riend,' he said, carefully, — it was a word he had early learned to say, — 'my fr-r-riend,' and burst into tears.

Answering tears flashed up in the mother's passionate eyes. 'Was he your friend, little honey?' she said, brokenly, and hid her face in her apron.

'Ca'line they *kin* learn when they's little,' her husband's distracted pleading began again.

She silenced him with a gesture, and staggering blindly to her feet, went over to her huddled group of children, and drew from the midst of them a beautiful sturdy little boy of about six years.

'Take him!' she panted. 'Take him 'fore his mammy's love ruins *him* too —'

'Another deaf child?' Mr. Lincoln cried.

'Yes — yes! My little baby child! My oldest an' my youngest, both deaf. I 'lowed never to let my baby go, but *now* —' A rush of tears cut her short. 'Mammy's got to let you go — she's got to let her baby go,' she sobbed to the child. Taking his small hand she placed it in Webster's. 'You be good to him — you learn him, honey,' she implored.

Nobody ever called on little old Webster in vain. His stricken face relaxed now into a smile, greeting this new friendship that had flowered out of the one so tragically broken. The little boy hung back a moment, his big mute eyes questioning the other. Then, suddenly, his face broke into a copy of Webster's own smile, he made a little chuckling inarticulate sound, and snuggled his small body confidingly up against the other.

And little old Webster, all unconscious that he had been the means of rescuing this child from one of the most pathetic lives which the world has to offer, — that of an uneducated deaf mute, — took the little boy's soft fingers and began at once to shape them into the sign that Christopher's had died in — the little sign for friend.

THE PROMOTION OF FOREIGN COMMERCE

BY AVARD LONGLEY BISHOP

I

FROM that remote time when commerce had its origin, down to the present, there has existed a strenuous inter-group struggle for commercial supremacy. For more than two thousand years the Mediterranean Sea and its environs were the centre of the conflict; and, in fact, until the era of geographical discovery, which marked the close of the fifteenth and the early part of the sixteenth centuries, the battleground included but a small fraction of the globe. The rivalry for first place in what we now consider the world's trade is confined, therefore, to a period of only four hundred years. This period has been marked by the rise and fall of relatively few competitors, for at no time have there been many rivals in the field. After the Discoveries Period a hundred years passed before the claims of the Portuguese and Spaniards to a monopoly of the transoceanic trade were successfully contested. But, in the seventeenth century, both nations dropped out of the race, and Holland, France, and England came into prominence. The outcome of their bitter struggle was that eventually England triumphed; and during the latter part of the eighteenth century and until late in the nineteenth she stood commercially supreme.

In the light of history, however, the retention of commercial advantage admits of great uncertainty: the supremacy of Great Britain herself has been threatened. She is not face to face

with commercial decadence; her trade is in a healthy condition, and it continues to expand; she still remains the 'commercial heart' of the world. But two entirely new competitors — Germany and the United States — recently have come rapidly into the foreground. At the present time both are experiencing an industrial and commercial expansion through which Great Britain, in her earlier economic evolution, passed many decades ago. The marvelous achievements of science and their application to the arts have recently made such rapid strides that the material development of both Germany and the United States has proceeded at an unprecedented rate. And one of the most manifest signs of this development is that during the last four decades the foreign trade of both countries has grown to huge proportions.

In many respects the rise of Germany as an industrial and commercial power in less than half a century stands without parallel in the history of the world. Within the past forty years, her foreign trade has increased more than two hundred and fifty per cent, so that it has appropriately been styled the marvel of the twentieth century. Naturally, such a phenomenal development has been the cause of much uneasiness on the part of English statesmen and business men. The situation has been keenly analyzed by Mr. J. D. Whelpley, who states that 'in this great total of Germany's trade, and in the rapidity with which it has risen to its present volume and value

lies the reason for the anti-German agitation in England. On the surface, this antagonism is political and relates to armaments, but its roots lie in the trade of the world, and it is fed upon commercial rivalry.'

Until the United States had become so strong commercially that she must needs be reckoned with as a rival, the sole competitors for first place in the world's trade had been European nations. And it should not be overlooked that, even in the twentieth century, Europe still remains the great centre of commerce, just as it is the centre of the world's politics and culture. But three centuries of colonial and national life have brought such far-reaching changes in our economic organization that we have been brought into new business relations with the rest of the world. One of the manifestations of this transformation is the recent growth of our foreign trade. During the last forty years it has increased in value from a little over eight hundred million dollars annually to upwards of four billions.

Moreover, other countries than those already mentioned have shared in this great commercial development, — with the result that, within the last twenty years, the world's foreign commerce has more than doubled. In 1912, it amounted to over thirty-seven billions of dollars, and fully one half of this total is to be credited to five countries — the United Kingdom, Germany, the United States, France, and Holland. The commanding position of any one of the first three is shown by the fact that its present-day foreign commerce surpasses that of the whole world only sixty years ago.

This enormous expansion of international trade has been accompanied by the growth of increasingly keen competition in the markets of the world. It is now understood that, in order to secure

the best results in selling goods abroad, no possible expedient may be overlooked. A nation's foreign commerce can no more look after itself than can the business of a private individual. In either case, neglect or carelessness in method means nothing but disaster. There is but one answer to the question — 'How shall a nation get foreign business?' and that is — 'Let the nation go after it.' In the great majority of cases 'the mere sale of manufactured merchandise . . . is positive proof that behind that sale there has been an intelligent persistent effort to secure the market.'

Not only are the three great competitors — the United Kingdom, Germany, and the United States — bending their efforts toward the expansion of their foreign commerce, but the lesser rivals are giving more and more attention to the matter. In fact, in viewing the present-day situation with respect to the world's foreign commerce, the most noticeable phenomenon is the strenuous effort which is now being put forth by each one of the important commercial nations to fortify itself against the inroads of rivals, and to increase to still greater proportions its foreign trade.

Let us now examine these activities among the three great rivals so that we may appreciate the various ways in which the nations are going about to equip themselves, the better to control the markets of the world.

II. THE UNITED KINGDOM

With regard to the United Kingdom, it is to be noted that her enormous foreign commerce, which in 1912 amounted to almost five and one-half billion dollars, has been built up without any considerable amount of direct assistance from the government. Indirectly, however, through the influence of dip-

lomatic and certain other officials, the way has been prepared somewhat for the trader. The English business man forced his way into the world's markets with phenomenal success; but this was at an earlier time, when national competition in business affairs, as now understood, was unknown. Some one has termed the English method of trading, 'individualism gone mad.' This of course was hardly a fair characterization; moreover, in recent years, conditions have changed. Prompted, at least in part, by the organized competition of successful rivals, the government has come to the rescue. The consular service has been requisitioned to play its important part in paving the way for commerce; the Board of Trade, notably through its Intelligence Bureau, is now at the service of the business man; the Association of Chambers of Commerce of the United Kingdom recently has urged the government to establish a Ministry of Commerce; and all along the line there are evidences of coöperation between business interests on the one hand, and the government on the other.

But it is toward the extension of intercolonial or imperial trade that the greatest effort is now being directed. At the eighth triennial Congress of Chambers of Commerce of the British Empire, which was held in London in 1912, at which every part of the Empire was represented, the leading question under consideration was imperial trade. Resolutions were adopted favoring penny postage for the whole empire; an 'all red' cable route, bearing messages at a nominal rate, and with terminals exclusively on British territory; a uniform system of weights, measures, and currency; and preferential trade within the Empire. An examination of the proceedings of the whole congress establishes the point that the one thought uppermost in the minds of

the over three hundred delegates was the desire to increase the trade between the mother country and the over-sea dominions, as well as with each other. Furthermore, it has been announced that an imperial exhibit will be held in London for six months of 1915. This has been promoted for the express purpose of strengthening the commercial ties between the constituent parts of the Empire, and to prove to the world that the British Empire can be made economically self-sufficient.

Another proof of the widespread desire to bring all parts of the Empire into a closer and more effective commercial union was the creation in 1911 of a British Imperial Trade Commission. This is composed of six members from the United Kingdom and one member each from Canada, Australia, Newfoundland, South Africa and New Zealand. The chairman of the commission is Sir Edgar Vincent, K.C.M.G., and the secretary is Mr. Edward John Harding, who succeeded the first appointee, Mr. W. A. Robinson of the Colonial Office. The proposition for the establishment of such a body was made by Sir Wilfrid Laurier at the Imperial Conference held in London in May and June, 1911. Immediately steps were taken to follow out this suggestion, with the result that in the early part of the following year the organization was completed, and actual work was begun.

Officially, the Commission is charged with the following duties: 'To inquire into and report upon the natural resources of the Dominion of Canada, the Commonwealth of Australia, the Dominion of New Zealand, the Union of South Africa, and the Colony of Newfoundland; and, further, to report upon the development of such resources, whether attained or attainable; upon the facilities which exist or may be created for the production,

manufacture, and distribution of all articles of commerce in those parts of the Empire; upon the requirements of each such part and of the United Kingdom in the matter of food and raw materials, and the available sources of such; upon the trade of each such part of the Empire with the other parts, with the United Kingdom, and with the rest of the world; upon the extent, if any, to which the mutual trade of the several parts of the Empire has been or is being affected beneficially or otherwise by the laws now in force, other than fiscal laws; and generally to suggest any methods, consistent always with the existing fiscal policy of each part of the Empire, by which the trade of each part with the others and with the United Kingdom may be improved and extended.'

It is expected that the work of the Commission will be completed before the next meeting of the Colonial Conference which is scheduled to be held in Canada in 1914. Already a partial report has been submitted, and the final draft is now being awaited with the keenest interest.

It should also be stated, in passing, that the work of the Imperial Institute is not without significance in its bearings upon imperial trade. In its exhibition galleries are illustrated the commercial and industrial resources of the constituent parts of the Empire. For example, the tea industry of India is shown in completion, from the work in the gardens to the exportation of the products in the manufactured state. Samples of the leading grades of tea are exhibited; photographs and models illustrate the processes of manufacture; tea-chests used in the export trade are to be found; and diagrams are presented illustrating the growth of the industry. Likewise, sugar cultivation and its manufacture are exhibited, and the same is true of representative indus-

tries from practically every part of the Empire.

In many respects, however, the most significant activity designed to promote, in its largest aspects, the trade of the Empire was the creation in 1911 of a British Imperial Council of Commerce. There are, within the Empire, some five hundred chambers of commerce, boards of trade, and organizations of a similar nature. But it was observed that, in reality, there was no connecting link between these various bodies by which team-work could be assured in matters of commercial policy. Accordingly, at the annual meetings of the Associated Chambers of Commerce of the United Kingdom in 1910 and 1911, formal approval was given to a scheme to federate the various business men's organizations throughout the Empire. The idea originated, it is said, at the seventh Congress of Chambers of Commerce of the Empire, held in Sydney in 1909. The plan was submitted to the various chambers of commerce of the whole British dominions for their approval. The outcome of all the negotiation was that the London Chamber of Commerce called a meeting for July 5, 1911, which was 'representative of British commercial interests, not only within the Empire, but throughout the world.' A resolution was passed unanimously approving the formation of an organization to be known as 'The British Imperial Council of Commerce.'

In no sense is it an official body representative of the government, but it is an entirely voluntary association whose members are the various British chambers of commerce and similar organizations, located either within the Empire or elsewhere. The function of this Council is 'to act as a clearing-house for commercial information and suggestions; to distribute reliable information as to each country's needs and

powers; and to organize and give effect to the resolutions of the Congress of Chambers of Commerce of the Empire.' Very little has been done, as yet, except to perfect the organization, but it is believed that this new body will be instrumental in securing official recognition, without undue delay, of such large matters of commercial policy as are endorsed by British business men everywhere.

III. GERMANY

In contrast with the English system of foreign-trade extension which, as we have seen, was, until recently, so unaided by the government as to have been somewhat inaccurately described as 'individualism gone mad,' is the paternalistic system of the Germans. With them, the work of promoting foreign commerce has been carried on in a thoroughly practical and systematic manner; and this applies alike to the efforts of private individuals, corporations, trade-promoting institutions, and the government itself. But the one characteristic of the trade-organization of Germany which makes more toward efficiency than anything else is the coöperation which exists between the government, on the one hand, and the business interests, on the other. This is manifested in numerous ways, of which a few may be considered here.

Fifteen years ago a commission was created, known as the Imperial Consultative Board for the Elaboration of Commercial Measures. It was designed for the express purpose of establishing a connecting link between the Imperial Department of Commerce, on the one hand, and the semi-official and public business organizations, on the other. Of the thirty-two members, it was arranged that half should be appointed directly by the Chancellor, and that he also should appoint the rest of the members, although the German

Agricultural Association, the German Association of Chambers of Commerce, and the Central Association of German Industry should share among themselves the control of the nominations.

The work of this body has been varied and important. In the preparation of the German tariff which went into effect a few years after the formation of the Imperial Consultative Board, it took the leading part. It carried on exhaustive investigations for the express purpose of shedding light upon tariff questions, and was instrumental in securing the services of over two thousand technical experts in drawing up the schedules. Furthermore, it was this same body which 'virtually took an industrial and commercial census of the country, and elaborated for the use of the government an enormous mass of data which showed in detail the trade of Germany with the various foreign countries in every line of business, the difference in the cost of production in Germany and the respective countries, and the amount of protection required to meet foreign competition.' Other activities have consisted in accumulating, at first hand, such information as is necessary for the intelligent making of a commercial treaty with a foreign country. Although the relations of the Board with the government have been merely advisory, it has contributed much toward moulding the commercial policy of the nation.

Of far-reaching and vital importance to the German merchant engaged in the foreign trade, have been the various classes of experts which the government maintains at certain consulates. At the present time, commercial experts are stationed at New York, St. Petersburg, Calcutta, Johannesburg, Sydney, Shanghai, Yokohama, Valparaiso, Chicago, Mexico City, Bucharest, and Rio de Janeiro. Forestry and agricultural experts are to be found

at Christiania, London, St. Petersburg, Rome, Buenos Aires, Chicago, Montreal, and a few other centres. In 1912, the Imperial budget contained appropriations amounting to nearly \$120,000, for the support of all such experts, who together with the members of the efficient consular service keep the nation constantly advised upon all business matters, the world over, which may be of interest to German traders.

The Imperial government prepares and distributes all sorts of literature beneficial to those interested in the export trade. This work is in charge of a special department of the Imperial Ministry of the Interior, called 'Handelspolitische Abtheilung,' — Department of Commerce, — which is presided over by a director. Assisting him are several so-called councilors, each in charge of a special line of work. A corps of competent clerks attends to all routine matters, so that the councilors have their full time for study. Information is furnished regularly from numerous sources, including German and foreign publications, and confidential reports and memoranda submitted by the diplomatic and consular corps; by commercial, agricultural, and forestry experts; by chambers of commerce; and by other official and private bodies. Each item finds its way into the specialized file of some one of the councilors, and then the problem is to get either this information, or generalizations based thereon, into the hands of business men. Accordingly, various publications are issued, of which only

one or two need be mentioned here.

Nachrichten für Handel und Industrie is published about three times a week, on the average, and contains extracts from the reports of the diplomatic and consular officers, from the commercial, agricultural, and forestry experts, as well as from miscellaneous sources. The aim is to include only such information as will be of immediate service to the practical business man. *Deutsches Handelsarchiv* is issued less often, and contains data which, though similar to those just described, are of more permanent value. In addition to other publications available to all interested, there is a good deal of information, strictly of a private nature, given out by the Imperial Ministry of the Interior. For example, in 1911 there were printed and forwarded to the business men's organizations, some 55,000 copies of private publications — these being available neither to the public press nor to foreigners.

Another instance of coöperation between the government and the business interests, designed to expand foreign commerce, is found in an examination of railway rates. The lines owned by the federal states give a substantial reduction in freight rates on shipments from interior points to the seaboard, when the goods are to be exported. The significance of these rebates is shown by selecting, at random, a few items from a schedule reported by Consul-General Thackara while stationed at Berlin, which will be found in the table below.

FREIGHT RATE PER METRIC TON ON SEVERAL CLASSES OF GOODS ON GERMAN RAILWAYS IN CARLOAD LOTS

From	To	Class of Goods	Normal rate	Export rate
Cologne	Hamburg	Copper goods, lead blocks	\$6.58	\$3.14
"	"	Zinc in sheets, etc.	4.86	3.17
"	"	Cotton goods	6.38	3.64
"	"	Machinery & machine parts	4.86	2.52
Frankfort	Bremen	Machines & ironwares	6.00	3.07
"	Lubeck	" " "	6.47	3.31
"	Hamburg	Iron products	4.71	1.67

From this table it appears that the export rate is, roughly speaking, one half the regular rate on domestic shipments. The importance to the export merchant of such reductions, and the stimulus thus given to foreign trade, are too obvious to necessitate further discussion.

The German banking system, with its widespread establishment of branches in foreign countries, renders valuable assistance to the export trade. Not that the banks accomplish a substantial saving of foreign exchange, but the services which they render their customers, though immeasurable in dollars and cents, is, nevertheless, important. For example, they furnish gratuitously such information respecting trade conditions in those countries where their branches are established as their customers request. In the home office, there are kept special files, exhaustively indexed, containing detailed and accurate information concerning foreign trade-openings, the actual conditions of local trade, and all kinds of commercial, financial, and industrial information culled from the four corners of the earth. These data are always at the service of the export merchant or manufacturer, who often uses them to his material advantage. A practical illustration of this, also reported by Consul-General Thackara while still at Berlin, may be repeated here.

If a German manufacturer of laundry machines should desire to enter the South American field, Buenos Aires, for example, he would inquire at his bank for information as to the prospect of such a venture. In all probability, the data will be found in the files of the main office, but, if they are not there, the bank at once gets into communication with the manager of its branch in Buenos Aires. The desired information is forwarded to the head office, and handed over to the inquirer. It will cover

such points as the actual state of the laundry business at Buenos Aires; the number of plants in operation; whether or not the laundries do good work; the schedule of prices, number of patrons, character of the water used, and so on. If the manufacturer decides that the opening is a promising one, he will probably visit the field in person. The bank will recommend to him for his foreign representative a reliable firm; and, when the branch business once is installed, the bank continues to help in its extension. The mere fact that there is a well-equipped German banking institution in the city is a highly important factor in the future development of the business.

IV. THE UNITED STATES

In our own country, because problems of internal development were considered as of primary importance, those which had to do with the extension of foreign trade were, until recent years, of comparatively little concern. But the rapid material development of the United States during the last few decades has wrought such far-reaching changes in the economic organization that questions of external expansion have come rapidly into the foreground. The extraordinary growth of our foreign trade within this period already has been emphasized. In seeking out the causes for the development of a conscious movement for its further expansion, one of far greater significance than rapid growth is found in the changing character of the exports. Until recently these consisted primarily of foodstuffs and raw materials, and, since they could always find a ready market, there was no need of organized effort to expand our commerce. But now all this has changed: manufactures constitute nearly fifty per cent in value of our exports, as compared with twen-

ty per cent only twenty-five years ago, and we are compelled to sell these goods in competition with such eminently successful traders in manufactured wares as the British and Germans. In order to compete successfully, no possible expedient may be overlooked, and, happily, a good start has been made in solving the problem of the expansion of foreign trade. Some of the movements in progress will now be considered.

The efficiency of the consular service is of vital concern to our foreign trading interests; and it should not be overlooked, in passing, that the diplomatic officers also render considerable assistance in the development of trade. It is exceedingly difficult, however, to measure the value of the work of consuls, because much of their aid in winning foreign markets is indirect. They are known, for example, to be instrumental in paving the way for the success of the traveling agents of American firms, and they do this, in large part, by maintaining a cordial relationship between our people and those of foreign countries, where the consuls are stationed. In many instances, they are able to assist the trained agents in placing the orders. If space permitted, a large number of instances of actual trade-extension, due either to the direct or to the indirect influence of our consuls, could be mentioned.

It was a conscious recognition of this assistance, and a realization of the necessity of having an effective corps of intelligent workers in the service, that prompted the business men's organizations to clamor for consular reform. The contest was waged for several years, until, finally, the victory for merit and efficiency was won when Congress passed a remedial act in 1906. Prior to that date, the system was still 'in politics,' the inefficiency of the service as a whole was generally recog-

nized, and, because of its personnel, it was incapable of assisting in the development of foreign trade. In the words of one who stood high in the executive offices of the United States, the consular offices 'were filled by all sorts and conditions of men, ranging from distinguished litterateurs, military men, and retired statesmen, to ward politicians, bankrupt business men, professional failures, individuals in quest of a genial climate, and adventurers of various kinds.' In the selection of new office-holders, the ultimate test of fitness was political influence. No matter how well or how poorly the duties were being performed, there was a notorious insecurity of office. When a new political party was hoisted into the saddle, dismissals by the wholesale were the regular order of the day. It is stated that, on one occasion, thirty out of a total of thirty-five consuls-general, one hundred and thirty-three out of a total of one hundred and eighty-three consuls of the first class, and a majority of the minor officials were all ousted from office in less than a year. Such insecurity could not fail to demoralize utterly.

In striking contrast are the conditions which have prevailed since 1906. Entrance to the service is conditioned on the passing of a rigid examination in a number of prescribed subjects, of which several bear directly upon commerce and practical business affairs. The original appointment is made to one of the lower grades, and promotion to a higher grade is based upon merit. In the Department of State, an efficiency record is kept, and one of the principal factors in computing efficiency is the nature of one's activities, such as in reporting upon trade relations. Here is a powerful incentive to consular officials to exert their best efforts in serving that section of the business interests which is concerned with

foreign commerce. Although the consular law of 1906 did not cover all the points on which reform had been urged, its deficiencies were at once provided for by executive orders, and, happily, successive presidents have continued them in force. The result has been that the personnel of the service has greatly improved, and the business interests appreciate the fact that the consular service is now a powerful ally in the extension of foreign trade. That it is being utilized to advantage each successive year by an increasingly large number of firms is ample proof of this statement.

In other respects the Federal government has been concerned in marshaling its forces and bringing them to the assistance of our business men. A few years ago, a reorganization of the State Department was undertaken. There were created Divisions of Latin-America, Far Eastern, Near Eastern, and Western European affairs, and an effort was made to man these divisions with officials familiar with both political and commercial conditions in the countries to which they were assigned.

The Department of Commerce, however, is the one which has potentialities for the promotion of our foreign trade greater than those possessed by any other department, but only to a limited degree has it yet proved to be a promotive force. At the present day, it is the centre of interest and activity. This is due, at least in part, to the spirit of Secretary Redfield, who, in assuming his duties, is reported to have stated: 'The most emphatic conviction with which I have taken up the duties of Secretary of Commerce pertains to our foreign trade. . . . It is most gratifying to see that this is increasing year by year. The energies of the Department of Commerce must be directed toward stimulating those increases, thus rendering an enduring service to

American business.' The Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce is aggressively carrying out the ideas here expressed, yet its work is capable of almost indefinite expansion. This must be conditioned, however, upon two indispensable factors—money and men. Larger appropriations are necessary before it will be possible to collect, organize, and distribute information of value to our exporters as rapidly and efficiently as such work is done in Germany.

Within recent years, business men's organizations, both local and national, have been working upon the problem of enlarging our markets. Although individual firms, whose members constitute these various associations, know better than others that success in the export field depends primarily upon their own well-directed and persistent efforts, as well as those of efficient traveling salesmen, nevertheless they realize that there are problems of policy worthy of united effort. This is attested by an examination of the recent activities of numerous commercial associations.

In the case of local business men's organizations, there are many instances of the formation of foreign trade bureaus, export committees, and the like. Two years ago, an important departure was made by the Chicago Association of Commerce, when it engaged for the South American field an expert agent, conversant with the languages and trade conditions in South America. A branch office was opened in Buenos Aires, and 'profitable commercial connections' have resulted. Again, it is reported that plans are well under way for the establishment in New York City of a high class College of Commerce, where business may be taught as a profession; and, it is said, that the New York Chamber of Commerce is largely responsible for this important action.

But the activities of certain national bodies are also of significance. For example, the National Association of Manufacturers, ever since its organization in 1895, has been unceasing in its efforts to cultivate commercial relations with other countries, as well as to promote the manufacturing interests of the nation. Among its first acts was the appointment of trade-commissioners to travel abroad in search of foreign markets. Gradually there was built up at its headquarters a foreign department comprising a number of bureaus which, apart from the actual purchase and sale of goods, cover nearly all aspects of the export business. There are bureaus of information, translation, credit reports, collections, patents and trade-marks, publicity, and international freight. Its latest activity, designed to increase American foreign trade, was the opening in November last of an export trade school in New York City, under the direction of the foreign trade and banking expert of the Association. The American Manufacturers' Export Association, though a much younger body, is fulfilling its original pledge — to foster and promote the business and commercial relations between American manufacturers and foreign nations; and it is extremely active in almost every phase of the development of our foreign trade. The same is true of other national organizations, as well as of the Foreign Trade Bureau of the Philadelphia Commercial Museum.

But perhaps the most significant movement of the commercial organizations was the formation, in April, 1912, of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States of America. It came into existence at a national commercial conference, called by the President of the United States at Washington, D.C. Seven hundred delegates were in attendance, representing three hundred

and ninety-two boards of trade, chambers of commerce, and similar associations of business men, from practically every state in the union; and delegates were present from Hawaii, Porto Rico, and the Philippines, as well as from the American Chambers of Commerce of Paris, Brussels, and Constantinople. Although government officials were active in arranging the conference, the Chamber of Commerce of the United States of America is in no sense a governmental machine. On the contrary, it was created to serve as a connecting link between Congress, on the one hand, and the American business world, on the other. In some respects, it is analogous to the British Imperial Council of Commerce, which came into existence but a year earlier; and, in general purpose, it bears a resemblance to the German Imperial Consultative Board, both of which have already been considered.

It has been announced that the Chamber of Commerce of the United States of America will perform three general functions. It is to act as a national clearing-house for business opinion, business methods, and such important suggestions of individual constituent organizations as will be helpful to the work of others. It will furnish a correlation between the public and the Federal government which hitherto has been lacking, and will inform the public upon the activities of a government which now is highly ramified and scientifically specialized. And, finally, by means of a referendum vote, it will test the business sentiment of the country from time to time upon important matters which would be affected by legislation. The Chamber cannot give support to either side of any question, however, until the question has been submitted to all of the constituent members for approval. Its official organ is *The Nation's Business*, which

fills a place hitherto unoccupied by any single publication.

Although the promotion of foreign commerce is but one of several broad lines of interest of the new Chamber of Commerce, there are indications that this will be an important feature of its work. Soon after organization, a number of committees were appointed to consider questions of foreign trade. The special committee on the Department of Commerce has been extremely active in investigating the work of the various bureaus, and in framing its report. The latter is in sympathy with the ideas of Secretary Redfield, in that they involve a comprehensive plan for broadening the scope of the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce, and the appointment of commercial attachés. The report was submitted to the constituent organizations of the Chamber of Commerce for a referendum vote. This was overwhelm-

ingly in favor of the recommendations of the committee.

The establishment of this commercial clearing-house, which will serve also as a connecting link between the government at Washington and our largest business interests, is unquestionably a timely move. When commercial legislation is pending, the pulse of the nation may be taken and its record submitted to the government. The future contributions of this body to the solution of the problems involved in the expansion of our foreign trade, supplemented by those which are bound to result from other conscious movements in behalf of our export trade, should result in enabling American merchants to compete successfully with rivals. Thus will the United States, with her abundant and diversified natural resources, be assured of occupying a high place among the world's great commercial nations.

LAISSEZ-FAIRE IN RELIGION

BY BERNARD IDDINGS BELL

I

The composition of this paper was inspired by a careful and, in much, a sympathetic reading of Mr. Winston Churchill's novel, *The Inside of the Cup*; although it is in no sense to be a review of that book or a criticism of its author. It is significant that most of the comment which one hears upon the book is concerned with its religious rather than with its sociological teachings; and this notwithstanding that the author has

made the latter the more prominent. This is a bit of unconsciously offered testimony that the world at large is still a great deal more interested in religion than it is in sociology.

The religious significance of the reception of *The Inside of the Cup*, however, is even greater than this. In it one finds evidence of the willingness of the public to accept, in popular form, an utterance of the belief that religion today is being smothered by a blanket of inherited dogma, and that all that is

necessary to insure men's flowering religiously is to take the burden of that dogma off and let them grow. From the enthusiasm with which the book has been greeted, one perceives how many people there are who welcome and applaud this belief. It is because the present writer believes that this position is quite unscientific, quite out of accord with the facts of life as they may be historically observed, that this article is written.

The whole of life to-day is marked by a revolt from that extreme individualism which grew out of the decay of feudal controls. Toward the end of the Middle Ages one can plainly observe a revulsion—current in almost every realm of thought and action—from a social concept of life, however crude, to an individualistic concept of life. The development of a philosophy based upon this concept was, of course, gradual. In practical affairs, in economics, this developing individualism reached full expression in the doctrine of *Laissez-faire*, as enunciated by such classic economists as Adam Smith, Ricardo, and J. S. Mill. These men and their followers voiced a demand that every individual should be let alone to fight out his economic salvation in a state of unrestricted competition. They made the unit the individual instead of the social group. Their avowed purpose was to make it impossible for the democracy of mankind to hinder, economically, the aims, desires, and purposes of any person within that democracy.

When the rest of thought became individualistic in this way, religion, as one who perceives the unity of life might expect, became individualistic too. There was a revolt, not merely from group-control of the individual in secular matters, but also from group-control of the individual in matters religious. The man who thought that he ought to be allowed by society to

do as he saw fit, also, as a matter of course, thought that he should be permitted to believe as he saw fit. If he had a right to found a business and run it as he liked, he had an equal right to found a religion and run it as he liked. He would have his conduct controlled by no overweening state; neither would he have his religion dictated by any external *ecclesia*. Secularly he stood sufficient unto himself alone. Sacredly he stood likewise.

The result was, soon, the splitting of Christendom into sects and yet more sects. If every man were sufficient to himself in determining religious truth, the possible number of sects was limited only by the number of individuals in the world. The one thing which prevented this tendency from developing at once, the one thing which held people together, was their devotion to a common fetich-book, the Bible. When at length modern scientific criticism had torn the Bible from its fetich-throne and restored it to its proper place, the state of religion became plain as a state of anarchy.

Nothing has been more marked in the thought of the last twenty years than a growing rejection of this individualism in economic and political realms. The revolt against *Laissez-faire*, ineffectually voiced by Ruskin, is now assisted in by the greater part of the economists. Even the most conservative of them have so modified the doctrine as to have made it almost unrecognizable. This revolt has been due to the coming of humanity to its senses, to a realization that in placing the interests of an individual above those of society as a whole it denied a fundamental law of the human race, a law inherent in the nature of that race, and so deserved, and experienced, calamity and social degeneration. To-day, most people see life clearly and sanely enough not merely to know, themselves, that

the social group as a whole is of more importance than any individuals within it, but to insist more and more on enforcing that judgment upon the minority who still do not believe it. Once more the race seems to have awakened to the truth that its advancement comes best and quickest from an advance of the interests of the whole group, and not from the encouragement of individuals at the expense of that whole group.

In the realm of religion, however, this return to a social emphasis has not progressed to the same extent. In fact, it has hardly begun. The demand for the abolition of dogma, about which one hears so much, is the logical conclusion toward which religion has been tending ever since it abandoned the principle of socialized control of the individual. It is the inevitable end of religion, when religion is considered with the individualistic bias.

The strange, the almost startling incongruity, about our modern situation is that *the same people who insist on the right of democracy to control all individuals economically are the very ones who are loudest in their demands that the democracy control no individual religiously*. Thus we find Mr. Churchill, in this novel of his, coupling a highly socialized concept of economics with a diametrically opposite, individualized concept of religion. The same man who is a socialist (in the larger meaning of that term) in one realm of thought is an individualist in another realm of thought; and not only that, but he seems to think this intellectual inconsistency the most natural thing in the world. And many, many people, reading the book, applaud it vigorously, not seeing, apparently, that in so doing they are indulging in one of the most remarkable feats of mental gymnastics ever known in the history of man. Seemingly, they fail to see that

in holding at the same time these diametrically opposed positions they have accomplished a real divorcement between things secular and things religious such as the arch-plutocrat in the novel never could have brought to pass. He believed as he chose, and acted as he chose, and he admitted the right of no group, political or ecclesiastical, to control him. He at least was consistent.

II

Is it not astonishing to find how many people there are who mightily exaggerate their own importance in those parts of life which are deeper than the merely material? Is it not as truly pathetic as it is remarkable, to observe how most of us look upon ourselves, in these aspects of life, as beings apart from the great flow of humanity, as remarkable and extraordinary special creations, each individually of transcendent importance in the scheme of the universe? And is it not, when we come to think of it, equally pathetic to see how each generation, in these respects, and especially our own generation, exaggerates its importance in the age-long world-development?

Of course the disparagement of dogma is due not merely to the individualism of individuals, but also to this individualism of generations. How common this larger sort of individualism is! To hear current talk, one would imagine that this generation was a thing apart, in some way peculiar, for some reason not subordinate to those great general laws which have governed the development of past generations. It would almost seem, at times, that those of this generation thought themselves the only generation which had really counted for much — with possibly a generous inclusion of its fathers and grandfathers. As for the days of our ancestors, mention them not in the same

breath with us of this wonderful twentieth century!

We speak, to-day, lightly and contemptuously of the 'Dark Ages,' implying thereby that our own age is not dark at all, but light; ignoring the fact that all records of life in those past days seem to be records of happiness amid adversity and poverty, while our own life manifests itself largely as a life of dense unhappiness in the midst of prosperity and wealth. We call our ancestors intolerant because they believed things intensely, on no better basis than the Catholic religion, and utterly forget that this same spirit is manifested among us by those who believe things on no better warrant than the guesses of physical science.

Some advanced thinkers prate of the Black Death as an awful instance of the lack of preventive medicine, and at the same time refuse to vaccinate their own children against smallpox. Folks talk of the dense ignorance of the days of yore, which in their ignorance, however, produced a Chaucer, a Dante, a Petrarch, a Boccaccio, a Thomas Aquinas, a Spinoza, and also a public which read them. People talk of art, as if it had been our province to create it, when the despised ages of the past produced painters and sculptors and architects whose work our own age has not surpassed or even equaled, and when in past times, instead of our hideousness, the observer might have seen nations whose cottages, barns, fences, chicken-yards, bridges, and even pig-styes were beautiful.

As a matter of fact, in considering any period of history, any generation, the permanent things about the life of that period, the things that really count for the most in it, will almost always be found to be those things which are developments of habits, institutions, customs, possessions, inherited from previous generations, tested in the crucible

of previous centuries and found good; and the evil things of that generation, the impermanent things, the silly things, will almost always turn out to be the things in which the period has ignored and abandoned those inherited habits, institutions, customs, and possessions. Not that the old things are ever suited to any generation in every particular. They must be altered, slowly and gradually, to fit new developments. But it is always the old and well-tested things modified which are better than the new creations.

This is true because humanity remains very much the same in essentials throughout the centuries. You and your great-great-grandfather are not very different the one from the other, save in accidents. You may not eat with your knife as George Washington did; you wear neither knee-breeches nor a powdered wig; when you get a fever you are not bled; you write your *s*'s above the line, and not so that they look like deformed *f*'s; you think and talk in the *patois* of the highly organized society of the twentieth century, not in the vernacular of rural Virginia in the eighteenth. But, after all, you and Colonel Washington are about the same in all points essential to humanity. The same passions rule you; the same needs impel you; the same sort of mental and physical equipment expressed itself in him in terms of his environment and expresses itself in you in terms of your environment. The only difference between this age and any age that has gone before, is a difference in accidents, a difference in environments. The great, essential things of life are the same in all generations.

By now, doubtless, the reader is thinking that our argument has wandered rather far afield; but possibly the pertinence of all this may become clear when one remembers that there is no branch of thought which, as much as

religion, is concerned with those fundamental things which are the same in human life of all generations. Religion deals with such things as love and hate, service and selfishness, man in his ultimate relationships to the race and to the Eternal, the reason for living, life and death, here and hereafter, earth and Heaven. In all times the problems concerned with these things are the great problems of the race. In successive and changing environments these problems remain the same. It would seem, therefore, that in religion, of all things, men would pay most reverent heed and devote the most careful study to the religious experiences and beliefs of past ages, as revealed in those precipitations from the age-long crucible into which all men have poured their religious reactions, those precipitations to which is given the name of dogmas.

That, however, is the thing which the contemporary temperament relishes not to do. People ignore and despise that act of attaining comradeship with the Infinite which is called prayer, for example; because, forsooth, it does not appeal to them. They expect to gain spiritual poise and power without it. The mere fact that the whole religious experience of humanity, as revealed by history, shows that their attitude is faulty, apparently makes not the slightest difference to them. Others declare their emancipation from symbolic and ritualistic religious expression, although history reveals that sort of thing as an inevitable concomitant of religion. Others ridicule sin and redemption as absurd concepts, despite the fact that the race in all generations has, in one form or another, held them. And they would have, all of these mod-

erns, a religion with no stopping of individual vagaries, no correction of individual mistakes, no system of social control, no regard for the past, no belief in truth as a reality, no dogma. All the ages shout aloud their message that such a thing neither has been nor can ever be.

III

Is there not room for another development in religion, furthered by those who are just as dissatisfied as is Mr. Churchill with social and economic individualism, just as satisfied as he to proclaim that those holding to such individualism can never be religious, and yet who are equally unwilling to attempt the impossible task of holding, economically, one thing and, religiously, its diametrical opposite? Is it not time for those whose intellectual processes have become completely and not merely partially socialized, to lift their voices with a religious message somewhat different from that commonly heard to-day, to call men away from the contemplation of their religious eccentricities, and the age from its admiration of its own complacent and superficial religious experiments, back to the contemplation of that which alone has in it any promise of real knowledge — the religious experiences of the race? Is it not time for some hardy souls, who fear not popular clamor, to insist that the only kind of religion which is scientific at all is dogmatic religion, and that the reason dogmatic religion is scientific is because it is based upon the fundamental human law that the experience of the race is vastly more important than that of any individual or of any generation within it?

THE GORSE

BY WILFRID WILSON GIBSON

IN dream, again within the clean, cold hell
Of glazed and aching silence he was trapped;
And, closing in, the blank walls of his cell
Crushed stifling on him . . . when the bracken snapped,
Caught in his clutching fingers: and he lay
Awake upon his back among the fern,
With free eyes traveling the wide blue day
Unhindered, unremembering; while a burn
Tinkled and gurgled somewhere out of sight,
Unheard of him till, suddenly aware
Of its cold music, shivering in the light,
He raised himself; and with far-ranging stare
Looked all about him: and, with dazed eyes wide
Saw, still as in a numb, unreal dream,
Black figures scouring a far hillside,
With now and then a sunlit rifle's gleam;
And knew the hunt was hot upon his track:
Yet hardly seemed to mind, somehow, just then . . .
But kept on wondering why they looked so black
On that hot hillside, all those little men
Who scurried round like beetles — twelve, all told . . .
He counted them twice over; and began
A third time reckoning them, but could not hold
His starved wits to the business, while they ran
So brokenly, and always stuck at 'five' . . .
And 'One, two, three, four, five,' a dozen times
He muttered . . . 'Can you catch a fish alive?'
Sang mocking echoes of old nursery-rhymes
Through the strained, tingling hollow of his head.
And now, almost remembering, he was stirred
To pity them; and wondered if they'd fed
Since he had, or if, ever since they'd heard
Two nights ago the sudden signal-gun

That raised alarm of his escape, they, too,
Had fasted in the wilderness, and run
With nothing but the thirsty wind to chew,
And nothing in their bellies but a fill
Of cold peat-water, till their heads were light . . .

The crackling of a rifle on the hill
Rang in his ears; and stung to headlong flight,
He started to his feet; and through the brake
He plunged in panic, heedless of the sun
That burned his cropped head to a red-hot ache
Still racked with crackling echoes of the gun.
Then suddenly the sun-enkindled fire
Of gorse upon the moor-top caught his eye;
And that gold glow held all his heart's desire,
As, like a witless flame-bewildered fly,
He blundered toward the league-wide yellow blaze,
And tumbled headlong on the spikes of bloom;
And rising, bruised and bleeding and adaze,
Struggled through clutching spines: the dense, sweet fume
Of nutty, acrid scent like poison stealing
Through his hot blood: the bristling yellow glare
Spiking his eyes with fire, till he went reeling,
Stifling and blinded, on — and did not care
Though he were taken — wandering round and round,
'Jerusalem the Golden' quavering shrill,
Changing his tune to 'Tommy Tiddler's Ground';
Till, just a lost child on that dazzling hill,
Bewildered in a glittering golden maze
Of stinging scented fire, he dropped, quite done,
A shriveling wisp within a world ablaze
Beneath a blinding sky, one blaze of sun.

THE SHOW

BY SIMEON STRUNSKY

FROM Belshazzar Court to the theatre district is only a thirty minutes' ride in the Subway, but usually we reach the theatre a few minutes after the rise of the curtain. Why this should be I have never been able to explain. It is a fact that on such nights we have dinner half an hour early, and Emmeline comes to the table quite ready to go out except that she has her cloak to slip on. Nevertheless we are a few minutes late. While Emmeline is slipping on her cloak I glance through the editorial page in the evening paper, answer the telephone, and recall several bits of work I overlooked at the office. I then give Harold a drink of water in bed, help Emmeline with her hat, clean out the drawers in my writing table, tell Harold to stop talking to himself and go to sleep, and hunt for the theatre tickets in the pockets of my street clothes. After that I have time to read a page or two of John Galsworthy and go in to see that Harold is well covered up. Emmeline always makes me save time by having me ring for the elevator while she is drawing on her gloves. Nevertheless we are a few minutes late for the first act.

But if I frequently leave Belshazzar Court in a state of mild irritation, my spirits rise the moment we enter the Subway. I am stirred by the lights and the crowd, this vibrant New York crowd of which I have spoken before, so aggressively youthful, so prosperous, so strikingly overdressed, and carrying off its finery with a dash that is quite remarkable considering that we are only a half-way-up middle-class crowd

jammed together in a public conveyance. Since our trip abroad some years ago I am convinced that the Parisian woman needs all the *chic* and *esprit* she can encompass. I will affirm that in half an hour in the Subway, at any time of day, I see more charming faces than we saw during six weeks in Paris. I have hitherto been timid about expressing this opinion in print, but only the other night I sat up to read *Innocents Abroad* after many years. What Mark Twain has to say of the Parisian grisette encourages me to make this confession of faith. As I swing from my strap and scan the happy, well-to-do faces under the glow of the electric lamps, I sometimes find myself wondering what reason William D. Haywood can possibly have for being dissatisfied with things as they are.

We are usually late at the theatre, but not always. There are times when Harold will get through with his dinner without being once called to order. He then announces that he is tired and is anxious to get into bed. On such occasions Emmeline grows exceedingly nervous. She feels his head and makes him open his mouth and say, 'Aaa-h-h,' so that she may look down his throat. If Harold carries out his promise and does promptly go to sleep, it intensifies our anxiety and threatens to spoil our evening; but it does also save a little time. It brings us to the theatre a minute or two before the curtain goes up, and gives us a chance to study the interior decorations of the auditorium, completed at great cost, the exact amount

of which I cannot recall without my evening paper. If you will remember that we go to the theatre perhaps a dozen times during the season, and that the number of new theatres on Broadway every season is about that number, you will see why very frequently we should be finding ourselves in a new house.

It is a matter of regret to me that I cannot grow enthusiastic over theatrical interiors. I do my best, but the novel arrangement of proscenium boxes and the upholstery scheme leave me cold. I recall what the evening paper said of the new Blackfriars. Its architecture is a modification of the Parthenon at Athens, and it is nine stories high and equipped with business offices and bachelor quarters. It was erected as one of a chain of amusement houses stretching clear across to San Francisco, by a manager who began three years ago as a moving-picture impresario in the Bronx. Having made a hit in the 'legitimate' with an unknown actress in a play by an unknown writer, he immediately signed a contract with the playwright for his next six plays, hired six companies for the road, and built a chain of theatres to house the plays. This is the American of it. If three years from now this Napoleon of Longacre Square is back at his five-cent moving-picture place in the Bronx it will also be the American of it. When I tell Emmeline that the ceiling has been copied from a French château, she looks up and says nothing.

The curtain goes up on the famous ten-thousand-dollar drawing-room set which has been the hit of the season. The telephone on the real Louis XVI table rings, the English butler comes in to answer the call, and the play is on. The extraordinary development of the telephone on the New York stage is possibly our most notable and meritorious contribution to contemporary

dramatic art. The telephone serves a far higher purpose than Sardou's parlor-maid with the feather-duster. It is plain, of course, that the dramatist's first purpose is to sound a universal human note which shall immediately establish a bond of sympathy between the actors and the audience. And the telephone is something which comes very close to every one of us. If the English butler, instead of answering a telephone call, picks up the instrument and himself calls for some familiar number, like 3100 Spring, which is Police Headquarters, you can actually perceive the responsive thrill which sweeps the house. The note of universal humanity has been struck.

This point is worth keeping in mind. If I am somewhat insistent on being in time for the beginning of the play, it is because I want to subject myself to the magic touch of the telephone bell, and not because I am afraid of missing the drift of the playwright's story. Of that there is no danger, because I know the story already. I don't know whether college courses in the drama still spend as much time as they used to fifteen years ago in laying emphasis on the fact that the first act of a play is devoted to exposition. If college courses are really as modern as they are said to be, professors of the drama will now be teaching their students that the playwright's real preparation for his conflict and his climax is not to be found in the first act at all, but several weeks before the play is produced, in the columns of the daily press.

If Goethe were writing *Faust* to-day he would not lay his Prologue in Heaven but in the newspapers. I know what I am about to see and hear, because I have read all the newspaper chatter while the play was in incubation and in rehearsal. I have been taken into confidence by the managers just before they sailed for Europe in the

imperial suite of the Emperor. If they omitted anything, they have cabled it over from Paris at enormous expense. Through interviews with stars and leading ladies, through calculated indiscretions on the part of the box-office with regard to advance sales, through the newspaper reviews after the first night, I am educated up to the act of seeing a play with a thoroughness that the post-graduate department of Johns Hopkins might envy.

Consequently, there is not the slightest danger, even if we come late, that I shall laugh in the wrong place or fail to laugh in the right place, or that Emmeline will fail to grope for her handkerchief at the right time. Through the same agency of the newspaper the funniest lines, the strongest 'punch,' the most sympathetic bits of dialogue have been located and charted. At college I used to be told that the tremendous appeal of the Greek drama was dependent in large measure on the fact that it dealt with stories which were perfectly familiar to the public. The Athenian audience came to the theatre expectant, surcharged with emotion, waiting eagerly for the proper cue to let its feelings go. But Athens was not conceivably better informed than New York is to-day when it goes to the theatre.

Even James M. Barrie does it. I remember when Emmeline and I went to see Barrie's *What Every Woman Knows*, some years ago. What we really went for, like ten thousand other good people of New York, was to hear the much-advertised tag with which Barrie ended his play, to the effect, namely, that woman was not made out of man's rib but out of his funny bone. I do not recall that a single dramatic reviewer in New York after the first night omitted to concentrate on that epigram; if he did he must have been called down severely by the managing editor. Now it is my sincere belief that the Barrie joke

is a poor one. It is offensively smart, it has the 'punch' which it is Barrie's merit to omit so regularly from his plays. It is inferior to any number of delightful lines in that really beautiful play. That is, I say so now when I am in my right senses. But when Emmeline and I, under the hypnotic spell of the newspapers, went to see *What Every Woman Knows*, what was it that we waited for through four longish acts, — what but that unhappy quip which everybody else was waiting for? Of course we laughed and applauded. We laughed in the same shamefaced and dutiful manner with which people stand up in restaurants when the band plays the 'Star-Spangled Banner.' Often I wonder what would Shakespeare and Molière not have accomplished if they had had the newspapers to hypnotise the audience for them instead of being compelled to do so themselves.

Hypnotism everywhere. One of the popular plays that we never went to see was recommended to Emmeline by a very charming woman who said it was a play which every woman ought to take her husband to see. In itself that is as admirable a bit of dramatic criticism as could be distilled out of several columns of single-leaded minion. But the trouble was that this charming woman had not thought it out for herself. She had found the phrase in the advertising notices of this play. It was so pat, so quotable, and the press agent was so evidently sincere in using it, that it seemed a pity not to pass it on to others. After half a dozen friends had recommended the play to Emmeline as a good one for me to be taken to, she rebelled and said she would not go. She was intellectually offended. Her ostensible reason was that she doubted whether the play would do me any good. I had my revenge not long after when I offered to take her to a play which dealt with woman's extrava-

gance in dress, and which the advertisements said every man ought to take his wife to see. Emmeline said that my sense of humor often betrays me.

This, I am sorry to say, happens rather frequently. My feeble jest about the play which all wives ought to be taken to see was devised on the spur of the moment. But there is one sly bit of humor which I regularly employ and which I never fail to regret. This happens whenever, in reply to Emmeline's suggestion that we take in one of the new plays, I say with malice aforethought that the piece is one to which a man would hardly care to take his wife. The response is instantaneous. It makes no difference that our views on this subject are identical. Apostrophizing me as an exemplar of that muddle-headed thing which is interchangeably known as fossilized Puritanism and Anglo-Saxon hypocrisy, Emmeline begins by asking whether a play that is not fit for a man's wife to see is fit for the husband of that wife. Since I agree with her, the question remains unanswerable. She then goes on to ask whether it might not be an excellent thing for the theatre to abolish the distinction between plays that a man's wife can see and those she cannot see, and to make it a law, preferably a Federal law under the general scheme of social justice, that no man shall be allowed to enter a theatre without a woman companion.

It is a sore point with her. We had as guest at dinner one night an estimable young man who told us that, being anxious to take his betrothed to a certain play, he had bought a ticket for the family circle the night before, to see whether the play was a fit one for the young woman to be taken to. Emmeline cast one baleful glance at the young man, which he fortunately failed to catch, his head being bent over the asparagus. But she has never asked him

to call again. To me, afterwards, she scarified the poor young man.

'Imagine,' she said. 'Here is a man in love with a woman. He is about to take her, and give himself to her, for better and for worse. He asks her to face the secrets of life and the fear of death with him. But he is afraid to take her to the theatre with him.'

The joy of combat makes me forget that my views are quite the same.

'It shows his thoughtfulness,' I said. 'There are any number of nasty plays in town.'

'Why are they here?' she asked.

'I'm sure I don't know.'

'I'll tell you why,' she said: 'to meet the demand for plays that a man cannot take his wife to.'

I assured her that this common phrase really did not mean all she read into it. The average citizen, I said, does not look upon his wife as a tender plant to be shielded against the breath of harm. It was only another instance of our falling in with a phrase, and repeating it in parrot fashion, until we are surprised to find ourselves living up to it. But Emmeline said it was Anglo-Saxon hypocrisy superimposed on the universal *Sklavenmoral* from which woman suffers. At this point I am convinced that a sense of humor often does betray one.

Steeped in the sincere, if often ferociously sincere, realism of the Russian writers, it is plain why one should revolt against the catch-phrases which make up so large a part of our speech and thought. Because she knows the realism of European literature, Emmeline grows angry with the stage manager's realism in which we have made such notable progress of late. She has refused to be impressed by Mr. Belasco's marvelous reproduction of a cheap restaurant, though the tiled walls, the coffee-urns, the cash-registers, and the coat-racks were so unmistakably actual

as to make a good many of us forget that the action which takes place in this restaurant might just as well have taken place in the Aquarium or on top of the Jungfrau. There was another play. For weeks, the author, the producer, and several assistants (I am now quoting press authority) had been searching the city for the exact model of a hall bedroom in a theatrical boarding-house such as the playwright had in mind. They found what they were looking for. When the curtain rose on the opening night, the public, duly kept informed as to the progress of the quest, naturally rose with enthusiasm to the perfect picture of a mean chamber in a squalid boarding-house. The scene was appalling in its detail of tawdry poverty. Except for the fact that the bedroom was about sixty feet long, forty feet wide, and fifty feet high, the effect of destitution was startling.

But there is a more dangerous realism. Our stage has progressed beyond this actuality of real doors with real door-knobs. We have attained as far as the external realism of human types. As exhibited on the stage to-day, the shop-girls, the 'crooks,' the detectives, the clerks, the traveling salesmen, the shady financiers, are startlingly true to life in appearance, in walk, in speech. For that, one ought presumably to be thankful. Presumably it is progress to have shop-girls, clerks, financiers, 'crooks,' and their pursuers, instead of Pinero's drawing-room heroines and bounders, or Mr. Bernstein's highly galvanized boulevardiers. If people with the look of Broadway, with the tang and speech of Broadway, walk the boards, what more would one have?

'Soul,' says Emmeline, and she lashes out at the beautifully made puppets on the stage. External realism has gone as far as it may, but beneath the surface everything is false. The life of these amazingly lifelike figures is false,

the story is false, the morals and the conclusions are false. At bottom it is tawdry melodrama. New tricks of the trade have been mastered, but the same crude, childish views of life confront us, and the same utter lack of that form which is the joy of art. The American stage never had an excess of form. We have less now than we ever had.

As I think back over the last few paragraphs I find that I may have given an utterly wrong impression of how the theatre affects Emmeline and me. It would be deplorable if the reader should get to think that we are high-brows. It is quite the other way. Between the acts and at home, the two of us may be tremendously critical, but while the business of the stage is under way we are grateful for the least excuse to yield ourselves to the spirit of the thing. Provided, only, there is nothing in the play about a young woman who beards a king of finance and frightens him into surrendering a million dollars' worth of bonds. Financiers and their female private secretaries I cannot abide. Otherwise, I delight in nearly everything: in *The Old Homestead*, in George M. Cohan, in *Fanny's First Play*, and in the farce-comedies where a recreant husband, surprised by his wife, steps backward into his own suitcase. Emmeline confesses that she has seldom seen a proposal of marriage on the stage without wanting to sniffle sympathetically.

Because I take pleasure in seeing frivolous young men step into their own suitcases I am not averse to musical comedy. Emmeline rarely accompanies me; not because she is afraid that it is the kind of a play a man should not take his wife to, but because it does not interest her. She is fond of Gilbert and Sullivan, and she likes *The Chocolate Soldier*; but of our own native musical comedy I think she has seen only one example. I have described this

piece elsewhere, and if the editor of the *Atlantic* has no objections, I can repeat in substance what I then wrote.

The play was called *The Girl from Grand Rapids*. The principal characters are an American millionaire and his daughter who are traveling in Switzerland. They come to the little village of Sprudelsaltz and are mistaken by the populace for the German Kaiser and his Chancellor who are expected on a secret mission. The American millionaire, in order to outwit a business rival who belongs to the Furniture Trust, consents to play the part. He accounts for the apparent sex of his Chancellor by declaring that the evil designs of certain French spies have made it necessary for his companion to assume this peculiar disguise. The Chancellor falls in love with the young British attaché, who has come to Switzerland for the purpose of unearthing certain important secrets relative to the German navy. At their first meeting the supposed German Chancellor and the British naval attaché sing a duet of which the refrain is, 'Oh, take me back to Bryant Square.' Ultimately the identity of the pseudo Kaiser and his Chancellor is discovered. They are threatened by the infuriated Swiss populace in fur jackets and tights, and are saved only through the intervention of a comic Irish waiter named Gansenschmidt. They escape from Switzerland and in the second act we find them at Etah, in Greenland, where the millionaire's daughter is compelled to wed an Eskimo chieftain who turns out to be the British naval attaché in disguise. The third act shows an Arab carnival in the Sahara. Repeatedly, in the course of the evening, Emmeline asked me why I laughed.

There is also a business motive in my playgoing. I am learning how to build a complicated dramatic plot. Years ago I set out to write a play. Like all people of slipshod habits I have sudden

attacks of acute systematization, and when I began my play, I assigned so much time for working out the plot, so much for character-development, so much for actually writing the dialogue. The scheme did not quite work out. I forget the details; the point is that at the end of a year I had written all my dialogue, but had made little progress with my character-development and had done nothing whatever on my plot. Since that time I have moved ahead. My characters are to me fairly alive now. But I still have a plot and incidents to find for my play. Emmeline says that my quest is a vain one. She is convinced that I have no gift for dramatic complication, and that the best I can hope for is to do something like Bernard Shaw. But I refuse to give in. I go to see how other men have done the trick, and some day, who knows, I may yet find a skeleton on which to hang my polished and spirited dialogue.

Between the acts there are two things which one naturally does. I read in the programme what men will wear during the winter, and I scan faces, a habit which I find growing upon me in all sorts of public places and which will some day bring me into serious trouble. People are rather stolid between the acts. It is a very rare play in which the sense of illusion carries over from one act to the next and is reflected in the faces of the spectators. The perfect play, as I conceive it, should keep the audience in a single mood from beginning to end. Between the fall and the rise of the curtain the spell ought to hold and show itself in a flushed, bright-eyed gayety, in a feverish chatter which should carry on the playwright's message until he resumes the business of his narrative. But as a rule I am not exalted between the acts, and I perceive that my neighbors are not. It is not a play we are watching, but three

or four separate plays. When the curtain descends we lean back into an ordinary world. The business of the stage drops from us. We resume conversation interrupted in the Subway. A young woman on the left furnishes her companion with details of last night's dance. Two young men in front argue over the cost of staging the piece. One says it cost \$10,000, and the other says \$15,000, and they pull out their favorite evening papers from under the seat and quote them to each other. Emmeline wonders whether she looked down far enough into Harold's throat when he said, 'Aaa-h-h.'

It is not entirely our own fault if we lose the sense of continuous illusion between the acts. There is little in the ordinary play to carry one forward from one act to the next. We still talk of suspense and movement and climax, whereas our plays are not organic plays at all, but mere vaudeville. They do not depend for their effect on cumulative interest, but on the individual 'punch.' Drama, melodrama, comedy, and farce have their own laws. But our latest dramatic form combines all forms in a swift medley of effects that I can describe by no other term than vaudeville. George M. Cohan is our representative dramatist, not because he has flung the star-spangled banner to the breeze, but because he has cast all consistency to the winds. Who ever heard of a melodramatic farce? Mr. Cohan is writing them all the time. They are plays in which people threaten each other with automatic pistols to the accompaniment of remarks which elicit roars of laughter.

I know of course that Shakespeare has a drunken porter on the stage while Macbeth is doing Duncan to death. But George M. Cohan is different. I have in mind a homeless little village heroine of Mr. Cohan's who is about to board a train for the great city with its

pitfalls and privations. Emmeline was quite affected by the pathetic little figure on the platform, with the shabby suitcase — until six chorus men in beautifully creased trousers waltzed out on the train platform and did a clog-dance and sang, 'Good-bye, Mary, don't forget to come back home.' I can't conceive Shakespeare doing this sort of thing. It is gripping while it lasts, but when the curtain falls, one chiefly thinks how late it will be before one gets home.

But if the playwright's story does not always hold me, the people on the stage seldom fail to bring me under the spell. I am not a professional critic and I have no standards of histrionic skill to apply. It may be, as people say, that our actors are deficient in imagination, in the power of emotional utterance, in facial eloquence, in the art of creating illusion. Perhaps it is true that they seldom get into the skin of their characters, and never are anything but themselves. But precisely because they are themselves, I like them. I like their lithe, clean-cut length, their strong, clean-shaven faces, their faultless clothes. I like the frequency with which they change from morning to evening dress. I like the ease with which they order taxicabs, press buttons for the club waiter, send out cablegrams to Shanghai, and make appointments to meet at expensive roadhouses which are reached only by automobile. The nonchalance with which George M. Cohan's people distribute large sums is a quickening spectacle to me.

After this it will be difficult for any one to accuse me of being a high-brow. Let me dispose of this matter beyond all doubt. I do not understand what people mean when they speak of intellectual actors and the intellectual interpretation of stage rôles. Possibly it is a defective imagination in me which makes me insist that actors

shall look their part physically. Not all the imaginative genius in the world will reconcile me to a thin Falstaff, suggestive of vegetarianism and total abstinence. I am not even sure that I know what an intellectualized Hamlet is. I insist upon a Hamlet who shall wear black and who shall recite slowly the lines which shake me so when I read them at home, instead of intellectually swallowing the lines as so many do. I cannot see how Mrs. Fiske's intellectuality qualifies her for playing robust, full-blooded women like Tess, or like Cyprienne in *Divorçons*. But I like Mrs. Fiske as Becky Sharpe and as Ibsen's Nora, because both were small women.

I imagine it is a sign of Wagner's genius that he made all his women of heroic stature. He must have foreseen that by the time a singer has learned to interpret Brünnhilde she is apt to be mature and imposing. Thus I feel, and I know that most of the people in the audience agree with me. Those who do not have probably read in their evening papers that they were about to see an intellectual interpretation. Whenever they are puzzled by the actor they ascribe it to his intellect.

When the final curtain falls, the play drops from us like a discarded cloak, people smile, dress, tell each other that it was a pretty good show, and hold the door open for the ladies to pass out into the glow and snap of Broadway. We do not carry illusion away with us from the theatre. In spite of the fact that we

have purchased our tickets in the conviction that every husband and wife ought to see the play, we do not correlate the theatre with life. Primarily it is a show. We do not ask much. If it has offered us a hearty laugh or two, a thrill, a pressure on the tear-ducts, this tolerant American public, this patient, innocent, cynical public that is always prepared to be cheated, feels grateful; and there ends the matter.

And Aristotle? And the purging of the emotions through pity and terror? I still remember a play called *The Diamond Breaker*, which I saw on Third Avenue when Benjamin Harrison was President. I remember how the young mining engineer was foully beset by his rival and tied hand and foot and dropped into the open chute that led straight into the pitiless iron teeth of the stone-crushing machine. I remember how the heroine rushed out upon the gangway and seized the young engineer by the hair; and the wheels stopped; and the girl fainted; the strong men in the audience wept. Is it my own fault that such sensations are no longer to be had? Or has the drama indeed degenerated, within these twenty years?

From the evening papers I gather that the crowd, after leaving the new nine-story Blackfriars Theatre, modeled after the Parthenon at Athens, invades and overruns the all-night restaurants on Broadway. Yet the trains in the Subway are jammed, and Emmeline has to stand more than half-way to Belshazzar Court.

THE BROADENING SCIENCE OF SANITATION

BY GEORGE C. WHIPPLE

I

BACTERIOLOGY, child of Louis Pasteur, basis of aseptic surgery and preventive medicine, has become well-known to the educated world during the past thirty years. The words 'germ' and 'microbe' do not impress us with awe and dread as they once did, for we realize that the kingdom of the bacteria is gradually being subjugated by man. We see this in changing medical practice, we see it in popular advertisements and in many other ways; but, surest of all, we see it in the steadily diminishing death-rates from communicable diseases as revealed by vital statistics the world over. Certain it is that one of the greatest events of the dawning twentieth century is the triumph of man over his microscopic foes.

While we contemplate this result with satisfaction we are apt to forget the many activities which are working together to bring it about. It is well to pause from time to time and consider what is being done, so that our ideas may be readjusted to the new methods which are continually being put into practice.

The world has so long entrusted the care of its health to doctors of medicine, skilled in the arts of healing, that we call these various protective agencies against disease by the general term 'preventive medicine,' forgetting for the moment that a large part of this work is not medical at all. Much of it, in fact, is something quite different,

and is better described by the term sanitary engineering, or by the broader word, sanitation. Even the term sanitary engineer has been misused, or at least has been used in a too limited sense. So many aspiring plumbers have styled themselves sanitary engineers that the title bids fair to become synonymous with 'the drain man.'

Broadly defined, sanitation covers all the arts which make for clean environment, and sanitary engineers concern themselves not alone with drains and sewers and sewage-treatment works, but with all of the many activities required to provide communities with pure water, fresh air, clean food, and, in general, clean surroundings. A task so vast naturally calls to its aid many sciences. These must be culled and the selected parts interwoven to form a new science, the science of public health. It is in response to this new demand of civilization that chairs of sanitary engineering are being founded in our universities, and that students who are being trained to become health officers are taught some parts of the arts of engineering as well as some parts of the arts of medicine.

A few years ago, sanitarians were assiduously cultivating newly discovered germs; now, they are also studying flies and mosquitoes and rats and squirrels and other insects and animals which may harbor and spread these germs. A few years ago, they were minutely analyzing samples of water; now they are also studying the currents in lakes and the laws of sedimentation

and filtration. Until quite recently, placards were used to warn people away from houses of pestilence, while the active cause was still at large; now, carefully kept vital statistics are used as the basis of epidemiological detective work, which rivals in brilliancy that of Sherlock Holmes himself. Thus the sanitarian must study not micrology alone, but entomology and limnology and demography, and other sciences, the very names of which still have an unfamiliar sound. Truly the science of sanitation is broadening. Health officers are becoming biological engineers.

II

Learning and unlearning go together. The discovery of each new fact explodes some old theory. Some one, whose name I do not now recall, has said, 'It is better not to know so much than to know so many things that ain't so.' Nowhere is this better illustrated than in the sanitation of the air.

Let us take for example, sewer-gas, the old bugaboo that frightened our fathers. After complicating our plumbing systems with traps and more traps and vents and back-air pipes, we find at last that the air of sewers does not cause disease, as we were taught, or, if it does so at all, that the chance of its causing disease is so small as to be almost negligible. Miquel found that the air of the Paris sewers contained fewer bacteria than the air over the Paris streets; long experience has shown that the workmen in sewers do not contract the diseases that one might expect them to contract: Winslow has calculated that a person breathing air all night from a house drain would inhale fewer bacteria of intestinal origin than he would swallow with a glass of Croton water from a tap in New York City.

This idea certainly seems revolu-

tionary, and we must be careful not to go to the other extreme. It would not do to do away with all traps and similar fixtures intended to prevent the air of the sewers from entering our houses. Sanitation ought to make for our comfort as well as for our health, and bacterial infection is not all there is to the causation of disease. Besides, it is just possible that our latest discoveries are not without flaw. Nevertheless, considering all of the facts in their quantitative aspect, it does seem that a good case has been made against the unnecessary complexity of our house plumbing systems, and it would appear to be wise economy to simplify their design and improve the quality of the materials and the workmanship. Already in England a Royal Commission, after making an extensive investigation, has recommended that the trap on the main drain from the house to the sewer be no longer required. In Germany these traps have never been much used.

Sanitarians have gone even further than to overthrow the sewer-gas theory of disease. They have found that very few cases of sickness are ever caused by infection passing through the air. The aerial transmission of disease germs from patient to victim is not denied, but it has been found to be a very small factor, indeed almost a negligible factor, except in the case of a few diseases where the virus is ultra-microscopic. Acting on this theory, health officers little by little have been abandoning the practice of fumigating and disinfecting rooms which have been occupied by persons sick with contagious diseases. In hospitals, segregation of different contagious diseases in separate rooms is no longer deemed absolutely necessary. Cases of scarlet fever, measles, and typhoid fever have been kept in the same ward, with an extremely small proportion of

cases of cross-infection. Practice has confirmed the theory in various ways, and the aerial transmission of disease has been relegated to a subordinate position.

But aerial transmission has been replaced by something else, the theory of contact. The germs do not float in the air from one person to another, but are carried on solid objects, — on spoons and knives and forks, on soiled clothing, on pencils and toys, books and tickets, door-knobs and drinking cups, and on scores of objects which pass from hand to hand or from hand to mouth. In surgery it is not so much infection from the air that is feared as that from unclean instruments and utensils. The safeguard against contact is personal cleanliness and hand-disinfection when caring for the sick. It is so simple that people neglect it.

Without wishing to elaborate too much on the theory of contact, which after all is like the long-ago-discarded theory of fomites, limited to a short period of time between the handling of objects by patient and victim, it may not be out of place to suggest that many so-called children's diseases are diseases of childhood because in childhood there is more opportunity for contact. Many objects pass back and forth in school and in the course of natural play. A knowledge, by the mother, of the theory of contact, accompanied by judicious restraint in these little things, may prevent many a case of measles, or scarlet fever, yes, and many a 'cold,' from being contracted by the child.

III

If we consider another phase of the air-problem, namely, ventilation, we find that here all is being changed. Old ideas are being flung to the winds, and new theories are struggling for

position. To some the situation appears chaotic, but, little by little, facts are being gathered and put together; and those best qualified to judge believe that it will not be long before ventilation will stand forth as a new art based upon sound scientific principles. The trouble in the past has been that reliance was placed upon half truths.

For many years, ventilation standards were based chiefly on one element of the problem, that is, on carbonic acid. It was known that human beings inhale oxygen and exhale carbonic acid, and that when people remained for some time in a tightly closed room, the oxygen content of the air decreased slightly while the amount of carbonic acid slightly increased. As it was a matter of experience that these changes were attended by feelings of depression and general physical discomfort on the part of the occupants, the argument was naturally made that the cause of this *malaise* was the increase in the carbonic acid and the decrease in oxygen.

Modern researches have shown that this reasoning was of the order of *post hoc ergo propter hoc*. Several things had been left out of account. One of these was heat, closely allied with which is moisture, or humidity. Another was air-movement. And another was air-cleanliness. Each of these deserves attention, for taken together they form the basis of the modern conception of ventilation requirements. We might sum up the new ideas in a single phrase and say that for indoor comfort we need clean air in gentle motion, and with its temperature and humidity adjusted to the ordinary exercise of the occupants.

The reason for the elimination of carbonic acid and oxygen ratios is that physiologists have found that the human body possesses powers of auto-

matic readjustments to slight changes in these gases. In most localities the barometric pressure is continually fluctuating, and the amount of oxygen in a given volume of air varies accordingly. Unless the change is great or sudden these fluctuations do not seem to affect one's health or comfort. Extreme conditions, we all know, have an important influence on the body. Thus, at the top of Pike's Peak, with low atmospheric pressure, one may have mountain sickness, while laborers working in the compressed air of a caisson are subject to the very serious disease known popularly as 'the bends.' These troubles are due more to the rate of change of pressure than to the maintenance of continued high or low oxygen content. People soon become accustomed to high altitudes, and laborers do not suffer from the change from high pressure to normal pressure if this change is made gradually. An important element in the caisson disease is thought to be the deposition of bubbles of nitrogen gas within the tissues of the body when the pressure is lowered as one suddenly emerges from a caisson.

The most direct proof that slight increases in carbonic acid and reductions of oxygen do not produce physical discomfort is that derived from the experiments in which persons have been kept by physiologists in close chambers, known as calorimeters. Although remaining there until the concentrations of carbonic acid were far beyond those which occur in crowded rooms and cars, the occupants of these calorimeters experienced no discomfort provided the temperature and humidity were kept within certain limits and the air was kept in motion. If the temperature and humidity increased, physical discomfort became manifest even though the amount of carbonic acid in the air was low.

To discuss here the complicated heat relations of the body would be too great a task, and moreover this is one of the matters not yet thoroughly investigated. There is reason to believe, however, that much of the discomfort experienced in crowded rooms is due to rise of temperature and humidity and to the effect which this has on the breathing mechanism. Cooling the skin, English physiologists say, affects metabolism and thus in an indirect way stimulates the lungs to secrete more oxygen, which enters the blood, while increase of skin-temperature tends to check this action. The temperature of the skin is influenced by many things: by the amount of heat produced in the body from food-consumption, by the clothing worn, by exercise, by the perspiration formed and evaporated, by the temperature and humidity of the surrounding air, and by air-movement. So much depends upon the occupation of the persons considered, whether exercising or sitting still, that our present data as yet do not permit definite standards of air-temperature and humidity to be established. Temperature and humidity, it will be noticed, are coupled together. This is because they are mutually related. So true is this that many believe that the reading of the wet-bulb thermometer gives a 'sentient temperature' which better expresses its influence on the body.

It is not the air of a room generally but the air near the skin that affects bodily comfort, hence air-motion is a matter of great importance. Sitting in warm still air is uncomfortable because the atmospheric envelope surrounding the body checks evaporation and the skin-temperature rises. In a crowd the air does not move freely between the bodies, while heat and moisture are given off to it. The combined result is to retard the absorption of oxygen by the blood in the lungs and we have

the well-known effects of 'crowd poison.' Similarly, in an assembly room, the air between the seats becomes nearly motionless and the same result may follow. That air thus stagnates was shown by tests once made in a church, where observers placed in the exhaust-air duct noticed that an odor of perfumery pervaded the outflowing air whenever the congregation arose. The beneficial effect of the use of fans in the cars of the New York Subway was a striking example of the effect of air-motion. We might add also the benefits of sleeping porches, and the out-of-doors treatment for pneumonia. Leonard Hill, a noted London authority on ventilation, lays stress upon the value of a fluctuating atmospheric environment, claiming that variations in temperature and wind-movement stimulate the skin, and that long-continued uniformity produces discomfort.

IV

Cleanliness is an essential quality of indoor air, and one of the faults of the past has been the failure to give this matter due consideration. Air inlets have been placed with gross disregard of the amount of dirt likely to be drawn in. They have usually been placed near the ground level and often on dusty streets, where in extreme cases screens over the inlets become clogged with hair and chips and other débris almost daily, the finer dirt passing into the rooms.

Modern cities are dust-producers. Streets and pavements and sidewalks are worn by the friction of the traffic, car-wheels are ground to metallic dust; fabrics turn to lint; fuel burns with products of smoke and ashes. Dust is being continually produced both within and without our houses. Recent studies in several cities have shown that the numbers of dust particles in the air

above sidewalks range from one hundred thousand to a million per cubic foot. At higher levels the numbers are less.

At the Woolworth Building, in New York City, the highest building in the world (716 feet), the air at the street level on July 2, 1913, contained 221,000 dust particles per cubic foot; at the tenth story, 85,000; at the thirtieth story, 70,000, and at the fifty-seventh story 27,000. As a figure for comparison, the air over Long Island Sound at a point several miles from shore was found to contain 18,000 dust particles per cubic foot. Dusty air contains bacteria, but their numbers are fewer than those of the dust particles. At the John Hancock Building in Boston on June 5, 1913, the air near the side-walk contained 1330 bacteria and 20 mould-spores per cubic foot; at the tenth story the corresponding numbers were 330 bacteria and 3 mould-spores per cubic foot. The elimination of city dust is a constant and ever-changing problem for the sanitary engineer. The elimination of the horse from city streets is helping to reduce the organic dust, but the automobile is itself a dust-creator when used on road surfaces not adapted to its weight and speed. Asphalt streets do not disintegrate as do macadam streets, but, as they are smoother, the wind more readily moves such dust as is found there.

The smoke problem is a special phase of the problem of air-pollution, so important as almost to stand alone. Especially serious is this in the soft-coal region, where the pall of soot cuts off the sunlight, creates fogs, retards vegetation, causes buildings and house furnishings and clothing to deteriorate, increases laundry bills, and in many ways produces discomfort, and presumably lowers human vitality and increases the death-rate. I say presumably, because the vital statistics bearing on

this point are not yet sufficient to establish this quantitatively.

Even more important than dust and soot are the poisonous gases resulting from incomplete combustion of coal. City air is sometimes acid with sulphur compounds. The air of our dwelling houses contains more of the poisonous gas, carbonic oxide (not carbonic acid), than is generally realized. The increased use of water-gas during the past twenty years is said to have increased the number of accidental asphyxiations in Massachusetts. The gas-stove is another producer of this poisonous gas, a trouble which can be obviated, however, by taking proper precautions. An interesting experience of carbonic-oxide poisoning is related by Schneider. In a certain house near Boston one after another of the servants and members of the family began to be troubled with hallucinations. They heard unaccountable noises, and 'saw things,' and experienced these troubles to such an extent as to demand an investigation. This study showed that they were all suffering from carbonic-oxide poisoning caused by gas leaking from the furnace. One cannot but wonder whether some of the hallucinations of historical record did not result from this cause. How strange if the Salem witchcraft tragedies had such an origin!

Foul odors also are an element in unclean air. Whether physical or psychological in their effect matters not, for ill-smelling rooms are so obviously insanitary that odor plays an important part in ventilation. Change of air is essential in a room occupied by many people.

The practical question now comes, how can we secure clean air and keep it in motion and have it properly warmed or cooled as the case may be. Without attempting to answer a question that has so many answers, I will

call attention only to one of the new developments, namely the recirculation of washed air. Dust and bacteria and odors and poisonous gases may be very largely removed from air by washing it, that is, by allowing it to flow horizontally through chambers where water is falling in drops or as a spray. The effect is the same as that of rain. Every one knows how a summer shower 'freshens' the air, and cleans it. The water used for washing the air artificially is used over and over until it becomes so foul that it has to be changed. Analyses of the water show that after it has been used in this way it resembles sewage in its impurities.

Air-washers have been used for some years for cleaning outside air, but only recently has it been realized that the process could be applied to the air exhausted from a room, and the air made fit to be pumped back into the room and used again. This has been successfully done at Springfield, Massachusetts, in the gymnasium of the College of the Young Men's Christian Association. The air in the exhaust-duct always had a noticeable odor when the men were exercising on the floor, but after being washed the air was returned with no offensive smell. Examination of the water used for washing the air showed that the odoriferous substances had gone into the water, together with dust particles, bacteria, and even epithelial scales from the skin. If the washer was shut down and the air recirculated the men complained of foul air. Starting the washer restored comfort. The advantage of recirculation lies of course in the saving of heat. When large volumes of air in winter are heated, forced through a building and then outdoors, much heat is wasted. By using a considerable part of the air over and over, heat is saved, and therefore coal and money. It is a proper form of conservation. How far the

idea can be put into practice is for the future to determine. That there would be limits to the continued use of the same air is obvious.

v

Water-purification has made wonderful strides since the old sand filter was built at Lawrence, Massachusetts, in 1893. At that time less than half a million people in this country were using filtered water, and many of our largest cities were supplied with water from sources which were grossly polluted. To-day there are very few large cities where the water-supply is not subjected to some kind of artificial purification. Within ten years, filters have been put in operation in Washington, Philadelphia, Pittsburg, Cincinnati, Columbus, New Orleans, Toledo, Minneapolis, Harrisburg, to name some of the more important places, and the total population using filtered water in this country is now upwards of thirteen millions.

Filters are under construction in Baltimore and St. Louis and are likely to be built soon in New York, Cleveland, Chicago, and Milwaukee, and probably also in Boston, where the supply is reasonably safe, but somewhat colored and none too clean. When, a number of years ago, sanitary engineers issued the warning that to use unfiltered surface water was unsafe, it was hardly expected that the country would so quickly respond; but so great has been the reduction in the typhoid fever death-rate in those cities where filters have been introduced, that the amazing thing now is why the remaining cities so long delay.

It has been proved over and over that clean water pays. The reward of filtration is not only in having water safe to drink but in having water so attractive that people will enjoy drink-

ing it and not feel obliged to purchase water from outside sources,—and the boon is greatest to the poorer classes, who cannot afford to buy spring water.

The interesting thing about water-purification at the present time is the diversity of the processes employed. Filtration, that is the passing of water through layers of sand, is still the dominant feature and is likely to remain so, but many different methods are applied to waters of different original quality to bring them to a condition such that they can be satisfactorily filtered at economical rates. And so many different types of water are met with in the United States that with us the art has become more complicated than it is in Europe.

Settling basins have long been used both in this country and abroad for removing the heavier suspended matter. There is probably no cheaper method. Occasionally, rapid prefiltration through coarse material is used to replace sedimentation. This method is sometimes desirable, but more often, perhaps, is of doubtful expediency. When the original water—commonly known as the raw water—contains large amounts of very finely divided particles of clay, physical methods of preliminary treatment are not sufficient, and coagulation must be brought about by the use of chemicals. Sulphate of alumina, or alum, is most used for this purpose, but sometimes copperas and lime. Where the water is so hard as to need softening it is treated with lime and soda-ash, and recently a new substance called permutit has sprung into use abroad. Swampy waters, stained with peaty matter, also need chemical treatment. Waters containing large amounts of organic matter and lacking in oxygen require aeration, and waters which contain too much carbonic acid require decarbona-

tion. Reservoir waters which contain algæ are treated with copper sulphate, while chloride of lime, liquid chlorine, and, in rare instances, ozone are used as processes supplementary to filtration to destroy any bacteria which may have passed through the filter. The quantity of these chemicals required to sterilize the water is astonishingly small.

These processes are mentioned merely to show how complicated the art has become, and to emphasize the need for men of special training to cope with the manifold problems. The prejudice against the use of chemicals is fast passing away. Why should it not, when a large proportion of the water-supplies of the country is chemically treated without the consumers ever realizing that it is being done?

VI

Not least in importance among recent developments is the discovery of the natural processes of purification which occur in water during storage. Typhoid bacilli do not multiply in water, as once thought, but become gradually 'devitalized,'—or, to use plain English, they die,—in a few days or a few weeks, according to the temperature and character of the water. They are able to live longer in cold water than in warm water, hence there are more typhoid epidemics traceable in water in the winter than in the summer, and more in the north than in the south.

Still other causes enhance the safety of stored water, especially in the summer. It has been found that the algæ, the microscopic plants which may be seen floating in the waters of lakes, use up the carbonic acid dissolved in the water and even take carbonic acid away from the dissolved bicarbonate of lime. This leaves the water in a condi-

tion in which such bacteria as *B. coli typhi* are speedily killed. A new interest is thus attached to this class of organisms which heretofore have been regarded chiefly from the standpoint of the bad odors which they produce.

Incidental to this study has arisen a new science which is fast attaining prominence, a science devoted to the study of lakes, their currents, their temperature relations, their dissolved gases, the effect of wind and sunshine and rain, and the mutual effect which all these have on themselves and on the organisms which dwell in the lake,—the science of limnology. A course in limnology is now given at Harvard University.

This study of lakes should prove a pleasant and profitable summer pastime. A lake resembles a living being in many ways. It has a pulse; its surface rises and falls rhythmically. It has a circulation; its waters not only ebb and flow, but there are undercurrents by which the life-giving oxygen is carried to organisms which dwell in its depths. It does muscular work; the shores are eroded and wharves are moved by the ice-pressure. It digests food; and some lakes, sad to say, sometimes have indigestion. And so we might continue the comparison and tell of their smiles and frowns, and the music of their waves upon the shore. Certainly there can be no more fascinating science for the lover of nature than limnology.

VII

Ideas in regard to the disposal of sewage are likewise broadening. New methods of treatment are being devised, and, what is of greater moment, a truer conception of the elements of the problem is beginning to prevail. In this matter popular ideas are many years behind the opinions of the ex-

perts. For example, the popular idea is that the problem of protecting water-supplies against infection can be solved by the purification of sewage. This is not true. Let us suppose the case of a river which receives a city's sewage at some point upstream, and which is used lower down for the water-supply of another city. This is an abhorrent situation. The popular idea is that it is possible to protect the water-supply downstream by purifying the sewage upstream. Sanitary engineers know that with present available methods this cannot be done, and that the safest and most economical way is to filter the water-supply itself, using such auxiliary processes as may be necessary. This does not mean that the upstream city may pollute the river water *ad libitum*. Far from it. The more polluted a stream is, the higher is the cost of water-filtration and the greater the factor of safety demanded of the water-purification plant,—so that sewage treatment in the case cited may or may not be an element in the problem, according to the size of the stream, the volume of sewage, the proximity of the two places, and other factors which sanitary engineers know how to weigh.

In estimating the danger which may result from untreated sewage the main principle must not be forgotten, namely, that sewage has the power of causing disease, not because it contains foul-smelling organic matter, nor even because it contains bacteria; but because among the many bacteria present there may be some which have come from persons sick with typhoid fever or dysentery or some such disease, or from persons, known as carriers, who, though not sick, are emitting the germs of these diseases. And the magnitude of the danger is measured by the chance of these pathogenic bacteria getting into other people's mouths. It is un-

necessary to go into details, but everyone to-day knows that there are ways by which minute portions of sewage may thus produce disease, namely, by polluted water, milk, shellfish, by flies, and by contact.

Sewage-disposal has another aspect. Just because sewage-treatment is not the logical way to protect water-supplies we should not consider it useless and unnecessary. Sickness and health are not all there is to life. Our various senses deserve consideration, and offenses to sight and smell should be eliminated as far as possible. Hence streams and lakes and harbors should be kept sufficiently clean to avoid offense, and the degree of cleanliness should be adjusted to the use made of them. Likewise it must not be forgotten that sewage-treatment works in themselves may be a nuisance.

Nor should we fail to utilize the natural powers of self-purification of lakes and streams. To neglect this would be contrary to the modern demand for conservation of natural resources. The ultimate fate of the organic matter in sewage is destruction by oxidation. The oxygen dissolved in the water of lakes and streams may be made to serve this purpose. It does so naturally when crude sewage is discharged into them, but without control the powers of the water may be overtaxed and indigestion may result, as was said before when speaking of lakes.

The cycle of changes in the microscopic life in polluted water is curious and interesting. Studies of the Genesee River, between the mouth of the Rochester sewers and Lake Ontario, made last year, showed that just below the point where the sewage was discharged the water contained large numbers of bacteria; a few miles downstream these decreased and the protozoa increased; next the protozoa decreased and the

crustacea increased. The crustacea serve as food for fish, and fishermen were actually seen at the river mouth catching fish to be taken back to Rochester and used for food. Hence the cycle was complete. This is an excellent illustration of what is ever recurring in nature.

VIII

Other branches of sanitation are likewise developing; older ideas are being replaced by new. In many cases we still speak of them as problems, indicating that the solution is not yet satisfactory. The street-cleaning problem, the garbage and refuse problem, the housing problem, the factory problem, are in the same class with the ventilation problem and the sewage-disposal problem; and the list might be extended further. Modern science has taught us to do many things. But many things cost many dollars, and cities as well as individuals must cut their garments according to their cloth. Hence the great problem of all sanitary problems is to discriminate between the necessary and the merely advantageous, between the activities which save many lives and those which for the same expenditure save few, between those which make for health and those which make for comfort. Which is more important, a water-filtration plant or works for sewage-treatment? Better housing or more parks? More money for room-disinfection, or a larger corps of district nurses? More plumbing inspectors or better control of the milk-supply? The problem takes different forms in different places.

The solution of these vital problems demands the application of still another science, which is coming to the front,—demography, that is, vital and social statistics. Life-saving is being put on a quantitative basis, and to this

end vital bookkeeping is just as much needed as the keeping of monetary accounts. Nowhere is there better opportunity for reform than here. In many of our states practically no records of births and deaths are kept, and in very few states are the records accurate. The Census Bureau is waging a campaign to better these conditions and secure adequate registration laws the country over.

This movement deserves the hearty support of every one. Unless we know the results of the sanitary measures which are put in force, how can we tell how much money it is wise to spend on them? In some cases we do know these results. For example, after the water-filtration plant was put in full operation at Pittsburgh the typhoid fever death-rate in the filtered district fell from 135 per 100,000 to 10; at Philadelphia it fell to 17.5; at Cincinnati, to 9 per 100,000. But how much weight shall be given to the regulation of milk-supplies, how much to motherhood instruction, how much to factory and school inspection, how much to the cleaning of streets and streams? We know only in part, and our sense of perspective in these matters is yet uncultivated. Sanitation to be economical must be put upon a quantitative basis.

If demography is to become a science, and it ought to be so regarded, it will not be sufficient merely to collect and tabulate the facts, and file the reports on dusty shelves. The statistics must be studied and applied. A loose handling of figures must give way to clear thinking and to honest conclusions based on the inviolable laws of logic. Illustrations of the wild and reckless use of so-called statistics are so common that the whole science is sometimes regarded as a house of cards. It is very easy to go astray. The death-rates all over the civilized world have

been decreasing during the last generation. Is this the result of improved sanitation? Yes, it is due very largely to that. But, hold! The birth-rates have also been falling; infant mortality rates are high; the fewer the children born, the fewer there will be to die; so that a falling birth-rate may of itself cause the death-rate to drop. Suppose we go further and ask why the birth-rate is falling? In part because the age at marriage is increasing among certain classes of society. And why is this? We see that a study of sanitation leads to a study of sociology.

This is an important conclusion. Sanitation cannot be measured in dollars alone, neither can it be measured in terms of births and deaths. It is what lies between one's birth and one's death that really counts. Of what avail to add two years to the average length of life if personal comfort and happiness are not also enhanced? To what extent can physical comfort and home life be secured in the tenement-house districts of our cities where people live crowded one thousand to the acre: forty-three square feet of land for each person, — a square seven feet on a side, not much larger than a respectable lot in a cemetery?

Vital statistics must not be confined to births and deaths. We need to know the effect of environment on the minor illnesses, on the time lost through sickness, on general health, physique, and personal comfort. Do cities yield as strong and healthy men as the country? Does good ventilation add to one's strength and stature? Does factory sanitation lessen the discomfort and the burden of toil as well as increase the efficiency of the laborers? Such questions as these need to be answered.

Some of the sanitary arts contribute both to longevity and to human enjoyment; others relate to the one or

the other. All deserve consideration. The prompt collection and proper disposal of garbage and ashes has but little effect on public health, but foul odors and clouds of dust from collection carts are disagreeable enough. Even sewage treatment is more largely a matter of comfort than of health, although the prompt removal of sewage from an inhabited community is a very important health measure. Not only, however, does water-purification save lives and promote health, but a glass of cool, clean water is a joy in itself.

IX

There is one important force in the country which has not yet exerted itself as it might, or as it should, in behalf of better sanitation, — the life insurance companies. The mortality records of these companies are of immense value not only to the companies themselves but to the public authorities. Compiled with the acme of statistical skill, and with vast financial resources at command, these records have been applied to a single end, the promotion of life insurance. The data relate chiefly to males of insurable age, but in recent years the records cover a broader field. What is lacking is a proper correlation of the statistics of the life insurance companies with those of sanitary engineering.

Some of the life insurance companies are alive to this opportunity and are already at work, but far more important developments may be expected. Surely the insurance companies realize that it is better to receive premiums from the living than to pay claims to the dead; and just as fire protection in factories has lowered insurance rates, so the safeguarding of life by coöperative sanitation should redound to the benefit of the insured as well as of the insurance companies.

X

Lastly, the broadening science of sanitation calls for broader men, men of sound fundamental education, men of imagination, men of force. The prevention of disease and the promotion of health have passed beyond the boundaries of the medical profession. A new type of health officer is needed; a new career is opening for young men. Typical of the new spirit is the recently established School for Health Officers in Boston, Massachusetts, — a coöperation between Harvard University and the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. It is significant that the administrative board of this new school is composed of a doctor of medicine, a doctor of science, and a civil engineer. As was said before, a health officer is a biological engineer.

The need of reliable men is not confined to the leaders of thought. The shame of American sanitation to-day is neglect of duty, non-enforcement of laws. Legislators do not legislate with wisdom, inspectors do not inspect, attendants do not attend, and laborers do not labor as they should. America

is second to none in her engineering conceptions and designs, but America is far behind European nations in the work of operation of all public utilities. This is as true of sewage-treatment works as it is of railroads, as true of the street-cleaning departments as of the police force. No one ever summed up the situation in a more striking phrase than did the late Colonel Waring, the Commissioner of Street Cleaning in New York City, who took as his watchword, 'A man instead of a voter at the end of the broom.'

Nor is neglect confined to the official class and to city employees. Individuals are guilty of minor infractions of the law, streets are littered, the sweepings of stores are put in the gutters, houses and grounds are ill cared for, and in many ways pride in one's home seems to be lacking. The maintenance of the cleanliness of the environment by attention to these petty details by individuals and property owners might well be termed 'Collective Sanitation.' How can civic pride be obtained without individual pride, and how difficult is public sanitation without the individual instinct for cleanliness!

SKYSCRAPER

BY JOSEPH HUSBAND

THE old brick building had vanished before the wreckers in a cloud of broken brick and plaster. From my window I could look down into the cavity which had held it. Already the muddy floor was dotted with the toadstool tents of the excavators, and day and night unceasingly wagon-loads of sticky clay and mud dragged up the incline to the street. Far down in the stifling air of the caissons the concrete roots were being planted, tied with cement and steel to the very core of the world.

The foundations were finished and the first thin steel columns stretched upward. In a day they multiplied. A hundred black shoots pierced the soil; a hundred sprouting shoots, in even rows, like a well-planted garden. In ordered plan the crossbeams fell into their places, and the great lattice of the substructure shaped itself. Then, above the uproar and vibration of the street, rose the angry clatter of the pneumatic riveters, steel against steel in a shattering reverberation.

With incredible rapidity the gaunt frame piled upward. On the topmost story the derricks crouched like giant spiders, thin legs firmly braced against post and I-beam, casting their threads of steel softly to the distant street to take a dozen tons of girders in their grasp and lift them, gently turning, to the top. Against the pale sky the black ribs of the building surged higher. As through prison bars I saw the distant blue of the harbor; the familiar view had vanished; a miracle had transformed it. Untiring, hour after hour, the

derricks lifted bales of steel to swing into their destined place; and as each new story was bolted down the derricks lifted themselves heavily to the new level, clean cut against the sky, above the highest towers of the city.

Like beetles the steel-workers clamored surefooted over the empty frame. Far out on the end of narrow beams they hung above the void; on the tops of slender columns they clung, waiting to swing into place a ton of steel. Braced against nothing but empty space, they pounded red-hot rivets with their clattering hammers; like flies they caught the slim-spun threads of the derricks and swung up to some inaccessible height. On flimsy platforms the glow of their forges blinked red in the twilight.

I am thinking also of other workers: of men who measured this tall tower on their slide-rules, of grimy workers who followed their mystic blue-prints and made each piece with such fine precision that the great masses of steel fell softly into their final place with hair-breadth accuracy, rivet-hole to rivet-hole, and tongue in groove. Engineers, who foresaw each bolt and fitted so perfectly mass on mass with only imagination and their books of figures to guide them; workers in the steel mills of the distant city who moulded each beam and pillar to go together like a watch, — theirs is the silent forgotten labor!

Day faded in fog and darkness. Black-blurred, the frame of the skyscraper rose in the gray of the mist and

the shadow of the night. Through the tangle of its skeleton frame the flaming red and yellow of an electric sign spattered a trail of jeweled fire against the sky. Another, with a flash of myriad color, shone and was gone. Far down in the streets the glare of automobile lights stroked the gleaming blackness of the pavement. From surrounding buildings the glitter of countless windows shone brightly through the mist. But high above the firefly activity of the city the black frame of the skyscraper touched the starless sky. Like beacon fires the forges of the workers glowed intermittently, panting breaths of red, half smothered in the approaching night. In graceful curves, like tiny comets, the heated rivets, tossed from forge to the waiting bucket of the riveter, gleamed yellow and vanished. I thought of Whistler's nocturnes; of the fireworks at Cremorne.

I stood on the rough staging of the top floor of the tower. Above, the light steel ribs of the dome met in a heavy rosette from which a flagpole pointed to the drifting clouds. Standing on its base a man was arranging the tackle which would lift him up the slender mast, to paint it, or gild the ball at its tip. He saw me and leaned down.

'Come up,' he shouted.

I climbed the ladder and, with his arm to steady me, crawled out above the dome. There was room for my feet beside his. I heard him laughing beside me.

'Don't break off that pole, I've got to climb it.'

I looked down. The curving ribs of the dome ended in a shallow cornice twenty feet below. That was all. Far down

the roofs of neighboring buildings lay flat and small in the sunlight. Like the great black matrix for a printed page the roofs and streets extended to the harbor and the hills; like column rules the shallow grooves of avenues cut sharply the solid lines of the side streets. Here and there were the open spaces of public squares; far off, the green sweep of a city park. And everywhere above the roofs wisps of steam and smoke lay softly on the breeze. Like crooked fingers the wharves caught the edge of the harbor; the water was a quivering green, dotted with toy boats that crossed and recrossed like water-insects, leaving a churn of white behind them and a smear of smoke above.

Straight down in the street the cars crawled jerkily in two thin lines, the beetle-backed roofs inch long in the distance. And everywhere were the moving dots of people, swarming upon the pavement.

It was very still. Far below, the noises of the street, the living cry of the city, rose like the murmur of a river in a deep cañon. Beside me, the steeple-jack leaned easily against the mast, his eyes watching the distant glimmer of the sea. I looked up and the slowly moving clouds seemed suddenly to stand still, the tower took up the motion, and racing across the sky, the flagpole seemed bending to the earth.

Down in the street I joined the crowd on the sidewalk, necks bent back to watch a tiny speck at the top of the thin shaft of the flagpole.

'Pretty high up,' said some one.

'Yes,' answered another, 'but they're putting in the foundation for a higher one on the corner.'

THE CULTIVATION OF NONCHALANCE

BY ELIOTT PARK FROST

IN the September *Atlantic*, Agnes Repplier pleads for a tautening of 'nerve'; pleads for training in old-fashioned tasks; for the robust joy that comes from a job well done, and never from pleasures of idleness; pleads that we cease to tuck pillows underneath the sinner; pleads that we keep the world an austere place where 'strong incentives and impelling measures' shall maintain the 'walls of human resistance' mortared and moated against attack.

As a lay citizen I agree and applaud. Certainly we do breathe too much the lackadaisical air. We rest the major corner of too many responsibilities on other supports than our own shoulders; we are lenient with the idle and over-delicate with the invalid; religion is honeyed to a sickish sweet, and morality travels with a pardoner.

But as a psychologist I ask myself, can we hope ever to revert to the ancient austerities of conduct and still remain wholesome and sane, when meantime our environment has become so suddenly complex? Can we expect to handle the increased nervous traffic of our day without increasing our office force?

I am accustomed to think in terms of nerves and nervous systems, — those delicate mechanisms that have evolved from immemorial time to aid an organism, perennially ill-adapted, to adjust itself to an imperious environment. A thousand years pass. Selective processes do their best, and yet the change resultant in nervous structure is tri-

fling. But within a single generation, so prodigious are inventions that the increase of nervous environment may be doubled.

Ours is the Age of Irritants. Our surprised nervous systems submit perforce to bombardments of stimuli that stagger them. More nervous energy is expended in ten minutes of Broadway than would have been demanded formerly in a pilgrimage to Rome. As a destroyer of nerves, the single invention of the automobile has probably more victims to its credit than the campaigns of all the war-lords. Lights flash at us, horns shrill at us, speeding things rush us from place to place, 'step lively' and 'watch your step' are the mottoes of the hour. But still we own the same old brand of nervous system that our forebears used in more reposeful times. In short, between our nervous abilities and the problems of the newer environments which they are called upon to solve, there is coming to be an ever-widening gap. So nerves are failing to 'adapt.'

Is not, then, some of this flabbiness of nerve-fibre, against which Miss Repplier rightly warns us, a kind of unconscious compromise, necessitated by the discrepancy between demand and supply of nerve-force? Can we, after all, dispatch our modern tasks by merely turning on a greater will-power?

Miss Repplier implies that we can: 'Every woman who has toiled for hours . . . has felt the nervous fatigue which does not crave rest, but distraction, which makes her want to "go." Every

woman worth her salt has overcome this weakness, has mastered this desire.'

Now whenever I hear 'desire' called 'weakness,' and its suppression called 'mastery,' I confess that I wince. It is a singular but ponderable fact that the patients who fill the waiting-rooms of our psychiatrists in increasing numbers are largely persons '*who have mastered their desires.*' It is usually for this very reason that they are become 'patients.' If psychology be right about it, true self-control is *not* suppression, but sublimation or transformation. The desire, natural and normal enough of itself, must be allowed expression, if not in one way then in another. To 'master' it merely, namely to repress it, is absolutely dangerous. Some day the repressed desire will come to its own.

Miss Repplier is in so far right: the doing of hard tasks is not 'waste of energy,' but a builder of fibre, mental and moral, no less than physical. On the other hand, tasks cannot be considered apart from the environment which conditions them. Are we not being asked to do the same hard task now under the handicap of several atmospheres of pressure? To do the job well, and at the same time conserve mental health, calls to-day for more nervous expenditure than it did even a generation ago. If living be more complex, while nervous systems remain the same, what compensation shall we provide?

This compensation need not, I take it, be physical. So far as work is concerned, mere work, our nerves exhibit an extraordinary margin of safety. We all possess untapped sources of energy for tasks, as such. Physically, man is still fit enough. We have no need, to date, of more nerves, or bigger ones. The failure of nerves, as any psychiatrist will testify, is primarily due to a false mental attitude engendered by the artificialities of our present scale of living. The compensating strength

must come from a fresh mental attitude. With this proper *Bewusstseinslage*, office efficiency is increased, and the newer demands of our twentieth century can be met without injury. I have yet to meet a case of plain, uncomplicated 'overwork.'

This mental attitude for which I plead has the elements of indifference in it. In exaggerated form we call it smugness. Now it is true that smugness in the raw has little to commend it, psychologically or otherwise. Fortunately one seldom meets smugness pure, perhaps because smug folk exert themselves so inconsiderably that they do not get in the way. Theirs is an order of retired conceit; they live on their mental interest, as it were. One is reminded of the beef creatures, placid, soggy, stubborn. The cud of their complacency appears never to stale, and neither the refreshments of social intercourse nor its stimulation seem indispensable. It is as if their minds became stalls, and they live in them, content. Viewed as companions in a possible friendship, they are a total loss.

Despite all this my thesis is, that there is much to learn from smugness.

When one has exhausted adjectival invective,—has caught the smirk, the mentally folded hands, the exquisite vanity; when one has compared the fatty-mindedness and inertia of smug folk toward new ideas with the characteristics of whatever humbler creatures malevolent imagination may conjure up, one may yet, with old Sir Roger, find something for the defendant. There is, after all, a quality in the slag of their passive egotism that is worth the mining. Most of us lack a certain kind of smugness.

Life, so the physicians tell us, consists in the maintenance of equilibrium. The amounts of oxygen, nitrogen, hydrogen, carbon, sodium, potassium, magnesium, sulphur, iron, calcium,

phosphorous, and chlorine, — namely, the necessary ingredients of that protoplasmic sea we call our bodies, — these must be maintained, as they have been maintained through the ages, in relatively the same proportions, in order for life to exist. Disease is but a disruption of the balance; convalescence its restoration.

Now smug folk, like as not, have a bit too much sulphur in their gray matter, or too little magnesium in their blood. But this unfortunate disproportion shall not blind us to the value of sulphur and magnesium as life-constituents. Properly compounded, their contribution to organic processes is great.

In vain I search for simple language to express this good compound. Suppose we tailor a term to order and call it *ego-centric nonchalance*. To cultivate and bring to fruitage an indifference to one's personal, private, selfish self, is to possess ego-centric nonchalance. I know of no more wholesome quality than such a mental attitude. One should take a heaping teaspoonful before and after each meal, and a double dose on waking. And nonchalance, I take it, is the pith-principle of smugness.

This good kind of smugness, this indifference to self, stands out sharply enough in the mind of the physician, who sees so much of its opposite, worry. Worry, when you come to analyze it, is not a social vice. We worry chiefly over those things which concern the ME. Show me that what impends will leave My bank-account intact, My health unimpaired, My friends and family out, and any further tormenting solicitude that I may feel is frankly academic. I may still take thought and use preventive measures, but I cease, as if by magic, to worry over the outcome. On the contrary, I can now work for the accomplishment of my object better than ever before. For most worry is not only

an arch form of selfishness, but it is the great inhibitor of action. We say, 'I am worried'; we mean, 'I fear for myself.' This is the opposite of nonchalance.

Phobism is an addiction to fear (another name for worry). If smugness be unlovely from a social point of view, phobism is fatal to its victim. Did it ever occur to you that fear can become a habit and a luxury, just as smoking is? But phobism is the more hazardous. We fear poverty, we fear disease, we fear death, we fear that we shall be snubbed, socially. And each separate fear impairs our capacity for work in a definite, measurable way. I know many people addicted to the use of fear. Some of them use it to excess. To the psychologist, fear is the most expensive of all habits that people indulge. Ninety-nine and forty-four one hundredths per cent of fear is as useless as a deck hand on a submarine.

I have in mind a man whom Miss Repplier should pronounce 'excellent.' He has, so far as I can observe, all the sturdy virtues for which she entreats. But this Mr. Pratt is essentially an inefficient man, made inefficient by his mental attitude. He is a provisional farmer, and he lives about a mile and a half from here as the crow flies (over the hill). I wish I had him here. He is one of the finest specimens of a phobist in the captivity of my social horizon. He once, so discreet rumor has it, was a barber. If so, he now conceals the fact under a flowing black beard. (Who ever heard of a barber with a beard?) Some relative, I believe, left him money, and he 'retired to a farm.' Men do worse things with windfalls.

He has a quiet, homey little wife, and three children, — one married, two in school; all are making good. So far as one can see, he has plenty of bread and butter, with a good bit of life's jam spread on top of it. His place up the lane really is one of the most com-

fortable spots anywhere around here. You could not find the 'makings' of less trouble in another family in the country.

Yet Mr. Pratt has one of the finest collections of fears that I ever saw, felt, or endured hearing about.

For instance, take the weather. When I go there to neighbor, as I drive to and from town, the weather-topic bobs up early in the conversation (a compliment to his avocation). It is always portentous weather, somehow, over the hill. When we get a perfect day, say one of those rare ones in New England's October, when there's been rain enough, dew enough, dry enough, and no killing frost, and the air is crisp and rich with sunshine, and I exclaim, 'Well, Mr. Pratt, isn't this a corker?' 'Mmm,' says Mr. Pratt, 'it's a weather-breeder, though.'

I feel morally certain that Mr. Pratt goes over himself mentally every morning for symptoms of bodily shipwreck, or mental impairment. I told him once that he had ingrowing thoughts.

What is mischievous in the fear attitude is not its social unendurableness. We should be able to get along with the complainers, and willingly would cheer them up a bit now and then, if that were all. But the attitude of fear is essentially secretive and repressive; normal expressiveness and the springs of initiative are choked at the source. So restrictive is fear that he whom it controls can never hope to achieve beyond the routine, and if he be instigated to 'big tasks' he 'loses nerve.' All evolutionary processes teach this: that fear puts one on the defensive, and that aggression becomes impossible. Even the arteries and glands of the body contract. One becomes a less fit animal.

It is this worry, or fear for self, engendered by the tensions of our new-fashioned ways, that makes for that 'nervous fatigue which does not crave

rest, but distraction.' Nerves get tetanized and will not relax. To enforce the rigid discipline of task and precept no longer brings results. To talk of 'zest in work' is but a farcical euphemism to nerves that are overstrung.

Psychology has discovered within the last decade just how dangerous our repressions are. Ideas and emotions represent energy, and unless we expend the energy it becomes dammed back in the nervous system like so much steam under pressure, and sooner or later will explode, — or slowly fester like a tumor until the whole body is poisoned. The mind must be kept free from thoughts that clog. And the mental prophylaxis is a constant attitude of nonchalance. By changing our mental attitudes of apprehension to attitudes of nonchalance we accomplish as much as if we were able to increase our actual nervous capabilities, for we are rid of the greatest obstruction to action. To introduce system in an office is better than adding a clerk. This is good psychology, every word of it.

If I were going to attempt a sermon (and who does not feel himself capable of at least a couple?) my first text should be upon the theme: *Shifting Gears*. I should begin with a *Pertinent Illustration*. It would be the picture of a motor-car and a long hill. You size up the hill from the bottom, and attempt it on the high gear. The grade proves to be steeper than you at first thought. The engine begins to pound. But you have vowed to make the top on the high gear. By simply shifting over, with whatever reluctance, all would be well. Instead of that, you let the engine fret and throb, perhaps stall itself or wreck something, for your pride's sake. This the picture. Then the *Moral Application* (which every one has seen coming all along). 'Now, good friends, is n't this just what we are trying to do? Are we not playing the foolish chauffeur,

and wearing out our engines needlessly, when we attempt to take all life's roads on the high speeds? Shift your gears before it is too late!

To aspiring youth we shall hold up the stars, but when one sits in the office of the psychiatrist and sees panting humanity, struggling, fear-filled, superstitious, overanxious, pouring in for help to bear unbearable and usually fictitious burdens, one feels like exclaiming, 'Why, in the name of heaven, do you take yourself so seriously? Nothing matters so much as all that.'

'There are two things which I abhor,' says Mahomet, 'the learned in his infidelities, and the fool in his devotions.'

Not that devotions are foolish, but that the fool misplaces his devotion. It is a matter of emphasis.

A youth whom I know prides himself upon his indomitable Will. Once committed to a position, that thing must be done, however trivial, or whatever the obstacle. When a decision is once made, it is raised *ipso facto* to the highest power of importance. Recently, in semi-private, he found occasion to remonstrate with his sister for allowing herself to be persuaded to play the piano, after at first demurring. 'If you yield to what other people ask, you will weaken your will-power,' he said in substance. Just the contrary! Such tenacity to the form is itself symptomatic of weakness. Only the strong will dares to be inconsistent. Over-solicitousness is the hall-mark of a phobia, a repressed fear. To the psychologist such an attitude is the ground-swell that marks a storm somewhere. My acquaintance is really fearful for his own powers of resistance.

It is an excellent thing to have some

principles to which one is, upon occasion, false. Inconsistencies in small things may reserve force for the larger tasks. If one try to induce each undertaking with solemn and portentous meaning, he may find nerve lacking in the crisis. In his essay on Culture, Emerson writes: 'A man in pursuit of greatness feels no little wants. How can you mind diet, bed, dress, or salutes or compliments, or the figure you make in company, or wealth, or even the bringing things to pass, — when you think how paltry are the machinery and the workers?' The more solemnly a man conceives his task, the more nonchalantly does he view himself. If this indifference have something of smugness in it, by so much is smugness commendable.

So I suggest, perhaps it is not that the 'old belief . . . that the making of a good job out of a given piece of work' as the 'highest thing on earth' has 'lost its hold upon the world,' but rather that the world, needlessly overfretted, has lost its grip upon such jobs. Knowledge need not be necessarily 'made so attractive . . . that school children will absorb it with delight,' but something must be found to compensate for the unusual conditions of strain under which we labor. As life becomes more complex we can afford less energy expended self-ward. So long as we bear the double burden of task and worry, joy in work can never come, and nervous systems will continue 'eloquently to demand' the distractions of amusement.

To come to take one's personal fortunes nonchalantly, to wear them 'lak a loose garment,' to feel the earnestness of life and still smile, this is the finesse of good living.

ADVENTURES IN AMERICAN DIPLOMACY

II. THE INSIDE HISTORY OF THE LOUISIANA PURCHASE

BY FREDERICK TREVOR HILL

I

IF the secret police of Paris, whose business it was to intercept letters for the private guidance of the First Consul in the spring of 1803, had chanced to peer through the windows of a certain modest establishment in the then Rue Chaussée d'Antin¹ on the evening of Sunday, March 13, there is every probability that at least one confidential communication entrusted to the mails that night would have been mysteriously 'delayed in transmission.'

Perhaps some such possibility as this may have occurred to the occupant of the house in question as he sat at his desk rapidly penning a dispatch, for Robert Livingston,² diplomatic representative of the United States in France, was fully aware of the means which Bonaparte employed to acquire inside information, and no envoy to the French Republic cherished any illusions concerning the sanctity of official correspondence, it being well known

¹ The writer is indebted to John Henry Livingston, Esq., for this information, which is based on a letter from Robert Fulton to the United States Minister, bearing this address on its envelope. Neither the State Department nor the United States Embassy at Paris has any record of the address of the American representative during this period. — THE AUTHOR.

² The famous Chancellor is usually referred to as Robert R. Livingston. The initial R., however, was assumed merely to distinguish him from others of his family, and represented no part of his name. — THE AUTHOR.

that the youthful conqueror was, in such matters, absolutely no respecter of persons. But if there had been time to consider this risk, the opportunity for insuring against it was wholly lacking; so, trusting to the fact that his report would disclose nothing which the Man of Destiny could possibly hope to suppress, the American Minister lost no time in dashing off a note to President Jefferson, advising him of an extraordinary and highly significant scene which had just been enacted in Madame Bonaparte's drawing-room.

It was not often that this experienced jurist from the new world acted on the spur of the moment. He was indeed one of those men whose commanding presence and calm judicial poise render it difficult to imagine them as ever being hurried or anxious or surprised. There is evidence, however, that when Robert Livingston drafted his famous dispatch on that Sunday evening he was considerably disturbed, for he not only added it as a sort of hurried postscript to an unfinished letter begun twenty-four hours earlier, *but actually rushed it into the mail without noticing that he had not changed the date.*³

Unusual as such a slip was for a man

³ This fact, which has heretofore apparently escaped the attention of historians, is clearly established by the detailed despatches of Lord Whitworth to the British government, published in 1887. — THE AUTHOR.

of his training, it was not surprising, for the episode at the Tuileries which he was hastening to describe had been well calculated to drive all minor matters from his mind; and the vital fact was that Bonaparte had taken the occasion of his wife's reception to utter what was probably the most astonishing declaration of war ever recorded in the history of the civilized world.

All the essentials of this amazing performance were accurately set forth in Livingston's dispatch, from which it appears that on the Sunday evening in question the First Consul had entered the salon where the diplomatic representatives of all the powers were assembled to pay their respects to his lady, and had made a formal circuit of the room, passing most of the company with a mere bow or a few civilities, but returning to the American Minister to distinguish him by marked attention. Then suddenly, turning to Lord Whitworth, the British Ambassador, he had opened a rapid fire of offensive reflections on England's good faith, ending with the ugly threat that he must 'either have Malta or war.'

It is safe to assert that the Tuileries had never before witnessed such an exhibition of brutally bad manners. It was not only a gross violation of international courtesy, but a flagrant outrage against the ordinary laws of hospitality; and all the foreign representatives, friend and foe alike, experienced an affront to their own dignity in the treatment accorded to their fellow guest. But to the modest, unassuming American to whom Bonaparte had just paid marked attention the episode was more than a shock. It was a startling revelation of the fact that the moment for which he had long been waiting, but which he had almost despaired of seeing, had actually arrived.

Until the day he had accepted the post of Minister to France, Robert

Livingston's career had been a series of successes, punctuated with honors and unmarred by a single failure of any kind. As lawyer, judge, legislator, statesman, Chancellor, and Secretary for Foreign Affairs under the Confederation, he had a home record of which he had good reason to be proud; and perhaps it was because he felt that he had nothing to gain and everything to lose by service abroad that he refused to consider the mission to France when it was first tendered to him by Washington in 1794. Even seven years later, when Jefferson urged him to take the appointment, he hesitated, and was persuaded to do so only on the constitutional expiration of his chancellorship. But whether this reluctance to change the field of his labors emanated from an instinctive dread of damaging his reputation or was due to other more obvious considerations, it is certainly true that from the tenth day of November, 1801, when he arrived in Paris, until Sunday, March 13, 1803, his mission to the French Republic was a lamentable and unmitigated failure. Indeed, he had already received an official intimation of that fact by the appointment of James Monroe to act, nominally as his colleague but virtually as his successor, in all further negotiations with the government of France.

Assured as Livingston was that the nomination of this additional envoy was in no way a reflection on his zeal, it was, of course, a blow to his pride, and he resented it with all the bitterness of a proud man who knows that appearances are against him, but scorns to defend himself or to offer explanations of any kind. Had he desired to do so, however, it would have been difficult for him to minimize the extent of his failure, which was humiliatingly complete. That he had not been able to induce Bonaparte to enter into a new

treaty ceding the island of New Orleans or at least granting some permanent 'right of deposit' for American merchants on the Mississippi, was naturally a keen disappointment to his government. The suggested concession was trifling and the price which he was authorized to pay for it was enormous, for the United States was actually willing to guarantee France in the undisturbed possession of all her territory west of the Mississippi in exchange for a mere trading privilege on the river! In view of this extraordinary offer it is no wonder that Livingston's futile negotiations were well-nigh inexplicable. But discreditable as his failure to secure a new treaty appeared to be, his inability to enforce the observance of the existing one was even worse. This solemn compact, by which France had promised payment of the damages inflicted by her on American shipping during the recent war with England, was not denied, nor were the damages seriously questioned. Nevertheless, neither Bonaparte nor Talleyrand had taken any practical notice of the American diplomat's requests for settlement; and though he had plied them constantly, and at times almost recklessly, with notes and arguments, he had been politely but ingloriously side-tracked and ignored.

That Jefferson and his cabinet were rapidly growing impatient with this condition of affairs and were inclined to enforce the old treaty and procure trading privileges on the Mississippi, even at the cost of a war with France and a coalition with England, was well known to Livingston through the secret negotiations between London and Washington which had, for some time, been paving the way for this desperate move. Indeed, it was this knowledge that had emboldened him to lay certain written memoranda before Bonaparte, calling his attention to the de-

fenselessness of Louisiana, and even arguing that he would do well to take such steps as would make the United States a stumbling-block in England's path and prevent the whole province from falling into her hands as an easy prize in case of war. They were able papers, were those memoranda of February 1, 18, and 27, 1803, but little did the writer then dream that within a fortnight his guarded references to what might happen would be read as probabilities instead of possibilities.

It is no wonder then that the anxious diplomat hastened to advise his chief of Bonaparte's informal declaration of war, and that he had something more important to think of than the date of his dispatch. Here he was, at the age of fifty-seven, after almost two years of fruitless work in Paris, confronted with an opportunity to redeem his reputation and effect a great stroke for his country; but unless the climax could be hastened, all the credit for the achievement would accrue to a political opponent, more than ten years his junior, who was even then on the high seas hastening to his undeserved reward. No man with good red blood in his veins could possibly have contemplated such a situation with indifference, and Livingston came of a family whose members had always been distinguished for courage and resource.

Thus, for the next three weeks, the American Minister might have been seen almost daily in the company of a tall, strong-faced, vigorous-looking man about sixty years of age, with whom he appeared to be on unusually good terms, for Barbé-Marbois, the Minister of the Treasury, had served six years as Secretary of the French legation to Congress (1779-85), and his friendship with Livingston was one of long standing. Probably there was no official anywhere in Europe who was so well informed concerning all that pertained to

the United States, as this confidant of Bonaparte, for he not only had a wide personal acquaintance among its leading citizens, but he had married the daughter of a well-known American. He was therefore naturally predisposed to favor the claims of the United States, and this fact, combined with his official knowledge of the finances of his government and the drain to which they would be subjected in case of war, made him an ideal go-between in the indirect negotiations by which Livingston hoped to mould the First Consul's mind.

But Barbé-Marbois was not the only person of importance through whom the American envoy sought to gain a hearing for his cause during those anxious weeks, for if he had not made progress in his negotiations, he had certainly made friends, and there was probably no other foreign representative in France who had equal facilities for urging his views unofficially upon Bonaparte and his cabinet. He was on intimate terms with Alexandre Berthier, Napoleon's trusted counselor, who had served in the army sent by France to aid the United States during the Revolution; he had the ear of the Third Consul, Lebrun, one of whose children had married into the family of Barbé-Marbois; he was well acquainted with Bernadotte, brother-in-law of Joseph Bonaparte; and through all these and many others he managed, by a word here and a word there, to keep his arguments and warnings constantly before the man who, at that crisis, controlled the destinies of France.

But the month of March slipped quickly by with nothing to show that all this activity had had even the slightest effect upon Bonaparte; and meanwhile the vessel bearing Monroe to the shores of France was drawing nearer and nearer to its port, until on April 6, 1803, it was due to arrive at almost

any hour. Then Fate interposed in favor of the despairing diplomat — Fate in the guise of Talma, the most famous actor of his day.

II

All Paris attended the Comédie Française on the evening of April 6, to witness the first appearance of the distinguished player in the rôle of Hamlet.¹ It was a notable occasion in the history of dramatic art in France, but the tragedian behind the footlights was forced to share his triumph with an actor in the front who was testing the temper of his audience for the new drama of The Empire, in which it was his purpose to essay the leading part. Indeed, it is somewhat doubtful if Talma would have been greeted by quite so large a house if Bonaparte had not been advertised to appear in what passed for the royal box; and loudly as the artist on the stage was applauded, the man who was Emperor in all but name was even more enthusiastically acclaimed by the excited throngs. It was in fact just the greeting which the Consul-for-life needed to encourage him in attempting the new rôle which his ambition prompted.

But while all Paris was dividing its tumultuous plaudits between the favorite of the theatre and the idol of politics, there were two Frenchmen of note whose seats, strangely enough, were unoccupied. Lucien Bonaparte, a younger brother of Napoleon, had arrived that evening from his country seat at Plessis for the express purpose of witnessing Talma's *première*; but when he reached his residence in town he had unexpectedly encountered his brother Joseph, who had hastened to inform him that he had news which

¹ A full account of this performance appears in *Le Moniteur Universel* of April 7, 1803. — THE AUTHOR.

would speedily drive all thoughts of theatre-going from his mind. This mysterious greeting naturally alarmed Lucien, who imagined that some family misfortune must have occurred; and he was therefore more relieved than startled when Joseph announced, with suppressed excitement, that the First Consul was planning to sell Louisiana in order to procure funds for the now inevitable war.

To Lucien's mind this piece of news was too ridiculous for belief and could be regarded only as a joke. In the first place, he protested, nobody would buy the province, and in the second place, it could not be sold without the consent of the Chambers, which could not possibly be had. But these objections were instantly met by Joseph's assertion that the Americans were the intending purchasers, and that the First Consul did not contemplate referring the matter to the national representatives at all. This set Lucien thinking, and the longer he thought the more serious he grew. Fantastic as the proposition sounded, he knew enough of his brother's temperament to make him suspect that it might be true, and if it were true, he saw not only a danger to the whole House of Bonaparte, but a personal affront to himself, which he could not lightly brook: for the proudest act of his brief public life had been his signing of the final treaty by which Louisiana had been restored to France by Spain.¹ As a matter of fact, the ink on that peculiar document was scarcely dry, and the actual retrocession of the province had not yet been accomplished. To talk of selling it under such circumstances was, to his mind, downright folly. But to do this without

consulting the man whose signature was appended to the title-deed was arrogance gone mad.

It did not require much thinking along these lines to render Lucien even more indignant than his eldest brother, and, as Joseph had prophesied, all thoughts of the play vanished from his mind as he dwelt upon the enormity of the proposed transaction and the necessity for nipping it in the bud without delay. It was one thing, however, for the brothers to denounce the project to each other in private, but quite another to formulate a plan for laying down the law to Napoleon, and it was midnight before they agreed upon the proper method of approach. It was finally decided, however, that Lucien should attend at the Tuileries in the morning and allow the First Consul himself to introduce the subject, which should be received with sufficient astonishment to disabuse his mind of any suspicion that his brothers were acting in concert. Then, at the appropriate moment, Joseph was to appear and throw himself into the breach. With this understanding the brothers parted for the night, blissfully ignorant of the deafening cheers which were even then resounding in and around the Comédie Française.

The next morning (Thursday, April 7, 1803), Lucien Bonaparte appeared bright and early at the Tuileries — too early, in fact, for the First Consul, who had not yet completed his toilet. Nevertheless, he sent word that the visitor should come upstairs, and Lucien was speedily ushered into a bathroom where he found his distinguished brother immersed in a tub of hot water clouded with cologne. This was not by any means an ideal setting for the interview which the visitor had in mind; indeed, it was rather ridiculous to think of discussing a weighty question of state under such circum-

¹ The secret treaty of San Ildefonso, October 1, 1800. Garden notes the interesting fact that the acquisition of Louisiana was the only territorial gain which Napoleon made 'without his sword in hand.' — THE AUTHOR.

stances; but in view of the fact that his mission was to prevent his brother from getting himself into hot water (with or without cologne) in regard to Louisiana, the surroundings might well have been regarded as singularly appropriate.¹ Perhaps some notion of this kind may have occurred to the self-appointed emissary for, as the sequel proved, he was not altogether lacking in a sense of humor. At all events he determined to seize the first favorable opportunity for expressing his opinions on the subject uppermost in his mind, and, finding himself warmly welcomed, sat down to await the arrival of the psychological moment.

The two men who were thus brought face to face were strikingly alike in their physical appearance, and not wholly dissimilar in temperament. Lucien, then in his twenty-ninth year, was short and slightly built like his brother, and, although six years his junior, looked to be about the same age. Each had the same dark hair, pale face and regular, clear-cut features, and each possessed a high temper, of which Lucien, however, had the better control. Indeed, Lucien was the boldest, though perhaps the least scrupulous, of Napoleon's brothers, and the only one who had the courage to assert his independence of this master of men. He was, however, a poet and an idealist rather than a fighting man, and, although he did not fear his elder brother's violent fits of wrath, he disliked quarreling with him and avoided it whenever possible. It was with some relief, therefore, that he noted the unusual affability of his host, but he soon learned that this was by no means

a happy circumstance, for the First Consul was in one of his exalted moods when any criticism of his actions was a presumption, and any doubt of his omnipotence a challenge. On the surface, however, he was amiability itself, and the cause of this was not far to seek, for he immediately began rallying Lucien on his failure to attend Talma's première, which, notable as it was from an artistic standpoint, had proved an even more notable political occasion, demonstrating, as it did, the confidence and affection with which all Paris regarded its present ruler. Indeed, the recipient of this mark of public favor was so plainly elated at his success that he dwelt upon it at some length, even permitting himself to comment on the wonderful fact that he who had once shot down the Parisians in their own streets should, in the course of a few years, have become the idol of the populace and be able to lead them by a thread.

From these pleasing reflections he then passed to less personal subjects, but the arrogant self-confidence and domineering superiority which marked his every utterance jarred upon his listener, who grew decidedly restive as minute after minute slipped by without affording the opening that he sought. But Napoleon, lying back luxuriously in his perfumed bath, remained oblivious of this fact and continued holding forth omnisciently on every topic under the sun save the only one upon which his hearer wished him to discourse. Do what he would, however, to guide the conversation toward Louisiana, the visitor could not succeed in effecting his design and the fraternal tête-à-tête was suddenly brought to a close by a sound of cat-like scratching upon the bath-room door. This was the private signal by which Rustan, Napoleon's dusky bodyguard, always announced his approach, and his mis-

¹ The whole scene of the strange meeting between Napoleon Bonaparte and his brothers is recorded in great detail in vol. II of *Lucien Bonaparte et ses Mémoires* (Th. Jung), which, curiously enough, has never been translated in its entirety. — THE AUTHOR.

sion on this occasion was to advise the First Consul that his eldest brother had arrived at the palace and desired an audience.

The premature appearance of his confederate was far from agreeable to Lucien; but as an attendant was already preparing the sheet in which the master usually enveloped himself on emerging from the tub, he entertained the hope that the threatened visitation might be, at least, postponed. But Napoleon, who was notoriously fond of the sort of bathing in which he was then indulging,¹ had no thought of hurrying his ablutions and evidently welcomed an addition to the little family party. The newcomer was accordingly speedily ushered into the already overheated bath-room which was soon to prove too hot for one of its occupants.

Joseph was only about a year older than Napoleon, but, except in point of age, the two men were essentially different. There was, of course, a certain family resemblance between them, but Joseph's thin, pale, melancholy face, weak in itself, was rendered still weaker by the peculiar style of side-whiskers which he affected, and which were much in vogue at that period. He was, indeed, a mere puppet in the hands of his imperious brother, who did not scruple to show a contempt of his opinions and to ride roughshod over him at every opportunity.

The conversation on this occasion, however, began pleasantly enough, but the formal greetings had barely been exchanged before Napoleon himself introduced the subject which Lucien had not ventured to broach, by asking Jo-

seph if he had told the younger brother of what he was pleased to call 'our' plan for disposing of Louisiana. 'It is your plan, not mine,' Joseph quickly asserted, thus paving the way for an explanation of the proposed transaction, to which Lucien listened with a becoming show of interest and surprise. He made no comment, however, upon the First Consul's slurring allusions to Joseph's reception of the scheme, until a direct question forced him to admit that he agreed with his brother in opposing any such disposition of France's dominion across the seas. It was, he ventured to assert, a transaction which would never receive the approval of the Chambers.

'You venture to assert!' sneered Napoleon; but before he could continue Joseph advanced to the attack, declaring that Lucien was right, and that nothing was more certain than that the Chambers would refuse to countenance the projected sale.

To the man whose ears were still ringing with the cheers of the Comédie Française this denial of his absolute authority was not only an affront, but a downright impertinence, and Napoleon was instantly blazing with wrath. To whom did these whipper-snappers think they were talking?² Assent of the Chambers indeed! He'd have Master Joseph and Citizen Lucien know that he did n't propose to ask anybody's consent, and that he did what he liked without so much as a by-your-leave! Lucien and his great diplomatic conquest! Joseph and his Chambers! Bah! They could both go and put on mourning for their losses if it would do them any good, but it was high time that they understood who was the master

¹ See the chapter entitled 'Le Quos Ego de la Baignoire Consulaire,' in *Lucien Bonaparte et ses Mémoires*. This and the following chapter in the French bear the date of 1802, which is obviously an error, as the incidents referred to therein occurred in 1803. — THE AUTHOR.

² The substance and effect rather than the exact words of this tirade are here recorded. Lucien Bonaparte's *Memoirs*, however, contain a minute report of all that was said and done. — THE AUTHOR.

of France. . . . Joseph would himself mount the tribune and denounce him in the Chambers? Ha! Ha! That was funny — positively funny!

Thus far the berated visitors had scarcely been able to get in a word, but the sound of Napoleon's contemptuous laughter stung Joseph beyond endurance, and, advancing to the edge of the bath, he fairly screamed forth a torrent of words, ending in a downright insult which caused Napoleon to leap up with a roar and then fling himself back in the bath, literally deluging the speaker with water.

Lucien instantly attempted to turn this into a joke with an apt quotation from Virgil,¹ but the valet, who had been listening open-mouthed to the bitter family wrangle, had either had all sense of humor completely frightened out of him or was overcome by the heat of the room, for he collapsed on the floor in a dead faint, and in the commotion which ensued both the quarrel and its cause were momentarily forgotten.

But a Corsican never quite forgets, and when Joseph retired to change his dripping clothes Napoleon and Lucien straightway resumed the dispute in the former's dressing-room. For some little time they discussed the situation with calmness, but Napoleon was in no mood for argument. Probably he had not yet fully convinced himself of the wisdom of selling the province, and he was certainly not then committed to this policy; but the opposition of his family and their denial of his ability to carry the matter to a conclusion roused his bitterest resentment, and he undoubtedly then and there determined

¹ The lines he repeated with quick wit were from the *Æneid*, in which Neptune rebukes the winds and quiets the boisterous waves. They ended with the words '*Quos ego — sed motos præstat componere fluctus*,' which explains the title of the chapter in Lucien's *Memoirs* describing the episode. — THE AUTHOR.

to show them and all other doubters that his will was law. Lucien had, therefore, scarcely begun to argue the question before he was ordered to 'Shut up!' and informed that he could save all his talk and fine phrases about the Constitution and national representation for the political clubs, where such chatter would doubtless be appreciated. For his own part, however, the First Consul desired to hear no more of it, for he did not propose to take lessons in the art of government from any oracle of debate. Insulting as all this was, Lucien kept his temper and strove with some success to mollify the angry man; but upon his reiterating the statement that any disposition of French territory without the consent of the Chambers was flagrantly unconstitutional, Napoleon interrupted him with an angry snarl. 'Get out!' he thundered, and the interview was practically at an end. But it was not destined to close immediately, for Lucien stood his ground and had the temerity to repeat his assertion that the transaction was illegal, only to be informed that his hearer snapped his fingers at that.

'I do not snap my fingers at you,' retorted Lucien warmly, 'but I know what I think about you.'

'Well, out with it!' commanded his brother. 'What do you think about me?'

'I think, Citizen Consul,' responded the younger man, 'that if I were not your brother I would be your enemy.'

'My enemy!' bellowed Napoleon, raising his hand as though to strike the speaker. 'You my enemy! Just try it once. Why, I'd break you like that!'

He picked up his snuff-box as he spoke, and flung it violently on the floor, dislodging the inlaid miniature of Josephine, by Isabey, which adorned the cover.

Lucien stooped and, picking up the portrait, returned it to its owner with a low bow.

'It is not your brother but your wife's picture you have broken,' he remarked, as he backed toward the door, not out of respect for his imperious relative, but, as he states, to guard himself against attack. Napoleon, however, remained quietly standing at his desk, and as Lucien retired he noted that the Man of Destiny was vainly endeavoring to restore his wife's miniature to its proper place.¹

III

Had Livingston been aware of this family quarrel it would doubtless have delighted him beyond measure, but it is difficult to imagine what he could have done to take advantage of it. He was, indeed, doing all that was prudent to influence Bonaparte's judgment, and too much pressure might have proved disastrous. Events, however, were working for him, and on Easter Sunday, just three days after the fraternal fracas at the Tuileries, the First Consul summoned Barbé-Marbois, the Minister of the Treasury, and Decrès,² the Minister of Marine, to St. Cloud and invited them to give him their opinions concerning the advisa-

bility of selling Louisiana to the United States.

Each of these men stated his views at some length, Marbois warmly approving the sale on substantially the grounds set forth in Livingston's memorandum, and Decrès opposing it as an unnecessary dismemberment of France.

Bonaparte listened to the arguments until nearly midnight, but closed the conference without comment of any kind. If he retired to sleep on the subject, however, he must have had a restless night, for he was up at daybreak (April 11), summoning Marbois from his bed to examine certain dispatches which had just arrived from London. The news which they contained plainly indicated that England, taking the First Consul at his word, was hurriedly arming herself for the coming struggle, and the moment Bonaparte realized this, he determined, not only to obtain the sinews of war by the sale of Louisiana, but to do it with a speed which would effectually silence any one who dared to doubt that his will was law in France.

'I will let Louisiana go,' was his instant decision. 'It is not only New Orleans that I will cede, but the whole colony, without any reservation. I direct you,' he continued, addressing Marbois, 'to negotiate the affair with the envoys of the United States at once. Do not even await the arrival of Mr. Monroe. Have an interview with Mr. Livingston this very day. But I require a great deal of money for this war. I want fifty millions — for less than that I will not treat.'

Probably no one in France appreciated the financial necessities of the government more thoroughly than the man to whom those terse instructions were issued, but it was Talleyrand, and not he, who startled Livingston a few hours later by casually inquiring whether the United States wanted the

¹ The accident to her portrait, according to a footnote in Lucien's Memoirs, worried Josephine, who was superstitious about it, and under the advice of a fortune-teller she had a duplicate of the miniature executed and mounted over the original. The box with the two portraits was said to be still in existence at the date of the publication of the Memoirs. — THE AUTHOR.

² Garden's *Histoire Générale des Traités de Paix* is authority for the statement that Alexandre Berthier and not Decrès was present at this conference. Marbois's *History of Louisiana* (a more convincing authority in this particular) is accepted by the writer. Garden's history, though it bears no date, was published between 1848 and 1859. Marbois's work very much earlier — probably 1828-30. — THE AUTHOR.

whole of Louisiana, or merely the island of New Orleans.

To ask the man who, for two years, had been vainly struggling to obtain a trading-post, well-nigh regardless of cost, if he desired to purchase an empire, and to expect him to believe that the question was nothing more than a passing thought, was an insult to his intelligence, and Livingston, instantly grasping the situation, saw that his hour had come. There was not a moment to be lost, however, if he was to make the best of this magnificent diplomatic opportunity, for Monroe's vessel had already arrived and Monroe himself was even then journeying overland toward Paris.

In a fever of anxiety, therefore, Livingston kept in close touch with the Foreign Office, hoping and praying that its chief would see fit to amplify his cautious hint. Indeed, he barely let Talleyrand out of his sight during the next four-and-twenty hours, but the wily ex-Bishop of Autun gave no further sign, and the morning of April 12 dawned with every prospect that Monroe would reach the city before further progress could be made. It was a matter of hours now, and sick at heart, but fearing to spoil everything by over-anxiety, the American envoy awaited the message which would either summon him to the Foreign Office and victory or to James Monroe and defeat. Eleven o'clock passed with no word of any kind, and at noon the issue still hung in the balance; but at one in the afternoon the silence was broken by an announcement that Monroe had arrived and was awaiting his colleague at a hotel.

It was a cruel blow, but there was nothing to do but accept it calmly; and Livingston rose to the occasion by promptly calling on the newcomer and inviting him to be his guest that evening at a little dinner he had arranged

in honor of his arrival. There was not much time to explain the sudden change which had occurred in the diplomatic situation since Monroe had left America, but enough was said to surprise him of the crisis which was pending, and to pave the way for a fuller discussion on the morrow.

Under ordinary circumstances Livingston would undoubtedly have welcomed the coöperation of the distinguished Virginian whom Jefferson had selected as his Ambassador-at-Large, for Monroe had formerly represented the United States in France, and knew the country and its people as well perhaps as any American of his day. Moreover, the personal relations between the two men were friendly, and their differences in politics were by no means acute. Neither the host nor his guest, therefore, was under any constraint or embarrassment when they met that evening around the social board; and the dinner, to which a number of other men had been invited in honor of the new envoy, would doubtless have been devoid of incident had not Livingston, chancing to glance through the dining-room window, observed a familiar figure in his garden. One glance was sufficient to advise him that the uninvited guest was none other than Barbé-Marbois, and a servant was at once dispatched to invite the Minister of the Treasury to join the dinner party, which was just about to adjourn for coffee and cigars. Marbois, however, begged to be excused, sending word that he would return later and pay his respects to Mr. Livingston's distinguished guest, with whom he was already well acquainted.

That he had called expressly for this purpose was plausible enough in view of his friendship with both the American envoys; but if Livingston accepted this explanation of his presence he speedily changed his mind when his

visitor again appeared. Indeed, Marbois had barely been presented to the assembled company before he drew his host aside and, whispering that he had something to say which must be said in private, suggested that Livingston come to the Treasury as soon as the duties of hospitality allowed.

It is safe to say that no host ever watched the clock with more anxiety than Livingston on that eventful evening, or speeded his guests with more relief; but it was eleven o'clock before the last one departed and somewhat later when he joined the Minister of the Treasury at the latter's office.

Marbois lost no time in laying the situation before his guest, advising him, more or less truthfully, that the whole matter of the proposed sale of Louisiana had passed from Talleyrand's hands to his own, and that he was authorized to offer the entire colony to the United States for the sum of a hundred million francs plus all claims of American citizens against France. Astounding as these figures sounded, it is doubtful if they made much impression upon Livingston in his joy at his eleventh-hour victory. Neverthe-

less, he suppressed his feelings sufficiently to protest that the price was practically prohibitive; but Marbois's ominous reply, 'You know the temper of the youthful conqueror — he is quick as lightning,' warned him that to hesitate might be to lose. He therefore acted accordingly, and though no such acquisition of territory was contemplated by his government, and he was absolutely without authority to pay more than a small fraction of the sum demanded, the negotiation was practically closed before the conference ended. Then he hurried home to record the result of his night's work, and at three o'clock in the morning, while Monroe was blissfully sleeping, a dispatch announcing Livingston's great diplomatic triumph was on its way to Washington.

Eighteen days later (April 30, 1803) the treaty was completed, with the purchase price fixed at approximately seventy-five million francs,¹ and on the next day (May 1) Monroe was, for the first time, officially presented to the First Consul at the Tuileries.

¹ All the funds from the sale of Louisiana were expended by Napoleon in his futile preparations for the invasion of England. — THE AUTHOR.

THE GARDEN

BY GRETCHEN WARREN

A MAN there was, of simple kind
Who to the Lord gave all his mind;

For naught he cared, naught craved he
But his Lord's servant for to be,

And e'en his garden plot kept fair
Because, he said, the Lord walked there.

Of this his friends made many a jest
Yet he toiled on with heart at rest.

The years went by, — with head grown gray
Still he believed Christ passed that way.

Then came a time when he was left
Of loving wife and child bereft;

'He will doubt now,' the scoffers said,
'When wife and child and love are dead.'

But all their words he heeded not,
And tended still the garden plot.

At last himself lay at death's door,
To love, believe, and work no more.

His pitying friends stood by his bed,
And this is what to them he said:

'Oh, bury me not in a churchyard mound
But lay me in my garden ground;

From loving dust, it needs must be
That flowers will spring more fair to see,

And Christ will know, in my last sleep,
For Him I still the garden keep.'

THE CULT OF THE PASSING HOUR

BY O. W. FIRKINS

I

OUR epoch is unique in two points: no age has ever moved so fast; no age has ever been so eager, so minute, so devout, a watcher of its own movements. Two questions naturally follow. How far is the progress beneficial?—a broad topic which almost engrosses the energies of current literature, — and what is the moral, the internal, effect of this intensified self-concentration? To the latter question I confine myself in the present essay.

The action of like — partly indeed of identical — causes has made the world at the same moment a marvelous stage and an incomparable auditorium. The two conditions of spectatorship have met. The rate of change, and the rate of its publication and dissemination, have increased in equal ratio. At the same time that discoveries and inventions multiply, that the world of mechanics, with its client, the world of business, shows a hitherto unsuspected plasticity, the facilities for report and record, the railway, the newspaper, the telegraph, the cable, the 'wireless' (already domesticated by a nickname), the kodak, the cinematograph, have made the dissemination of novelties virtually immediate and practically universal. The phrase 'world-drama' was threadbare before it became appropriate; but our own day has made history in the larger sense all but literally a drama, that is, a rapid succession of moving events addressed almost on the spot to the immediate, concentrated,

sympathetic attention of a vast body of spectators.

The extent and nature of the changes vary with the field. Exploration still supplies its marvels, but with the earth practically ransacked and the planets still inaccessible, advance in this line will be temporarily checked. It is in science, and the industries and pastimes that are its brood, that discovery and invention are perennially active; that innovation, in the strictest and strongest sense, is omnipresent and all-powerful. The steps by which this influence passes from the laboratory to the factory, and from the factory to the hearth and the statehouse, by which a new science generates a new economics, a new politics, and a new ethics, must be traced by those specialists to whom this very movement is ceding the world. In politics, the scope for real novelty — that is, for untried methods — is necessarily more restricted; still, until democracy becomes logically complete by the admission of the last unenfranchised class, even children, to the privilege of the ballot, until socialism becomes logically complete by the inclusion of the last industry, even cookery, in the functions of the state, the field of experiment will remain unexhausted.

The relation of literature, art, and philosophy to the movement called progress is somewhat different. The phases through which they pass are never novel in the sense in which we apply that term to the discovery of the North Pole or of the cinematograph; they are recurrences — broad paraphrases rather

than strict translations, however — of earlier phases in the evolution of the race. But the evocation of these phases has been greatly accelerated by the general forward movement of mankind; partly from the instinctive conformity which induces one man to quicken his pace to keep step with his hurrying companion, partly because science is constantly recasting the material out of which literature, art, and philosophy are made. By a natural though unwarranted analogy, novelty in these fields, which represents merely a veering or tacking of the human mind, is invested in the thoughts of men with that authoritative and final character which belongs by right only to actual increment of knowledge, to clear gains in power.

Meanwhile, three checks on the self-magnifying tendencies of the present moment have been almost simultaneously removed. The location of the source of the religious culture of Western Europe in Palestine in the first century, the reversion of its secular culture to a fountain-head in Greece three or four centuries earlier, the concentration of mighty hopes and fears on the next world, made the glorification of the current spectacle impossible to our forefathers.

In our own day, the virtual abandonment of traditional Christianity, the obsolescence, in spite of interesting and praiseworthy sporadic revivals, of the direct impact of Greek culture on present-day life, the abrogation of the next world as an influence on conduct, have removed the chief obstacles to our submergence by the passing hour.

We should have to resort to barbarism to find another epoch so exclusively and fervidly contemporaneous. In all periods, of course, action and emotion have exalted the present hour; the distinction of our own age lies in the

assumption by thought, by study, by our impersonal and unselfish interests, of this strongly contemporaneous direction. The 'Carpe diem' of the Latin epicure, the 'Now is the accepted time' of the Judæan Paul, we adopt in a new sense, unreconciled with the purposes of either epicure or apostle. We abolish the preterite tense; and the majestically self-centred phrase of the ancient Hebrews, 'I am,' might be appropriated to the naming of our divinity.

II

The tendency has its undoubted benefits. It fosters an alertness of mind similar to that which, in a night of pyrotechnics, scans the whole horizon in search of the undefined point at which the next rocket may ascend. Again, civilized mankind has become less parochial, the bonds of prejudice are relaxed, ambition is quickened and egotism checked by the neighborhood, in a real sense, of great nations and lofty individuals. An American shopkeeper can follow to-day the history of Russia more closely than could its own czar a century ago. We view the earth from a supramundane eminence, so to speak, and it would be both unkind and unfair to recall the name of the personage who first indicated the pinnacle from which the kingdoms of the world and their glory could be collectively surveyed. It might even seem that the contraction in the field of time was offset by the increased command of space, since mental breadth is dependent on variety of objects, and it matters little if history or geography be the specific frame on which the requisite abundance and variety are set forth. The broadening effect in everyday humanity is certainly not obtrusive, but it would be unjust to test any ameliorative force — Christianity, for instance, or democracy — by its outward and visible

workings in the constitution of the average man.

The reality of these benefits may be conceded. Many people would add that the conversion of the world into a vast amphitheatre, the presence, not of the entire globe perhaps, but of all that great section of the globe now meshed in the coils of journalism and telegraphy, at practically the same moment, at the great spectacle of contemporary progress, must strongly reinforce the solidarity and further the unification of mankind. Unluckily, this is one of the cases in which the difference between virtual and material presence, the difference between approximate and actual identity of time in the survey, is all-important. Curiosity is a strong incentive but a weak cement, and a partition or an interval is enough to destroy the cohesion of spectatorship. Men must be literally and sensibly together before participation in a great spectacle can exert a distinctly unifying force. Again, the cementing effect of shared experience is inversely proportionate to the number of shareholders: the daily circuit of the sun has no visible effect in the consolidation of humanity. It is not the consolidating efficacy, but the quickening and liberalizing influence, that constitutes the claim of the new tendency to the consideration and approval of mankind.

III

I proceed to another effect. The cult of the present moment is largely responsible for the break-up of the old-time relations between youth and maturity. For progress means an unstable, a mobile, environment, and the great desideratum in a changing universe is plasticity. But youth, both by character and circumstance, is the plastic time of life, and its flexibility in self-adjustment is aided by its instinctive

sympathy with an epoch which mimics the lustihood and suppleness of youth.

In former times the slow-paced world could not keep abreast of the alert individual, and, up to the time of intellectual and physical decay, the strong man found his control of his environment, his mastery of his problem, continuously augmenting. But to-day the growth of his own experience is far less important than facility of access to the far larger body of knowledge which the world, propelled by a new impetus, has accumulated in the meantime. The speed of the world-movement has immeasurably quickened, and, in his competition with mankind, in his race with the race, if the triviality may be pardoned, the able man finds himself overtaken and outstripped, not in his decay, but in the fullness of his activities and the meridian of his powers, at a time when his individual speed is undiminished or even accelerating.

The result of these changes has been the undoing of a long-established and felicitous partition of honor, privilege, and responsibility between the different periods of life. The apportionment of counsel to the old, action to the young, expressed the world's recognition of a happy equipoise in the relations of the two halves of man's estate. Nature had been so liberal to youth that the balance was felt to be sanely and graciously preserved in the assignment to age of the leadership in society. A real justice allied itself to a fine courtesy in the custom which associated all titles of respect and honor, senator, signor, señor, sir, with the root of 'senex,' which made 'Sire' the designation of royalty and 'Seigneur' the title of the godhead. But in the great war between the old and young of which Shelley wrote, the last sortie of youth has reversed the immemorial situation. The expert has asserted his claims, and priority, even in mental competence,

is unhesitatingly allotted to youth. The judgment of the man of sixty shares the discredit of his sinews.

The situation is humiliating for the seniors, and not without danger for the young. The self-trust of youth stands in need of the precise corrective which is supplied by the presence of admittedly superior personalities. The repute of hero-worship is likely to survive the cynicism of its assailants, and even the frenzy of its eulogists. Even when the objects are unworthy, it renders the priceless service of providing a nursery for that reverence which a ripening insight may transfer perhaps from the individual to the race, or from men as such to their higher incentives. Our own age all but abolishes this training-school.

Nobody can imagine that modernity of training — a trait whose cheapness is indicated by its accessibility to any quick mind in five or six years through merely imitative or assimilative processes — outranks, by any scale except utility, the dear-bought wisdom of a thoughtful and earnest life. Under the present system, the higher moral values, judgment, wisdom, character, sympathy, humility, self-control, are unjustly depressed, while skill and knowledge — values lower in rank — are abnormally exalted. The scale of efficiency inverts, in part, the ethical scale; the moral waste is great, and the premium on character is lowered.

Character, rightly viewed, is itself a professional asset, and its supersession is no slight misfortune. To the extent of the domination of the youthful expert, it seems clear that the stewardship of the world will be passed on from the man of weight, poise, and character, to the supple, the dexterous, the assimilative man. It may be added that, while the absolute efficiency of an entire profession is probably increased by the new system, the period of perfect equip-

ment for the individual is seriously curtailed, and the ratio of perfectly equipped practitioners is correspondingly diminished.

IV

As, in human life, the new ratings depress age and maturity in relation to youth, so, in the field of history (broadly understood), the past is minimized and obscured in relation to the present. Science, with all its modernism, has sinned less in this regard than other forms of intellectual activity: its practice toward past doctrine is to reject the lie absolutely and to accept the truth finally; and its truths, being timeless, are never antiquated. But neither literature nor art nor philosophy is capable of any such decisive or definitive assay of its own past accumulations. The values in their case are provisional, varying, subjective; they depend on sympathies or affinities between a stable object and a subject which the very fact of progress assumes to be continuously variable: each man, each age, must fix its own rating, and the dawn of each new epoch, or even tendency, may be the signal for a revaluation. The result is that, speaking broadly, nothing in these fields ever becomes thoroughly obsolete in the sense in which the term applies to the cosmogony of Ptolemy, and nothing ever becomes absolute in the sense appropriate to the universal gravitation of Newton.

In science, while all the facts are not equally valued, they are nevertheless equally secure, and their values remain, in a sense, unchangeable. But in literature, art, and philosophy, no man, no age, is *bound* to put any fixed value on anything. The accumulation of treasure in all three fields is extensive, and the opportunity to undervalue, to neglect, to ignore — the opportunity of human nature, in other words, to wrong and impoverish itself — is unlimited.

In all ages, no doubt, the repute of the 'latest thing' in books, pictures, or ideas has been conspicuous; but never before has the past receded so rapidly, or has the eclipse of its works been so speedy and overwhelming. We have established a new provincialism, the provincialism which substitutes a slit of time for a nook of space, and the parish of 1914 circumscribes our ideas and interests. Let me illustrate in two ways the effect of this self-limitation.

The reading of the great past literature has become a specialty, abandoned with obvious relief by the general reader to the conduct of the selected few. Never probably in the world's annals has nearness in time outweighed such grave defects in the contemporary output, such high superiorities in ancestral merit. The operation is as swift as it is universal. Tested by range and power alike, the spell of Dickens was perhaps the most potent ever exercised by literature, and its appeals were to elementary and perennial instincts; but the youth of to-day are impervious to that magic which fifty years ago counted Dickens among the reasons for being glad to be alive. If the preference for current works rested on the mutual affinities of coevals, the matter would be thoroughly explained and partly justified; but, in point of fact, men throw aside congenial classics to spend their time on unsympathetic contemporaries. The cure of Dickens pays its tithes to Ibsen (I speak without disrespect to the great Norwegian), and Strindberg is read by people whose spiritual kindred and posterity will welcome the excuse the lapse of fifty years will offer for consigning his work to the dust-heap.

In fact, the successes of our own day prove that nothing can be too strange for the palate or too baffling for the digestion of the nineteenth century and its successor; we shrink from no dish

that issues from our own cuisine. If the old masterpieces could be republished as current literature with the very slightest modernization, or possibly with no modernization whatever, it is probable that they would reconquer the world of readers with no more difficulty than Browning, Meredith, or Whitman has found in conquering it. It is not the fact, but the presumption, of incompatibility that does the mischief. An Index Expurgatorius has been formed in which the impiety of having been born before 1850 is condescendingly expiated.

My second illustration shall be taken from philosophy. The tyranny of modernism in this field is so great that it has become well-nigh impossible for any mind not of the first order to form direct personal relations with any thinker older than the nineteenth century. To ask originality from average minds would be absurd; tutorship in some form is indispensable; but a practice which restricts the choice of tutors, which cuts off the access to the majority of the world's thinkers, is a needless aggravation of servitude. The modern clergyman, for instance, of strong but not exceptional mind, can read no old thinker, unless that thinker come to him in the suite of some illustrious contemporary. He can read Plato, for Plato is a modern fashion; and, similarly, he can dally with Hume, and finger wistfully the leaves of the *Critique of Pure Reason*. But he cannot read Aristotle (after college) or Epictetus or Marcus Aurelius or Spinoza or Descartes or Locke or Pascal or Berkeley. He is a stranger in his own freehold. He cannot read, really *read*, even his Bible, except at the bidding and under the guidance of a contemporary; the words of Christ himself reach him only as a 'repeated message.' He is shut out even from 'related minds,' from his emotional kith and kin. He is in the

position of a man who likes olives and caviare and could obtain them at remote shops, but who waits patiently for the chance of their being put on sale by his own grocer to whom he is indissolubly bound by the magic of proximity.

The hunger for old ideas which the impatience with old authors has left unappeased is curiously evidenced in the eager welcome accorded to contemporaries who rearrange and reword old ideas. But this revival is not universal or assured, and the withdrawal of a large part of the world's store from the world's use is an indisputable misfortune.

The decadence of the Biblical and classical traditions already referred to has extended and accelerated the surrender to modernism. The location of Homer and Moses, formerly vital forces in the world's culture, on the dim verge of semi-historic record, made the whole past, as it seemed, penetrable and habitable. With these as the extreme frontier, anything on this side of the *Iliad* or the *Pentateuch* seemed neighborly, as France and England seem almost homelike to an American who has scaled the Himalayas.

Two mitigations of the malady of our time it would be uncandid not to specify. The temporal confinement is partly balanced by the enlargement of the spatial outlook. The whole world is in view, and a full record of the transactions of a single moment of our varied modern life would be encyclopædic. Our age suffers less than other periods from self-imprisonment, for the same reason that our country suffers less than other nations from a prohibitory tariff: the variety of internal resources is great. Isolation, however, in both cases, is costly even to the privileged.

A second mitigating fact is the patronage granted by influential moderns to certain older themes or writers. Sci-

ence, eager for new fields at the same time that it asserts that every field is inexhaustible, intersects its former course, describes a loop as it were, and numbers antiquity among the conquests of modernism. The past as material becomes invaluable, however lightly it may be esteemed as coadjutor. The passion for novelty is as dominant here as elsewhere: what we crave is the latest upheaval of the earliest deposit, and the oldest papyrus would be inestimable as long as it was also the newest.

Something like a collation of opinions, a symposium of the centuries, is carried out here and there in philosophy and religion, but our respect for the ancients, like our deference for old men, is tinctured with a counteractive condescension. The past as a check upon the present must be valued before it can be useful. The aim, of course, is to get at the criticism of our own points of view which is latent in the difference between our own and past ages in those artistic, literary, and philosophical fields in which Plato, Dante, or even Jesus, might still be qualified to enlighten us. But if our own points of view dominate the investigation, the criticism is annulled, and the difference merely reinforces self-complacency.

When all concessions have been duly made, the identification by an age of its standard with its product, the assignment of values by a test so accidental and so unstable as time, the willful renunciation by mankind of a large part of its hard-won and long-saved treasures, are real misfortunes to the human species.

v

The influence of the sway of the expert in checking individuality is reinforced by the autocracy of the moment. Opinion in our day, even in the mouth of a Bacon or a Coleridge, must be dumb

or apologetic in the absence of the latest bits of possibly immaterial and superficial knowledge. The 'free play of mind' on life in general is checked by the universal sense of the futility of that play on most subjects foreign to the thinker's specialty. Whatever absurdities inhered in the old-time regimen, under which moral precepts, religious dicta, political judgments, commercial sense, and even scientific data all emanated from the same armchair, it trained and exercised the intellect to a degree unknown to our enlightened humility.

The formation of worthless opinions has probably been one of the marked utilities, as it has manifestly been one of the thriving industries, of the human race, and has kept alive that curiosity and agility which in later and happier applications has at last appropriated truth. Take the conduct of democracies, for example. Politics is one of the few pursuits still left to the amateur, and the result is, by all robust standards, a slovenly performance. Meanwhile, the state keeps afloat and the bunglers are educated, and the wise and kind rule of sagacious angels would probably be worth far less to a people than the privilege of mismanaging their own affairs. The botchwork and patchwork of the incompetent many in politics does more to train, and, in the long run, to serve mankind than the expert work of the skilled few in science.

Individuality is likewise repressed by the likeness which the common pursuit of the same ends at the same time induces in the lives and thoughts of men. In so far as people read old novels, they read different novels, and the ground of choice is internal and characteristic; in so far as they read new novels, they read the same, and the basis of choice is exterior and arbitrary. The gregariousness thus induced becomes itself an

object of desire, and books sell better merely because they sell well. The gluten in human nature is amusingly brought out by our impatience to join the largest aggregations. As things now stand we see the same plays, hear the same musicians, study the same pictures and statues, digest the same literature, absorb the same ideas, read the same telegrams in the same words at practically the same moment from Cape Town to Pall Mall and from New York to San Francisco. The same effect that is visibly manifest in the audience at a play or concert, the packing of humanity in solid and uniform rows for the enjoyment of a common experience, is brought about in a less pictorial or obvious form by the simultaneous perusal of the newspaper and the magazine. We sit in a crowd by our own firesides.

VI

The faith in the passing hour rests on hopes of amelioration that are largely baseless. Change is a quack, or half-quack; its services fall short of its advertisements. It may reconstruct the map or the frame of the world, but psychological conditions — the only conditions that count — revert stubbornly to the old ways. The automobile will not effect that dissipation of ennui for which our faith once looked to the still untested locomotive. The friction of human impatience against physical impedimenta has not been relieved by the industry of the cable or the omnipresence of the telephone. Behind the new discoveries and the new speculations, the old questions smile at us with an irony as baffling as Mona Lisa's. Conditions approach standards only to learn that standards are themselves progressive, and the interval (on which our happiness is staked) remains unaltered by the twofold advance.

Even in the great fight for personal

and social betterment, inexorable limitations must be faced. Man may grow better, yet fail to reach the point where the difference between his best and his lowest moments will cease to divide his nature and perplex his life. States may remedy injustice without reaching the hour when the difference between the lots of their happiest and least happy members will not humiliate the one and embitter the other. I urge no dastardly relinquishment or relaxation of the struggle; the battle pays, if it merely lifts the plane of the battleground; but it is well to remember that the halfness, the ambiguity, the provisionality, from which our hopes and energies now seek to be freed are handicaps whose reappearance behind each new victory of humanity and justice must be counted among the ruthless certainties of life. We shall always be living in the makeshift cabin beside the half-built house.

The external march of events will never bring us deliverance, and its duplicity lies in the fact that it diverts us always with the specious hope of an impracticable rescue. The real hope lies in inward self-adjustment. To value in to-day only its difference from yesterday is to identify the country with the frontier. The secret of life lies in the larger and fuller appropriation, by the individual spirit, of abiding and

universal values; not discovery, but rediscovery, is the key. Make the comparison in what field you please: contrast the kaleidoscopic glimpses of travel with the reperusal day by day of a familiar landscape, the fluttering from one new book to another with the lifelong probing of some mighty classic, the patter of shifting acquaintance with the slow, calm pace of proved friendships, the caprices of unfixed passion with the loves that embrace a lifetime: the attestation to the worth of permanence is universal.

The only large values are those in which our ancestors participated. The oldest of wonders is the greatest — life. An ironclad, as such, is a commonplace beside a ship, and society merely as society is a more stupendous fact than Rome or England. The *Iliad* is less remarkable than speech, and the aeroplane is only a mote in the sky. Landscape, the family, the nation, religion — their origins are lost in the silence of a gray antiquity. The Now — the present — is indeed sacred; but its sacredness is inappreciable to those who are circumscribed by its limits; it is reserved for minds that escape its bounds.

‘Do not read the *Times!*’ said Thoreau, in words that become the more memorable the less they are remembered, ‘read the eternities.’

THE SOUL OF A GIRL

BY CHARLES JOHNSTON

GRACE sat by the open window, dreaming delicious day-dreams interwoven with the fragrant tendrils of the honeysuckle. Walter was coming; coming, as Grace confidently hoped, to tell her how much he loved her, to put his heart and life between her hands. Dear Walter! how fond she was of him, of his bigness and his strength, his fine face and his skillful hands, of his ideals and his enthusiasms, and, most of all, his love of her; for Grace was assured that he loved her, and that he only sought a fit occasion to tell her so, — would, indeed, come that afternoon, expressly to make a fit occasion.

What should she answer? Well, she told herself, she was not quite sure. Perhaps she loved him enough; perhaps she should bid him wait until she loved him more; perhaps it was all fancy, and she did not care for him at all, and must tell him that, gently, kindly, finally. Then she smiled in her heart and with her lips and eyes. It was not true that she did not know; she knew very well what she would say, and how her heart would rejoice to say it. She would take him to herself and make him altogether her own.

And then? Then would begin their joyful life together. Not at once; not too soon. She would not let him think her too easily won. She must not cheapen the gift of herself, but must seem to hold back awhile, letting his eagerness overbear her. Not too soon, then; but also not too long. Dangerous, always, very long engagements: hearts had time to grow cold before they were quite

welded; familiarity might make, not contempt, for Walter could never feel for her that, but make them, perhaps, a little too well used to each other. And besides, she did not want to wait — very long. She wanted him soon; wanted to be wholly happy, to sail forth boldly into that new sea of light; to taste all and know all of happiness, to fill her life full; for she had been lonely, often, since father and mother died.

And then she began to embroider the fabric of fancy. Where would they live? Here, surely, in this dear home of hers, with its lovely garden set in velvet lawns. Aunt Estelle might stay, a welcome, gentle guest, ready to come in with little services and amenities where they were needed; or ready to efface herself and remain placidly in the background.

Yes, here they would live, surely, where father and mother had lived; where she herself had been born and passed her childhood, and the long vacations of boarding-school days; the two marvelous summers excepted, when they sailed over the great waters and saw strange lands and many cities. Yes, they would live here, making happy excursions, mayhap, to lovely places: the Thousand Islands, Colorado, Florida; perhaps she would take him to Europe and show him all the wonders. Yes, that would be delightful: to conduct him through the broad galleries of the Louvre, the Uffizzi, the Dresden palace, Vienna; to watch his wonder at it all; to see the artist in him rejoice

in these greater artists, and to know he owed it all to her. Yes, that would be very sweet.

And then they would come home again, to her cosy rooms and lovely garden; and then, perhaps — yes, but not too soon, for they were such little tyrants, and so utterly absorbed one's life. Afterwards, yes; after they were done with their journeyings and settled down. But he must love her ever so much, just herself, first, with no one at all to share his love; it must be all hers; he must be all hers. And smiling to herself, she made a little motion of opening her arms and raising her lips; and something of the roses stole into her cheeks and neck, and something of the sunlight glistened in her eyes. Oh, how happy she would be, happy, happy happy —

While she was in the very midst of her dreams, Walter was announced. He came in on the heels of the announcement, very confident in his welcome, too absorbed in his own thoughts, indeed, to think of anything but his purpose.

Grace rose to greet him, her cheeks still tinged with the roses, her eyes luminous, making as though to give him both her hands.

'Oh Walter —' she began, smiling her welcome from a full heart.

Walter grasped her right hand, shook it and let it go again, absorbed, unseeing. There was a little smile on Grace's lips, but she felt a sudden coldness about her heart.

Still standing, Walter began, —

'I have come to tell you something, Grace!'

She glanced up, quickly, inquiringly. He had come to tell her, after all! Everything was all right, then; and there was a quick return of warm hope to her heart. She was ready, almost, to throw herself into his arms, telling him that she knew already. But his ab-

sorbed mood checked her, chilled her, filled her once more with sharp misgiving.

'Come out on the lake,' Walter went on. 'I'll row up to the island and we can talk it all over comfortably. It's about my future life.'

Was this a doom or a promise of what she so hoped? Grace looked into his face with something showing in her eyes of the doubt and fear that were fighting in her heart; but Walter was too full of his thought to note any shade of feeling in her.

Grace felt thwarted, baffled; she had planned that there, in the lovely room with its soft luxury, with its diamond-paned windows giving on the garden, she would listen to him telling her — everything. But he was bidding her go out on the lake.

'But, Walter,' she began, hesitantly, holding to her plan, in part because she had made it, in part because it had been the prologue of her dream; 'it's so cool and pleasant here, so quiet and dreamy —'

'No!' interrupted Walter. 'I need a row! I want the exercise! There's such a lot to talk of, to plan, to decide! I've got to let off steam. Get a hat and come!'

Brusque and domineering, yes; she did not mind that; perhaps she even liked it, in him; but the whole tone and manner of his speech threatened her dream with ruin, filling her heart with cold desolation. His words: the future, so much to plan, something to tell her, — all this could mean — just what she longed for. The words, yes; but not the tone, not the spirit. That was hopelessly far away.

'Walter,' she began again, hesitating, catching at the vanishing dream.

'Get your hat and come! It's awfully important to me! I'll go ahead and get the boat out. Don't be long!' And he turned his back on her, and

strode out on the lawn and down the green terrace to the lake.

Grace stood quite still, looking after him. She felt chilled and breathless, the very life gone out of her. A rush of tears would have been welcome; but there were none. Her heart and mind stopped. All things were ended. She was too stunned even to suffer yet. She had read of travelers on the great ice frozen so swiftly that death outstripped pain. That flashed into her mind, as what had happened to her. Yet there was a sharp fierce misery in the numbness of her heart.

In the tumbling darkness of the storm there remained one positive thought: Walter had told her to get a hat and go to the boat. So catching up a broad-brimmed sun-hat of soft straw, she slowly followed his path across the lawn and down to the blue water blinking in the sunlight.

Walter was ready at the landing.

'All aboard!' and he steadied the boat against the stage with a firm hand and leaned out to the far side, to counterbalance her weight as she stepped. She noticed also that he had gathered an armful of cushions for her, on the stern seat. She felt a curious stab of pain in noting that.

Slowly, with a certain bodily numbness, she stepped into the boat and sat down among the cushions, haunted and terrified by the thought that her benumbed heart might suddenly break forth in uncontrollable grief.

'Hurry up! Take the rudder-lines!' Walter commanded. 'Up the right side of the island! Steer carefully, and don't speak till I do. I want to think!'

Even in her misery, she saw the ludicrousness of that. But all feelings were instantly submerged in the tense dread of tears.

He swung forward, straightened his back, dipped the oars squarely, swung clear back again, pulling them well up

to his chest, then skillfully feathered as his hands shot forward again. Everything Walter did with his hands, he did well. Grace watched them with mingled pride and pain. She could not raise her eyes to his face.

A full mile he rowed, up the long blue lake, rippled and glistening in the sun; then, coming near the island, he dropped into a slower stroke. The scent of the balsams came to them across the water, the fragrance of green branches bathed in warm sunshine.

'Steer up there under the trees!' Walter directed. 'We can talk there!'

The cool, green shadow of the branches fell on them, as he drew in the oars and methodically crossed them on the thwarts, and they came gradually to rest in the quiet, limpid water.

'Grace,' said Walter, 'suppose you had been wanting something awfully, all your life almost, and you suddenly found it within reach, how would you feel?'

And resting his elbows on the crossed oars before him, he set his chin on his hands, and looked full into her face with honest eyes.

Grace felt a sharp catch of pain at her heart, a hot wire tightened across her breast. She had been longing for something; had wanted it awfully; and now, it was suddenly out of reach? She did not know. Then came the horrible thought, keen torture, that he had brought her there to tell her he loved some other woman and had won her love. She felt her very lips grow white; but for the numbing of all her powers, she would have cried out with pain.

Walter broke the tension prosaically by leisurely drawing from his pocket a cigarette-case she had given him, and lighting a cork-tipped cigarette. In a way, that curiously relieved her. It laid the phantom of the other woman. Walter was too full of his thoughts to

notice her silence, or anything of what lay beneath it.

'What has happened,' he began, blowing the smoke in a fine stream from his lips, his eyes very frankly fixed on her face, 'is this: Uncle Eddie is giving me a thousand dollars for six months in Paris, with more to come if I need it! I'm going at once!'

The last shadow of hope, of lingering uncertainty, was driven from her heart, and all was darkness. He had brought her there to say, not, 'I love you!' but, 'I am going at once!'

That was the end. His sunny serenity, his deep satisfaction, buried the hope his words had killed.

In a confused way, from the depths of her dumb misery, she heard his plan: ten weeks in Dumont's atelier; six weeks with Marrais; the figure with one; landscape with another; six glorious months of work. Only at the end would he choose his own line.

'And the galleries, Grace!' he continued, enthusiastically; the Louvre; Cluny; Versailles! Is n't it splendid?'

There, as Grace thought, her heart broke. The very halls she had planned to show him, an affianced lover, he was hurrying off to view alone, without regret, without a thought of her. She sat quite still, in pain and despair so deep, so bitter, so heartrending, that she felt her very life die in agony. Only now, when hope was in ruins, did she know how much she loved him — had loved him; for love is life and she was dead.

In the cold stillness of that death she heard his eager words; heard the little ripples against the side of the boat; heard a wood thrush singing up on the hillside across the lake; noted it all, without feeling, without hope, abject, desperate.

There was no more of her. Her life had fallen in ruins, broken and burnt to ashes; and the ashes were blown away into the desert. From deep within

her soul, that could suffer no more, she viewed herself as dead.

As he talked, for ages it seemed, detailing his plan, she listened. And a little spark of the life that had been hers before she died — so she expressed it to herself — began to glow again, no longer in her but in him.

The tiniest spark, at first; no more than the simplest attention, so that, if asked, she might answer consistently; then, from attention, a gray dawn of interest, a faint play of imagination around the details; a feeling, very painful yet, but living, like a wound beginning to heal, very sensitive still; a questioning of this or that particular, in thought only, for as yet she had no words.

Her intuition began to stir about his plan, his life, his inner nature. She began to see him in that new light, as he was to his own soul: the fiery aspiration, the tense will, that made him brusque and domineering; the man in him, longing, striving, for honor, for perfection; the little child, too, that would often get tired and depressed, and need to be petted and mothered; the soul, working for its own deep life through these powers, building the immortal in him. In this intimate inner life of his, till then wholly unknown to her, who thought she had known him so well, she grew strangely interested; so deeply, that she forgot her own pain in thinking of his life, its rich and radiant hope, its fiery energy, its sovereign possibilities for him and for many. Here was a man who, through his art, could reveal a new nobility and lift men's hearts up to a life suffused with joy.

At last, as she heard him in rapt wonder, wide-eyed, with parted lips, he talked himself out, and was sensible, for a moment, of a shade of weakness and doubt. Then, for the first time Grace spoke, instilling into her tones

some of the new secret that had been born in her heart:

'O Walter! How splendid! How glad I am that you are going!'

She caught the echo of her own words with wonder. Yes, she had said that. And she knew, as she said it, that it was true. She was glad. More than that, she could still rejoice for him, even if she knew she should never see his face again, never know the issue of his high adventure. She did not need to know. The secret power would take care of him.

Then she added, —

'Oh, I do so wish I could do something to help you!' and her luminous eyes said even more than her words and the tone of eager, tender sympathy in which they were uttered.

For the first time Walter really heard her and saw her. Hitherto, every faculty had been absorbed in his dream. He raised himself from the oars and looked at her keenly.

'Why, Grace!' he said, slightly flushing, 'you can! In ever so many ways!'

The enthusiasm in his tone was for his plan and for every least chance of furthering it. She knew it, and loved him the more for his singleness of heart.

'Yes?' she met him eagerly, glad beyond measure.

'Why, yes!' He lit a new cigarette, and inhaled the smoke, blowing it out slowly in a thin blue stream, pondering. 'In two ways that I can think of already, and I'm sure in lots more. First, there are things to get: shirts and socks and heaps of things. I always did hate that sort of thing. But then you could n't do that!' And he laughed softly, in a way that was very winning.

'Oh, but I could!' she answered quickly. 'You may even trust me with buying your neckties. And you know how dangerous that is! Things to buy,

then; including, I suppose, something to put them in. That is settled! And now the second thing?'

Walter did not answer at once. In the stillness Grace suddenly realized, with startled wonder, that she, who, a few minutes before, had been despairing and dead at heart, was radiantly happy; happy for him; not concerned with herself at all.

'The other way is this,' he began, after a long pause. 'I don't go over for a month or six weeks. Things don't begin there in the ateliers before that, you know. And in six weeks, you can do a tremendous lot! Studying, preparing, getting my hand in. I need some one to paint! You would do!'

Grace found herself smiling; first, at the bluntness of the last little phrase, due not at all, as she divined, to unconscious man-egotism, but rather to his selfless devotion, to the burning fire of his ideal. She smiled, too, with a deeper happiness, to know that she 'would do,' even for that. It was balm to her woman's heart, lacerated so cruelly, so unknowingly, such a little while, yet such ages, ago.

He went on, —

'Your hair, you know! I'd like to try that!'

Grace found herself flushing at his directness, then smiling with happiness.

'Very well, Walter!' she answered, 'try!'

Then, with a sudden sense that the new life was almost bursting her heart, she rose, —

'Change seats, Walter,' she said. 'I'll row. Round the island first!'

And she in turn began a firm, even stroke, as Walter curled up contentedly, gratefully, in the cushions in the stern, dreamy now that the pent-up hopes had been breathed forth.

Grace rowed slowly round the end of the island, close to the shingle. She too felt the reaction from the agony and

fever of her mood; felt it in a painful happiness, a trouble coming upon her, that must find vent in tears. Her eyes following the shore of the island as she rowed, she suddenly saw a way of escape, and caught at it with almost fevered eagerness.

'Walter,' she said, with great difficulty steadying her voice, 'there is one of those lovely scarlet columbines! I must get a spray of it!' and she turned the bow of the boat inshore. A strong pull or two, and it ran up the smooth sand, grounding firmly, so that she could easily land. Walter watched her, making no motion to move.

Grace turned her back on him, to leap ashore; and the very instant that she turned, the strain was too much for her and the tears began to flow. She leaped almost blindly forward, daring to make no sudden motion with her hands, that might betray. But what infinite relief in those swiftly falling tears, as she felt her way, stepping through the soft grass toward the red spray of columbine.

It grew beside a boulder covered with warm green moss. Kneeling down beside the lovely flower, she laid her forehead on the soft green cushion, and gave way altogether to the flood of tears that swept over her. For a minute or two she was submerged. Then, by a strong effort, fearful that Walter might leap ashore and discover her weeping, she regained control of herself, and, still kneeling over the flower, with her back to him, she dried her tears, removing their traces so far as might be.

Plucking a spray of the scarlet columbine, she held it up, and began to count the petals with her finger-tip, girl-like reciting the old charm: 'He loves me, loves me not.' Then she smiled in sudden sunshine, remembering that the columbine has five petals, pointed lib-

erty-caps packed together, so that the oracle was certain to say, 'Yes!'

With the red spray of blossom pressed against her chin, she came back to the boat, found a handy stepping-stone, and was back in her seat. Walter saw the flower, and, charmed with the beauty of it, held out his hand. Slightly rising, she threw it to him.

'You looked as if you were praying!' Walter said, 'with that green stone for altar!'

'I was,' she answered, 'for your success!'

Then once more she began to row, rounding the island and turning homeward. After a space of restorative silence, she said, —

'Now begin and tell it to me all over again; every syllable, you know!'

And she began to row slowly, firmly, steadily, making the most of the golden hour.

He told his story again, point by point, as he had told it already; yet with this difference: though he knew it not at all, Grace had slipped into all his plans; so that, at the last, he designed that, when his six magical months were drawing to their close, she should come over, to see the galleries and ateliers with him; and then they would make their happy way home together.

Walter knew not. Grace knew: recognized, with quiet happiness, what the unconscious boy did not divine; but she hid her knowledge deep in her heart; rejoicing that, because of this, she could help him more deeply, more powerfully, more delicately; help that fiery soul to find its wings and soar.

That night, Grace added to her petitions a little prayer of thanksgiving, —

'—If he had asked me first, I should never have found out —! Oh, thank you, thank you, for helping me to know, even by breaking my heart!'

A FAMILY PORTRAIT

BY JOHN JAY CHAPMAN

MARIA WESTON CHAPMAN deserves a medallion in the historic hall of her generation. Indeed she looked and bore herself like bronze and marble, and made upon all observers the impression of heroic womanhood. There are women who have a maturity in their walk even in their teens, and who carry a girlish bearing into old age. There is a unity and a focus in their being which makes them distinguished. In all they do or say there is some natural force which is inevitable and spontaneous. All this is largely a matter of physical endowment, and goes with abundant health. In my grandmother's case it went with a kind of victorious beauty which became accentuated as the 'cordage of the countenance' declared itself in her latest years.

As a small child I was immensely impressed with her. I had never seen anyone like her. She looked like a cameo, and yet had a buoyant — I had almost said bounding — quality which cameos do not suggest. Many persons in her generation were imposing, but she was the first of them that I ever saw, and this gave me a new idea of how people of the great world might or ought to appear. She had a talent for conduct, she had a genius for appearance. She was exactly fitted to lead a cause; and the cause of Abolition, which broke into flame during her girlhood, was a most perfect and typical example of what a cause can be. It was a religious awakening. It began with great and sudden fervor in the breasts of a few people, and worked in such a man-

ner as to separate these people from the rest of the community. To awaken the rest of America became their one idea. Converts came to them, as is usual in such cases, chiefly from the humbler classes; and the emotional fervor of the movement burned with a steady heat for thirty years, till in one way or another every individual in the nation was reached by it. The Abolitionists are sometimes blamed for causing the war; but the real cause of the war was human nature. The war was the final working out of a great change. Abolition was merely the symptom that a change had begun.

Mrs. Chapman was an early convert, and was well fitted to take the lead in such a movement, or, more accurately speaking, to stage and conduct the cause; for Garrison was her leader, and she was in every sense a standard-bearer and a lieutenant, — never, properly speaking, the leader. She was always handsomely dressed, smiling, dominant, ready to meet all comers. She entered a room like a public person. She was a doughty swordswoman in conversation, and wore armor. There was something about her that reminded me of a gladiator, and I sometimes wondered how she had ever borne children at all and whether she had nursed them, or had just marched off to the wars in Gaul and Iberia, while the urchins were being cared for by a freedwoman in the Campania. She was fond of children nevertheless, and used to invite her grandchildren to come to her room, where she would inaugurate the

most ceremonious and important sessions of book-covering, and the making of scrap-books, cuttings, and pastings. The gum-arabic must be bought and melted down on the previous day, the figured papers and prints were produced from European sources, and the whole manufacture was conducted with pomp and mystery. She used to read Shakespeare to us when the youngest was about three, and she would arrange the drawing-room to represent the stage. She had Cæsar on his bier covered with drapery, and a bit of hidden marble to represent his Roman nose. When she read aloud she was so particular about the state of her voice, her enunciation, and her delivery that she would eat no dinner before a performance, but take only the juice of a lemon — as if she were to sing in grand opera.

I think that her temperament and physique must in early life have marked her as a figure-head, and that the many years she afterwards spent in Europe as the representative of a cause gave her, perhaps, the habit of the part. She was, in fact, an *embodiment*; and this is the reason why her presence conveyed more than her spoken or written words, and why people were so astonished at her, and have left so many descriptions of her. At the basis of her effectiveness was a perfectly phenomenal fund of physical health. She was beaming and ruddy down to her last days — for she was nearly eighty when she died, and had spent many years toward the end of her life in nursing a paralyzed brother.

One great and rare merit she shared with Garrison. When their cause triumphed they retired, and both of them deserve in this to be canonized for their good taste, — a virtue not always found in Abolitionists. She retired, then, and lived in Weymouth, Massachusetts, for twenty years or more, with a mother and several sisters, all of them highly educated, bookish people, and two of

them, Anne and Dora Weston, staunch anti-slavery veterans. The house was full of souvenirs of Europe, and of presentation copies of the works of mid-century European writers. To be an exile for opinion's sake is the best introduction to the liberals of all foreign countries; and Paris, during the Second Empire, contained many distinguished Frenchmen who felt that they too were in exile. The French intellectuals were hospitable to the leaders of American anti-slavery, who, so far as social life went, found in France more than they had lost at home.

All the glamour and excitement of life must have gone out of it for my grandmother with the close of the war; yet she continued to live as freshly and to talk as gladly as if some persecution were still in progress, and she were Joan of Arc on the way to the pyre.

Certain failings she had, — perhaps I ought rather to call them never-failings. The sword would leap from the scabbard at any allusion to past controversy in which she or Mr. Garrison had been concerned, or in which any one in the world had held opinions condemned by the Garrisonians. The sword of Gideon flashed with unabated grace. The indignation was as fresh as manna in Arabia — renewed with every matin. She really believed that the memory of the wicked should rot, and that the wicked were — almost every one in the past, and a good many among the survivors. If Channing had been wrong in 1828, she would excoriate him in 1882. If Sumner had hesitated at some moment to see the white light of truth, then his bones must be dragged from their resting place and his habitation become a dunghill. Among the true, inner-seal Garrisonians the *wrong kind* of anti-slavery was always considered as anti-Christ; and the feats of memory which the Old Guard of Abolition exhibited with regard to

the ins and outs of ancient controversy went far to explain the survival of Homer's poems throughout the long centuries before writing was invented. So, as by fire, are certain things burned into men's souls.

I must here sorrowfully record a distinction between my grandmother and Garrison himself. Garrison was never rancorous, at least he was never really rancorous. His rancor was political and done for effect. He assumed a tone of malevolence for rhetorical reasons. Now, my grandmother became, by a kind of necessity, more religious than the Pope himself. She was a partisan: she had not the liberty which the leader enjoys of changing her mind, or of being inconsistently good-humored when she felt like it. She was a halberdier and body-guard. She never seemed to disagree with Mr. Garrison or to turn a critical eye on him. I believe it would have done them both good if she had lifted her battle-axe against the hero now and then.

For twenty-five years she was manager of the Annual Anti-slavery Bazaar which raised the funds for the cause. Europe was laid under contribution for interesting and odd things, which should draw Pro-slavery Boston to the booths. The preparation for the great Fair went on pretty steadily during the rest of the year, and this branch of anti-slavery propaganda was useful in keeping the liberals in Europe in touch with our struggle. Mrs. Chapman edited a little annual volume or keepsake, called *The Liberty Bell*, which contained many articles by herself. As the executive of an unpopular cause her business was to be always in good spirits, always in the right, always insuperably competent. It is clear that her activity belongs to a very noble species of political activity rather than to the field of philosophy. The religion of labor makes character, but is injurious

to mind. And I cannot help thinking of all the anti-slavery people as being earth-born, titanic creatures, whom Nature spawned to stay a plague — and then withdrew them, and broke the mould. Heroic they remain.

It will be remembered that our struggle over slavery showed up the organized churches of Christianity in a terrible light. What was the use of such churches as ours were shown to be? Where was Christ to be found in them? If an Abolitionist were by nature a mystic, or an evangelical person (like Garrison or S. J. May), he naturally took refuge in the New Testament itself. If he were by nature neither mystical nor romantic, he was apt to become a stoic; and it was to this class that my grandmother belonged. We may see the same tendency exhibited on a great scale in the history of France. The hold which the classics have on the French temperament is due to this, — that the French are not sufficiently emotional to be in sympathy with Hebrew thought: it offends them. The morality of France is stoical. My grandmother was, in her endowments, and in her limitations, very much such a person as a virtuous stoic of the ancient world may have been. Her religion was a totality as to conduct, but was fragmentary in statement. It was made up of proverbs, poems, and anecdotes from all ages, — wisdom-scrapes of an encouraging and militant nature. When the original Garrisonians began their work in 1832 they supposed that slavery would fall before their strokes in a very few years, — five or ten perhaps. And so subtly does the alchemy of activity sustain hope, that they never for a moment lost their conviction that victory was imminent, throughout the thirty years during which victory kept receding before them like the mirage of water in the desert. They only wondered at the delay.

A Cause like this solves all questions whether they be matters of metaphysical doubt or of practical life. One's business is ruined, of course. A child dies; alas, it is severe, but let the Cause consume our grief. All social ties were snapped long ago; it is a trifle. The old standard-bearers are dropping out from time to time through death; peace be unto them, we have others.

The discipline of such a life — so unusual, so singular — wore down men and women into athletes; the stress made them strong. Thus the anti-slavery fighters grew hardy through a sort of Roman endurance, which shows in their physiognomy. It is this force behind the stroke of fate that we see in people's faces, — the power behind the die that mints them.

A very notable feature in my grandmother's life was her friendship with Harriet Martineau, whose literary executor she afterwards became. The friendship was a flawless and enduring union. It began in 1835, and was a source of unalloyed happiness to both women; it ended with Miss Martineau's death in 1876. The attachment was accompanied by independence on both sides, but my grandmother used to speak of Harriet Martineau with the same sort of reverence that Miss Martineau uses in speaking of her.

At one time Miss Martineau thought of coming to America to work in the Abolition cause. She writes: 'The discovery of her [Mrs. Chapman's] moral power and insight were to me so extraordinary that, while I longed to work with and under her, I felt that it must be morally perilous to lean on any one mind as I could not but lean on hers.'

The beginning of their intimacy was not without dramatic interest. When Miss Martineau arrived in this country on a pleasure trip, at the age of thirty-three, she was probably the best known, and certainly the most power-

ful woman in England. Her writings and her opinions had brought her unprecedented popularity both in that country and in America. It was therefore of great importance to the struggling Abolitionists to gain her adherence to their cause. My grandmother wrote to Miss Martineau while the latter was on her travels in the South, but received a rebuff from the authoress.

The time soon came, however, when Miss Martineau felt forced by her conscience to support the unpopular and hated cause of Abolition. She was, as she says, unexpectedly and very reluctantly, but necessarily, implicated in the struggle. The occasion of her declaration of faith was a meeting of the Ladies' Anti-slavery Society at the house of Francis Jackson on November 18, 1835. She accepted an invitation to this meeting, to the great scandal of her Boston hosts. She attended the meeting and, when called upon, gave, in a few words, the enormous prestige of her name to the cause. This cut short her social career in America, and she became the victim of every kind of vilification. She understood this consequence and did not enjoy it, for it ruined her trip and prevented her seeing American social life.

But the greater moral triumph at the back of this small unpleasantness was also understood both by Miss Martineau and by the audience of women in the hushed parlor of Francis Jackson, at the time she expressed her anti-slavery conviction in a few solemn words. It must be noted parenthetically that every one who speaks of my grandmother always dwells upon the way she looked. It is her looks that they cannot forget.

Miss Martineau in her account of the meeting at Mr. Jackson's says: 'When I was putting on my shawl upstairs, Mrs. Chapman came to me, bonnet in hand, to say, "You know

we are threatened with a mob again today: but I do not myself much apprehend it. It must not surprise us; but my hopes are stronger than my fears."

"I hear now, as I write, the clear silvery tones of her who was to be the friend of the rest of my life. I still see the exquisite beauty which took me by surprise that day; the slender, graceful form, the golden hair which might have covered her feet; the brilliant complexion, noble profile, and deep blue eyes; the aspect meant by nature to be soft and winning only, but that day (as ever since), so vivified by courage, and so strengthened by upright conviction, as to appear the very embodiment of heroism. "My hopes," she said as she threw up her golden

hair under her bonnet, "are stronger than my fears.""

In the same account Miss Martineau describes the extreme tension that existed concerning her own attitude toward Abolition. No one knew just where she stood, or what she was going to say. She describes also the wave of emotion that swept over the little assemblage upon her unequivocal announcement of her hatred of slavery, and continues: 'As I concluded Mrs. Chapman bowed down her glowing face on her folded arms, and there was a murmur of satisfaction through the room, while outside, the growing crowd (which did not, however, become large) was hooting and yelling and throwing mud and dirt against the windows.'

BEYOND THE CROSSROADS

BY GEORGE HODGES

WE have been much warned of late by earnest persons that we are approaching a crisis in religion. Father Tyrrell wrote a book called *Christianity at the Crossroads*, in which he said that the church must now choose whether to turn to right or left. Father Figgis, lecturing at Harvard and making his lectures into a book called *Civilization at the Crossroads*, tells us that we are all going to destruction, the church and the world together.

These forebodings are not peculiar to the fathers; they are shared by the professors. Dr. Shotwell of Columbia says, 'We are in the midst of a religious revolution. The old régime of immemo-

rial beliefs and customs is vanishing before our eyes. Faiths so old that they come to us from the prehistoric world are yielding to the discoveries of yesterday. Institutions that have embodied these faiths and held the allegiance of the civilized world are now crumbling to pieces or transforming themselves wherever the new forces of the revolution touch and penetrate. The authority of our venerable orthodoxies, seemingly so securely centred in inspiration and once so emphatically asserted in creeds, is now assailed from within and without. We are reconstructing, — and so on, and so on. Dr. Shotwell's book is entitled *The Religious Revolu-*

*tion of To-day.*¹ It is an interesting description of an ebb tide.

The ebb tide, however, is not an alarming phenomenon. The tide ebbs every day, but the sea returns to its strength when the morning appears. As for crossroads, it is true that we need to be circumspect in the sparsely settled country, for if we make a wrong turn we may go a considerable distance out of our way before we discover that we are in error. But the nearer we approach to centres of population, the less important are the crossroads. In the city, they appear with commonplace punctuality at the end of every block. We become accustomed to them. Indeed, we perceive that the crossroads do not compel us to make a choice between the right and the left. For the most part, our natural course is to go straight on, beyond the crossroads.

It is true that we live in the portentous presence of a crisis; but so did our grandfathers, and their grandfathers; so did Luther, so did Augustine, so did Paul, so did Adam and Eve. The world has come to an end a hundred thousand times since it began. The sun has been turned into darkness and the moon into blood over and over again.

In his *History of Religions*,² Professor Moore recalls the despondency of Hesiod. 'Hesiod,' he says, 'paints a sombre picture of the degeneracy of his time. Age by age, from the beginning, the world has grown worse. On the golden age with which human history began followed one of silver, and on that the age of bronze; the present is the iron age, and the decadence is still in progress.' Hesiod laid the blame on Prometheus, who lighted the first forge in the first factory.

¹ *The Religious Revolution of To-day.* By JAMES T. SHOTWELL. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company.

² *History of Religions.* By GEORGE FOOT MOORE. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

It is instructive and encouraging to read the pages in which Dr. Bacon, in his *History of American Christianity*, describes the 'low tide in religion' a hundred years ago. Yale College, in 1795, was 'in a most ungodly state. The college church was almost extinct. Most of the students were sceptical. That was the day of the infidelity of the Tom Paine school.' The total membership of the Methodist Church for three years ending in 1796, 'diminished at the rate of about four thousand a year.' The Presbyterian General Assembly of 1798 perceived 'with pain and fearful apprehension a general dereliction of religious principles and practice among our fellow citizens, a visible and prevailing impiety and contempt for the laws and institutions of religion, and an abounding infidelity. The profligacy and corruption of the public morals have advanced with a progress proportionate to our declension in religion.' At the same time, Bishop Madison of Virginia agreed with Chief Justice Marshall that the Episcopal Church was too far gone ever to be revived.

Christianity had passed these crossroads, and with a long breath of relief and a sigh of thanksgiving was jogging comfortably along over a highway paved with uncriticized assumptions, when Charles Darwin undertook to repair the road. His method was extraordinary. He broke the dam which had been laboriously constructed, like the road, with square blocks of uncriticised assumptions, and let loose the flood. Mr. Talbot, in his contribution to the book called *Foundations*,³ recalls 'the swirl of the waters, whether of dogmatic and agnostic science, or of uncritical Bible criticism, as they rushed through the formerly impenetrable bulwarks of Victorian religion.'

³ *Foundations: A Statement of Christian Belief in Terms of Modern Thought.* By SEVEN OXFORD MEN. London: Macmillan & Co.

To the uninformed observer, who has not seen the plans, and has no intelligent knowledge of the processes, construction in its earlier stages looks like destruction. He cannot tell the difference. He laments the old, well-ordered street, now dug into, torn asunder, strewn with broken stone, attacked by fierce engines breathing out steam and flame, and bearing no longer the least resemblance to a road: none may pass that way. Mr. Talbot quotes from Mr. Bertrand Russell a description of an intellectual street in that condition. 'That man is the product of causes which had no prevision of the end they were achieving; that his origin, his growth, his hopes and fears, his loves and his beliefs, are but the outcome of accidental collocations of atoms; that no fire, no heroism, no intensity of thought and feeling, can preserve an individual life beyond the grave; that all the labors of the ages, all the devotion, all the inspiration, all the noon-day brightness of human genius, are destined to extinction in the vast death of the solar system, and that the whole temple of man's achievement must inevitably be buried beneath the débris of a universe in ruins—all these things, if not quite beyond dispute, are yet so nearly certain that no philosophy which rejects them can hope to stand.'

The people who rise from the reading of the latest book with the conviction that Christianity is now discredited forever, ought to consult history. They may there learn how many books the Christian religion has quietly outlived, how many invasions it has survived, how many crossroads it has passed. The seriousness of the situation has been profound; and the wise and good did well to confront it 'with pain.' When, however, to this perfectly proper pain they added 'fearful apprehension,' they exceeded the necessities of the occasion.

The history of religion, as Dr. Moore recounts it, shows indeed that some religions have died; but it shows that these religions died of isolation and inactivity. The Egyptians, for example, had brought their religious system to perfection; they had completed it. Being thus completed, it died, according to the order of nature; having ceased to grow, it no longer responded to changes in the environment. The salvation of religion is new ideas, as the salvation of nations is new blood. Life is continually renewed, in religion as in humanity, by the necessary effort to make adjustment to changed conditions.

Thus, Professor Myres, in *The Dawn of History*,¹ shows how civilization began in the grasslands of Northern Arabia and southern Russia, and was forced into further development by lack of rain. The famished tribes had to get out. They made their way to the valleys of the Euphrates and the Tigris, and to the islands of the Ægean Sea. There they met new conditions, and grew in strength and wisdom by contending with them and conforming to them. Of course, they hated drought, as the orthodox hate doubt. But it was their salvation.

Similarly, the crisis is essential to the good health of religion. Religion needs the exercise which is taken by walking regularly and briskly in the direction of the crossroads. In every generation, the heretics, the nonconformists, the dissenters, the unbelievers, save the church. They save it by calling attention to the fact that religion is not properly responding to the present situation; it is not answering the new questions, or keeping pace with the new movements, or employing the new methods, or taking account of the new ideas. Religion would settle down satisfied in the grasslands. Then comes

¹ *The Dawn of History*. By JOHN L. MYRES. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

criticism and forces it out; as the race has been forced by drought, or invasion, or by the pressure of increasing problems, from the grasslands to the great rivers, from the rivers to the inland sea, and from the sea to the wide oceans, Atlantic and Pacific.

The present situation is admirably stated by Professor Gerald B. Smith in his *Social Idealism and the Changing Theology*.¹ It is the best book of the past year for the information of perplexed persons who perceive that something is happening in the theological world, but do not quite understand what it is. Dr. Smith says that a part of the difficulty is in the fact that, to a great extent, the language, and, to a less extent the thought, of religion are still in terms of the eschatological theory of the world. According to that theory, the world is coming to a speedy end, the earth with all that is in it is likely to be burned up at any moment, and heaven and hell shall take its place. Such a theory lingers in the hymn-book, finds expression in the idea that the most important thing to do is not to improve the world but to save the individual soul, and requests the preacher to confine himself to 'the gospel' — meaning that his proper business is not with social betterment but with individual salvation.

Thus we stand at the eschatological crossroads. Science, society, humanity, all the forces of modern progress, are turning in one direction, along the way whose signboard declares that this present world is likely to last a long time, and that man's mission is to improve it. If the church takes the other turn, it will lose many of its strongest workers till it comes back and joins them at their work.

Another part of the present difficulty

in religion is in the fact that churchmen are still inclined to attach an overvaluation to authority. They may not agree with Tertullian, who 'could triumphantly declare that a rational absurdity was really a positive reason for believing a doctrine to be true, if only it rested on revelation'; or with Gregory the Great, who 'declared that there is no merit in believing what can be rationally proved; only when, on the basis of authority, one holds to be true something which his natural reason does not validate, is there any moral value in the belief.' Nevertheless, in religion a place is given to authority which is no longer accorded to it in science. Religion uses the deductive, science the inductive process.

To many people, this distinction is without significance. They are quite content to take truth at the hands of authority. In the nature of things, independent thinkers are few in number. Most men and women get their ideas at second hand. The situation is one which justifies authority as a pedagogical method. There is a difference, however, between the authority which assists and the authority which compels. Mr. Rawlinson, in his essay in *Foundations* on 'The Principle of Authority,' holds that the popular antagonism between the religion of authority and the religion of the spirit arises from a misunderstanding of the idea of authority. It confuses it with infallibility and with the disposition which logically ensues. Authority, as he says, is properly the pronouncement of 'authorities'; that is, of those who by learning and experience are experts — in art, in medicine, in law, in science, in theology. It depends for its value upon the wisdom of the authorities; upon the sages, who are no more infallible than the saints are impeccable. Authority brings us our inheritance from the past, and is the basis of progress as grammar is the

¹ *Social Idealism and the Changing Theology*. By GERALD BIRNEY SMITH. New York: The Macmillan Co.

basis of language, and is thus the necessary guide of beginners; but it must be subject to revision.

The fact must never be forgotten that there are those whose independent minds, original ideas, and equipment for discovery, forbid them to submit to the dictation of authority. There are proud souls who hate 'authority' as they hate 'charity.' They resent it. Nothing is further from their desire than that they should be given any truth which they have not earned. They are intellectual democrats who will not submit to the paternalism of a spiritual aristocracy. They believe in the superiority of the present to the past. It is not necessary to prove to them that they know more than Thomas Aquinas ever dreamed of: they admit it. When they see that theology begins with conclusions, and estimates the value of intellectual exploration by its agreement with propositions that were established before the exploration began, they understand that it is separated from science by a whole diameter of being.

Again we are at the crossroads. However it may be with many persons, it is certain that men of science, intellectual leaders, and most men and women of letters, readers of books, teachers in colleges, are turning in the direction whose signboard declares that investigation comes first and the announcement of results afterwards: facts first, then principles. If any Christians are taking the other way, and are still insisting on estimating the work of scholars not by the correctness of their methods but by the character of their results, then every mile of the journey parts them so much further from the best thought of their time.

It may be this modern preference for having the conclusion at the end rather than at the beginning which makes such good books as Worsley's *Theology*

of the Church of England¹ and Briggs's *Fundamental Christian Faith*² somewhat hard to read. They deal with matters of cardinal importance, and speak in the spirit of uncompromising conviction; they are perfectly safe books. But we have so perverted our taste by reading books of theological adventure that we are tempted to regard safety as a defect. The road is too straight and smooth and well policed. As we begin to ride over it we lean back and shut our eyes, knowing that there will now be nothing new to see, nothing strange or startling, for twice three hundred pages. We confess with shame that we miss the pleasant uncertainty of the crossroads. The conversation of these excellent companions is most improving, but we cannot deny that we are more interested in the foolish talk of the heretics.

The heretics say things which we never thought of before. They exercise our minds. When Dr. Briggs says, 'The Apostles and their associates were endowed by the Holy Spirit with charisms suited to their commissions by theophanic manifestations on the Day of Pentecost,' we do not feel ourselves stimulated. If we accept the statement, we accept it passively, at the hands of authority. Then we find ourselves turning with a quickened interest to Dr. Thorburn's book, *Jesus the Christ, Mythical or Historical?*³ and to Dr. Loofs' lectures, *What is the Truth about Jesus Christ?*⁴ knowing that in their pages we shall meet the best of bad company. Of course, Dr. Thorburn

¹ *The Theology of the Church of England.* By F. W. WORSLEY. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

² *The Fundamental Christian Faith.* By C. A. BRIGGS. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

³ *Jesus the Christ, Mythical or Historical?* By T. J. THORBURN. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

⁴ *What is the Truth about Jesus Christ?* By FRIEDRICH LOOFS. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

and Dr. Loofs are themselves excellently orthodox, and their intention is to demolish heresy; but in their debates they tell us what the heretics say. We learn how Mr. J. M. Robertson 'believes that the Jesus of the Gospels was practically identical with an old Ephraimite sun-god named Joshua'; and how Mr. P. Jensen maintains that Jesus was 'a reproduction of one (or possibly more) of the heroes of the Babylonian Gilgamesh epic'; and how Mr. A. Drews has discovered that Paul invented the idea of Jesus by combining several pre-Christian cults with several pagan nature-myths. It is true that we look up from these books with a guilty feeling, as if we had been reading *Alice in Wonderland* when we ought to have been improving our mind. But the fact remains that this irresponsible sort of writing is interesting.

Both the interest and the profit are increased when the critic is able to show the reader how the sermon sounds when it falls upon indifferent or unsympathetic or uninstructed ears. Mr. Fielding-Hall, in *The World Soul*¹ tells us what it meant to him when he was a lad. 'A God all-powerful, all-wise, all-loving made the world, no one knows for why. It is a failure, full of misery, sin and suffering. So he sent his Son to save it by his blood, because God had to be propitiated for the sin of his own creation. Jesus was born of miracle, lived in miracle, died in miracle, a denial of God's own rule of law. He taught that the world is evil, and we must escape from it. We must be innocent and pure, abjure the world, and when we die those who succeed will go to heaven to live forever uselessly, because they are unfit for any work, and there is no work to do. The majority will burn in hell.' Mr. Fielding-Hall adds, 'I did not believe a word of it.'

¹ *The World Soul*. By H. FIELDING-HALL. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

There is always that consolation. When Christianity is misrepresented there will always be hearers who will know better. Unhappily, some of them will identify Christianity with the passing exposition of the local preacher, and will imagine that because they know better than the preacher they know better than Christianity. It must have been a good many years ago that the author of *The World Soul* heard the queer sermons from which his youthful mind revolted. Recently he has been reading the Gospels. *The World Soul* is an informal commentary upon them, full of odd little revolts and attacks, full of the innocent ignorances of one who is unread in the literature of his subject, but full also of fine emotion and clear insight, and of excellent conclusions reached by difficult crossroads: he might have got there more comfortably by following the old thoroughfare.

Sometimes Mr. Fielding-Hall's path to a conclusion is so straight and heedless of obstacles that the reader who follows him arrives breathless. He says, 'Prayer means obtaining by begging; that is the only meaning it has.' He admits that there are other alleged meanings. 'It has been obvious that by begging, humiliating yourself, or flattery, you only degrade yourself for nothing; and therefore, to justify prayer, the qualities of aspiration, self-concentration, and thought have been added.' But he insists that 'prayer means obtaining by begging, and that only.' This will interest the saints, who know by experience what prayer is; and it will interest the philosophers also, who know that they can prove that blue is yellow, if only they may be permitted to make their own definitions.

Mr. Fielding-Hall, who finds the true life of Jesus in the Fourth Gospel only, says that it was written by the apostle Philip. Does not the author

speak of himself as 'the disciple whom Jesus loved?' And does not Philip mean 'Beloved?' Mr. Fielding-Hall, who is as good at etymology as he is at definition, says that it does. It is mighty pleasant in these days of technical and specialized scholarship to see this brother suddenly fling open the door into the room where quiet students are working on the Johannine problem, and call out in a round, bold voice this entirely foolish information.

Whether the Fourth Gospel was written by St. Philip, or by St. Simon and St. Jude, matters not to Dr. Martin, whose *Life of Jesus*¹ depends on Matthew, Mark, and Luke. From these Gospels he omits the nativity stories and the resurrection stories and thus finds in them an entirely human hero. At the same time, he very justly reproaches the 'shallow criticism which fancies that it has revealed the total truth about these stories when it has stigmatized them "the worthless product of an age steeped in superstition."' Dr. Martin recognizes with gratitude their 'imperishable worth,' and perceives that they are 'testimonies to the transcendent qualities of Jesus' character and life.' Thus the account of the temptation, which Dr. Martin calls 'a weird, fanciful story, sketched with fine imaginative power and artistic skill,' testifies to 'the spiritual greatness of Jesus, for of no average, ordinary man would such a story have been told.' He quotes the saying of Aristotle that 'there is a truth of art which means vastly more than the truth of mere history.'

Of this truth, however, Dr. Martin's book contains no satisfying statement. In what the 'spiritual greatness' of Jesus consisted, he does not say. The critical processes are skillfully conducted, in a reverent spirit, and with care-

ful regard to the susceptibilities of the gentle reader, but they are not constructive. At the end one is at a loss to account, on these grounds, for the position of Christ in the history of religion and in the hearts of Christians.

Of course, as Dr. Martin says, he is dealing with his great theme 'in the light of the higher criticism.' This is quite different, both in its methods and in its results, from the interpretation of Jesus in the light of spiritual experience. The difference is evident as one turns the pages of Miss Underhill's *The Mystic Way*.² The whole atmosphere is changed. Incidents which Dr. Martin examines from the point of view of historicity or probability are here illuminated by illustrations from the lives of the saints.

Take for example the transfiguration. As Jesus prayed, the fashion of his countenance was altered, and his raiment was white and glistening. So, one time, St. Francis was 'beheld praying by night, his hands stretched out after the manner of a cross, his whole body uplifted from the earth and wrapped in a shining cloud.' So Ana de la Encarnacion, stationed at the door of St. Teresa's cell in case she wanted anything, saw 'her face illuminated by a glorious light, which gave forth a splendor like rays of gold.' Miss Underhill compares these appearances with 'the *aura*, which the abnormally extended vision of many "psychics" perceives as a luminous cloud of greater or less brilliance surrounding the human body; which varies in extent and intensity with the vitality of the individual, and which they often report as shining with a white or golden glory about those who live an exceptionally holy life.'

From his baptism to his resurrection, the life of Jesus is presented in

¹ *The Life of Jesus in the Light of the Higher Criticism*. By ALFRED W. MARTIN. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

² *The Mystic Way*. By EVELYN UNDERHILL. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

Miss Underhill's book as the perfect example of the 'Mystic Way.' From the initial vision and audition, through discipline of strife in solitude, through transfiguration in prayer, by the joy of the freedom of complete self-sacrifice, to the supreme beatitude of union with God, the mystic follows in the footsteps of Him whose 'peculiar province was to exhibit human life at its height and fullness, as the perfect fusion of the "natural" and the "divine."'

One difficulty in the way of interpreting the life of the Son of Man and the lives of the sons of men in terms of mysticism is that this is an esoteric doctrine. The mystical experience, like the temperament in which it is developed, belongs to a few choice spirits, who are able to communicate it to those only who are of a like mind and soul. Another difficulty is that the mystical experience is individual, not social. The Christian doctrine of life, as Professor Royce says in *The Problem of Christianity*,¹ is an essentially social doctrine. He finds the heart of the Christian religion in what he calls the 'beloved community.' Loyalty to this community, he says is the characteristic and distinctive Christian quality. It is the chief duty of man.

In the light of this loyalty, Dr. Royce understands the doctrine of the divinity of Christ. He embodied the spirit of the Christian community. 'The mystery of loyalty is the mystery of the incarnation. According to the mind of the early church, one individual had solved that mystery for all men. He had risen from the shameful death that, for Christianity, as for its greatest rival, Buddhism, is not only the inevitable but the just doom of whoever is born on the natural level of the human individual;—he had ascended to the level of the spirit, and had become, in the

belief of the faithful, the spirit of a community whose boundaries were co-extensive with the world, and of whose dominion there was to be no end.'

Also, in the light of the idea of loyalty, Professor Royce understands the doctrine of the atonement. The heart of sin is disloyalty to the community. The sinner is a traitor. What he needs for his redemption is not only a consciousness of his wrongdoing and a sense of repentance, by reason of which his neighbors may forgive him, and God may forgive him, but a perception of the unexpected and blessed fact that his sin has occasioned an answering deed whereby the world is better than it would have been had not his sin called forth that deed. Thus he is able to forgive himself. 'Be not grieved,' says Joseph, 'nor angry with yourselves that ye sold me hither, for God did send me before you to preserve life.' Thus Christ died for our sins. 'Christian feeling, Christian art, Christian worship,' says Professor Royce, 'have been full of the sense that *somehow* (but *how* has remained a mystery) there was something so precious about the work of Christ, something so divinely wise (so skillful and divinely beautiful?) about the plan of salvation,—that as a result of all this, after Christ's work was done, the world as a whole was a nobler and richer and worthier creation than it would have been if Adam had not sinned. This, I insist, has always been felt to be the sense of the atoning work which faith has attributed to Christ.'

Professor Royce, in the spirit of the ideal philosopher whose concern is solely for the truth, notes in his preface the criticism of 'a distinguished authority upon Christology' who objected that as a matter of fact the 'beloved community' was not its own creator but was founded by Jesus Christ. 'Must it not have been Jesus Himself,

¹ *The Problem of Christianity*. By JOSIAH ROYCE. New York: The Macmillan Co.

and not the community — not the Church — which is the central source of Christianity? Otherwise does not your theory hang in the air? But if the founder really created this community and its loyalty, does not the whole meaning of the Christian religion once more centre in the founder, in his life, and in his person?' Dr. Royce replies that 'the historical evidence at hand is insufficient to tell us how the Church originated.'

But the criticism stays in the reader's mind. After all is said, he feels that he is being led across a bridge which has no safe connection with either bank. It begins without a clear connection with history; for the idea of the beloved community, to which St. Paul attached such value, came but slowly into the general Christian consciousness. And it ends without clear connection with practical life; for the beloved community is found at last to be the human race. Our allegiance to it does not summon us to be members of any church.

It was also foreseen by Professor Royce that Dr. Mackintosh, whose book *The Doctrine of the Person of Jesus Christ*¹ appeared while he was preparing his lectures, might like to ask a question: 'Is the fragment of traditional Christian doctrine which, in your own way, you interpret and defend, worthy to be called a religion at all? And, if it is a religion, is this religion Christian?' Dr. Royce replies that he does not greatly care what it is called; but the question remains, and the reader asks it as he goes from page to page. 'When Hegel,' says Dr. Mackintosh, 'has waved his wand, and uttered his dialectical and all-decisive formula, a change comes over the spirit of the believer's dream; everything appears to be

as Christian as before, yet instinctively we are aware that nothing specifically Christian is left.' Dr. Royce's wand seems to effect a like transformation.

Principal Selbie in his study of *Schleiermacher*² quotes from an interpreter of that great theologian who says, 'Moses may be taken from Judaism, and the Law remains; Mahomet may be taken from Islam, and the pious Moslem can still practice his accustomed ceremonies. But to sever Christ from Christianity, even in thought, is an impossibility.' This idea of the impossible was formed before the publication of *The Problem of Christianity*. And yet this book, in which Christianity and Christ are nominally severed, is as Christian, page after page, as the meditations of the saints.

Professor Royce is profoundly aware of the approach of a crisis in religion. His book is a sign of it, and is intended to be a help in its perplexities. What changes the contemporary crisis may effect in the institutions and formulas of the church nobody knows. It is safe to say, however, that the crisis will be as gradual as most such crises are, — for a good while the observer is doubtful whether the tide is going out or coming in; also, that it will hardly make more serious difference in our ways of thinking than was made by the publication, in 1859, of the *Origin of Species*; also, that, through all the changes, we shall come into a wider future, into an increase of righteousness and truth.

'The Kingdom of Heaven is still at hand,' says Dr. Royce, 'in precisely the sense in which every temporal happening is, in its own way, and, according to its special significance, a prophecy of the triumph of the spirit, and a revelation of the everlasting nearness of the insight which interprets, and of the victory which overcomes the world.'

¹ *The Doctrine of the Person of Jesus Christ*. By H. R. MACKINTOSH. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

² *Schleiermacher*. By W. B. SELBIE. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

ALSACE-LORRAINE: A STUDY IN CONQUEST

BY DAVID STARR JORDAN

On changerait plutôt le cœur de place
Que de changer la vieille Alsace.

I

THE greatest evil in our age is war. The most menacing feature of this evil is readiness for war, which makes of peace a perennial farce, and the most widespread factor which makes for war is that form of patriotism which spends itself in distrust and hatred of other nations. It rests on the mediæval politics which found in war outside, the easiest road to national unity and the surest method of suppression of internal reforms.

Through no fault of their own it has been the fate of the provinces of Alsace and Lorraine, for the last forty years, to be the centre on which this type of patriotism has impinged. This has made these provinces the crux of the war problems of Europe. Around the mourning figure of Strassburg, symbolic of the distressed province of Alsace, the war-hatreds of France have rallied for forty years. The France which seemed to be menaced with dissolution in 1871 was again, in a fashion, unified by the fear and hatred which the fate of Alsace-Lorraine still inspires. The call of 'la Patrie Mutilée' has become again, since Agadir, the occasion if not the justification of that contradiction in world-politics, a 'republic in arms.'

On the other hand, the fate of Alsace-Lorraine has served Bismarck's purpose of unifying Germany through her hatred of surrounding nations.

The result of the seizure of these provinces, and of the distrust this policy has inspired, has held Germany together and made possible a scale of military expenditure which has appalled the world. It has hung as a dead weight on all German progress, internal and external. It has turned over the nation to the control of a blind militarism which rides gloriously toward a fall. The treaty of Frankfort was not a treaty of peace. It was devised to keep hatred alive. Its purpose was not to welcome back the Germanic people of Alsace, but to keep Germany unified against France. And thus the question of Alsace-Lorraine has divided Europe into two hopeless alliances, which can accomplish no worthy result, and for whose senseless antagonism there seems to be no rational remedy.

'Thus,' observes Mr. William Martin, 'amid all her griefs, it is the glorious rôle of Alsace-Lorraine to safeguard the moral unity of two great nations, concentrated on the same thought.'

Yet all this is through no fault of Alsace and Lorraine; they have given no occasion for war. Their part has been passive. Of that form of patriotism which spends itself in war talk and war accessories, these provinces are today in no sense the cause, they are only the excuse or the occasion. France can do nothing for them, and Germany in her present temper will do nothing.

Germany says to her province of Elsass-Lothringen, 'I will not give you freedom till I am sure of your love.'

Alsace replies, 'I cannot love you till you set me free.' Lorraine replies, 'I am not of your family, I cannot understand your ways.' Then Germany says to France, 'We cannot be friends until you forget.' And France says, 'You will not let me forget and so I cannot.'

This is the vicious circle, which most good men in Alsace-Lorraine hope some time to break.

The people of these provinces, torn suddenly from France as a result of incidents in which they had no part, held by Germany avowedly not for their own sakes but as appendages of their two strong fortresses, have naturally passed through the gamut of feelings instinctive to peoples conquered in war. And these feelings were the more bitter because it was not the people who were conquered.

Through the open door of Strassburg and Metz, Germany had been more than a dozen times invaded and many times overrun by the marauding hosts of France. It was Bismarck's plan to close these doors, to hold the key of France and Germany in his hand, so that these irruptions should forever cease. At the treaty of Frankfurt in 1871, France threw the provinces overboard to save herself from a worse fate. And ever since that time they have been a 'wound in the side' of the great Empire to which they are attached.

And naturally the emotional patriotism of France has looked forward to revenge. For forty years mourning wreaths have been placed on the symbolic statue of Strassburg in the Place de la Concorde. For forty years the Paris press has stirred up the shallow springs of national egotism or patriotism. For forty years the Boulevards have looked forward to the 'Guerre de Revanche,' the 'Guerre d'Honneur,' which should bring back to France her

abducted daughters of the Vosges. It is a better and more earnest type of man who looks forward to the War of Honor, but the two words, honor and revenge, mean the same thing. War, and the name of every war, is a lie.

And beyond the Rhine, all this serves the plans of the Pangermanists, who talk and dream of their 'War of Expansion,' which should give Germany her needed space 'under the sun,' and fill northern and central Europe with more problems of Alsace-Lorraine, all to be settled by the steady application of 'blood and iron.'

As a matter of fact no one can believe that any considerable number of rational people on either side of the Rhine desire war, or would look upon war as other than a dire calamity. Preparation for war is forced upon the common men by their acquiescence, sometimes by machinery they do not control, but never by their will. Nor can we doubt the assurance of the rulers, on both sides, that they do not want war, and that they will, on either side, in no case take the initiative in attack. The fact is, that modern Europe has no room for war, no stomach for it, no money to pay its cost. Neither France nor Germany is to-day, nor ever can be, 'prepared for war.' To be prepared for war is to have it; and gross accident or hideous crime aside, the War of Revenge and the War of Expansion are alike impossible. But neither chauvinist nor Pangermanist cares for this. They are peculiarly impatient as to ways and means. Few in number, but noisy, and on both sides largely venal, it is their business to make war and war-trade. It is not war for Alsace or for Lorraine, but war with Alsace-Lorraine as the excuse. The chauvinists of France rest their case mainly on matters of feeling. As a matter of fact, they are relatively harmless, for their influence on politics

is small and waning, though they have received a lease of noisy life since the incident at Agadir in 1911. Their colleagues in Germany, more menacing to world peace, for the moment, because they form a privileged class nearer the seats of power, back their pretensions by a sort of pseudo-science, a shallow imitation of philosophy.

It is said that in the centre of a cyclonic storm all is perfectly quiet. If Alsace-Lorraine is such a storm-centre, the same fact holds true. There is scarcely any part of Europe where the war spirit is lower or the war-maker less in evidence. The sole problem of these people is to secure equal rights within the Empire, and the chief difference of opinion hinges on whether these will be secured sooner by insistence or by patience. If Alsace-Lorraine is 'the nightmare of Europe,' the fault lies with Europe.

The provinces want no war, for they have seen war and know what it is. The last war of civilized Europe was fought on their lands, and worse than battle itself is life on a battlefield.

In the old days Alsace was a battlefield of religion. The ancient *Chronicles of Thann* tell how the land was ravaged in the Thirty Years' War. Towns destroyed have never been rebuilt. In one commune, the record tells us, there was not for twelve years a wedding, nor for fifteen years a baptism.

'So often as the Swedes gave battle to the imperialists, so often did the imperialists make war upon the Swedes. It was an endless massacre!'

Alsace still remembers vividly the awful bombardment of Strassburg and the bloody fields of Weissenburg and Wörth. Lorraine has before her waking eyes the campaign of Metz, and the hideous scenes of Victor Hugo's 'Année Terrible' of 1871. Not far away is the ravine of Gravelotte, with the war-

swept heights of St. Privat, St. Hubert, and Sainte-Marie aux Chênes. All about the scenes of the futile sorties of Bazaine—Noisseville, Colombey, and the highway that leads through Rezonville and Vionville to the French border at Mars-la-Tour—the land has been for forty years made up of graveyards rather than farms. And then, not far away, in France, but still within the boundaries of old Lorraine, were the horrors of Bazeilles, its massacre of citizens as well as soldiers, 'the obscene sea of slaughter' of Sedan. The battles of Napoleon III were fought on the soil of Alsace-Lorraine, but the provinces had no part in these wars. They were offered up in final sacrifice.

II

In his clever account of the German enigma, M. Georges Bourdon uses these words: 'One must not speak of Alsace-Lorraine; it is better to listen while she speaks.'

In these pages the writer has tried thus to listen while Alsace-Lorraine speaks for herself. In traveling over the two provinces he has had speech with many good men and women, representing every point of view which the question permits. These have freely and frankly expressed their hopes and fears. Their opinions are summed up here, often in their own language, as nearly as may be in condensed translation.¹

Chauvinists and Pangermanists alike are rare, and very rare, among the natives of Alsace and Lorraine; their contests belong to the outside world, and we may for the present pass them

¹ I mention no individual names, except from articles in print, because I would have no one held personally responsible, but to all I acknowledge my indebtedness; I am under special obligations to my colleague and companion, Professor Albert Léon Guérard, for his sympathetic interest and invaluable help. — THE AUTHOR.

by and disregard their exterior assertions.

There is no doubt a war-feeling which has its roots in these provinces, though its manifestations are outside. After the treaty of Frankfort, 'the optants,' 'those who chose to remain French,' were allowed to leave the provinces. The number of those who thus left in the years 1871-73, is officially stated to have been 270,000, about one fifth of the total population. These are the 'émigrés,' while the Germans who have since come in from 'Old Germany' are spoken of as 'immigrés,' 'Vieux Allemands,' or 'Alt Deutsche.'

The spirit of these men and women who chose to leave their native land for a principle represents the noblest impulses of the human heart. They abandoned their homes, not through hatred of Prussia, not because they 'would not become Germans,' not even because they wished to remain citizens of France. Their primary motive was this: they would not place themselves or their sons in a position where, as conscripts in a foreign army, they would fight their kinsmen and friends. This was no passing emotion. It was grounded deep in religion and conscience.

We who to-day are spectators should remember that these men and women of forty years ago were not actors merely in the great tragedy of Europe, a play on which the curtain is yet to be rung down. They were themselves the very soul of the tragedy.

The émigrés have naturally had a large influence on their kinsfolk at home. The population of neighboring cities of France and Switzerland, notably Nancy, Belfort, and Basle, has been greatly increased and strengthened by this movement of Alsatians who would not be German. In each of these cities the number of 'émigrés' runs into the thousands.

The University of Nancy has grown

up through the influence of these people, having been built to take the place of the University of Strassburg as the Eastern stronghold of French culture. It is said that in the German army there are but three Alsatian officers, while in the French Army thirty generals are of Alsace or Lorraine stock.

The émigrés hold to the spirit of the solemn protest of Bordeaux, spoken by M. Grosjean before the French Assembly on March 1, 1871, as the last act of the twenty-eight deputies of Alsace and Lorraine before leaving their place in the empire. The protest is in part as follows:—

'Delivered, in scorn of all justice and by an odious abuse of force, to foreign domination, we have one last duty to perform. We declare once for all null and void an agreement which disposes of us without our consent. The vindication of our rights rests for ever open to all and to each one in the form and in the degree our conscience shall dictate. In the moment we quit this hall, the supreme thought we find in the bottom of our hearts is a thought of unutterable attachment to the land from which in violence we are torn. Our brothers of Alsace and of Lorraine, separated at this moment from the common family, will preserve to France, absent from their hearthstones, an affection faithful to the day when she shall return to take again her place.'

Then on March 24, turning toward Germany, Frédéric Hartmann spoke these words, classical and historic, the key which unlocks the whole question of Alsace-Lorraine:—

'By the fact that you have conquered us, you owe us a status in law, a civil and political constitution in harmony with our traditions and with our customs.'

To all inquiries concerning Alsace-Lorraine, the German answer begins invariably with the words, 'There is

no question of Alsace-Lorraine.' Amplifying this answer, we have: —

There is no question of Alsace-Lorraine; the land is German by tradition, by language, and by conquest. Its affairs concern Germany alone; the whole alleged question is the work of the boulevard journalists of Paris.

Taking up the German position first from the side of law, it is claimed that Alsace and Lorraine are territories won by conquest confirmed by the treaty of Frankfort. As such, all rights have lapsed and there remain only those that the Empire in its wisdom and friendliness may grant. France has no further concern in the matter. The relations in International Law were settled once and for all by the treaty of Frankfort. As France tried for years to suppress the German language and German culture in Alsace, it becomes Germany's national duty in turn to wean these people from the French. The Franco-Prussian war was begun by Napoleon, with the avowed purpose of seizing the Rhine provinces for France. 'To guard against the repetition of such an offense,' the Pangermanists contend, 'we have taken the Rhine valley for Germany. The connection of Elsass-Lothringen with the Empire is the very last word of irrevocability. We might as well be asked to surrender Prussia as to give up the territory bought and paid for at Gravelotte, Mars-la-Tour, St. Privat and Sedan. Restoration of Elsass-Lothringen is not debatable for us in any form whatsoever. No proffer of territory in exchange anywhere on the face of the globe could induce the German government even to consider such a transaction. Why did we retake it? Because the safety of German territory demanded it. France openly coveted the left bank of the Rhine. What else was the real underlying cause of Napoleon's war? Elsass-Lothringen had to be taken if that part of our

fatherland west of the Rhine was to be permitted to develop in peace and safety as an integral part of the German nation.'

Again, in law, Elsass-Lothringen is not a state of the German Empire, not one of the twenty-eight members of the imperial confederation. It is 'Reichsland,' — imperial property, to be administered in the general interest of the imperial states. 'Its present status is almost exactly parallel with that of the territories within the United States, or perhaps still more exactly with that of the Federal District of Columbia.' The territory is allowed certain privileges, not rights, of self-government, but not to the prejudice or advantage of the actual states. As in the United States of the past and present, the people of the territories are held in tutelage until they are ready for self-government, so Elsass-Lothringen is held in training until its people are ready for autonomy within the German Empire. To this end, they must be educated in the spirit of 'Deutschthum,' and must be imbued with German traditions and with German culture.

Naturally, the business of Elsass-Lothringen must be conducted in the German language. The people must be familiar with German methods of government and modes of thinking. They must think as Germans, for the Empire is not an assemblage of states and cities and people. It is a confederation of Germans, by the Germans, and for the Germans.

All this involves no real hardship, for the same requirements exist throughout the Empire, and all residents of the Empire, Danes and Poles, Saxons, Swabians, Bavarians, and Prussians alike, must conform to it. All Germany is 'under the ferule' of training in 'Deutschthum.' Meanwhile, German rule in Alsace-Lorraine is consideration

itself compared with the methods usually found necessary in dealing with a conquered people.

To revert to the process of *Entwelschung*, — its advocates maintain that it is salutary and necessary. The continuity and efficiency of the Empire depend upon it. It has been honestly and consistently pursued in *Elsass-Lothringen* for forty years, and it is open to no question or revision. In so far as it has failed, the fault lies with hesitation or leniency in administration, not with the plan itself.

The 'Affaire de Noisseville,' in 1908,¹ may serve as an example of such failure. The *Statthalter* (governor) permitted the building of a monument to the French soldiers on this German battlefield. Its dedication was witnessed by 100,000 people who waved the tri-color and sang the *Marseillaise* in defiance of national proprieties. It produced a revival of French sympathy which swept *Lorraine* off her feet, and threatened to undo in an hour the loyalty resulting from years of patient German tutelage.

The German outlook for the future does not grow promising. This the officials unwillingly admit. *Lorraine* abuts on France as *Alsace* does on Switzerland. But the greatest obstinacy appears in the districts thoroughly German by blood and speech. It centres especially in *Ober-Elsass* and its two chief cities of *Colmar* and *Mühlhausen*.

But whatever the discouragements, it is certain in the minds of the German authorities that *Elsass-Lothringen* cannot be made an independent nation, nor yet a free state of the Empire. Still less can it be given back to France. *Alsace* is German at heart and belongs in the Empire. To abandon *Lorraine* would be to disgrace the fifty thousand

graves of brave Germans who gave their lives to win back the lost provinces and to gain the German Rhine. The international politics of Germany hinge on romantic sentiment.

Moreover, though forty years is a long period in the lifetime of a man, it is but a moment in the history of a race. *Alsace* lies where races meet. She has been part of Germany, of Austria, of France, of Germany again. She has resisted all changes with characteristic obstinacy. She has been reconciled, more or less, with each in turn, and she will be reconciled again. The reëstablishment of the monarchy was strenuously opposed by *Alsace*, and she voted persistently and almost alone against the overwhelming majority which established the 'Second Empire.'

III

Just now *Elsass-Lothringen* asks for autonomy, for home rule within the Empire. No man of sagacity expects or hopes to see the region returned to France. It is argued by Germanists, on the other hand, that home rule is demanded not for the good of the people, but because home rule is the custom of the other states. But under German law *Elsass-Lothringen* is not a state, but imperial territory, '*Reichsland*.' This distinction her politicians resent.

I may here, again in passing, refer to the differences now existing between the *Reichsland* and a state.

The *Reichsland* has no executive head of its own. It is governed from Berlin — by a *Statthalter*, appointed by the Emperor; the powers of the *Statthalter* and his Ministerium at *Strassburg* being derived from the Emperor. The constitution of the *Reichsland* was granted from Berlin (in 1911), — not framed by the people or their representatives, or voted by them, or subject to amendment by them.

¹ The notorious *Zabern* affair took place subsequent to Dr. Jordan's investigation. — THE EDITORS.

The Government of Germany and of its federated states is 'constitutional and not parliamentary.' The limitations on the executive are set by the constitution itself and not, as in Great Britain, by the changing will of the people, as expressed through their deputies. In theory, the Bundesrath and the Reichstag in Berlin could change this constitution at will, or withdraw it altogether.

Much of the local friction in Elsass-Lothringen centres about edicts or laws of special protection (*Abwehrgesetze*), known locally as 'laws of exception' (*lois d'exception*). These measures, it is claimed, are made necessary in Alsace-Lorraine, as similar or more rigid laws have been in the new Prussian provinces of Schleswig-Holstein and Posen, by facts in the history or geography or temperament of the provinces concerned. These districts all border on unfriendly powers, and from these emanate influences which Germany finds it necessary to combat.

There are very many of these 'laws of exception.' I may name a few which were called to my attention: —

The Germanization of the University of Strassburg.

The dissolution in Metz of 'Sport' societies with French buglers.

The dissolution of Souvenir Societies for the decoration of French graves.

The limitation (to about one in two weeks) of the rendering of French plays.

The limitation of French instruction (which is given in German, to students who use French in daily speech and in their games).

The occasional banishment or imprisonment of ardent 'nationalists,' or even of visitors from France or Switzerland.

The revival for a time of the passport system.

The requirement of German signs

and notices, and the other matters locally called '*coups d'épingle*,' and variously ignored or resented according to the temper of individuals. Street signs can be written in French only by special permission.

IV

Those who believe in the future of German Entwelschung recognize more or less clearly mistakes in the past. Some of those indicated to me by different persons are the following: —

Too great leniency: willingness to compromise in Lorraine with French sympathy, in Alsace with Swiss republicanism.

Too great severity: the attempt to teach love of Germany by showing Germany's most unlovely side.

Holding Alsace-Lorraine responsible for outbreaks of chauvinism in Paris; matters in which these provinces had no part.

'It is a mistake in these days to hold conquered territory.' To carry the theory of Reichsland to its logical conclusion the inhabitants should have been removed. Turkey has put the theory into practice in Armenia, but Germany is not fitted for the task, especially when dealing with people exactly like her own. To the policy of taking French territory at all it is said that Bismarck was strongly opposed, but yielded to Moltke's insistence on the necessity of retaining Strassburg and Metz, to which, in the military sense, Alsace and Lorraine are but outlying appendages.

It was a mistake not to make Alsace-Lorraine frankly part of Prussia. This was done with other conquered territory, — Schleswig-Holstein, Posen, and even the historic German state of Hanover.

It was a mistake not to make the Emperor himself Landesherr of Alsace-

Lorraine. This would perhaps have touched the springs of patriotic feeling.

It was a mistake to unite Lorraine with Alsace. The two districts have scarcely anything in common save their experiences in rupture from France. By uniting them we transfer to each the complaints of the other. Lorraine, largely French, chiefly rural, and altogether Catholic, is more docile than Alsace. The latter is peculiarly headstrong in her republicanism.

The Abbé Thilmont of Lorraine ascribes to his people the calmness and coolness of the German with the delicacy and exquisite sensibility of the French. They are profoundly attached to religion as the last surviving interest, but they hate extremes, clericalism as well as sectarianism.

'We in Lorraine think sometimes with our heads and sometimes with our hearts. With our heads we accept a situation we cannot change. But who can read the heart?'

As for Alsace, the dominant note is that of republicanism. As we shall see later, the clue to its character is found not in its love of France, but in its love of liberty, a survival of the old Germanic freedom, which is still alive in every province, its expression stifled by the apparent success of the Germanic militarism of to-day.

These undercurrents are not likely to appear to the casual traveler who may visit Strassburg or Metz. Since 1871 there has been a large immigration to these cities from the rest of Germany, the 'Vieux Allemands' or 'immigrés' of common speech. To-day, Metz is about three fifths German and two fifths Lorraine; while in Strassburg about two fifths are German immigrants and three fifths Alsatians.

The Germans have added greatly to the wealth and importance of these two cities. In Metz, especially, large

additions have been built up from German capital. 'Strassburg, the quaint and busy city on the Ill, with its high-pitched roofs and the huge lacy spire of its red minster, with its cheerful and apparently well-satisfied people, seems to have little in common with the tragically draped statue in Paris.' The city is prosperous, its general administration effective, and business always dreads a change. The future of Strassburg is unquestionably German. Every visible trace of French culture has been sedulously stamped out. But 'no solution can be imposed by force.' The question of Alsace-Lorraine underlies all this seeming peacefulness and the most stiff-necked Prussian official comes at last to realize its existence.

A closer study shows that, even in Strassburg, the Alsatian does not change his point of view. He is a 'citizen of no mean city,' and that city must bide its time to come to its own and manage its own affairs. The most sympathetic of the immigrants slowly come to the same point of view. In so far as they do not, they constitute a class apart, without social recognition from the Alsatians. Outside of Strassburg and Metz — even in cities like Colmar and Mülhausen — the immigrants constitute but a small fraction of the population. So far as 'expansion' is concerned, crowded Germany gains nothing by annexation, for the land of Alsace still belongs to the Alsatians. The Germans cannot get a foot of ground unless they buy it. This they could do before 1870, and this they can do in any part of the earth. The Germanization of Strassburg and Metz is scarcely more marked than the Germanization of manufacturing cities outside of Germany — let us say, of Milwaukee, or of São Paulo, in Brazil. German immigrants are crowding into Basle and Zürich, perfectly willing

to become Swiss. German merchants and manufacturers have 'expanded'¹ throughout the world, and this without aid or help of the Mailed Fist or the Spiked Helmet.

With the growth of German industries there has come to Metz and to Strassburg, as well as to other German factory towns, a large accession of 'cheap labor' from Poland and from Italy. But all this, while tending to make still more impossible the return of the provinces to France, contributes nothing whatever to the problem of conciliation.

Another mistake, it is alleged, lay in the earlier attempts to conciliate the old aristocracy of Alsace-Lorraine. Some of these accepted imperial favor, but the class as a whole was not affected by them. Throughout both provinces the old bourgeoisie speak French, read French, regard French culture as superior to German, and regret that such culture is in a degree denied to their children. The blending of races and race-interests comes more readily from the bottom of the social scale. It was our experience in Mülhausen to walk into the Bourse and find three hundred men, — well-to-do Germans to all appearance, — transacting their vociferous business all in French. The use of French in common life is advancing downwards in spite of, and largely because of, official pressure in the other direction.

It was a mistake that the constitution of 1911 was not granted twenty years earlier. This might have given an earlier interest in imperial as against local politics. It is said that the government encouraged the development of a socialist party in Alsace, to give

a new line of division as against that of 'particularism.' This constitution handed to them from above has not satisfied the people, and it has emphasized the fact that their presence is a wound in the flank of a great empire. Moreover, it is in itself contrary to German legal traditions. If Alsace-Lorraine is Reichsland pure and simple, it should not be represented in the Reichstag, and needs no constitution at all. The constitution is an admission that while the territory is 'Reichsland,' its people are not peons or feudal servitors who go with the land, but are in some degree, at least, Germans, — 'second-class Germans' in the bitter words one may hear in Alsace.

It is claimed that more appointive offices should have been filled by local selections. That there is little local participation in administration is not wholly the fault of the government. In view of the protest of Bordeaux, the 'indigènes' could hardly accept imperial appointments without the feeling of being renegades.

Another error of the Imperial government, it is claimed, was its failure to control the private schools for girls as well as those for boys. It is the women of Alsace-Lorraine who, more than the others, keep alive the traditions of France; a business man may fit his politics to his affairs, a woman never.

It is often admitted that the German civil service has not been adequate for its duties — being, on the whole, lacking in foresight, tact, and fairness. 'It was Germany's mistake to send to Elsass-Lothringen North Germans and Protestants, stiff, haughty, totally devoid of tact and sympathetic insight, who behaved like so many little Gesslers.' While the Ministerium itself has contained many men of a high order of scholarship and intelligence, 'the lower positions have been largely given

¹ There are almost a third as many Germans in the United States as in Germany. These have been 'Americanized' with no effort whatever, simply because no pressure has been used for their 'Entwelschung.' — THE AUTHOR.

to non-commissioned officers used to the harsh discipline of the Prussian barracks.' Under the German constitution all officials can say, 'Criticize or blame as much as you please; so long as I enjoy the confidence of my superior, I shall not change my course.' 'So long as the military, pietistic, feudal, monarchical element rules in Germany, so long will there be no change in its administrative methods.'

Germany never appears at its best in directing the affairs of other people. 'It is not the nature of the Prussian in office,' writes an American observer from Strassburg, 'whether he is stadholder of Alsace-Lorraine or only a third assistant highway inspector, to be a tactful ruler.'

v

It is claimed by many that the greatest mistake in German management has been its subordination to the military group in Berlin. To keep hatred alive is to strengthen the cause of 'armor-plate patriotism.'

The fundamental error, the Alsations claim, is the failure to grasp the spirit and purpose of Alsace. In the words of one Alt Deutscher in Strassburg, 'I do not know these people called Nationalists in Strassburg and Colmar and Mühlhausen. I have never met any of them; I don't want to meet any of them; I don't know their names; I never read their papers; I don't see where their *Journal d'Alsace-Lorraine* gets its subscribers.'

'It is as easy to make the feelings of Alsace understood at Berlin as to inject the essence of violet through the skin of a hippopotamus.'

Because Alsace was chiefly German, it was thought that she would welcome restoration to the Empire, even though in the humble relation of tenant of Imperial territory. The relief

of our 'brothers in chains' in France was part of the alleged motive for the invasion of Alsace. But the 'long-lost brothers had grown up in another family, and they resented being made pawns in a greater game; Alsace has no love for any empire. She had held out against Louis XIV as against Napoleon. She had compelled Mazarin's assurance that the sole purpose of the French arms in Alsace was to assure the independence of the free cities, with no thought whatever of taking advantage.'

The traditions of Alsace go back to the days of her free cities of the Holy Roman Empire. Strassburg was under the control of a bishop, but, otherwise, the land of Alsace was free. In 1353, at the suggestion of the Emperor, Charles IV, the league of free cities was formed, lasting unbroken for more than two hundred years. Landau entered this league in 1511, and the largest of the free cities, Mühlhausen, left it in 1523, to join the more powerful confederation of the cantons of Switzerland. In their internal affairs these cities were free from all outside control, and even after the date of 1681, when the seizure of Strassburg by Louis XIV, in time of peace, finally carried Alsace into the kingdom of France, it was a maxim in politics not to touch the affairs of Alsace.

We may note further that Alsace was seized by Louis XIV at a time when the apparent glory of France was at its highest. It was an era, not only of military splendor and reckless expenditure, but also of literary and political distinction. Even the court of Berlin spoke French in preference to German, and the German mind was profoundly influenced by French methods of expression. The superiority of French culture was taken for granted over Continental Europe, as it is still in Paris. French culture in Alsace was

not a veneer, it was an actual accomplishment.

But the theory of Germany for the last forty years is that France is decadent and corrupt, to be avoided by the honest student. Modern culture and modern science are products of German genius. But Alsace accepts only part of this assertion. She looks upon the romantic veneration of the German for ancient forms as a mild atavism, a return toward barbarism. The final evidence of the failure of the Prussian régime is its futility. It gets nowhere, not a step has been permanently taken, and if the bitterness of feeling has abated, that is the work of time, not of 'Entwelschung.' No form of vote or plebiscite could settle the relations of Alsace-Lorraine, for they would choose freedom with Germany rather than bureaucracy with France.

If one asks an Alsatian whether he would be French or German, one rarely gets a direct answer, and this reserve is not due to prudence. The question is irrelevant.

'The force of arms decides our fate for all eternity. We seem destined to be the plaything and the victim of all international hates and of all wars. Never are we sincerely consulted. Never are we asked our desires with any intention that these should be granted.'

And for these reasons there has risen in Alsace, its special seats in Colmar and Mülhausen, a group or party called Particularist or Nationalist, loosely organized but tending in various ways to forward the freedom of the province. These people, each in his turn, — 'citizen of no mean city,' — resent the idea of political tutelage; it is as repugnant to them as the cognate idea that they are mere appendages to the fortresses of Strassburg and of Metz.

For it must be recognized that the question of Alsace-Lorraine is mainly the question of Alsace; this again is a

question of industrial Strassburg on the one hand, and of Ober-Elsass — Colmar and Mülhausen — on the other. This fact is realized in France. The lost provinces are symbolized by the Alsatian girl with the two broad bows of black satin which adorn her head-dress. The French people mourn for Strassburg rather than for Metz. 'Metz, a provincial town, stood for nothing vital. Strassburg on the Rhine frontier stood for that half-assimilated Teutonic element, an essential part of modern French culture.' 'For Strassburg enjoyed for centuries a unique privilege that the best friends of France and Germany would be glad to see restored.'

VI

We may now look at the situation from the other sides — the side of France and the side of Alsace.

There is a question of Alsace-Lorraine. It can be settled only by granting to its people equal rights within the Empire. The responsibility for failure rests with the Pangermanist war-faction which dominates Prussia, and which through Prussia rules Germany.

The present attitude of Alsace is concisely summed up in these three lines of current doggerel: —

Français ne peux,
Prussien ne veux,
Alsacien suis.

Some day, of course, there will be no other result possible: Elsass-Lothringen will be a self-governed state within the Confederation of Germany. She will cultivate the friendships which bind her to France. Her people will become increasingly bilingual and cosmopolitan in their sympathies. She will furnish her part of the cement which will bind Continental Europe into one system of good-will.

This is the dream of the future, the

hope of those who see a free Europe arising from her subservience to armored patriotism and conscript soldiers,—a Europe in which mind shall rule, not coward force and fear.

What shall we say of to-day?

The theory of the Reichsland or conquered territory of Germany may be good imperial law, but it is not good politics and it is not good policy. It is not good law, for it is brigand law—the law of force and fear, not that of right and order. France might assign her sovereignty over Alsace; she could never sign away the rights of the people. This is a question of to-day, and there is no reason why the people of Alsace, and through them the people of Germany and France, should suffer from the blunders of Napoleon or of Bismarck. The whole world is interested in Alsace-Lorraine because the whole world is injured by the rivalry in arms for which the uneasiness of the two provinces furnishes the cause in evidence.

Of going back to France there is no question. To return to France through war is a process horrible and inconceivable. In peace, it is outside the domain of possibility. 'It would be a pitiable politician and a sorry strategist who would begin putting the national house in order for the great emergency by abandoning *Die Wacht am Rhein*.' That 'the great emergency' is itself a nightmare with no real existence, does not change the problem. It is not clear even that the provinces as a whole would wish to return. The whole business of Alsace must be with Germany. Home rule and autonomy within the German Empire might be more acceptable than to return as three minor departments in highly centralized France. All political relations with France are beyond discussion. In so far, German officialism is right. The question of Alsace-Lorraine is an affair

of Germany, and for this question no direct or immediate solution is possible, for this is the heart of it. When can Germany give her conquered provinces a freedom her own people have not yet achieved for themselves?

There are some who see the answer in the neutralization of Alsace-Lorraine, forming of the provinces a buffer state, an independent, unfortified republic connecting two similar states, Belgium and Luxembourg, with the republic of Switzerland. This would separate France from Germany by a belt of neutral nations, distinct from both, protected by both, sympathetic with both; for now, as in the days of Voltaire and Frederick the Great, there is nothing mutually exclusive in French and German culture. It has been suggested that toward this end, the most ideal conceivable by any one, France might barter her Madagascar or the French Congo.

But this project is to all appearances outside the realm of practical politics. 'Only a St. Louis can restore a conquest.' To give up territory won by force would be to dishonor the graves of Wörth, of Gravelotte, and of Mars-la-Tour. To free Alsace would be to confess the fundamental wrong of the policy of 'blood and iron.'

There is little force to the suggestion of restoring Lorraine to France while holding Alsace as Reichsland. 'Alsace is dearer to the heart of France than Lorraine could ever be.' While Lorraine partakes of the spirit of Alsace, the future of Alsace determines the fate of her associate. The suggestion that the French-speaking provinces be returned to France has no merit. This again would be a species of dismemberment. The solution of the question lies entirely outside of all matters of race or language. It turns wholly on the position of Alsace within the Empire.

As to the details of home rule, public opinion divides widely. In some degree this becomes a question of religion. I have tried here to avoid all those phases of the problem which are entangled in German politics, and the 'centrist politics' of Germany hinges on Catholic alliances and demands. Both Alsace and Lorraine are essentially Catholic districts. But here Catholic opinion divides as other opinion does, according to the individual feeling and conscience. Some of the most noted of the leaders of 'Nationalism' are honored as abbés by the Church. Other church leaders are equally devoted to the cause of 'Germanism.' The attitude of clericalism has its rigorous opponents within the clergy, and with these words we may leave the questions of 'centrisme' and clericalism untouched.

But it is true as a whole, probably, that the Catholics would prefer a more conventional government to a pure republic. They look forward to a condition like that of the Grand Duchy of Baden, the state of the Empire lying parallel with Alsace on the other side of the Rhine and inhabited by much the same sort of Swabian people.

But it is not easy to supply the provinces with a grand duke or a prince, by promotion or by importation. 'We cannot make a new dynasty in the twentieth century.' The princely families which swarm in middle Germany are relics of the feudal system. If progressive Germany were free from the element of hereditary rule, it would never take it up. It can imagine an empire in which the Emperor holds authority only by dynastic right. Only as a matter of historic succession is it necessary that he should have kings and dukes and arch-dukes and bishops as his august colleagues and subordinates.

The selection of some Catholic

prince as Landesherr would be acceptable to Lorraine, but probably not to Alsace. Alsace is strong in the faith, but likewise prone to heresies; at times she displays a mysticism more profound than orthodox. From Alsace comes the suggestion, as acceptable, of the names of two Protestant princes of the North, who have studied at the University of Strassburg, and who are therefore in touch with Alsatian aspirations.

But to Alsace generally the word 'autonomy' means the organization of a republic within the Empire. The leaders point to the free cities, — Hamburg, Bremen, Lübeck — as models in this regard. But these cities were historically free, joining the Empire on their own terms. To create a new rural republic within the Empire seems to conservative Germany a dangerous experiment. Moreover, if Alsace were a monarchy even, she would make herself a republican monarchy.

The enthusiasm of Catholic Lorraine for France seems checked somewhat in the last ten years. This is due to the rise of the anti-clerical party in France, and to the seizure for public uses of property held by the Church.

The situation of Alsace-Lorraine is in the long run hopeful for the cause of freedom. Obstacles vanish as men arise to remove them. Alsace and Lorraine have the task to keep alive their local identity, their traditions of culture, their economic prosperity. They must lead in movements which tend toward the reconciliation of France and Germany. They must lend no encouragement to chauvinist or to Pan-germanist. The peace society lately formed at Mühlhausen by Jacques Schlumberger and his associates, the Franco-German League, with its many adherents in both nations, — these are all steps in this direction. Alsace-Lorraine should aid in the liberal move-

ments of Germany. Some day the presence of Alsace may turn the scale in behalf of German freedom. Some day German science will point the way forward from Bismarck and Von Moltke to Schiller and Kant. 'When this time comes, this great nation, "the second fatherland" of every cultured man, shall stand for honor and justice, the prophecy of Heine shall come true. Not only Alsace-Lorraine, but the whole world in this ideal sense shall be German.'

'War' says a leading Alsatian, 'is the worst possible solution of our problems, because war is no solution. With war there is never a solution of any question. Alsace has been part of Germany, of Austria, of France, and now of Germany again. If France should gain Alsace by war, it would be only the beginning of another war, and so on without end. Our hope is in the change of feeling in Germany, and in the rising demand for local rights and local freedom among the German people in the place of concentrated paternalism.'

'Some of us think that our purposes may be best attained by continuous local agitation as a means of educating Germany. Most of us think a quiet patience better. Agitation only makes it harder to come to mutual understanding.' 'We have grown up under a régime more democratic than Germany — especially Prussia — has ever known. We should do our best to be good citizens of Alsace, and this will have its weight in Germany, for the German people, outside the military clique, are men like ourselves.'

It is also said that 'Every solution implying war is to be rejected. No definite solution could result from a Franco-German war, by which Alsace would find herself cut into two parts, each to destroy the other. A war, whatever its result, provokes always

the desire of revenge and leads to indefinite international disorder, in which the antagonism among different elements would be greatly intensified.

'Other questions of high importance are rising to the surface (social, moral, educational questions) demanding solution; for all these questions, implying higher ideals than the cheap quarrels between nations, is demanded the collaboration of all men of good-will, who should ignore all national frontiers.

'It is inadmissible that the question of Alsace-Lorraine should indefinitely hold back the general development of Europe. A Franco-German *entente* would necessitate for Alsace-Lorraine a government according to its own will. It would thus destroy the worst obstacle to the pacification of Europe, and open to civilization new lines of progress.

'This solution which, in assuring peace to the world, would guarantee the development of Alsace and Lorraine, would nevertheless offend two powerful influences: the self-conceit of two nations, and the interest of the war system. It is for the people of these provinces to say loudly and clearly that the demand be made the friendly bridge between two civilizations, not the glacis of a fort nor yet a field of battle. This is the meaning of the meetings at Mühlhausen, and of the vote of the Landtag: *No War; Franco-German reconciliation, and Autonomy for Alsace-Lorraine!*'

'Our duties in Alsace are plainly three: —

'To avert war, first and foremost.

'To use every effort towards the liberalizing of public opinion among our compatriots in Germany.

'To cease irritating agitation for what we know we cannot get.' 'Agitation heats the blood and makes for enmity, not friendship.'

To this third proposition there are

many who do not agree, in Strassburg and Metz, as well as in Colmar and Mühlhausen. These claim that agitation also educates, and they have used the forces of eloquence of tongue and pen, of merry raillery and biting sarcasm, in the intent of the autonomous republic. The cartoons of Zislin, in the local journal *Dur's Elsass*, have often been most suggestive. Artistic and forceful is the brush work of Walz.¹

The point of view of the active na-

¹ Jean Jacques Walz of Colmar.

tionals may be summed up as follows: —

Whether our aim is possible or not, that is not our concern. It is our right, and so it becomes our duty as free men to speak. We look to the future, not to the compromises of to-day. 'The future belongs to the good Lord, not to the ugly fellow of the Pangermanist league.'

'The free cities of the empire have tasted freedom, freedom is in the blood.'

A SUIT AGAINST SCIENCE

BY HERBERT RAVENEL SASS

To say that humanity owes a vast debt to science is but to repeat what a thousand others have affirmed, and what all men know. It might almost be said that science is civilization; and while there are not lacking those who maintain that the more civilized we become the worse we grow, all such are either quibblers juggling with the meaning of words, or persons, who, while they are doubtless sincere enough, have fallen victims to a malady of the mind. And yet in one respect science deserves our censure and not our praise; in one matter of great moment she is the ally of error and not of truth; in one of the most important of the many ways in which she touches and affects human life her influence is bad, not good.

In order to perceive this fact one does not have to be either wise or learned: one need only be honest and ready to believe the evidence of his

faculties. And perhaps — for there are thousands who have suffered by it — the thing is all the clearer because it is a part of personal experience. There was once a boy who reveled in the wonder of wild nature. Birds and beasts fascinated him; the sea was a fairyland because of the fishes in it; the garden was a paradise because it teemed with all sorts of life. He spent much of his time in boyish contemplation of these living things and he learned a good deal about them — not very much in the way of details, perhaps, but much of a somewhat vague and general sort that was, in spite of its vagueness, intimate and true. After a while the boy went to college. There he was introduced to a science called biology which was described to him as the science of life; and during the next four years he, in common with many of his fellow students, — some because the subject interested them, others because it

seemed to fit in well with their other studies, — took courses in biology. The knowledge of the science which they acquired was of necessity very far from complete. Largely it was concerned with certain theories and natural laws, learned more or less by rote and accepted mainly on faith; and of these theories and laws the ones which impressed the boy most were those having to do with evolution. These interested him deeply because they were concepts brand-new to him — utterly different from those old-fashioned notions about nature with which his father, who got his education before Darwinism was taught in the schools, grew up. When the boy left college, his whole conception of nature and life had been changed. He felt that his eyes had been opened and that he had been shown a great light.

It was a great and wonderful light, indeed, but the things that it revealed were neither cheering nor beautiful. The garden was no longer a paradise, it was a battlefield. The countryside was no longer the abode of peace, it was the scene of constant war. There was no corner of the world, whether on land or sea, in which the struggle for existence was not raging in all its unspeakable cruelty. There was no living thing that was not either a slayer or doomed to be slain. Little harm would have been done, perhaps, — for all these things are true, — if the revolution which had been brought about in his conception of nature had stopped at that. But it went further than that, much further. He felt that he had been afforded a glimpse beneath the surface of things — that he had been shown the machinery of the animate creation in action, crushing out millions of lives each moment to make and maintain millions of other lives. And from this glimpse he drew a conclusion. Whereas in his earlier and more ignorant days he had con-

ceived of the living things of the world as happy rather than unhappy, he now thought of them as in a constant state of misery and fear. They were the actors, the victims in this terrible struggle for life in which mercy was unknown; and the professor, at whose feet he had sat day after day, had made the struggle so real, had impressed on him so powerfully its cruelty and universality, that no doubt existed in his mind concerning the effect of that struggle upon the organisms taking part in it.

This, then, was the boy's new conception of nature gained from science taught to him during those four years at college. Perhaps he did not at that time do any definite or careful reasoning about the matter. Certainly he did not at that time realize that to have such a conception of the world must darken his whole philosophy even if it did not dry the very springs of religion itself. He merely drew — more or less unconsciously — from the facts which had been taught to him a natural inference and formed a logical conclusion; and the sum and result was a conception of nature which, vague as it was in one sense, was definite enough in another, and could not but shape his thought and affect his whole view of life.

It is because science is forming in the minds of thousands of other young men at hundreds of other colleges this same conception of nature and the world, that science can be indicted on the charge of creating and disseminating disastrous error. For this conception is false — not in so far as it concerns the fact of the struggle for existence, but in so far as it concerns the effect of the struggle upon the living things which are subject to it. That effect is not what the boy thought it was, not what thousands of other young men are being made to think it is. Science has been showing them only the

half of life, and consequently has been falsifying their vision of the whole. In all our colleges to-day the same lesson of a deadly, merciless, and never-ceasing battle is taught a thousand times until our minds are filled with the tragedy of nature.

Science does not actually lie to us or purposely lead us astray; but, obsessed by her great discoveries of the iron laws of the animate world, she devotes herself, in those elementary college courses which give to most of us all the science that we are ever to possess, wholly to teaching these laws in all their cold and frightful cruelty; and so, in the end, we are led to look upon nature as a vast charnel-house, an awful shambles wherein all animate creation undergoes constant butchery — wherein misery and fear must ever reign since death is ever imminent and slaughter never ceases. And to conceive of nature as such a thing as this is to see and shudder at a spectre that has no real existence.

We should perceive the unreality of this spectre if we were able to use our eyes, and were confident of our ability to form judgments based on the evidence of our own faculties. We should perceive that the world of animal life is a happy world in spite of all the suffering that it contains and in spite of the ceaseless struggle that is proceeding in every corner of it. The wood resounds with song: the river ripples merrily among its hills: the dragonflies, darting here and there above the millpond, are watchful but not cowering in dread. Through all the varying utterance of nature there runs a note of good cheer, of complete abandon, of full enjoyment of the moment. There is not in the whole catalogue of birds' songs a song that is truly sad, nor is there in all the thin music of the insect population a single strain that tells of sorrow. Among the wild children of nature

there is no such thing as abiding grief, no such thing as fear of the future. We hear now and then — and it is always a more or less doubtful tale — of a dog that pined away for his master; but that is the exception which proves at least the first half of the rule. It is a rule which observation would demonstrate at once if that false conclusion, which we drew from science and for which science gave us no alternative, were not a poison too powerful to be overcome. An hour spent in the garden would prove it as absolutely as a lifetime passed in the woods.

It happened one December day that I was invited to go upon a deer-hunt. Hunting the deer is a favorite sport in lowland South Carolina, where vast areas of swamp-land remain unreclaimed by man, and still constitute an asylum for wild animals and those larger and rarer birds which have been driven out of the cultivated and thickly settled portions of the country. This hunt — in the woods of Wappaoolah, one of those old and historic plantation estates which have come down through many decades in the hands of the same family — was not notably different from a hundred others. I was assigned to my post, or 'stand,' in the forest, near one of the 'runs' which the deer was likely to take when it was 'jumped' by the hounds, and the other hunters were similarly disposed at other points in the woods. Meantime the 'drivers' — two or three mounted men — set off with the dogs to beat those portions of the woods where the game was probably lying.

Before long I heard the music of the hounds, — full and clear and wonderfully sweet, and so softened by distance that at first it was pure music devoid of any note of menace. Louder it grew and still louder, until in a little while the softness of it was gone and it had become a furious medley

of anger, hatred, and ferocity. They were coming, baying dogs and yelling horsemen, sweeping down the long resounding aisles of the woods, close in the wake of the quarry. At any moment a slim, dun-colored wraith might float into the field of my vision, fleet as the wind, graceful beyond description, quivering with fear, or — if it were an old and wily buck — exulting in the oft-tried speed that could mock at hound and horse. A minute, two minutes of suspense — a long, deep sigh of undisguised relief. The chase had passed me by. Deer and dogs and horsemen had swept on to the left, within a hundred yards of my station, but hidden always by the trees and the scattered thickets beneath them. Some other hunter might get a shot; but for me the day's 'sport' was ended.

So much for the hunt. I had amused myself before the deer was jumped by watching the small wild life of the forest round about me. The trees and bushes were alive with birds — cardinals, towhees, myrtle and pine warblers, goldfinches, chickadees, titmice, kinglets, white-throated sparrows and white-breasted nuthatches; and though, even in this land of winter sunshine, December is not a month of song, the call notes of all these, intermingled with one another and punctuated now and then by the rat-tat-tat of a downy woodpecker or the bark of a gray squirrel, made a pleasant and cheery conversation in the wood. Then came the noise of the pack; and as the clamor grew louder and louder, I became aware that all movement had ceased in the copses around me and that the voices of the birds were hushed. When the chase had passed on and the baying of the dogs had been softened again by distance, I stood in a silent and empty forest. Nowhere was there a sign of life. The transformation was complete; the effect almost uncanny;

and I had begun to regret that the chase had come my way, when suddenly a ruby-crowned kinglet on an oak-twig above my head began to scold. In a moment a towhee answered with his contralto call from the heart of a cassena thicket; and at once, as if at a signal, the wood came to life again. The shadow of fear was gone. Two minutes ago the forest folk had listened in awe and dread to the cries of the blood-thirsty pack; but now it was as though the peace of the woods had never been disturbed.

This was no unusual or mysterious phenomenon. On the contrary, it was a very simple happening of a kind that anyone may observe. But at the moment, and as I pondered it there at the foot of my oak, it seemed to me a wonderful and memorable event. It caused me to become aware all at once of something which I recognized instantly as of transcendent importance to me — something of which, perhaps, I had been dimly aware for a long time, but which never before had taken definite shape in my mind — something, moreover, which I knew must bring about a complete change in my whole philosophy of life — something which went even further and touched the springs of religion itself. And this great thing which on that day crystallized in my mind as a clear-cut and tremendous truth was this, — that all nature is abrim with happiness, happiness triumphant over terrifically cruel law.

The wild things are creatures of the moment. They live exclusively in the present. For them there is neither past nor future, and so there can be no regret for what has happened or foreboding of what may some time come to pass. There is present pain, of course, and there is present fear; but both are evanescent. When the immediate cause is removed, they vanish and there is no realization that they may return.

It is true that the wild things live in constant danger, but it is not true that they live in constant terror. The operation of those unchanging natural laws which science writes out with her cold deliberate finger cannot be denied, nor can it be maintained that they are not as cruel as death itself. We cannot blind ourselves to the slaughter which results from the struggle for existence. But the great truth is that, in spite of all the slaughter and of all the pain through which nature works to some far-off and undiscoverable end, the living creatures of the earth — helpless though they be in the grip of immutable law — are happy.

‘There are moments,’ said Stevenson, expressing another but somewhat similar thought, ‘when the mind refuses to be satisfied with evolution, and demands a ruddier presentation of the sum of man’s experience.’ And so long as the evolutionist teaches only the half of evolution, so long will he fail to satisfy the mind. Teach us, by all means, the inexorable, immutable laws; show us, by all means, the merciless battle for existence; but, for pity’s sake, do not leave us then to form our judgment of the world. Take us a little further along the road of knowledge. Give us more of the facts in the case before bidding us go build our theory of life.

And you yourself, Professor Wiseman, get you out of doors. Let be your books and lock the laboratory behind you for a little while. Empty your brain of facts so that there may be room for a few new ones. Forget for an hour even the best and most firmly established of your theories so that you may not be tempted to interpret falsely what you see. Listen to the flicker as he laughs heartily in the distance. Watch the slim gray mockingbirds as they play hide-and-seek in the grove. Keep an eye on the am-

ber-colored butterflies flitting carelessly from flower to flower. Ah, but there comes a kingbird and he crushes one of the butterflies in his bill. And you, Professor Wiseman, will now nod your head sagely and recognize an illustration of the deadly struggle for life. You will use the incident next day in your class as a practical demonstration of the bloody war of nature. See to it, then, that you do not lead those young men astray. Be careful that you do not give them a false idea of what you saw when you left your books and your dissecting table for an hour and, contrary to your custom, went out into the living world. When you tell them about the butterfly that met death, see to it that you tell them also about the hundred others that went on sipping honey in all delight of life, and about the flicker laughing in the distance and the happy mockingbirds flitting about the grove.

But no, you will not. The one tragedy that you witnessed upon this brief excursion is of more importance in your mind than all the numberless little comedies that you saw. It illustrated a natural law which it has long been your business to teach, whereas the comedies illustrated no law which you have ever seen stated in the science books. And so you will tell those young men that you could not spend a single hour with nature without seeing the death-dealing struggle going on before your eyes: and you will tell them not one word of all the happiness and enjoyment, of the sunshine and singing, of the careless play of the mockingbirds, of the beauty of the butterflies, or the sweetness of the nectar that they drank. And your listeners, believing you to be a man of clear and comprehensive vision (for are you not the author of a standard treatise on heredity and a four-hundred-page monograph on the digestive organs of the

nematode worms?), will be properly impressed; and from much repetition of such teachings they will presently see nature as one vast tragedy. Upon your head, then, will be the blame if they build for themselves dark theories of life, as deadly to the spirit as they are contrary to the facts. Some of them, after they have passed from under your influence, will discover for themselves the fallacy to which your teachings gave birth. But others will never rid themselves of the poison which has taken away their sight; these you will have blinded forever.

It is not to the teachers of science or to the savants that one must look for testimony concerning the truth or falsity of the charge here preferred. It is the young men fresh from college who, as the actual sufferers, must go upon the witness-stand. From some of these no evidence of any sort will be forthcoming; for in the cases of some, perhaps the majority, the science which they learned in college became so much dead lumber in their minds, to be forgotten absolutely, or, at least, to become the basis for nothing in the way of meditation. There are others, however,—and their number is not inconsiderable,—upon whose minds the teachings of evolution, administered

during college days, exert a powerful and lasting influence. If a poll of these were taken, I believe that their testimony would sustain this suit against science as it makes itself known to most of us, against science as it is taught in its more elementary college courses — which, it is important to remember, are the only science courses taken by a majority of students, the only science courses taken by all those who do not specialize in science and pursue advanced postgraduate studies at a university.

I believe that these witnesses would affirm that they, too, were led by those teachings of science to form the same false conception that was formed in the mind of the boy whose experience I have in part outlined. And, in all likelihood, introspection would lead some of them to go further and declare that whatever doubts they might have entertained concerning the existence of a benevolent God or First Cause were due in large part to the fact that they could not reconcile the idea of a beneficent Creator with this conception of a creation in which wretchedness was the common estate of hundreds of millions of sentient things brought into being by that Creator to inhabit this tiny particle of his infinite universe.

HOUSE-CLEANING

THE old rite of spring house-cleaning is, I am told, falling into disuse, with the new improvements in household machinery. I can but regret its passing, for it would seem to have both practical and symbolic value, allying itself with other spring observances which celebrate casting off the husks of the old, the coming of new life, the earth and human beings wakening together to a fresh mood of hope and of vigor. Such were the Demeter festivals in the south; in the north, those of the ancient pagan May Day, with their dances and fresh garlands; and other half-religious ceremonies which go back to the dawn of time.

Here, in our quiet village, we hold to this grand spring purification, as we do to other old usages, in part spectators, in part actors therein, constantly stirred to meditation, quickened in memory. There are fingers astir in corners long untouched; there are shadowy cobwebs swept away. It is a fine sight to see, all down the street, on the green lawns, rugs being beaten, cushions shaken; windows are being washed; soap-suds are applied to the lintels of the doorways with almost sacerdotal fervor. Out on long lines hang many garments airing in the sweet April sunshine; dusty things share for a time the life of fresh growing grass. The carpet-beating man is in constant requisition; he knows himself the most important personage in town, and wears his brief glory with a not unkingly air. There is great rivalry in regard to the scrub-women, who have inherited, if not all the joyousness of their dancing predecessors, singing in the spring, at least some of their

activity. The painters are all too few, but busy on every side; there are green or brown smudges on passing noses. Our suspense is deep in regard to the color of paint in buckets into which brushes are constantly dipped, for the matter is of great moment. Heaven grant that no mistaken blues, or sulphurous yellows, or unholy magenta shades emerge to buffet our spirits during the coming year! Kalsominers with their pallid pails go past in spotted white, like Pierrots suddenly awakened to a sense of the seriousness of life and its burdens.

Everywhere is stir, motion, life, — it may be only the quick motion of feet escaping from the stream of warm water, which trickles by mistake down the front path; pulses go more rapidly, as fingers fly; wholesome excitement reigns. Through it all, one sees the satisfied faces of householders, as of those who have attained; and the wistful faces of domestic animals, astray in a world whose ideals are beyond their reach.

It is not that we are unaware of modern devices, which keep this constant cleansing of the human habitation going on imperceptibly and do away with the necessity of the annual or semi-annual upheaval. We are aware of them, and we use them, but gingerly, and with full knowledge of their limitations. The past has given us a standard which we refuse to forget as we face the new. Our mistrust is deepened by a belief that it is the most poverty-stricken in mind, spirit, and estate who are the staunchest upholders of the newest inventions. I shall not soon forget my brief visit to the ash-man's

home, where I found 'himself' and 'herself' sitting at leisure in one of the two rooms of their cabin, surrounded by their entire possessions. All their bottles, dishes, cooking utensils stood about them on their unclean floor, amid random piles of dirt. Their faces wore an air of pleased expectancy; they were waiting, they said, for the vacuum cleaner. Vacuum cleaner, indeed! Nothing but yellow soap and hot, hot water and sapolio could have made that room fit for human habitation.

This memory is one of the many reasons why I pin a towel about my head and dust my beloved books myself, fingering them anxiously to see if aught in leaf or binding has come to harm. The word vacuum is unthinkable in connection with any one of them, I sometimes think, as the opened page perhaps betrays me, and I sit down, in all the confusion, to joy and brief oblivion.

There is dead monotony about these new housekeeping ways, each week the same process, mechanical, perfunctory. There is no rhythm of ebb and flow, no grand tidal wave of energy and feeling that seeks to accomplish the impossible, and succeeds in accomplishing the improbable. Where is gone that swelling aspiration of old days, that inner assurance that, were all made perfect once in order and cleanliness, no disorder could ever again prevail? Some such mood of high spiritual adventure was surely Thoreau's when he wrote, —

'The life in us is like the water in the river. It may rise this year higher than man has ever known it, and flood the parched uplands; even this may be the eventful year that will drown out all our muskrats.'

Back of each of these old fashioned household earthquakes was some grand effort of the human will, a resolution,

a sense of great deeds to be performed. Ultimate and utter confusion evoked the energy of the human spirit, which rose successfully to meet it. Order came out of disorder, the splendid triumph of cosmos dawning on chaos, a far-off quiver of that magnificent, burning mood of the Creator, — 'Let there be light!' Such a crisis is a test of your part in the final order. A world is in ruins at your feet: show what you can do. Mental collectedness, singleness of aim, steadiness of purpose, are imperative. The grand, artistic principle of choice, of selection, must reign, — that principle which makes art, art, and literature, literature, the power of discerning the essential, — it is your test! Box and chest are to be gone over, with that persistent problem of life and of philosophy before you, — what is to be discarded, what is to be kept?

Roused by the suffering of a friend who recently, for her sins, inherited a New England house from which nothing had been thrown away for nearly a hundred years, I bestir myself. I must not leave all this miscellany, intellectual and other, — for there are boxes of old papers as well as trunks of clothing, — to my unfortunate heirs. Which bundles of silk or of serge, which rolls of muslin are to be kept, as perhaps serving some yet undiscovered purpose in the renewed life? Those left-over rolls of a beloved wall-paper which covered our living-room walls in past happy days, — how can I throw them away without throwing away something of that life which they recall? Which of the treasured, flawed, delicate dishes may still remain, not for use but for remembering, upon our shelves? Which are to go, as fragmentary as ourselves, into the ash-barrel, to await the test, the crucible, the resurrection in some form into a part of life again?

There are garments well-nigh sacred, seeming not of mere cloth, garments which, more than most treasured things, have the power of poignantly stirring the memory, bringing the wearer before us, quick, alive in look and in gesture. One may give them away, but with a struggle: my grandfather's old-fashioned, broadcloth, Presbyterian 'mantle' ill beseems the pagan graybeard of the slums; the quaint children's garments, preserved in the mysterious old green chest full of subtle fragrances, — secret place of hid treasures whose depths even house-cleaning dared not disturb, — would be but scorned by the little aliens who yearn for the latest styles.

One can decide the great things of life, after sufficient deliberation; one has to! There are destinies to face, grave reasons to be weighed for going or staying, for saying yes or no. The balance, in time, slowly and reasonably tips this way or that; but how shall one decide whether to keep or to burn the little treasures, — the half curl, the old picture, the package of letters tied by a cord which, in all probability, will never be undone? And yet, to see them vanish in flakes of gray ash, so that they never could be read, would be hard. Here is the best of one's mettle, the measure of one's power of decision.

What accidents, discoveries, what precious bits of drift upon that flowing tide of spring time! I too have come upon exceeding treasure, have come suddenly, and with holding of the breath. Never old wills, — such vulgar happenings are relegated rightly to paper-covered fiction. As all real treasures are treasures of the spirit, one digs deep, deep in the hoard of the past for other values. A line, a sentence in familiar handwriting upon a yellowing scrap of paper may show a depth of soul undiscovered before in some

one loved. I have known reconciliation to take place between long-estranged friends when a forgotten flake of paper brought back an old mood of faith and trust.

A single house-cleaning may bring your priest-like youth to minister to your relaxing middle age, in the rediscovery of some written witness to what you once were. Far, far along the dusty road, — it may be even meditating retreat, — you meet your old self face to face, the morning sunlight on its forehead, in the freshness, vigor, hope of youth. The inspired, accusing eyes, the sense of being able to do all, — from such an encounter you turn again, shamefaced, to the onward track, because one, it may be sole survivor of that past, expects something of you. The old, impassioned resolve, brought back by a few written words, pierces your very breast. Husk by husk your later self is stripped away, and the real you, in all the simplicity of high intent, released from the mood of discouragement and failure, is ready to start again.

Again that wholesome sound of scrubbing, of running water, that chill atmosphere of fresh whitewash, something half way between the world of the living and that of the dead, recalling, by some trick of odor, the catacombs of Rome with their cool dampness, and, inevitably, their hint of new and fairer life, — the undying hope of immortality written in symbols there.

Again, old memories associate this new freshness with the breath of delicate wild flowers abroad in the house, and lilies of the valley whose fragrance stole long ago across chill May days of household lustration. This is the time of the quickening of all things, of casting off the old, of the building of the nests, and all other sweet spring sights and sounds. We share this mood of

spring in the joy of renewal; here is the perpetual youth of the race!

I fancy that this spring house-cleaning has in it something of the potency of the confessional in the laying bare of old, sad secrets, and the ensuing sense of sudden lightness, — I speak only from imagination, for I have never been to the confessional; I sometimes wish I had! — of having made a clean breast of it, of being even with life, of shaking off forever the dust of the past.

Then, the peace of the after-moments, when all is sweet, clean, prepared; Utopian moments, too perfect to last, — surely these are a foretaste of perfectness to come, if the hopes of the highest hearted among us are granted, full of new sense of the beauty of old things, with the ugly and outworn cast away. Earth's utmost has been done, in the purifying fires and the cleansing that has searched all corners, — as cleansing griefs have left the spirit prepared and ready.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

WASTING ETERNITY

'YES, sir!' said a tourist who was trying to impress me, 'Yes, sir! we have five hours difference between Boston and San Francisco. Five different kinds of time in one country!'

'Ah, well,' said I, passing him the conventional tablespoonful of coffee-mud, 'ah, well! But in this one city of Jerusalem we have four different kinds of time, and four different kinds of calendars. You must come to the East to learn about time. We have so many kinds we have to specify which we're talking about, and we have so much of it we can afford to be extravagant. If it could be bottled and shipped to rushing America, we should have the most valuable export-trade in the world. But like Oriental perfumes, Oriental time loses its virtues away from home.'

The tourist gasped, and tried to chew his coffee. He was one of those to whom time is no more than money. To the Oriental, time is eternity. We never hear of wasting eternity, — how can

one waste the inexhaustible? Wasting eternity would be like wasting seawater in mid-ocean. Only an Occidental can waste time or money.

The hours in Jerusalem are measured by the tall, white clock-tower which crowns the gray wall by the Jaffa Gate with the same fitness with which a tall, silk hat would crown a gray-haired Bedouin. The clock in the tower has four faces and two times, — Christian and Moslem. What the Jews go by, I do not know. It may be that they split the difference.

Moslem time is very simple. At sunset it is six o'clock; that is all; and if it is cloudy for a week, the clocks are several minutes out of the way.

Christian time is much more complicated, say the sons of Ishmael. Certain Latin Fathers have charge of it, and sometimes there is no correct time to be found in the whole city. One Christmas morning I started for church down on Mount Zion, a mile away. Looking at my watch, I found it was five minutes of ten, and rather than be

late, I turned into a neighboring chapel which began at the same hour. I entered softly, and lo, the auditorium was empty, save for the organist, practicing glad Christmas hymns. And the clock said nine-thirty. I compared it with my watch, and decided that the latter had gained thirty minutes over night. But the organist helped my bewildered mind.

'Our time must have been wrong for several weeks,' he explained gravely, 'but we did not know it till yesterday, when the Fathers found out that they were half an hour ahead. Then they set the clock back. Your watch is all right for yesterday's time, but not for to-day's.'

As I turned toward the church on Mount Zion, I thought of Mark Twain's friend who tried in vain to regulate his watch by the ship's clock.

Moreover, in Jerusalem, town-time and train-time are different, forty minutes different, and both are variable. Train officials say the train leaves for Jaffa at 6:40 in the morning; but 6:40 by train-time is 7:20 by town-time. One morning when we were starting for Egypt, we ordered our carriage for seven o'clock. Arriving at the station at 7:15, we found the train gone, and the station empty. At last we routed out an official.

'Where's the train?' we demanded.

'Gone, messieurs!'

'Gone! You've changed the hour of the train, then?'

'Non, non, messieurs! The train leaves at the same hour as always, but the time has changed. Yesterday 6:40 train-time was 7:20 town-time. To-day 6:40 train-time is 7 town-time. No, no,' and he smiled patronizingly, 'the train always leaves at the same hour, our trains never change, — it is the time that alters itself, not the train, messieurs!'

We sought the telegraph office.

'To the *Hapag* agent in Jaffa,' we dictated. 'Missed train. Cancel passage on boat for Egypt. Wire date of next sailing to Port Said.' This was turned into flowery Turkish and sent. A reply came soon.

'Plenty of time. Your boat will wait till to-morrow afternoon, for the water is so rough she cannot land her passengers and cargo to-day. Plenty of time, if you take the train to-morrow.'

But there are disadvantages. For instance, if you give an afternoon tea in Jerusalem, and invite Moslem ladies, instead of arriving at the hour assigned, some of them are sure to come before luncheon. Then you or some woman of your household must occupy that sofa opposite the door. For the Pasha's wife will probably arrive late, and, if she comes and finds the most honorable seat taken, — and no power on earth short of dynamite will dislodge native occupants, — she will have to find a less honorable place, and you will have insulted her. But no one thinks of the morning you have wasted trying to spread yourself over that large sofa.

Thus an hour of Jerusalem is as a drop in the Sea of Eternity. It does not count.

'Wasting their time!' I said to Abu Selim, as I bargained with him over a rare rug, and pointed to two sturdy porters dozing under the shadow of his awning. 'Wasting their time!'

Abu Selim looked at me in amazement.

'How can we waste time?' said he. 'For time has no beginning, neither has time an end.' And he puffed at his nargileh, and sipped his coffee, while between us lay the rug.

Past the open front of his shop drifted the endless stream of leisurely Arabs, breathless tourists, begging children, laden donkeys. 'See,' he said, and pointed to the throng, moving like a steady

river. 'It was so in my father's day, some hastened, some lingered, some watched. It will be so all my days, and all my sons', — there is no real change. All time is ours, the gift of Allah the Merciful. How then can we waste time?'

ETHER

THE most provoking part was that, whatever effort I might make to enlighten the nurse (a kind young creature, handsome, like some gracious Ceres in spotless linen), the sound coming from my stiff lips was not rational articulation but a groan, — rhythmic, quite foolish, uncontrollable.

Even after ether one has one's little vanities. Mine had been to avoid silly noises; nevertheless speech seemed a duty. Not only must any intelligent Ceres feel a natural interest, but it would also be useful for her to know. Nursing — education — literature! Surely these three touch somewhere; but the link? It eluded me. Montessori, Pestalozzi, Froebel, Rousseau. I'd mislaid someone in the sequence, someone important.

'W-i-n-d-e-r, . . . now go out and wash it' (or words to the same effect). Who said that? Why of course! Mr. Squeers! Montessori at its most logical. What I wanted to tell the nurse was that a droll essay could be written, with nearly a century's skip from Dotheboys Hall to a tranquil Roman convent, where the White Sisters govern a houseful of girl orphans. Think if Dickens could only see the plump, self-righteous babies lay their own Lilliput dinner-table, giving a swish and swing of pinafores fairly sinful with pride of accomplishment.

But the essay fell apart. We may n't do it nowadays, because of those little boys who died in Yorkshire. Dickens might. He could put Wackford and Fanny on one page with those piteous

miseries on the next and never offend your taste or feeling; far from it! But by his very intensifying of human sympathies he made it impossible for us to mix humor and agony.

'How queerly some people seem to snuff out their own candles!' I tried to say; but Ceres laid a cool something on my forehead. She did n't understand. To convince her that there was no delirium, I persisted: 'Think of Richardson. He made people so nice by his gospel of purity that the next generation grew too delicate to read him, and Dickens's drolleries have taught us to be so tender-hearted that we can't put much fun into any crusade against cruelty, yet his crusade had more strength than any of ours.'

What had I been reading? Such quaint books follow one to hospitals. Fancy Ellen Key's *Love and Marriage*. So remote from any practical issue when you're lying prone. 'Sound as a dollar you'll be,' the doctor says. How my mind flutters off! A dollar with a hole in it seems apter, but why argue? And Ellen Key a spinster too, so where does it come in for her and me? True, none but single ladies write these books frankly. The married ones won't. There's a freemasonry that prevents them. Even Marcel Prévost knew that. You remember the little bride's letter?

Before they whisked me off for another and more odious bout, I meant to collect a fitter library, but somehow Ibsen pursued me; one is always hurried at the last. Then for the tiresome iteration — stretcher, *toilette de guillotine*, *piqûre*, the bandage over one's eyes, the smothering cone, and the queer flight to the verge of eternity, that promise of all knowledge which ether gives, and balks you of. On the actual brink of vibrating with the very rhythm of life, you merely come to, into a blare of pain.

How quiet and kind those dim figures are; considerate, like the saints about an entombment. But this time, instead of discoursing on Montessori, I so wanted to tell Ceres — tender-handed Ceres — that the whole trouble lay with a devil from some primitive painting far away in Umbria. An alert devil, prick-eared, carrying a gallant tail. One! A legion of them tossing my poor body on hot pitchforks. How the stabs hurt! What sin is being punished? Such small sins for such devouring pains.

After many hours Ceres seemed to glance at Ibsen, and I really wanted to explain him. 'Better not try to talk,' she advised. Astonishing how one obeys these young things; they have authority. Yet it seemed so vital for her to hear what the Professor once said, when I took him to see some Italian *fantoccini* doing Orlando and Bradamante and Carlo Magno and a few more heroes. 'Why,' asked the Professor, 'why are the Marionettes always angry?' You easily see how illumining that is. But again Ceres convinced me of the wisdom of silence; or was it my voice sounding so high-pitched and affected? Why any one who hates ventriloquists as I do should try to talk as if I were in the next room! Heavens! Can I try anything, with that devil tossing me across a blazing fire till I land on his brother's trident, redhot and piercing? Is it fair to do that when just out of reach floats a really significant idea, something Georg Brandes would value?

Why *is* Ibsen always angry? Is it the Scandinavian *wesen* to rage and be in a frantic state, just because Norah cheated about her macaroons, or old Mr. Alving was n't quite — quite — The Slavs are not like that. They are as mild as a June day. The Brothers Karamazoff weep in the tenderest fashion while they are thinking mur-

der. The gentlest Russian philanthropists are those shy young girls who throw bombs. *They* are n't in the least angry, merely brimful of sheer love and human fellowship.

Ceres raises a blind on the gray light of a winter morning. She looks pale but valiant. She has worked well these long hours — or years — which was it?

Here comes the day nurse, fresh and smiling.

'All things considered,' Ceres says, 'we've had a fairish night.'

The two exchange an augur's glance. Someone whispers, 'Time for another, she's stood enough.'

Deft fingers dissolve the tablet, a faint prick — pain and thought slacken. There's a ray of kind sunlight, — shall I sleep?

THE HAUNTED HOUSE

DESPITE the existence of learned societies endeavoring to find some tangible basis of fact in the interesting perplexities of so-called psychic phenomena, comparatively few men and women to-day believe in haunted houses. The ghost that employs its business hours in clanking a chain to make the individual hairs on a listening head stand up like the defensive armory of the angry porcupine appeals no longer to the popular imagination. None of us, to be sure, enjoy hearing anything in the still hours of the night that suggests a ghost clanking a chain; but we all agree by daylight that if there are ghosts they are undoubtedly in better business. Our wide general information, in this day of the Sunday newspaper, tells us that the real danger of the time is the quiet microbe. We could even wish that microbes clanked chains, and then we would know they were about and speed for the prophylactic. The innumerable devils of the

Middle Ages, invisible but always somewhere in the neighborhood, have been neatly replaced by the discoveries of bacteriology; and if we had n't got used to them, living would be an almost impossibly anxious performance. The vacationist, reading the warning issued by his government against the bacterial dangers of simple country living, would stay hopelessly in the city—and then, learning of the bacterial dangers of summer life in town, would eventually be driven to suicide by drowning as the coolest way out of his troubles.

Microbes, microbes everywhere

In the water, in the air!

Kicking up a deadly row

In the product of the cow.

You can almost hear them mutter

In the milk and in the butter.

We have, in fact, vastly multiplied the demons whose supposed existence kept the mediæval citizen crossing himself; and having done so, exactly like the mediæval citizen, we get along fairly comfortably in the knowledge that so far they haven't caught up with us.

But there remains the haunted house, no longer inhabited by the chain-clanker but by something else almost as palpable. There is the house that we visit in perfect comfort. No ghost there, bless you! And again the house that we visit, without being able accurately to define the feeling, with a sense of constant uneasiness and apprehension. The ghost does not disturb our slumbers. It has, apparently, no desire whatever to destroy the neat arrangement of our hair or change it white overnight—a calamity which many would risk cheerfully now that white hair is becoming fashionable and there is no telling how soon we may revert to the old-time fashion of powdering. It is a modest ghost and makes no effort to attract attention. It is there because it can't help it; and the

presence depresses without terrifying. A kind of gloom, unrecognized by the inmates yet palpable to the visitor, permeates such a dwelling. We are glad to pack our bags and be away again; yet we hardly know we are glad, and would certainly be unwilling to confess it.

To see this ghost is out of the question. And yet, in its way, it is far worse than the old-fashioned kind that mother (at least some mothers) used to make with the pie crust. Morning sunlight dissipated that old-fashioned house-haunter. He was a night-worker and slept in the daytime, possibly getting up to read the afternoon ghost of a newspaper, but not going seriously to work till midnight. His short hours indicate that there must have been a powerful trade-union among ghosts, to which all spectres belonged, and which had once and for all settled the question of hours of work and provided a perfect equality among male and female, adult and child ghosts. But this more modern house-haunter defies these sensible considerations, makes himself a member of the family, and inserts his invisible (but undoubtedly clammy) person triumphantly into every family gathering.

Sometimes it is possible to put your finger on him. He is a personal attribute, a worthy characteristic that has been worked to death and is now haunting the premises. Call him Super-scientiousness, emanating from a desire to 'have things go right' on the part of the lady of the house, that has gradually become fussiness and monomania; the expectation that things will not go right, that in turn makes them go wrong by the very self-consciousness that it has introduced into the whole domestic organization. There is the nervous apprehension that something undesirable will happen—which may be no more serious than that the

maid will drop a dish in the dining-room — haunting the entire family; and finally enveloping the guest, who, having no explanation at hand, can merely feel the tension without being able to understand it. For the nervousness is there just the same even if the crockery remains undamaged.

Or, again, the emanation may come from the other side of the table. There is the contradictory host, for example, often a well-meaning man but with a wide-embracing capability to make other folk, especially the members of his own family, painfully apprehensive and ill at ease. Here the mildest topic of conversation becomes a menace, for it is not so much the fact that the host contradicts, as the way he does it. You can differ with somebody else without necessarily suggesting that the somebody else is a fool or an ignoramus; on the other hand you can differ in such a manner that everybody within hearing is rendered uncomfortable. It is not that offense is intended: rather it is the fear that offense will be taken that brings the skeleton rattling out of his closet.

Or, yet again, our ghost may be a spirit of wider diffusion. Family jars, allowed to become chronic, may be responsible for it; or social ambitions that cannot be realized; or the pressure of keeping up appearances beyond the comfortable resources of the pocket-book. For the ghost of this kind of haunted house is a creature made up in large part of dead opportunities for happiness — the joy, so near and yet so difficult to attain, that comes from the constant practice of the minor amenities of life toward those we live with.

And here, possibly, no less than in the case of the old-fashioned dwelling with the haunted chamber, the ghost in the house becomes a factor in the great Servant-Girl Problem. For it is the peculiarity of this kind of ghost

that the creature haunts the whole house, creates an atmosphere that there is no getting away from. It penetrates even the kitchen. At its worst it is a deterrent to song combined with dish-washing. And when we hear of a house where good wages are paid and there is apparently no explanation of an admitted difficulty in keeping servants, is it not possible that the ghost is responsible? Going out to service ourselves, the chances are that we would stay longest in the homes where we have already made the pleasantest visits.

Unfortunately it is one thing to find the ghost and another to lay it. One of the simplest and most sensible pieces of advice in the world is, 'Don't worry,' — but the real difficulty is not to. The accomplishment, in fact, is a task of such dimensions that if Jones murdered Smith for telling him once too often 'not to worry,' almost any jury would be tempted to bring in a verdict of justifiable homicide. 'Being cheerful' presents the same difficulty, and yet here is the way in many cases to send the ghost in the house packing. Preaching simplicity appeals chiefly to persons who are simple already, unless simplicity can be made expensive, and then there's a fairly good chance that it can be made fashionable. 'Not taking one's self too seriously' would be another specific to allay the house-haunter — the difficulty there is that no man, or woman either, ever seems to know that he or she is sinning in this direction. Applied Christianity, of course, would be an infallible remedy; provided it were applied easily, and the application not made too painfully violent.

Are we, then, reduced to accepting the ghost in the house? It would almost seem so. Yet those who have observed this psychic phenomenon know that there are such ghosts of various

sizes; little ones just beginning to grow, big ones firmly established. Perhaps in some homes the little ghost is discovered while it is still weak, and put out of commission before it can get big enough to become, by force of habit, a permanent inmate.

FEATHERS — AND A FINE BIRD

WHEN I was a small boy, a friend presented me with some very ancient bantams — quite past egg-work. Another friend fitted me out with some pigeons; but the latter were new to life and soon began to be interesting. After giving the bantams every chance, most of them were scrapped — they were of no use as table ornaments — and, finally, through the activities of a marauding cat, but one solitary bantam survived. He became rather a nuisance to himself by reason of his long spurs, but he was a great favorite with the household and especially with the gardener. Both were very busy when any digging and trenching was on hand, and the dear little old bird — who answered to the name of 'Chuck' — used to fill himself so full that he got very drowsy, and would retire betimes to the stable where, in his own fashion, he used to invite a favorite mare to lie down. As soon as she complied, he would fly upon her and go to sleep. I suppose he was afraid of rheumatism in the feet and appreciated the warmth of his friend's body.

But Chuck had a strong sense of duty, and no fear of arthritis, or any other pains in his limbs, deterred him when once he had chosen his path. Elderly as he was, cock-bird as he was, he took complete and most loving care of two motherless bantam chicks.

Their advent upon the scene occurred in this wise. I had had an inspiration — and four cents to spend. I went to the owner of some bantams

and bought two eggs with the cents. I then went to one of my pigeons, who had that day laid her second egg and was preparing to be busy, and without by-your-leave or anything of the sort, I took away her own eggs and put the bantam eggs under her. And I watched her during a fairly long April day.

It was soon plain that something was bothering her. She kept looking underneath herself, and squirming in a most unladylike manner; but she said nothing of her troubles at the time that her husband came to relieve her, to allow her to get on with her other household cares while he held the fort. She mentioned the matter, however, when she came back, — after some considerable lapse of time. They were rather an extraordinary pair, these two. She — a responsible, matronly bird — had taken to herself a very young husband *en secondes nocces*. Her first — an excellent disciplinarian to whom hen-pecking was as water to a duck — had been shot on his way home carrying a note for me, by what is termed a 'sportsman.' The widow felt his loss, I am sure; but it was nice weather — and no one wanted to look draggle-tailed that season. And besides, bright feathers were much worn just then. What else could you expect? Here was a widow, not inconsolable; and here was this young cock-bird, with nothing better to do. They got on very well; she had the experience, and he took the orders. As far as I can remember, the eggs I removed when substituting the bantams were a novelty to him. At any rate, he was very proud; and when his wife, on returning to the nest with a 'Well-I-suppose-I-'ve-got-to-take-on-this-job-again' look on her face, began to talk to him, he answered back.

By now I've forgotten most of the pigeon-language that I then knew, but the gist of what was said was something like this: —

She. — Well — what do you think of sitting on eggs for your living?

He. — (*rather bashfully*), Oh, it's all right — why not?

She. — Why not? Bless the boy! They're the size of mountains.

He. — You must n't flatter me so.

She. — *Flatter* you? I'm *annoyed* with you. How *dare* you!

By this time the young husband, visibly, was becoming annoyed. Actually he spoke up for himself.

'Here — you come off your perch! Don't you crow at me. I believe your record is twenty-three pairs of eggs — well, this is my *first* — and I think they're splendid.'

This plain-speaking unquestionably did great good, for the lady, after flying away to get a drink of water which she did n't want, returned to her home quite unruffled. As her mate stepped off the eggs, he paused a moment to look at them. Now I can't *swear* that he smiled with satisfaction and pride, because even now I don't know where to look for the smile of a pigeon; but he did look pleased. And whether it was that his lady relented, or was extremely diplomatic, it is impossible to say, but she too looked at them, with her head on one side, as she remarked, 'They certainly are the *finest* I ever laid.'

Well, there was I, looking on, and I began to feel mean about it. If it went on there was going to be a strain for her and a swelled head for him. You could see it. And really it was getting too intimate for intrusion by a third party. But she solved it. Or rather she *had* solved it. She was a knowing old bird and her last remark had done the trick; for her young mate, turning round, snuggled down in the nest beside her and took one egg while she accounted for the other.

And so they used to sit, this worthy couple, until at the end of seventeen days and a half — in pigeon time —

two dear bantams were hatched, and for two hours were left to parents whose bewilderment was the most comic thing ever seen in feathers.

But everything worked smoothly; for a hen, in a coop in the garden, with eleven babies of her own, obviously had room for two more. And another pair of pigeons who had hatched out that very day could easily afford to part with one baby for the bereaved pair who had been behaving so well.

And then two odd things happened. Whether it was that the old fowl with eleven babies despised the two smaller children, or whether she had some instinct about the whole business, or whether she saw inside the hand I so carefully put underneath her, I am unable to say. But she took precious little notice of the forlorn chicks who, huddled by themselves in a corner, would speedily have died but for dear old Chuck. He came down to the coop to have a look, — a thing he had never done before, he always had so much business on hand with the gardener. He appeared around the coop; and the gardener came indoors to tell this thing. Also the gardener said the wee bantam chicks were following around inside the coop as the old gentleman strutted around outside. Inspection revealed that it was extremely probable that both banties would die if left in that coop. Inspiration said, 'Give Chuck a chance.' In a quick but careful moment, it was done, and the baby bantams were out on a wide lawn with only Chuck near them. Unhesitatingly and confidently, they approached him. He arched his proud little neck and looked down. Through their foster mother's neglect they were feeling chilled. They walked in under his radiant little body. The splendid gentleman shone out. Looking carefully underneath to see that those terrible spurs should not interfere, he squatted;

and his new little friends disappeared among his feathers.

A careful watch was kept, and presently they reappeared, strengthened by their rest. A handful of 'grits' was thrown, and the foster father was as good as any mother in the way in which he invited his charges to 'fall to.' By the end of the afternoon it was seen that all was quite well with the new family. Roosting also was left entirely to Chuck's discretion. He deserted his friendly mare and camped in a cosy spot by a cucumber frame. Cats were shy of Chuck, for, in a thoughtless moment one had attacked him, long before. The surprise of that cat on finding a very long sharp spur in each whisker was sufficient to create a lasting impression in feline circles for miles around.

So, on the morrow, Chuck appeared upon the lawn with his babies. He made a most devoted mother. He even introduced his family to the gardener — and all four used to go 'grubbing' together. And, at the gardener's dinner-time, when he withdrew to the harness-room to eat his meal, Chuck would lead his family in that direction and look expectantly and pleadingly at his old friend, in aid of his new ones. If there were a fire in the harness-room, a cosy party would settle, after crumbs, for a doze in front of it. Nothing, I think, but the passage of months, could have interfered with the harmony of the group. But months meant growth and strength to the juniors, and presently the old gentleman's 'Dear, dear — this will never do,' was passed unheeded by the male twin and he *began to scratch up seeds*.

With the tears running down his face and his comb flopping like a Minorca hen's, Chuck at last, perforce, had to bring it to the notice of the gardener; and he, good soul, saw it from Chuck's

point of view. Another chance! — and, meanwhile, Chuck would talk to him. Chuck did so but, — it is regrettable to have to record that the youngster talked back.

As the gardener then said, 'Of course — it's no fault of *yours*, Chuck — you've done *your* little best; but we shall have to cage that young gentleman's spirit or we shan't get a brussels sprout left to us.'

So there came a day when Impudence and his sister were consigned to an enclosure and their worthy foster father spent long hours outside, conversing with them; and while the little lady was always loving, I regret exceedingly that Impudence behaved most grossly — flying one day in Chuck's face in the most abandoned manner. And from that time the good parent and the bad little boy drifted further and further apart. Also the weather broke. And the rheumatism woke. And the mare's back was warm. And — there is nothing more to be said.

THE PEDIGREE OF MILITANCY

TO THE EDITOR, —

I have read with interest Mrs. Eckstorm's admirable contribution to the *March Atlantic*. Apropos of one sentence in her article, 'The woman-question seems to be currently regarded as something spontaneously generated but yesterday,' I desire to submit a letter written in January, 1739, by Lady Mary Wortley Montagu to the Countess of Pomfret.

Yours truly,

W. D. HOWE.

'At the last warm debate in the House of Lords, it was unanimously resolved there should be no crowd of unnecessary auditors; consequently the fair sex were excluded, and the gallery destined to the sole use of the

House of Commons. Notwithstanding which determination, a tribe of dames resolved to show on this occasion that neither men nor laws could resist them. These heroines were Lady Huntingdon, the Duchess of Queensberry, the Duchess of Ancaster, Lady Westmoreland, Lady Cobham, Lady Charlotte Edwin, Lady Archibald Hamilton and her daughter, Mrs. Scott, Mrs. Pendarves, and Lady Frances Saunderson. I am thus particular in their names, since I look upon them to be the boldest assertors, and most resigned sufferers for liberty, I ever read of.

‘They presented themselves at the door at nine o’clock in the morning, where Sir William Saunderson respectfully informed them that the Chancellor had made an order against their admittance. The Duchess of Queensberry, as head of the squadron, pished at the ill-breeding of a mere lawyer, and desired him to let them upstairs privately. After some modest refusals, he swore by G— he would not let them in. Her grace, with a noble warmth, answered, by G— they would come in in spite of the Chancellor and the whole House. This being reported, the Peers resolved to starve them out; an order was made that the doors should not be opened till they had raised their siege.

‘These Amazons now showed them-

selves qualified for the duty even of foot soldiers; they stood there till five in the afternoon, without sustenance, every now and then playing volleys of thumps, kicks, and raps against the door, with so much violence that the speakers in the House were scarce heard. When the Lords were not to be conquered by this, the two duchesses (very well apprised of the use of stratagems in war) commanded a dead silence of half an hour; and the Chancellor, who thought this a certain proof of their absence (the Commons also being very impatient to enter), gave order for the opening of the door; upon which they all rushed in, pushed aside their competitors, and placed themselves in the front rows of the gallery. They stayed there till after eleven, when the House rose; and during the debate gave applause, and showed marks of dislike, not only by smiles and winks (which have always been allowed in these cases), but by noisy laughs and apparent contempts; which is supposed the true reason why poor Lord Hervey spoke miserably.

‘I beg your pardon, dear madam, for this long relation; but ’t is impossible to be short on so copious a subject; and you must own this action very well worthy of record, and I think not to be paralleled in history, ancient or modern.’

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

JUNE, 1914

VICTORIANO HUERTA

A SKETCH FROM LIFE

BY LOUIS C. SIMONDS

I

A CHARACTER cannot be understood out of its setting, and the character of Victoriano Huerta cannot be understood by those who do not understand Mexico. And who does understand this land of endless contradictions and anomalies? I, after a residence here of thirty years, have never answered a question about Mexico to a newcomer or visitor, without thinking a few moments later of half a dozen facts that run counter to the information I have given. Nevertheless, we foreign residents of long standing, if we have made any use at all of our opportunities for observation, have at least a synthetic knowledge of Mexico, though, when we try to bring it out in words, we apprehend, at times with too much reason, that we are not conveying to our hearers or readers the exact impression that is on our own minds. It is one of those cases in which while, when we are asked, we know little, when we are not asked we know a good deal. And to us, thus prepared, the character of Victoriano Huerta seems to fit in naturally with the scheme of things in Mexico; it is by no means out of joint with its

surroundings. It has been Huerta's misfortune that his character has been wrested from its setting and judged, almost without a hearing, at the bar of a higher or at least a different civilization.

It should surely seem an interesting fact that all the men who, in the last half-century, have shown any capacity to govern Mexico have been largely or wholly of the indigenous race. Juarez was a full-blooded Indian of the Zapoteca tribe, settled from time immemorial in portions of the territory forming the present State of Oaxaca, the builders perhaps of the palaces of Mitla. President Sebastian Lerdo de Tejada was of pure European descent, and he was driven from the country by the Revolution of Tuxtepec which elevated Porfirio Diaz to power in 1876. Though Diaz, according to his biographies, was able to trace his maternal descent in part to an eighteenth-century emigrant from the mountains of Asturias and his paternal descent to one of those early Andalusian settlers in Oaxaca who gave to its chief city the name of Antequera, from the town in Southern Spain where the Christian chivalry used so often to foregather for their forays into

the territory of the Granadine Moors, the fact is that the former President showed in his physique and temperament the predominant characteristics of the Mixteca, divided by long-standing tribal feuds from the Zapoteca. Señor Madero was of European descent — his family, I have been told, were originally Portuguese Jews who settled in Mexico in colonial times; and in his attempt to govern Mexico according to his own enlightened and humane ideals he failed as disastrously as Maximilian had failed. Victoriano Huerta is not, as has been stated, a full-blooded Indian: he is about half Indian, though in sentiment undoubtedly more Indian than Caucasian. He is descended presumably, in respect of his Indian strain, from those warlike Xalixca whose name has survived in that of the present State of Jalisco and who gave so much trouble to Cristobal de Oñate and Pedro de Alvarado.

It is one of the revenges of time that this land of Mexico, which witnessed the march of the conquering Spaniard and for whose development the European and American have done and are doing so much, should after all be Indian-ruled. It may be objected that these Indian Presidents have governed often in the interest rather of the population of European extraction or descent than of the mass of aborigines. Such an assertion opens a broad question which this is not the place to discuss. The vital fact is that it is possible to discover in some sort in Victoriano Huerta the historical successor of Ilhuicamina, Axayacatl, Ahuizotl, and the other chieftains who held sway in Anahuac before the coming of the white man.

By no means do I wish to imply that modern Mexico cannot and ought not to be governed by a system infinitely more enlightened than that of the ancient Aztec monarchs. Nor do I wish

to represent Mexico as, strictly speaking, an Indian republic. All that I seek to make clear is that the Indian element, ignorant and backward as its masses are, makes itself felt, if only by sheer weight of numbers, in the direction of national affairs.

If the importance of this Indian influence, which perhaps would be denied by many a Mexican of Spanish descent, but which is a fact for all that, be borne in mind by my readers, they will be drawing nearer to the angle of vision from which the character of Victoriano Huerta should be judged.

II

Huerta's biography, up to the time when he came into prominence by the *coup d'état* of February 18, 1913, affords slender scope for elaboration.

He was born of humble parentage at the village of Colotlán, State of Jalisco, on December 23, 1854. His early years were spent in his native place and he received the rudiments of education from the parish priest. He proved an apt pupil, displaying proficiency in penmanship and arithmetic, and while still a mere stripling was able to earn some money by book-keeping, such as sufficed for the primitive commercial requirements of the locality.

But even then his boyish ambition was to be a soldier. By chance a copy of the old *Monitor Republicano* fell into his hands, in which he read an official advertisement of the conditions for the admission of young men into the Military College of Chapultepec. From that moment he formed the set resolve of securing entry into that establishment, although he had no very precise idea as to how his object was to be compassed.

Accident, however, favored his design. One day — I suppose it must have been in the winter or late autumn

of 1871 — General Donato Guerra, who was still serving the government of President Juárez, although later he joined the Revolution of La Noria, started by General Porfirio Díaz, arrived at Colotlán at the head of a small body of troops. Having some dispatches to send off, or some military orders to issue, General Guerra inquired for an amanuensis, and young Huerta, who was standing near by and heard the inquiry, offered his services. The lad performed the task to Guerra's satisfaction, and Guerra was so struck by his assistant's look of intelligence and alertness, that he asked him his name, what he was doing, and what he wanted to be. The boy, who probably wore only the humble cotton garb of the Indian, with coarse straw hat, scapular, and sandals, looked Guerra steadfastly in the face and said that he wanted to enter the Military College, in order to be a soldier and rise in time to the rank of general. Guerra laughed, and laying his hand on the lad's shoulder, said, 'Very well, then, my boy, come along with me!'

So Huerta bade good-bye to his native village, his relatives and friends and journeyed in Guerra's company to the City of Mexico, where he was by Guerra presented to President Juárez. 'Here, Mr. President,' said Guerra, 'is an Indian lad who wants to be a general!' Juárez forthwith directed that the youth should be enrolled as a Chapultepec cadet. Thus the first part of Huerta's boyish dream was realized.

Young Huerta distinguished himself in his studies at the Military College, particularly in topography and astronomy. Year by year he carried off the chief prizes in his class, and at one of the prize distributions he was publicly mentioned by General Agustín Díaz, then director of the College, as a credit to the establishment and one for whom the future held great things in store.

Huerta graduated from the Military College with the rank of lieutenant in time to serve with the forces of President Lerdo de Tejada at the battle of Tecuac (November 16, 1876), and share in their defeat at the hands of General Porfirio Díaz.

Tecuac was the decisive battle of the Revolution of Tuxtepec. Lerdo fled to the United States where he resided till his death (April 21, 1889), and Porfirio Díaz became the dominant figure in Mexican politics.

For the next thirty years or more, Huerta's military career was largely of the routine order, though he had a hand in putting down various of the sporadic outbreaks of Mexico's endemic political unrest which occurred during the Díaz administration.

During considerable periods he was assigned to special duty on the Geographical Survey Commission, and it is conceded that his work in this capacity was always carefully and accurately done. Señor Leandro Fernández, one of the most successful cultivators of the exact sciences in Mexico and Minister of Communications in the Cabinet of President Díaz, used to say that the only member of the Geographical Survey Commission whose calculations never needed correction was Victoriano Huerta. It has been said that Huerta distinguished himself at the Military College in astronomy and topography, and, of course, these attainments stood him in good stead for his work on the Commission.

In 1895 Huerta took part in quelling the incipient revolutionary movement of Canuto Neri in the State of Guerrero — for, as has been intimated, Mexico did not altogether lose the revolutionary habit during Díaz's thirty years of peace, and Guerrero has always been a political storm-centre. On the conclusion of this campaign, Huerta was assigned to garrison duty at Acapulco,

the port of the State of Guerrero, and shortly afterwards was made post commander at Chilpancingo, the state capital, where he remained until 1897.

In the year 1901 Guerrero was the scene of new revolutionary disorders, headed by a group of malcontents of whom the chief was Rafael del Castillo Calderón. Huerta was dispatched to suppress this outbreak, a task which he satisfactorily accomplished.

Later on in the same year he was sent to combat the revolting Maya Indians in the State of Yucatán, and he achieved the complete pacification of the Peninsula in October, 1902. In recognition of his services in this connection, he was promoted to the rank of general of brigade, and thus the second part of his boyish dream became a reality. The cotton-clad Indian youth of Colotlán had attained the rank of general.

In some way, however, Huerta became, it is said, an object of distrust to President Diaz, who kept him in the background.

Here, then, at the very threshold of our subject we are met by a fact of no small interest. Diaz, in the plenitude of his powers, was undoubtedly a good judge of character, and the question arises: had he cause to distrust Huerta or had he become in his old age abnormally suspicious?

Be that as it may, Huerta's name was seldom mentioned even in connection with military reviews and parades, and from 1907 to 1910, having obtained leave of absence from the army, he was engaged in the exercise of his profession as engineer at Monterey. So that, when, in the spring of 1911, the agrarian revolt started by Emiliano Zapata in the State of Morelos began to assume serious proportions and the newspapers announced that General Victoriano Huerta was to command a military column specially organized to

combat the movement, I am sure that even the majority of Mexicans outside military circles, and certainly the majority of foreign residents, heard then of Huerta for the first time.

When, after resigning the Presidency on May 25, 1911, General Porfirio Diaz left the City of Mexico for Vera Cruz in the early morning hours of the following day, to go into exile, — voluntary exile it has been called, but, in reality, enforced exile, for such is the spirit of Latin-American politics, — Huerta commanded the military escort of the special train. Though women and children, the members of Diaz's family, were on the train, it was attacked by rebels during the journey. True to his old fighting instincts, Diaz, though racked at the time by a cruel malady, grasped a rifle and was preparing to take his place in the firing line; but Huerta gently interposed, saying, 'It is for this sort of work that I was sent with you, General!' Diaz, for all that, alighted and used his pistol until the *maderistas* were beaten off.

III

Señor Francisco L. de la Barra was now *ad interim* President of Mexico, and one of the first questions claiming his attention was the menacing situation in the State of Morelos. The equivocal attitude of Zapata left no doubt in any reasonable mind that he never had any serious intention of abandoning the life of adventure which he had found so congenial to his taste and so profitable to his pocket. Señor de la Barra reluctantly came to the conclusion that military action was necessary, and selected General Huerta to conduct the campaign.

Huerta's appointment to the Morelos post led to the first clash between him and Madero. Madero ingenuously believed that he could compose the

Morelos situation and he hastened first to Cuernavaca and then to Cuautla in an endeavor to accomplish that object. He earnestly entreated de la Barra that in the meantime no aggressive movement should be made by the Federal forces under Huerta. But while Madero was conferring with Zapata at Cuautla, it was learned that Huerta, acting under the general instructions which he had received from President de la Barra, was advancing against the rebel positions around Yautepec. This was resented by Madero, who considered that his life unnecessarily had been placed in jeopardy; for a man of the suspicious temper of Zapata might easily have believed that the parleys which Madero was holding with him, while the government forces were preparing to strike a decisive blow at the main nucleus of his followers, involved a treacherous plot to entrap him. Madero, in published statements, declared that Huerta's conduct in this connection was 'questionable' and 'inexplicable.' So insistently was this charge reiterated by Madero that at last in October, 1911, Huerta wrote to him, demanding an explanation.

'Concerned,' wrote Huerta, 'by the charges which a person so considered as yourself has seen fit to make against me, charges which I repel with all the energy of which I am capable, I most respectfully exhort you to say exactly wherein my conduct was "inexplicable." This request of mine cannot be regarded as unreasonable, for you must be aware that I am a man of the people, a soldier and the father of a family, with no fortune to bequeath to my children but my honor and good name.' Huerta added that he had requested President de la Barra to grant him his full discharge from the army, so that he might recover the liberty of the citizen to vindicate his character.

Madero, who was then on his high horse, answered without giving any satisfaction, and manifesting complete indifference with regard to Huerta's announced intention of retiring from the army. Some time afterwards, however, the two men met and talked over the situation. It was declared that the breach had been healed and that Huerta had reconsidered his decision to quit the service.

IV

The inauguration of Señor Madero as President occurred on November 6, 1911, and soon after that event, at a banquet given in honor of the new Executive by his friends and supporters, Huerta was one of the speakers, and among other things he said: 'Señor Madero, you did wrong in distrusting the army. Such distrust is the greatest offense that can be done to a true-hearted and loyal army, and few armies are more so than that of Mexico. You did wrong in distrusting it. The Mexican army knows its duty and will never fail in its fulfillment. The constituted government can count on the army unconditionally.'

Some persons, reading these words in the light of subsequent events, will accuse Huerta of insincerity; but I believe that Huerta meant what he said when he said it.

Nevertheless, no responsible duty was assigned to Huerta, until, in the late spring of 1912, the insurrection against Madero, headed by his former partisan Pascual Orozco, in the State of Chihuahua, began to demand energetic treatment.

Huerta was sent north at the head of a division of the three arms, and defeated the *orozquistas* at the battles of Conejos (May 12, 1912), Rellano (May 22 and 23, 1912), and Bachimba (July 3, 1912).

The importance of these successes has been variously judged. Huerta was reproached with not having always followed up his advantages as promptly and efficiently as he might have done, thus crushing the movement once for all, and he answered the charge by pointing out that the equipment supplied for the cavalry arm of the division was deficient.

The regular campaign in Chihuahua having been brought to a conclusion and the state capital reoccupied, General Huerta was recalled to the City of Mexico. In recognition of his services in the north, Señor Madero's government promoted him to the rank of general of division.

Yet certain organs of the press openly declared that Huerta was again an object of suspicion to the government, and probably they were right. Señor Madero offered to send him on a military mission to Europe and he declined.

Toward the end of January, 1913, almost on the eve of the military uprising headed by Bernardo Reyes, Felix Diaz, and Manuel Mondragón, an interview was given by Huerta to one of the newspapers of Mexico City in the course of which he was asked whether he believed himself to be viewed with suspicion by the government. 'I cannot,' he replied, 'answer that question as it ought to be answered, for in truth I have no other ground for believing that I do not enjoy the government's confidence than the order removing me from command in the north and the fact that I have been offered a commission abroad which, without the smallest disregard for the law, I have entreated the government to allow me to decline, for the reason that I am still convalescing from a recent illness and that I have a numerous family whom it would be impossible for me to support in Europe. Besides,

my recall from the north and the offer to send me to Europe may well have been intended as a distinction.'

Huerta took occasion in the same interview to reiterate the army's loyalty: 'When I had the honor of escorting General Porfirio Diaz, after his resignation, to the port of Vera Cruz, I told him that the only redeeming feature which I perceived in the existing strife was the army. . . . At a banquet given in honor of the President of the Republic, Citizen Francisco I. Madero, I took the liberty, with all the respect due to the Supreme Magistrate, to exhort him never to distrust the army, for to do so would be to question its high spirit of morale and to deny what is undeniable, that it is the sole prop of our country's honor and integrity.'

The next month was destined to furnish an interesting commentary on these declarations.

V

Clearly, in spite of fair words, the critical days of the military uprising in the City of Mexico, which began on February 9, 1913, again found relations strained between Señor Madero and General Huerta. Nevertheless, on the morning of that day, Huerta placed himself at Señor Madero's orders and was given supreme command of the military operations in the capital against the *felicista* rebels.

It is charged that those operations were conducted with lukewarmness and that General Felipe Angeles, who has since joined the *carrancistas*, was the only Federal officer who displayed real zeal and efficiency in the government's cause.

Of the military aspects of the question, I cannot speak authoritatively; I can but record my impressions. It seems to me that, if, when the attack on the National Palace, in which Gen-

eral Bernardo Reyes was killed, had been repulsed, the motley throng that surrounded Generals Felix Diaz and Manuel Mondragón had been vigorously followed up and attacked, or if the Ciudadela had been more tenaciously defended, the seditious movement might have been crushed at the outset. Huerta, however, who had not yet assumed command, was hardly responsible for this initial remissness. But thereafter, a delay, not easily understood, occurred before active operations against the Ciudadela, the rebel stronghold, were begun, and the *felicistas* were able almost unopposed to occupy important strategic positions and to throw up barricades. The result was that when the attack on the Ciudadela was initiated on the morning of Tuesday, February 11, the remaining chances of taking it by storm were slender. Nevertheless, as an observer of what followed during the week, I am convinced that more might have been done to prevent the introduction of supplies and provisions into the Ciudadela, to maintain the morale of the Federal forces at a higher level, to check the operations of *felicista* spies and agents who carried information to the Ciudadela and almost openly sought to tamper with the loyalty of the government forces, as I myself frequently witnessed.

Huerta must have been cognizant of these conditions. Why, then, did he not try to remedy them and improve the opportunity for vindicating practically the loyalty of the army to the constituted government which he had so often and so recently proclaimed? The plain fact is that it is very hard for the Mexican army to feel any enthusiasm for a civilian President, Huerta's protestations to the contrary notwithstanding. This is a fundamental fact which with difficulty can be adequately grasped in the United States, but

which must always be taken into account in passing judgment on persons and events in Mexico.

It is said that every evening Madero exasperated Huerta by querulous reproaches with respect to the slowness and inefficacy of the military operations. The unfortunate President had very vague ideas about military affairs and he had been driven by events to the last stages of nervous perplexity. More than once Huerta believed that an attempt was to be made by Señor Madero to arrest him. One evening, Madero, it is said, rapping the table, demanded of Huerta that the Ciudadela must be taken next day, although the last soldier fell in the assault. It became evident that a final rupture between the two men could not long be deferred.

VI

The end came on Tuesday, February 18, when Huerta became a party and prime mover in a prætorian conspiracy to depose and imprison the lawful Executive.

Huerta assumed control of affairs, as he informed the Nation in a proclamation which read:—

'In view of the very difficult circumstances through which the Nation has been passing, and particularly in the last few days the capital of the Republic, where, owing to the deficient government of Señor Madero, conditions may truly be described as almost anarchic, I have assumed the executive power, and awaiting the immediate assembling of Congress to act on the present political situation, I hold as prisoners in the National Palace Señor Francisco Madero and his cabinet, to the end that, the matter once decided, we may seek to conciliate men's spirits in these historical moments and labor unitedly for peace,

which is a matter of life or death for the Nation.'

A form of resignation was obtained from President Madero and Vice-President Pino Suarez on February 19, and was accepted by Congress and thus, by processes which externally at least were in accordance with constitutional requirements, General Huerta became Provisional President of Mexico.

I will not attempt to exculpate what cannot be exculpated. All that can be done is to see what can be said in extenuation of General Huerta's act.

I was traveling in Europe during almost the whole of 1912, and, therefore, did not observe at close range the steps by which the Madero administration had steadily declined in public favor in the course of that year. But when I returned to Mexico in December, 1912, I found that not only the bulk of Mexicans, but many foreign residents, Americans and others, who at the start had believed in Madero and desired the success of his administration, had become convinced that he was 'impossible,' as nearly all of them put it.

When asked by me why he was 'impossible,' they seemed unable to name any particular measure or policy of his which they considered especially open to criticism, and I inferred that they meant simply that he had been placed by force of circumstances in a position for which he was unfit and with which he was unable to cope. Madero, too, had come into power hampered by the great expectations which, wittingly or unwittingly, he had raised. He had overthrown an administration which at least gave Mexico peace and prosperity, and naturally the public wanted to know what he had to give the country in its stead, and as justification of the bloodshed and turmoil and loss of wealth, credit, and material progress which had been incidental to the overthrow of the Diaz *régime* and

which did not cease even when that *régime* had been overthrown. It was beginning to be thought that Madero had nothing to offer. It was clear that, however sincere his intentions, he could not at once give the country the coveted boon of democracy, which, as any careful student of history might have known, must rest on the character and gradually formed habits of a people rather than on the will and idealistic aspirations of one man. In a word, the inevitable reaction had set in and Madero was paying the penalty for an excess of popularity.

This phase of public sentiment might have passed, and though undoubtedly it existed, it was made by the opposition press to appear more formidable than it really was. But, in any event, General Huerta could not be expected to escape the influence of a view pervading, for the time being, all classes of society, and it was human nature that he should be the more receptive to it in that he well knew that he had never been completely trusted by Madero and had on some occasions been publicly criticized by him.

Then, too, during the days of the bombardment in the capital the anti-Madero view was constantly being urged on Huerta by prominent Mexicans, — senators, judicial functionaries, bankers, business men, and others. He was continually being pressed to stop the fighting and put an end to the dangers and sufferings to which the peaceful inhabitants of Mexico City, native and foreign, were being subjected.

In these representations members of the diplomatic corps to some extent joined. Mr. Hamilton Fife, who some months ago visited this country for the *Times* and *Daily Mail* of London, has stated in a letter published in the *Weekly Times* of December 26, 1913, in reference to the fighting in the capital of February of last year: —

'He [General Huerta] was appealed to by senators, deputies, foreign residents, and with especial force, as he himself has told me, by Mr. Henry Lane Wilson, the American ambassador, to end the carnage in the streets.' Mr. Wilson has himself made similar statements, in so far as his own share in the transaction is concerned. Speaking, for example, at the University Club of Brooklyn on the night of January 10 of the present year, Mr. Wilson said, 'I did beg Huerta and Lascurian, the Minister for Foreign Affairs, to end the bombardment.'

Now, as Madero was determined not to yield, Huerta clearly could not 'end the carnage in the streets,' or 'end the bombardment,' without disobeying and throwing off his allegiance to the Executive. The further inference is obvious.

The compact between Huerta and Felix Diaz which involved the deposition of Madero — the first clause declared, 'From this moment the formerly existing executive power is repudiated, etc.' — was entered into and signed beneath the roof of the American embassy and under the American flag.

I would not be understood as criticizing ex-Ambassador Wilson. He, too, I know, was entreated by all classes of society to use his influence to ameliorate the situation in the capital, and I believe he was actuated throughout by motives of humanity.

But, in any event, it is perhaps not so strange that Huerta, who was educated as a soldier, when 'begged' by Mr. Wilson to end the bombardment, should have regarded the ambassador as actually speaking for the United States. And when, in addition, it is remembered that he was urged to the same effect by prominent compatriots, and the almost intolerable conditions, which the prolongation of hostilities in

the capital was causing, are taken into account, some excuse may possibly be discovered for an act which has been so severely judged in the United States.

But I am not writing an apology for Huerta. I am merely laying before my readers the elements which must enable them to judge Huerta's character as exemplified by the turning-point in his career.

VII

A more delicate subject remains to be examined. A characteristic of Juarez, the great Indian President of Mexico, was his implacability and obduracy. He could not be made to perceive, for example, the broad reasons of equity, and even of policy, which militated in favor of Maximilian's pardon, though they were ably urged upon him in personal conferences by Maximilian's attorneys, Mariano Riva Palacio and Rafael Martinez de la Torre. Great as he was in some respects, Juarez simply could not rise to the plane which would have enabled him to see that to spare the life of the ill-advised Austrian archduke would have elevated Mexico and its administration immensely in the eyes of the civilized world and would have saved the Republic from a blot which may still have to be expiated. Nothing could shake his adamant resolve that Maximilian should die.

Here surely was a case in which the Indian spirit and the Indian influence played a decisive part in shaping the destinies of Mexico.

Did the fate of Madero and Pino Suarez, the deposed President and Vice-President, come before Huerta, the present Indian President of Mexico, as the fate of Maximilian came before Juarez, though in a different form? This surely is the critical fact in the estimate of Huerta's character.

Huerta himself has never been will-

ing to answer the question, though it has been submitted to him in a precise written form.

For my own part, after inquiries among members of the diplomatic corps, resident American newspapermen and others who have gone to some pains to elucidate the point, I believe that Madero and Pino Suarez fell by the same hands, or by hands acting under the same influences, as were responsible for the death of Gustavo Madero, although Huerta may have been guilty of contributory negligence.

Huerta's friends ascribe his reticence on the subject to the native dignity of which he has given not a few proofs, and they say he will clear himself when he can do so without seeming to yield to the pressure of irresponsible foreign opinion.

VIII

Thus far I have allowed Huerta's character to speak for itself. But my readers may desire to know more specifically what manner of man is this who has sprung from comparative obscurity into a position of world-wide notice.

A stature above that of the average of Mexicans; a rather bulky frame; rugged features; a massive, firmly set jaw; a complexion not much darker than that of the native of southern Europe; brown eyes which frequently twinkle with humor and vivacity; a straggling, grizzled moustache — such are the physical characteristics of the man.

Huerta is a man of much greater native ability than his enemies would admit, and he has grown during the year just passed. He is not as great a man as his friends paint him, but he is a very much greater man than he is painted by the forces opposed to him in Mexico.

Intellectually, Huerta has one inestimable quality — a very direct mind. He readily distinguishes essentials

from non-essentials, and, brushing the latter aside, he can get to the point at once, if he so desires. On the other hand, he has the sagacity, or the astuteness, or the slyness of the Indian, — call it what you will, — and when it suits his purpose can maintain an impenetrable reserve.

In the details of business and in the conduct of the administration, he is unmethodical, and in less important matters given to *laissez aller*. Though he works hard when he takes up a task, he is irregular in the distribution of his time. There are occasions when those nearest to him do not know where he is or how to reach him. This is what has given rise, from time to time, to reports of his disappearance from the capital, — reports telegraphed to the United States but for which there has never been the slightest foundation.

Some of his scientific attainments have already been mentioned. He still retains his interest in astronomy and topography.

He is unquestionably the most competent military man in Mexico at the present time, and although his military achievements cannot be compared with those of Porfirio Diaz — if for no other reason than that Huerta has not had the opportunities of the victor of La Carbonera and Puebla — nevertheless Huerta is the idol of the Mexican army to a greater extent than Diaz was toward the close of his administration. It is now clear that there was some latent disaffection in the army during the later Porfirian era. Not a few military men felt that Diaz did not pay sufficient attention to the army, and favored civilians and the ideals of civil rule. Undoubtedly the army is better looked after just now, and the improved appearance of the military, their more soldier-like bearing and garb, must strike every observer. But the cost of this has yet to be counted and paid.

Huerta takes a keen personal interest in all that concerns the life of the soldier. No detail is too small for his attention. When he visits a barracks, he delights the soldiers by showing, in his questions and investigations, his intimate acquaintance with all the minutiae of their daily life.

Huerta possesses the gift of a rude eloquence, and is fond of illustrating his meaning by analogies and paradigms. When interested in a topic, he speaks with great emphasis. A recent French visitor who conversed with him said to me that at such times the President seems to underline his words with the play of his facial expression.

A man of the people, Huerta understands the common people, and is understood by them. This perhaps accounts for the paradox that, while economic conditions, as affecting the masses, are worse now than under Madero, — the mere prolongation of civil strife makes them worse, — nevertheless the people are less restive.

Huerta has a blood feeling for the Indians, and to a sympathetic listener he will talk at length on the Indian problem, dwelling on the good qualities of the Indians, their wrongs, the disadvantages under which they have labored. He is said to hold that there will never be enduring peace in Mexico until the Indians secure their modicum of justice and a fair chance, and receive a reasonable portion of the soil of which they were the original possessors.

All who converse with Huerta note his quickness at repartee, his mother-wit and ingenuity of verbal fence.

Though, as I have intimated, history may clear Huerta in respect of the death of Madero and Pino Suarez, I think it would be absurd to represent him as a humane man. He is doubtless not exempt from that utter disregard for human life which, when political expediency or the so-called reason of state

intervenes, characterizes all successful military leaders in Mexico, particularly if they are wholly or largely of the Indian race. For the rest, one would have to be a superficial reader of history, and unacquainted with the blood-stained traditions of this country before and since the conquest, to be surprised at this trait. Any one needing 'documentation' on the subject might advantageously begin by reading or rereading Prescott's ever-interesting account of the civil, military, and religious polity of the ancient inhabitants of Anahuac.

But, in general, Huerta is good-hearted and would rather do a kindness than the reverse.

He has, as he himself has often said, a numerous family, and his family life bears comparison with that of other Mexicans of his class. Like the generality of recent Mexican presidents, he lives, when in the City of Mexico, in his private residence, which is entirely unpretentious.

Huerta has the imperturbability of the Indian and the tenacity of purpose which was so marked a characteristic of Juarez. But he does not, as a rule, display the stolidity of the Indian. This is perhaps because he comes of the native race of the State of Jalisco, the gayest region of Mexico, its Andalusia. I have seen him on recent evenings driving in his automobile with friends on San Francisco Street, at the hour of the carriage parade, talking animatedly and smiling, as if the burden of administration, in this trying period of the nation's affairs, left him the most care-free of men. Some persons conclude from this demeanor that Huerta does not realize the seriousness of the situation. But I attribute it to a genuine equanimity and a strong faith — mistaken or not — in the national destinies.

It is charged that his sociability

leads him occasionally into undignified situations. He has been accused, in recent articles, of midnight carousals in

carnal companie

And flaunting wassailers of high and low degree.

In these stories there is, I believe, not a little exaggeration. It must be borne in mind that the gay habits of the *beau sabreur* were somewhat characteristic of the past and passing generations of Mexican army officers, and during the Wars of Reform and French Intervention General Porfirio Diaz often found his abstemious ways bringing him into unpleasant encounters with his comrades in arms. Huerta's appearance shows no traces of dissipation, and those who have business to transact with him find him invariably clear-headed.

General Huerta can assume, when he wishes, a suitable gravity, and even dignity, of demeanor. At official ceremonies his features settle into an almost hieratic rigidity, like an Indian stone effigy.

But he willingly lays aside the cares of state and shows the genial side of his character. He has driven to the Country Club, and delighted the young people of the American colony, who happened to be there with their parents, by taking numbers of them for a ride round the grounds in his large touring-car.

He may frequently be seen of an af-

ternoon drinking a cup of tea in a small tea-parlor, generally accompanied by a single aide in mufti, sometimes by one or two friends.

One day he will drop into an American book-store, make a number of purchases, ask the proprietor about his health and that of his family, and take leave with a pleasantry on his lips.

And all these things he does, not with the air of a man aiming at effect or acting a part which he does not feel, but with the natural, easy grace which, when the Mexican, of whatever rank in life he may be, is in the mood to behave handsomely, sits so well on him.

Huerta's courage is undoubted, and though he may have a keen eye for the main chance, I am sure he would not surrender to save his life or his belongings.

He himself has said that he is religious. I suppose he means that he is religiously inclined. If he knew the Roman poet, he might say with many of us, —

video meliora proboque,

Deteriora sequor.

He has not forgotten his debt of gratitude to the good parish priest of Colotlán, who gave him his first schooling.

Such is Victoriano Huerta, as I see him: a character very human, very imperfect no doubt, but almost biblical in a certain simplicity and intelligibility, and fitting, not inharmoniously, into this Mexican cosmos.

THE WEALTH OF TIMMY ZIMMERMAN

BY CORNELIA A. P. COMER

I

TIMMY ZIMMERMAN's case is that of a wise man and his money.

It took Timmy thirty-three years to become a full-fledged 'case' and a week more to become an enlightened citizen. To tell you all about it, I shall need at least twenty minutes. Pray do not assume that you won't care for him because he was an ordinary little tobacco-man with extraordinary luck. I like him myself, and hope to show you why. It will be my fault if you do not see it.

Timmy began rolling tobacco at thirteen, and his friend, Kit Hankey, almost as early. Timmy was twenty-four and both of them were working for his cousin Gus, down-river in Tanopolis, Tennessee, when Gus Zimmerman fell into financial difficulties.

Timmy and Kit regarded themselves seriously as capitalists, each having saved some fourteen hundred dollars. They pooled these moneys, borrowed two thousand dollars at the bank with the factory as security, and bought out Gus Zimmerman's business, to his satisfaction and their own surprise. Kit, meagre, dry, and keen, set himself to working out some ideas he had about scientific management. Timmy undertook the advertising.

Timmy was the fox-terrier type of young German, small and stocky, with red cheeks, shrewd little blue eyes under heavy lids that lifted whimsically, an insignificant, tipped-up nose, a clean-cut, strong jaw, and good-na-

tured mouth. He looked physically fit and positively quivering with eagerness to get ahead on the moment's job, whatever that might be. At twenty-four it was money-making.

From the very beginning Timmy aimed at reaching the Ultimate Consumer with economy and dispatch. He believed in the Ultimate Consumer; it might almost be said that he loved him. Certainly he never doubted for a moment that the Ultimate Consumer had the intelligence to respond generously to generous treatment.

Naturally the new firm had no money for big advertising. What Timmy did was to get bill-board space in the poorer parts of town, which he filled with *US BOYS' PLUG* in red and black and white. Three thousand labels, similarly printed, Zimmerman & Hankey sat up nights to paste with their own hands on small manila bags holding two good-sized sample chews.

Us Boys' Plug was a rather coarse but full-flavored tobacco; the bars were perceptibly larger for the money than in other brands of a similar quality. As his advertising appropriation for the quarter was now exhausted, Timmy himself carried these samples to the doors of every factory in town. When the gates opened and his Ultimate Consumers poured out at night, tired, hungry, grimy, irritable, there stood Timmy, head a little to one side, a cheerful grin on his pert small face, dexterously dropping into their hands as they passed, those comforting, gen-

erous chews. He was the best possible advertisement for his own wares.

There was an increasing demand for Us Boys' Plug almost from the beginning; but not until he had stood at the factory gates of three cities, handing his samples direct to the men he desired to reach, did Timmy Zimmerman engage assistance in his advertising.

After Us Boys' Plug came Baked Beans Brand, The Swellest Smoke. The business grew, and it grew, and it grew. Five years after Zimmerman & Hankey bought out Cousin Gus with fear and trembling, they were drawing four hundred dollars a day apiece from their business. A year later they sold out to a combination for three million dollars in stock, and Timmy was retained as manager at twenty thousand a year. If I had been inventing this, I should have made it more probable.

Timmy promptly disposed of most of his stock at par, getting real money for it. He invested this carefully at six per cent, and then he pinched himself. Was this snub-nosed millionaire of thirty, with perplexed eyes, whom he saw in the mirror, really little Timmy Zimmerman? His eyes were perplexed because he did not know what ought to come next. Poverty he knew, and work he knew. Both were good friends of his. But what were riches?

Sometimes it would sweep over him with the freshness of a great spring wind blowing across his face, that earth held nothing which he might not buy. In such moments he tasted the wonderful promise of existence, and knew that it was for him. There grew upon him a longing to enter on his inheritance.

'Kit,' he confided to his friend, 'I'm going to cut out business after my contract with the combine expires. What do I want a job for, now?'

'Don't you do it!'

'I'd like to know why not!'

Kit looked secretive.

'Twenty thousand is some money.'

'But what do I want any more plunks for? I don't aim to be one of these grasping pi-rates the high-brow papers are always side-swiping, the fellers that don't know when their trough is full. That ain't me! I got all I want. From now on, you watch me saunter down Easy Street. I expect to cut some swathe.'

'I'm not saying we have n't got a good bit for as young as we are,' admitted Kit cautiously. Kit had married Bertha Krankreich three years before. He admired tremendously his wife's pink cheeks, cold eyes, and executive ability. But Bertha was not exactly a cozy little woman. 'The real thing's this, Timmy. You know I bought an interest in the delicatessen factory that Bertha's brother runs. I got tired hanging round the house. A man has got to have a place to set.'

'You, not me!' Timmy chuckled joyously. 'A bachelor don't have to go away from home to set still in peace!'

'A bachelor ain't got a home to set in,' retorted Kit.

'I mean to have a swell home if I am a bachelor,' boasted Timmy. 'I feel like I wanted it. It's just another game, I guess. But I'll play a lone hand. I don't reckon a man can be ready for matrimony when it sends cold shivers down his spine just to think of it, do you?'

Kit lowered his voice.

'Timmy, listen a minute. I'll tell you something. *A man never gets over feelin' that way about it.* He just has to kind of chloroform them feelings an' hurry along with it. Because there ain't no doubt it is the thing to do.'

This hoary confidence, which man has made to man since time began, affected Timmy as a revelation of great novelty and impressiveness, and he stowed it away in his mind for further consideration. But he took no steps looking toward the married life, nor did

he accept Kit's advice as to retaining his job. At the expiration of his contract he resigned, with the definite intention of learning how to spend his money so as to get out of it whatever might be in it — for him.

Older, cleverer, far more cultivated men have failed to make a large income buy what they really wanted. Timmy supposed the opening moves in the game of getting your money's worth were simple. One must have food, clothes, shelter. Wealth enables you to acquire these in their superlative degree: richer food, costlier clothes, more expensive shelter. Then there is the matter of amusement. When a very plain man is out for a good time, he has only a few ideas on the subject of how to get it. Had Timmy thought out pleasure as carefully as he had thought out work, he would have known better than to accept the ideas of the man in the street; it was a new problem to him.

After the first joy of spending faded, his leisure seemed to lack savor. Outside his abandoned work, he did not know where to look for the mental stimulus it had furnished. So he threw himself into the details of food, clothes, shelter, and amusement, with rabid earnestness.

He ordered an adequate wardrobe from a good tailor, and found the possession of it an undiluted satisfaction.

In matters of eating and drinking, he rioted joyously for a season. It required time for even the richest food to affect him adversely. But the change did come. In the course of months he became acquainted with biliousness and recognized to his surprise that there is no spoil-sport like a discontented liver. He ceased giving frequent dinners to the boys and took to the Athletic Club, alternating strenuous exercise with Turkish baths. As for drinking, he reached this sound conclusion: —

'My neck's too short,' he explained

to Kit Hankey. 'D'ye see? I have to drink twice as much as anybody else to get the full of the taste in my throat. And twice as much as anybody is more'n I can carry. I don't like them little explosions in the top of my head the times I take too much.'

'I told you to stick to a job! Work stiddies anybody.'

'My flat's just done,' observed Timmy, changing the subject pointedly. 'Don't you want to have a peek at it?'

Kit assented eagerly. Timmy had been reticent as to the details of his expensive effort to acquire a 'swell home.' Leasing floor-space in a down-town building, 'so's not to get too far away from the boys,' he had turned it over to architect and decorator. At first the extent and expensiveness of the decorator's imagination stimulated Timmy greatly, but as the work went merrily on and he began to guess the result as a whole, he stood about with his hands in his pockets, a perturbed expression and an extinguished cigar. He was now ready to speak his mind.

Unlocking the door, he ushered Kit through something rich and stiff in hall-effects, into a very large Louis Quatorze drawing-room paneled in satinwood and pale brocade.

'That wall-paper cost twenty-five dollars a yard,' said Timmy with an embittered glance. 'This is a "period" room. It'll put a finish to me all right. Little Timmy don't feel at home.'

'It's right handsome,' said Kit, much impressed by the price.

'The decorator says those Lewises cut up high. I told him it was because they did n't like their furniture. It ain't cozy enough for the money. See, this is my bedroom.'

The walls here were bright pink satin; rosy nymphs and cupids wreathed the ceiling, carrying garlands and point-lace frills around a frieze.

'Looks like it was designed for the

Original Human Sweetmeat, don't it?—and me a bachelor, too!' said Timmy sadly.

'Well, get over it then. 'T ain't a permanent disability,' grunted Kit, surveying the dazzling scene with approval. It far outshone anything Bertha Hankey's ambitions had brought to pass in his own house. He felt distinctly superior to Timmy for once because he, Kit, could see the beauty to which Timmy was obviously blind.

Timmy shook his head.

'Same old story,' he said shortly. 'Them as 'll have me, I won't have. Young Parvenoo turns down the daughters of Mrs. Horseleech. When it comes to marryin' a grafter, Timmy says nay, nay, Pauline.'

Kit opened the door into the bathroom. Onyx and marble and silver had been used to startling effect. It was a spectacular, not to say melodramatic, bathroom. The tub was a sunken pool.

'Too much like the drop-scene at a theayter,' growled Timmy. 'Don't you think it ought to look more secluded? That decorator, he had the nerve to tell me, once I saw the tub set, I couldn't hardly wait till Saturday night for a bath. I told him to keep that old gag for the newly-rich. I was brought up to go into a swimmin' pool whenever my mother did n't know I did it. This place needs an old Roman like I saw at the play, all draped in a counterpane, with a beak on him like Sammy Rosenberg, going down them steps into the water an' saying, "Here, slave, where's the soap?"'—The kitchen ain't bad, though, an' I like the dining-room.'

The latter was in low-toned browns and blues, with dark carved furniture. It is a little harder to get ugly designs in Aubusson tapestries at eighty dollars a yard than in Spitalfields silks at twenty-five.

'Ain't it just my blamed luck that the only homelike place in the flat is

the feed-stall—and me eating too much a'ready?' demanded the owner. 'Kit, if I had to live in this flat, I know I'd sit in the dining-room and eat till I bust—the other rooms make me so homesick.'

'If you had to live in this flat!' echoed Kit stupidly as they strolled back into the chilly drawing-room. 'Whatta you mean? Ain't it good enough for you?'

Zimmerman cast a backward glance at the glories they were leaving.

'Not for Timmy. This ain't my house. I don't know much, but I know that.'

Kit Hankey picked up his hat and moved toward the door. 'Well, I think you're crazy,' he said shortly. 'What you going to do next?'

Timmy Zimmerman shut the front door sadly on marvels for which he had no use. His keen little face was thoughtful and depressed. He did not care to confide even to Kit how deep this disappointment in his home-making went, but, in truth, it had shaken his confidence in gold itself.

'Thirty thousand dollars gone to thunder!' he said. 'But it can't be helped. I'm going to take out fire and burglar insurance, lock the door, and start round the world next week.'

II

In that first trip around the world, Timmy Zimmerman touched what was to be for long his high-water mark of pleasure in his fortune. Cathedrals might leave him cold and museums pass him by, but the streets of the great world called him. In them he found his own. From San Francisco to Hong Kong, from Singapore to Liverpool—O wonderful streets! They were swarming with Ultimate Consumers of every race and color, each making his bargain with another, and he watched them all with insatiable curiosity and delight.

A man's education must catch him where it can. Such cultivation as he was ready for caught Timmy in the shops of New Bond Street, under the arcades of the Rue de Rivoli, among the bazaars of Algiers, on the streets of Tokyo. Because he came of wholesome country stock, the land, too, had its speech with him. He learned from the paddy-fields of Japan, the vineyards of France, the sweet English meadows. And what he learned was good.

When he came back to Tanopolis, he glanced contemptuously at his flat; he had long talks with Kit Hankey, still advising matrimony and a 'job'; he hung about his favorite Turkish baths a while, and then, like a shot, was off around the world again.

He could not regain his first rapture. Failing to renew the joy of his initial journey, he amused himself by making speed. He stopped longer in France than elsewhere, held there by the lure of the machine. It was early days in the history of automobiles. Timmy bought a ten-thousand-dollar, bright-red French car, and brought it home to play with.

From this period of his return with the machine dates what may be called the Zimmerman myth. It is true that he looked older and his face was a little harder; true, too, he was deeply bored if there was not something doing every minute; true that he used his car recklessly as a safety-valve for his temperament. Still, he was not the devil he was painted. He did not deliberately run over children or make a point of knocking old people down. Neither was it strictly on purpose that his machine climbed into the exhibition-window of a big department store during the spring opening, knocking down Paris models and making chaff of pattern hats. When he drove down the flight of sixty steps between Thirteenth and Fourteenth Avenues, it was not

for sheer deviltry, but to avoid a drop down the bank. But automobiles were few in those days, and Timmy's lurid driving passed into legend with speed and inaccuracy.

Nevertheless, when one has said all that one can for him, he did many hideously selfish things. He was a speed-fiend of the outrageous type of those early days, never satisfied save with impossible feats. Even his old friends dropped his old name at this time. There is something cheerful, considerate, human, about 'Timmy Zimmerman,' but in these evil days he was 'Tim Zim' or even 'T. Z.'

When his ill-repute was at its height, he crossed the river one Saturday afternoon and took the Missawoppa pike, an excellent country road. To reach Missawoppa, you must pass through the hamlets of Webster, Venice, and Hell's Kitchen. Tim Zim did so with pomp and circumstance. It may be said that these villages knew some one had gone by. But not until he reached Missawoppa did he really let himself out. Missawoppa is a drowsy little county-seat with its courthouse in the middle of a square. The Court-park is railed in with gas-pipe to which are hitched a hundred or two teams any pleasant Saturday afternoon. Timmy whizzed joyously into the town, beheld the peaceable, sunny square with its lines of tired horses, stamping a little at flies, munching a little at nose-bags, noted the crowds on the sidewalks, and yielded to the temptation that assailed him. Cutting out his muffler, he raced joyously twice around that square at a speed of fifty-five miles an hour, as close to the backs of the wagons as he might. His idle chauffeur, looking behind, saw the long lines of terrified animals rise at the gas-pipe in one long wave of horse-flesh that reared its crest sharply and fell back, broken and confused. It was a sight to remember long.

Tim Zim, slowing up on the Missawoppa pike, remarked casually, 'A place ain't got no business to look so blamed peaceful, has it, Williams? It's too blamed tempting.'

Usually Tim Zim knew better than to recross an old trail. But in this lovely autumn weather he was reckless as well as bored. The following Saturday afternoon found the big red car again approaching Missawoppa. It went through Webster, Venice, and Hell's Kitchen with sufficient energy to make them aware of its passing, but on the roads outside the pace fell off. Williams was driving, while Tim Zim stared rather sulkily at the autumn landscape. He was, in fact, trying to figure out, as he often did, why the world had not kept its promise of happiness to him.

Half-way between Hell's Kitchen and Missawoppa, a solitary girl's figure appeared, emerging from an orchard. She stood, gazed, then sped across the road, waving some scarlet aerial thing directly in their path.

'Stop! Stop!' she cried.

The car halted a little beyond her, and she ran toward them lightly, shading her face with her hand. Tim Zim turned in his seat.

'You-all are Mr. Timothy Zimmerman?' she affirmed rather than asked.

'That's me.'

As the girl stood silent, looking him up and down, he inquired so mildly that it hardly seemed impertinence, —

'Did you just want to see what I looked like, ma'am, or have you business to transact?'

'Both,' said the girl haughtily.

Tim clambered down with ostentatious politeness.

'At your service, miss,' he declared.

She was a bit of a blonde girl with eyebrows like wings, above eyes that looked to Tim Zim like acetylene headlights. Her lips were as scarlet as her

chiffon scarf; her chin was very firm.

'You must turn back,' she said. 'They're laying for you a few miles down the road. Somebody telephoned out from Webster and said you'd gone through, coming this way. The boys were looking for a kettle of tar and a feather-bed when I saddled my horse and came away.'

'Ain't that a little hasty? What have I done to them?' inquired Tim blandly.

'I don't blame them for a minute! You deserve it all and more. But I was afraid if they got hold of you there might be a killing. Some of the boys are mighty quick with their guns.'

As Tim stared at her, she added, flushing a wonderful, dusky red, 'I don't much like killings.'

'Me? Kill me? O bother! It would be awful hard to kill me. I'm tough. And I ain't done anything.' It really seemed necessary to say something to justify himself to those young, disdainful eyes.

'You're Timothy Zimmerman, are n't you?'

'Well, what of it? That'll never hang me,' drawled Tim Zim comfortably.

'The Timothy Zimmerman who made millions in tobacco and does n't know how to spend 'em except by blowing them in? The Timothy Zimmerman who does n't care how he drives nor who he hurts, and is no good to anybody but himself? Out our way the women scare their babies, telling 'em Tim Zim 'll get them if they are n't good child'en.'

Tim Zim flinched. Crude as was the picture of himself, it was hardly a caricature, and yet he knew its essential injustice. If she had not been such a scrap of a girl, so little, so big-eyed, so positive, her sketch would have angered him. As it was, he glanced at her small clenched hand and shook his head.

'That ain't me. I'm a man with

troubles of my own,' he returned gravely.

But the excited girl went on rapidly, —

'Why, after you-all raced round Misawoppa square last Saturday, there were eighteen broken thills and a dozen wheels twisted off, and nine cracked axles that I heard of myself. Every horse on the square was plumb scared out of its wits. They all tried to climb over the railing and some of 'em did it. Quite a few were badly hurt. I guess there must have been a hundred dozen eggs that went to smash out of the backs of buggies around that courthouse. The ground looked like a giant had been fixing an omelet.'

At this T. Z. tried unsuccessfully to smother a grin. The girl saw it, and again that scornful scarlet rushed into her face.

'If that was all!' she cried. 'You cert'nly are a worthless brute — and now I'm going to give you the straight of it!'

'Tut! Tut! Why, say, for a girl that's saving my life, you're an awful little spiffire, ain't you?'

'Your life's not worth saving, but I don't want any better man to spoil his, killing you!' she cried.

At this T. Z. flushed. 'I don't know as I have to take this off of you,' he warned quietly. 'I'm not the worst man that ever came down this pike.' Oddly enough, he was, still, more curious and interested than angry.

'Listen to me!' she said fiercely. 'Jim Peters's old mother was just climbing into the wagon when their horses reared. She fell and broke her hip and ankle. She's way past seventy, and the doctor says the bones will never knit. Brenkerhoff's horse kicked over the dashboard and hit one of the children, glancing. She was unconscious two days, and they did n't believe she'd ever come to. But the worst was Sally

Briggs. She was taking a basket of butter from under the seat when you came by, and the buggy cramped, and threw her down. They've been married fifteen years and no children until now. The baby was born that night, and born dead. She raves and says its blood is on your hands and on your head, and she'll curse you to hell forever! The doctor is n't sure she'll live herself. Quite likely not, because she does n't want to.'

Under its coating of summer tan, T. Z.'s smooth cheek turned pale. Her words had cut through at last.

'Well, miss, I certainly did n't mean to do nothing like those things,' he said slowly. 'Take it from me, I never did.'

'That does n't do any good!' she cried bitterly, and was still.

Like some austere, avenging Fate, she stood upon the hill-crest in the level rays of the October sun. Her face was twisted with pain. She was beyond herself; she seemed to feel in her own heart the sorrows that she told him of, and, like knife-thrusts, Tim Zim felt them too. The girl had the gift of evocation. Visions sprang up at her words. He had a strange, swift consciousness as of an all-embracing Mind that gathers and hides and holds the bitter cries of the wantonly injured; that holds them as thunder-clouds hold a slowly gathering storm until the due hour of its dreadful release.

Tim Zim moved abruptly to the car. 'Drive up the road and wait for me,' he ordered sharply.

When Williams was out of sight, he turned a white and shaken face upon the girl.

'Who are you, anyway?' he demanded. 'I never saw a girl like you, in any place.'

'I'm Molly Betterton.' She hesitated. The whole town knew it was a complex affair to be Molly Betterton in

Missawoppa. Why should she tell a stranger the things she never forgot? Yet something seemed to push the words from her unready lips. 'Father was young Roger Betterton. Mother was Mizpah Dicky. The Bettertons thought the Dickys no 'count poor whites. The Dickys thought the Bettertons lawless and proud. I don't know what any of 'em would have thought of me. They're all dead. I've no folks at all on either side. Uncle Joe and Aunt 'Liza are just the Wittys, who took me when I was a baby and brought me up.'

She hardly knew how much her explanation explained. For Mizpah Dicky's father had been an itinerant preacher in the mountains, ignorant and poor, but pious to fanaticism and aflame with the wild oratory of his kind; young Roger Betterton's father, with all the vices of his day and caste, had been one of the bar's finer ornaments. The best of both strains was visible in Molly Betterton. In the later light of eugenics, possibly young Roger's marriage was not such a *mésalliance* as the whole county had thought it to be.

Tim nodded. Faintly he recalled a decision of old Judge Betterton in an important tobacco case long ago. So he had left behind him this morsel of incarnate justice to put the world to rights!

'Well — I'd like a little talk with you. Would you mind setting down on the rock for a few minutes?'

Dropping carelessly on the flat stone under the big butternut tree, Molly Betterton looked full into his face.

'Why, I've hurt you!' she cried. 'Of course — I meant to hurt you, but not like that! Oh, I am rude and cruel! I did n't know you'd care! I thought — why, I thought you did those terrible things just because you liked to do them!'

'You've got another guess coming then,' said Tim Zim grimly.

He sat down beside her, elbows on knees, chin in hands, intensely concentrated and frowning. A long-impending crisis had been precipitated in his inner world by this event. Sick disgust of his life and all its ways swept over him.

'I'm no good!' he cried sharply. 'No good! An' yet I mean well enough. Things don't work out right for me. Say, kid, I'm going to tell you something I never let on to anybody before. My money worries me. What do you know about that?'

'Worries you? How?'

'I'm getting the bad of it — an' I ain't getting the good of it. If you was me, what would you do?'

'Do?' the girl echoed uncertainly.

'Yes. Do. I don't mean about this affair. I can settle up for eggs an' broken buggies. The things I can't settle up for will be put on my bill all right, I reckon. Somebody seems to see to that! But it ain't just this matter that's chewing me, bad as it makes me feel. An' it does make me feel plain sick. It's the whole blamed proposition. — I ain't a good talker, but I'll try to put it to you straight. You say I'm a selfish fool with a lot of money he blundered into, just throwin' it away on whatever comes along. Now, that ain't me at all. I made that money myself. I expect I got too much of it, but it took some thinkin' to do it, and I enjoyed every minute of it. I thought gettin' rid of it was goin' to be more fun yet. But it ain't. I ain't got the hang of the game. I never played a game before that I could n't learn the rules of. But whether there's too much of the money or not enough of me, the rules they hand out don't fit me. Mostly I've been blowing myself for things I didn't want. There's nothing but the car that's really fun. And here you

come along an' tell me I'm ruining people's lives and getting myself cussed black an' blue, playing with that. It makes me just desperate! It seems pretty clear I'm off the track, ain't it? There must be some way of spending that gives good results, must n't there? Well, what I want of you is to get right down to brass tacks. I never saw a woman before who could. Don't hand me out any canned sentiments. I don't want 'em. Here's the proposition: I've got forty or fifty years of life comin' to me; I've got a million and a half of money; I've got Tim Zimmerman just as he is. Them's my tools. What shall I do with 'em?'

The girl followed his words with intensest seriousness, her eyes on the square, rugged little face which looked so much less depraved than she had expected. She drew an amazed breath at the end.

'You too! You need help and pity, too!' she murmured.

'Great Scott! I should say I do. The Good Book is all right on some points. It just looks as if a camel could go through a needle's eye sooner than me have a little peace and quiet and good time,' mourned Tim Zim desperately.

She looked at him wide-eyed. It had never occurred to her before that a rich man might be the victim of his money, or a strong man of his power. But having grasped the fact that the monstrous Tim Zim was, in some sort, an object of commiseration no less than his victims, she herself became instantly transformed. She softened, she shone, she was gentle. Tim, looking at her, beheld morning and evening in her face, and mellow autumn noons in her deep eyes. She assumed his burden at once — it seemed to be a way she had.

'But what do you like best,' she demanded, 'of all the things you've seen and tried?'

'I like people. I like the way things

are bought an' sold. I like land an' the way things grow. I don't like books. They worry me.'

She questioned further. Tim replied with amazing ease. This intoxicating atmosphere of friendly interest was new to him; it was an astonishment and a revelation. Up from the depths of consciousness rose far-off vicissitudes, forgotten things, rushing to be told. There was such a curious lightness in his mind, such an eager outpouring of all his experience to meet her comprehension, that he felt as if he could talk to her forever and forever!

He desired wonderfully to share with her his meagre boyhood, his hard apprenticeship and swift success, his experiment in home-making, at which he still winced.

He tried to explain his passion for the automobile and the curious feeling it gave him — that on its wings he passed from earth and air on, on, into — some other place. Some great, still, smooth place where he was very safe and very powerful. 'It's as if you had only to wish a thing there an' you got it! Lordy! I plumb can't get the words, but the feel to it is wonderful!'

He babbled in his joy at finding such a listener. Champagne had never so unloosed his tongue. At last he even tried to tell her that incommunicable thing he had dreamed and redreamed all his life.

'In the back of my mind, I know there's a thing I can do. But I can't make out what it is. — When I study about it more'n common, I have this dream of a figure that flies ahead of me, hidin' its face. I never come near it, though I run for hours. But I sort of feel if I once could catch up an' see its face — I'd know what I need to know! — Ain't that a queer dream for a duck like me?'

The girl drank it all in eagerly, solemnly, her big eyes shining, the fugitive

color playing in her lips and cheeks. Submerged in interest and sympathy, only the falling shadows reminded her of herself.

'Sundown, and me five miles from home!'

'I can get you there in fifteen minutes.'

She shook her head. 'My horse is over in the orchard.'

'You have n't told me what to do,' reproached Tim Zim. 'Here you come, wavin' your scarf an' tellin' me they're goin' to kill me down the road, an' I deserve it. They might as well kill me if I can't find out what I'm to do!'

'But it's too big a thing to see through all at once,' said Molly.

'Will you come here at four o'clock next Saturday, young lady, and tell me what you've thought?'

'If I can, I will.'

Gravely and awkwardly Timmy mounted her upon her horse.

'Miss!'

'Yes, Mr. Zimmerman.'

'I had a awful rush of words to the mouth this afternoon. I guess I gave you the history of my young life all right.'

'Indeed, you can trust me.'

'Ain't I? But what I want you to study on is this: there's something somewhere I ain't got hold of. I put it up to you.'

III

'Great Scott! Timmy, what's got you?' demanded Kit Hankey the following Monday morning.

Zimmerman turned upon his friend a white face with hollow, nervous eyes.

'I've seen the woman that's going to marry me — that's all,' said Tim Zim bitterly.

He looked so frightened and depressed that Kit was moved to sudden pity.

'That's bad — I mean I'm glad to

hear it,' blundered Kit. 'I hope she ain't one set in her own way?'

'Something awful! I never saw such a positive woman!'

'An' a great talker?'

'It was me did the talking. The way I told her all I knew was something fierce. Was you like that with Bertha, Kit?'

'Me? Naw! What'd I need to talk to a woman for?'

T. Z. could not answer this, though he knew how his own soul had found easement thereby.

'The way she can express herself 'd take you off your feet, Kit. I tell you she's some lady — and then again, she's 'most as plain as I am. She's a wonderful blend, that's what! Smooth an' cool, and hot an' biting, full-flavored an' delicate, all in one.'

'Are you promised?'

'Caesar, no! I only seen her once. But she's the one all right. O Kit! She's as far above me as the stars. I ain't in any danger of her lookin' at me.'

Kit's sharp little face grew suddenly sharper.

'Then it ain't too late. Why don't you make a get-away?'

'How's that?'

'Beat it! Hike out! It's the only way to do when you see it comin'. That is, of course,' he added, mindful of his dignity as a family man, 'if you ain't got the stren'th of mind to face it and take your medicine like the rest of us. If you can't do that, cut an' run!'

'O Lord, no! I want to see it out. But it seems as if 't would kill me!'

'Timmy, I'll stand by you. Let me telephone down and have 'em fix you up a ticket for San Francisco. You light out again. That's the thing for you.'

His unhappy friend hesitated. 'All right,' he groaned at last. And Kit Hankey turned to the desk and called the city office of a transcontinental line.

IV

Every intelligent person must foresee that Mr. Timothy Zimmerman, carefully attired, reached the butter-nut tree on the hill at half-past three on Saturday afternoon. Molly Betterton's horse cantered up the slope at four-thirty.

Though Tim did not know it, the slope was Betterton Hill. The tumble-down house across two fields was Molly's birthplace. She had chosen the shelter of her ancestral acres, though hers they had never been, for the daring exploit of intercepting and rebuking the terrible Tim Zim.

The termination of that exploit amazed her. That Tim Zim should prove sincere, almost childishly confiding, pitifully anxious to make something that satisfied him out of his life, was a miracle not easy to grasp. This was Molly's first experience in learning that nobody lacks extenuating circumstances.

Tim came to the meeting wild-eyed and nervous. The week had been one of unspeakable mental stress to him. But underneath his nervousness lay a singular exaltation. There were miracles in the world, and one of them had happened to him. And there is a fearful joy in miracles.

The hour in which he awaited the girl brought reassurance. The autumn air was very still, and the brooding, healing sunshine seemed fixed forever on the gashed and tired fields. Now and then a yellow leaf fell through the amber air, or a field-mouse stirred in the pale corn-stalks across the vine-laden fence. The earth swam in a golden trance, and Tim Zim, entranced along with it, found unexpected peace. Town, and its works and ways, fell off his soul and left it innocent and bland, the guileless soul of the boy he had never had time to be. In this mood

marriage had no terrors; the thought of a scrap of a girl with eyebrows like wings and the tongue of a prophet even uplifted his heart.

When Molly Betterton's sorrel cantered briskly up the slope, Tim went forward. She slipped down joyously and faced him with eager confidence. Her great eyes blazed like beacon fires. She was sure she knew the answer to his problem; for she was a child, who had not yet learned that only once in a thousand times does one human being know the answer for another.

Deep within him, Tim Zim's agonized soul lurched, then righted itself.

'Young lady, I thank you for coming,' he said formally. 'I guess I had n't any right to ask you.'

'No,' Molly admitted tranquilly, 'and I ought n't to have come. But I had to if I saw you-all again. You can't come to Missawoppa. When I got back last Saturday the boys had the tar-kettle ready in the Court-park. They were mighty put out that you did n't 'pear. You can't ever come to Missawoppa. It won't be safe.'

Tim set his jaw, but expressed no opinion as he fastened her horse. Probably he owed it to Missawoppa to let them think they could use the tar-brush if they caught him. It would make them feel better. Returning, he sat down beside her. Molly pulled off her heavy riding-gloves and stretched her cramped fingers in the sun.

Hollow-eyed and serious, Tim contemplated her air of happy certainty. He did not feel like that.

'That was a great talk-fest I had with you the other day. Did you think over what I said?'

She nodded, smiling. Again he felt the radiance of her interest like soft airs blowing on his cheek. Again a door seemed to open into some wonderland of the spirit where he moved happily and freely, a man with the best of men.

'It's perfectly simple,' she announced confidently.

'Think of that, now,' Timmy murmured.

'This is the way of it,' she said judicially; she was not a Betterton for nothing. 'All you need is more work and less money. You like work — why do you try to live without it? There are such lots of lovely things to do! You like land. Get a place like this one, a place that needs money and coddling and care. Make it rich again, and beautiful. It's such a — such a *wonderful* thing to do!'

'I sure do like the land,' said Tim Zim slowly, 'but — *me* a rube? I can't quite see it.'

Her face fell, and she suddenly felt shallow and inexperienced, but she went on steadily, —

'You've made more money than you have any comfort with. Your fortune does n't fit. Cut it down till it does. It's perfectly easy. I don't see why you did n't think of it yourself!'

At this point Tim put his hands in his pockets and whistled.

'You said you had a million and a half,' Molly went on with added dignity, for she felt something hostile in the air. 'If I were you, I'd begin by giving away the half-million. Then, if you still feel too *gorged*, get rid of half that's left. That ought to relieve you a lot!'

'Cæsar's ghost!' Tim Zim jumped up and paced back and forth excitedly before his small counselor, for once in his life taken thoroughly aback.

'Do you mean, me give away two thirds of what I've got?'

'You said it worried you. You said it did n't do you any good. All I know is what you said. I don't know if you meant it.'

'Yes, but it's *money*, ain't it?'

'Of course, I understand how you feel,' said Molly rather grandly, 'for

I've four hundred a year of my own, and I'd perfectly hate to have anybody tell me to give two thirds of it away. But in my case, you see, after I've paid Uncle Joe and Aunt 'Liza for my boar'd (they don't want to take it, but I make them), there is n't exactly enough left. So it's not quite the same as your case, is it?'

Tim drew his knuckles across his eyes confusedly.

'No, I judge — not,' he gasped. 'Still, I'm no Andy Carnegie. 'Tis n't as if I'd a hundred million, or fifty, or even ten.'

'Anybody's Carnegie who's got more than he spends,' observed Molly sapiently.

'Give away a million dollars! Gosh!' muttered T. Z. 'Young lady, you're the most expensive acquaintance I've made in all my glad young life.'

'I'm sorry you don't like my plan. I thought it seemed very reasonable. But, of course, you're the judge.'

'Well, then mebbe I ought to say you're the doctor! But I can't! A million dollars! O my soul! Why, I feel as if I'd go to the poor-house next week just from hearing about it!'

'But you said —'

'Oh, yes! I said, an' I said! You listen to what I'm sayin' now. Young lady, I could n't tell you the way a man feels about the money he's got together by the hardest. It's my blood an' my bones. It's my body, an' I dunno but it's my soul. I know I had luck and made a lot of it quick. I guess if it'd all come as hard as the first two thousand did I'd be a miser huggin' every penny. Thank the Lord, I ain't quite that. But as for giving of it away — I can't an' I won't! That's flat!'

Molly Betterton shrank perceptibly. Was this indeed the bed-rock of the man's nature? She eyed him curiously, for his very face had changed as he

spoke. His lids narrowed and his lips grew harsh.

'I made it,' he said. 'I *made* it. It's the only thing I ever made. All hell shan't take it away!'

The girl's lip quivered and the beacon-fires in her eyes died down. Was this what happened to all young advisers, she wondered miserably. Did the joy of leadership always give way to this awful leaden feeling? She had nothing more to say.

Tim broke the long silence presently, when the gust that had shaken him passed. He tried to be civil.

'Mebbe it's a grand plan,' he apologized, 'but I did n't know but you could think up some way of enlarging me to fit my income. If you once start cutting down the income to fit me, it might, easy, get down to about thirty cents. Then I'd be like the old farmer's horse: just as he got him on to a straw a day, he up an' died.'

Miss Betterton refused to smile at this ancient jest.

'Everything I said the other day was true, too,' he urged.

Still the girl kept silence. Tim meditated further.

'Here's how it is,' he pleaded desperately. 'This world's a cold, dark, lonesome place, and any minute it's likely to get more so. Money warms it up. So, no matter what we've got tucked away, we think, "If I lost that, I'd need this other to fall back on." So we tuck away some more. Everybody's just alike.'

'It's not reasonable,' said Molly at last, coldly.

'We don't want to be reasonable. We want to be safe.'

'After you've tucked away a fortune here and another there, could n't you rely, finally, on being a man in a world of men?' inquired Miss Betterton in dejected tones.

'Yes, if I was!' said Tim Zim. 'But

mostly I'm a pig in a world of pigs. You take it from me, the glad hand is mighty scarce in business unless it's from a man that's got a knife up his sleeve.'

Silence again. Tim broke it when it became intolerable to him.

'Well, have I disgusted you so you're done with me?' he demanded. 'Am I just as low-down an' mean as you thought I was before you saw me at all? Do you call it fair to drop me hard just because I don't chuckle when you say, "A million to the scrap-heap an' you to the plough!" It—it takes a lot of thinking over, such a proposition does.'

The girl rose swiftly to her feet, stretching out her arms in the golden air with a strange gesture, half of renunciation, half of quest. Tim's heart turned over at the sight.

'But you've disappointed me!' she cried bitterly. 'Oh, I thought you were different! I thought I saw you as God made you, — simple, straightforward, and kind, reaching out for worth-while things under all the outside flash and dash. And I—I thought you would see things as I see them. Cities don't matter, nor money — much. Look across those fields! My father tilled them once. His father before him planted the seeds, and persuaded the harvests in this very spot. To have neither too much nor too little of such land, and to love it and make a home upon it! To let one's spending be mostly for things that make it rich and beautiful! To learn the new ways and the better ways and teach them to the fields and to one's neighbors! Why, to own a bit of the earth and to care for it like that is to be a director in the Biggest Corporation, a partner with the seasons and the sun. It's right wonderful — I guess it is divine!'

Seed-time and harvest and patient service of the generous earth were in

his blood no less than hers, and in him, too, the creative thirst. Again, as on that other day, her words evoked the sudden vision. Tim Zim saw blossoming orchards, fertile meadows, and the glistening rows of the fruited corn like an army with banners; he saw a walled garden and a white homestead with sturdy children tumbling on its lawns.

Thus seeing, he suddenly knew she had drawn the veil from the face of his Dream. He beheld it at last! — He, too, was a husbandman and a creator, he, too, a home-builder. At any cost he, too, was fain to make earth yield him her increase, and to cradle little bodies in his arms.

At any cost? The solid world rocked wildly underneath his feet, and all his schedules of value seemed to melt and transform themselves before his very eyes. Money was money, — yes — but it was only money after all!

As this perception cleaved his world, a vast new freedom overspread his spirit. The thing that he had made, he owned. He could deal with it as he would, for it held him bound no longer. What if he chose to toss it yonder like a ball?

Doubtless all decisions that reconstruct a life seem sudden at the end, but doubtless all of them have been growing beneath our conscious life, shaped by the slow accretion of a thousand unexpressed desires. What we do in the hour these hidden longings come to birth may surprise our careless neighbors and even ourselves, but it holds no amazement for the wise. Tim Zim's reversion to the simpler life had been preparing all his busy days. Shaken to the core of him, he saw what all men come to see at last. Gold is gold only as

it furthers the deepest desire. Except man shape his dream with it, he finds it lead within his hands.

He snatched the girl's hands swiftly, as positive as she had been. His eyes were filled with tears, his shrewd face seemed dissolved in tenderness and longing, its lines all plastic to his spirit. Something within him sang and shouted.

'Look here!' he said, 'I do understand. I may not look it, but somehow I am your kind. I want the things you want. Would you dare go look for them with me? Am I enough your kind to — to do for you? The main thing is, there's something in me worth your while. Make what you choose of it! *The — million — may — go — hang!*'

'Oh, I don't know! How can I tell? It is n't the money that matters — it's the way you feel about it! Will this thing last? Are you a man?' demanded Molly Betterton wildly, her own eyes filling.

Great drops of sweat stood out upon his forehead and his lips shook oddly as he faced himself with this demand. What about it? Was he a man within her meaning of the word? Was he moved by the moment's emotion or by a greater thing? Could he live quietly, deal justly, laugh at gold of his own earning? Could he scorn cities and abjure excitement? Could he make the earth richer for his labor, and love the common lot? — Would he pay this price for his dream?

What he said now, he must hold by forever. *Was* he a man?

From deeper within himself than he had ever probed, uprushed the answer.

'I don't know as I am. But I swear I will be. For the God of Harvests, He made me!' said Timothy Zimmerman.

SOME CONFESSIONS OF A 'T.B.'

BY WILLIAM GARROTT BROWN

Is it necessary to tell first what a 'T.B.' is? For the reader's sake I trust that it is necessary. He is to be congratulated, on the whole, if it has never been his lot to have to be much concerned about us, or to have to study us and our ways.

Not, however, that it is wise of the public to ignore us, or even possible. We are too many for that policy to be practicable, and there are too many reasons why it would not be a good policy, either for the public or for us. We are, in fact, a public question, whether the public likes it or not, and we cannot cease to be one till the public finds the indisputably right way to dispose of us — or our order ceases to exist. To know about us is a public necessity, a public duty, lucky as it may be for individual citizens to escape their share of it.

Yet not because we are a particularly lugubrious or depressing lot, either. On the contrary, it has often been remarked that we are rather surprisingly cheery and hopeful. There is no reproach in belonging to our brotherhood; no shame in telling what we are like. A Frenchman who has written a novel about us calls us *The Half Dead* (*Les Demi-Morts*). The phrase is good, but it is not quite accurate. Some of us are happy to feel that we are not nearly as dead as that; others of us claim, not without an equal sense of superiority, to be a good deal deader. We range, in fact, all the way from imperceptibly less than fully alive, to obviously as nearly dead as still alive

can be. We are an unequal gallery of all the grades and shades of human vitality; a complete procession strung out over the entire length of our own particular road, — really, we do not find it especially dusty, even on the later reaches, — to the place where all roads end.

Another phrase in very common use sets us down as victims of 'The Great White Plague'; but we do not understand it. We find no point in 'white' beyond its being in contradistinction to an historic something in the plague line that was 'black'; and 'plague' suggests, though perhaps it does not really connote, a degree of contagiousness, and an epidemic quality, which in point of fact do not belong to that which binds us together; on this we have good reason to insist. We prefer, rather, the Western usage that designates us 'lungers'; inelegant, perhaps, but not so practically damaging.

On the whole, however, we like best to call ourselves 'T.B.'s.' The suggestion of D.T.'s is but momentary, the recovery from it amusing, and by selecting this name for our brotherhood we indicate our preference for the modern and hopeful title, 'tuberculosis,' rather than 'consumption,' which medical science so long and despairingly shook its head over. I hasten to qualify. If 'hopeful' means anything like confident or cocksure, or anything more than insistent that there *is* hope, it were better, perhaps, if the more hopeful term were less widely used, and the daunting finality of the older

nomenclature more often candidly accepted.

For on this point a great mistake has been made. Soon after the newer term came into use and soon after the discovery of the precise meaning of both terms, and because of certain other encouraging discoveries that quickly followed, the notion spread widely that science had won a complete triumph; that an immemorial scourge and woe of humanity had been surely mastered. Once, four or five years ago, when I had explained to a man of proved intelligence and fair information, that for some time I had had to live a life withdrawn and limited, that I was, in fact, not a complete and ordinary man but a T.B., and when I naturally expected an impressed and sympathizing response, I got instead an astonishingly unimpressed one. 'Oh,' he said carelessly, 'I'm no longer afraid of *that*.' There was pique, no doubt, but there was also deep concern in my remonstrance. His nonchalance appalled me. Yet it was, and still is, common.

It was that, really, which started me writing these confessions. For it is much better that people should know that once a T.B. is, in all but a very small minority of instances, always a T.B. Indeed it may be wiser and also more scientific and accurate, to make no exceptions at all — to insist that there is *no* way to withdraw entirely from our order, when one has once come into it — except, of course, by the exit we and all mankind are striving to delay. True, there are many who give up this active membership — some for a time, a few for good and all. They leave our habitats; they return to their old walks and ways. But they are very likely to reappear, and they retain always in their absences a sort of non-resident membership.

'What,' I hear the reader exclaim,

'then there are *no* cures? You declare the thing incurable?'

Oh, no; by no means. The great profession which is most concerned with us has considered the matter, and at a national convention devoted entirely to our little abnormality, one member has declared it to be 'so easily cured that it can be cured four or five times in the same individual!' Even the most cautious and least sanguine of these learned gentlemen merely insisted that the word 'cured' should be always put in mental quotation marks, and that they do not guarantee that those they *cure* will *stay* cured. Another of them suggested that one who has thus recovered should always say, in relating his experience, not 'I *had* the thing and am cured,' but 'I *have* it and am cured.' Perhaps I should add that many of the most experienced and expert particularly avoid the active mood, — 'I *cure*' or 'I *have* cured,' — partly for scientific accuracy, but also from modesty, knowing that their part in the business is less than in the combat with other human ailments. Indeed, I know but one orthodox and reputable expert who ever speaks at all of 'curing' his patients, with or without the mental quotation marks; and his usage is rather temperamentally than otherwise significant. The expert whom I myself most trust — not merely or mainly for his expertness, but for a still higher trustworthiness — has never, so far as I know, claimed to have cured anybody.

But again I hasten to qualify. To be 'cured,' in quotation marks is far indeed from being a negligible good fortune. It is in many ways 'just as good' as plain cured without them would be. In fact, with the gain in knowledge and caution and self-control that should be won from the experience, it may prove quite as good — even, with certain temperaments, actually better.

More still, there are yet lower degrees of recovery that permit members of our order to reënter normal life and share extensively in its activities. This indeed is our little joke on the public; for not infrequently we go about quite unsuspected. Even such of us as are not at all recovered, but steadily progressing the other way, can sometimes play such tricks of assumed vitality and competence successfully. Such adventures are fine; a little like the part that secret and proscribed orders sometimes play in novels — Dumas's for instance, and *The Wandering Jew*.

We have thus our heroes and celebrities — some known for ours, and some, mostly, though still alive, whose membership is hardly even suspected. Among poets and men of letters, for instance, we have been particularly strong. Keats was ours, and Stevenson, and Sidney Lanier. Stevenson, indeed, is become almost a tutelary saint to us — though one of his dearest friends, the one to whom he wrote certain of his most priceless letters, once assured me that he never was quite as are the mass of us, but a case puzzlingly peculiar and irregular. At any rate, however, the life he lived was our life, and in his letters he has inspiringly disclosed its compensations and its possibilities. Yet I believe we must account the struggle of Sidney Lanier — cavalryman, musician, and poet — even more inspiringly heroic. Fancy doing 'The Marshes of Glenn' with one's temperature at 103! And for resolute swinging on to man-size jobs neither John Richard Green nor John Addington Symonds was a T.B. the brotherhood need ever be ashamed of.

But our range is far wider than letters. If it were not, there might well be skepticism as to any exceptional pertinacity in our attempts at competence. Doubters could remind us of the puny

but formidable Mr. Pope, of Heine and his mattress grave, of the sightless eyes of Homer and Milton, of many others who have contributed out of pain and weakness and solitude to the glory and delight of literature, not one of whom was ours. Letters, indeed, are the traditional refuge of men who are anyhow less than whole. But what other order of half-alive mortals can match our boast of creditable representation in *all* the principal occupations and professions? Why, fully half the medical gentry who serve and rule us, are also of us. So are many of those who do the humbler offices about us, and many also of such as we encounter in the shops and banks and professional offices, and even in the manual trades of our chief habitats. In truth there is hardly one of these resorts, and they are many, that would not be practically depopulated if all who are of our order confessedly or unconfessedly should make a sudden exodus.

But our really surprising adventures, of whole men's careers, are in such quarters as take no special note of us; even in the great cities which are denied us altogether. More surprising still, of all such careers, the stage, I think, is quite the most fascinating, because the most unfit and dangerous. Probably few but us of the order discerned between the lines of the newspaper reports what it was that caused, not long ago, a very famous actor's retirement and swift ensuing death; and doubtless only we fully understood the vocation, the habits, or the peculiar and haunting charm of two young actresses now at the very zenith of their success and popularity. There have doubtless been Richelieus who have found it only too easy to produce the racking cough with which the sly old Cardinal simulated illness, and also Camilles who have smiled a little wearily out of their unhappily fuller knowledge of the con-

ventional 'business' with which they have been required to indicate what was the matter with them. The novelists, by the way, are about as conventional as the playwrights in their attempts at depicting us. Mrs. Humphry Ward, for instance, prescribes too traditionally for two of her very up-to-date characters. But perhaps a more modern treatment would have puzzled her readers.

But why multiply instances? There is no walk of life which we have left entirely uninvaded. We are everywhere, in everything. If a climax is desired, even the throne has no immunity from our adventurous and versatile persistence in attempting occupations. Reading between the lines of court calendars we are sure that at least one king, and a spirited and charming one, too, is of our brotherhood; and we suspect it may not be long before we can also claim with assurance a queen — nay, an empress!

Yet the mass of us are exiles from the places that whole men do most frequent, barred from ordinary tasks; herded in habitats specially assigned to us; living a life peculiar and separate. It is of that life, therefore, and not of our escapes from it, that it is most worth while to speak. But first a word of the way we enter upon it — of the initiation into our brotherhood.

Unfortunately, it is not always the same. On the contrary, the entrances are innumerable, however sole the exit. Indeed the initiation varies so widely that one would not be far wrong in saying that it is never twice the same. Yet many initiations have certain features in common; and in a general way it may be said that all belong to one of two great classes — the sudden, and the protracted. One discovers what one's future is to be either promptly or after prolonged inquiry and uncer-

tainty. It depends mainly upon the kind of oracles one consults.

My own initiation was of the protracted variety, and perhaps fairly representative of its class. There must, indeed, have been at least two years between the actual first beginning of my career as a T.B. and the final discovery that I was one; and it is quite impossible to recall how many other ailments I was meanwhile found to be suffering from; for I was never particularly timid, as some are, about undergoing a doctor's examination. Nervous exhaustion was one of the first things I learned was the matter with me. Overwork was perhaps the most frequently offered explanation of my not feeling or looking well — possibly because it was so readily accepted, notwithstanding my own better knowledge. For a long time, rest and a milder climate were the commonest recommendations, and both were measurably heeded. For whether or not I was overworked, I was certainly *tired* — tired even before my day's work began.

Then came the suggestion of the sea and travel — I am not sure from what particular theory of my condition; indeed, I am not altogether sure that I did not myself contrive to suggest the suggestion! The sea and travel were accordingly tried, and not even the ultimate effect of them, or rather of the eager and reckless mood in which I essayed them, can ever make me quite regret that I did essay them, or become ungrateful for the peculiar exaltations, the intense and overwhelming delights and depressions, which in that mood I won from them. No; I would not even now begrudge the price I have had to pay for a single day of that mistaken summer — for a single one of the exquisite glooms and solemnities I had while I permitted the 'misty mountain winds' of Wordsworthshire and of the Highlands to blow upon me freely

— for a single day of rapturous and feverish and exhausting exploration of hot Italian cities. For I had already begun to taste, unknowingly, the perilous delight of indulgence in certain kinds of excitement, with that peculiar and unequalled heightening which only the T.B. temperament can give them. For the T.B. temperament—but of that more later.

Home again, though still exalted, I soon had reason to take up again the old inquiry; and this time it could not be much longer baffled. It was now too plain that whatever was the matter with me was something specific and out of the ordinary. Ordinary weariness was too plainly insufficient to account for whole forenoons of sheer inability to get up and go about my business. Yet there were two more bootless examinations to endure. The first yielded a suspicion of typhoid, then of ptomaine poisoning, and finally an assurance that whatever was the matter it was not serious: the second no definite suspicion, but a quite decided assurance that the trouble, whatever it might be, *was* something serious. Then, on a sudden impulse, came the visit to a great diagnostician—the second to bear a name now famous for two generations; and it was fascinating, weak and near indifference as I was, to watch at last a master-scientist explore my worn-out body for the secret of my helplessness.

I have seen, indeed, but one other comparable master actually at work—a great French *chef*, now dead, personally completing a *chef d'œuvre* of the particular kind he was famous for; but a clean-cut pointer quartering a field came also to my mind. The master charged with finding me my fate was quick, curt, at first a little sharp and impatient; then gradually more deliberate and decided—and I surrendered, completely, to the charm of his

manifest competence. Came finally, however, almost gentleness, and an invitation to the laboratory where, in due time, having performed a chemical rite, now long shorn of its mystery, over something infinitesimal that had come from me, he set eye to a big microscope and my tired brain began to comprehend. When he raised his head and glanced at me, he had no need to speak. For at that glance I had gone white and cold, and life in its every aspect and relation had turned utterly different, and my tenure of it utterly insecure and hazardous. I was a T.B. and had been one, probably, for some years; yet never once until the instant he raised his face from that microscope, had I suspected the truth, or even so much as specifically dreaded, among the remoter horrors that dimly encircle all our lives, this that had now so suddenly swept close and grappled me!

That was the worst, the very worst,—those first few moments of terror and conviction and lightning—swift review and forecast of all my life. Much of suffering and sadness and almost despair was to come after, but nothing quite to be compared with what then struck and chilled clear to the heart of me; nothing that has quite so profoundly stirred in me the love of life, the fear of death, the daunting and appalling and shameful sense of my own and all men's pitiful mortality. It had happened to me; the lightly acknowledged possibility had become reality; had come upon *me*, of all men; and yet, until that moment, though youth was gone, or nearly gone, nothing had ever completely deprived me of youth's illusion of immunity, of immortality!

Almost as swiftly came the reaction; the reaction that alone keeps even our lesser overthrows less than fatal or maddening; first the detaching sense of

the thing as happening not quite really, but as in a story, a novel, and not quite to me but to some other — this as I went out rather stumblingly into the street, appropriately cold and damp: then with the thought of what to do immediately, the positively exhilarating sense of a new importance, the expectation of sympathy and uncommon attention. To the grown man's full and awful acceptance of supreme disaster there succeeded the pride of the small boy none of us ever ceases to be, in the possession of an ailment not to be ignored. First the chill of the terror of death, and then the dignity of Mark Twain's hero when he appeared with 'a sore toe at school!

That first discovered compensation was mightily effective the two or three days that preceded the beginning of exile. Time has wrought some serious changes in my estimate of the value of different kinds and manifestations of sympathy; but at first all that came to me was precious and potent. I remember now that I was a little piqued to find one or two old friends, who are still old friends, and in whom there has been never a shadow of turning, rather undemonstrative and silent; but I was correspondingly gratified at the ample demonstrations in others of a concern that has somehow, as the years have passed, completely evaporated. Of this concern there were some curious manifestations.

The fact is, there is still no proper and convincing etiquette accepted for recognizing a newly found T.B.'s importance. In my case, unusual social attentions seemed to be the prevailing impulse. One of them was an invitation to luncheon at Delmonico's! It was not entirely inappropriate: I only wish it had been an arrangement to take Delmonico's or some similar institution with me in my wanderings. These have been many and devious,

by sea and land, but they have had very simple objects. They have sought, for the most part, things that should not be so very hard to find. The chief and most essential of these have been merely food and air, — *good* food and *good* air of course, — and both in plenty, in abundance. But the trouble is that they both must be had *together*. Even so, they should not be unattainable. They ought to be rather easily attainable, even with merely moderate means. But they are not.

It is now seven years and more since I began my quest for a place and an arrangement to breathe freely and constantly the right kind of air, and eat in abundance the right kind of food, yet I can say with perfect honesty that I have not yet found anywhere the combination of these two factors of cure worked out satisfactorily at moderate cost for me and such as I am. The rich, of course, can have them easily. But the great majority of our order are not rich; they are cut off from their customary earnings; they are often forced to depend on the sacrifices of others — sacrifices which they would not willingly increase. The fact of this dependence, indeed, is the hardest part of their lot. They cannot escape the thought of it for a day. They are loath to have what they need, if it costs too much, and nothing could be more trying and worrying than the constant necessity to pull and strain, to fight and nag, as they must do if they would have it at reasonable cost.

Now that, simple as it seems, is the true problem of the average T.B.'s existence. It is not in the main a medical problem at all, but a practical problem, a sordid problem; a mere matter of food and air — and dollars. Yet to present it candidly as it is, is here my principal purpose and motive. For it is a problem the public will in the long run, for its own self-defense, have to deal with; it

is the public's problem ultimately, although as yet it is left to us and to those who, from kinship or benevolence, are specially concerned with us.

It has some aggravations that are peculiarly exasperating. Not the least of these, in this particular country, is American cookery — that is to say, the cookery of such Americans, doubtless the majority, as can be induced to 'take boarders,' and particularly such as can be induced to take boarders who are sick. Many of these last, by the way, are such as have already failed to minister acceptably to boarders who are well. Theirs is, as a rule, not merely unenlightened American cookery, but cookery stimulated by no aspiration and but little competition: cookery seasoned with a lax indifference: cookery without any compelling need to be better, and with an obvious reason for being as careless and unlaborious as it can be and continue to be endured. To take 'lungers' at all, it would seem, confers rather than incurs an obligation. For is not that surrendering the chance of any other kind of gainful hospitality?

Ordinarily, yes, it is — unless the lunger successfully lies about the nature of his ailment. That, indeed, is by no means the limit of his temptation — his necessity at times — to deceive, or to *pretend* to deceive. For while some communities and hosts are really afraid of him, some merely demand that he help them to hoodwink the other customers whom they wish to attract. In these communities, if he respects appearances, his hosts — whether mere keepers of boarding-houses or managers of hotels — will be discreetly blind. And such communities are by no means rare; the practice is common; it involves, of course, much the most serious danger to the public which our problem presents. That is why the public must in time take more

account of it and of us. Until the public does, it must continue to owe far more to our consciences than we do to the public's conscience.

That is the truth, and very mildly stated. The public depends for protection from such danger as our continued existence involves, not on its own exertions but on ours. To render that protection we must burden ourselves with both expense and trouble. We must incessantly take, for the sake of the public, precautions which are disagreeable and costly; and meanwhile a great part of the public is, by its attitude toward us, steadily tempting us, and even sometimes fairly compelling us, if we would live, to discontinue those precautions and go on as if there were nothing the matter with us. The folly and stupidity of this attitude it is impossible to overstate. It is of itself by far the chief cause and source of the persistence of this scourge.

Known and recognized and decently entreated, we are not dangerous. Shunned and proscribed and forced to concealments, we *are* dangerous. Victims ourselves of this same régime of ignorant and self-deceiving inhumanity, we are called on every hour of our lives for a magnanimous consideration of others. Society can hardly find it surprising or a grievance if our human nature should sometimes weaken under the strain of the incessant provocation it endures from this strange working of human nature in general. Why should we alone be expected to be guiltless, always to our own cost and sacrifice, of that very form of man's inhumanity to man, from which we ourselves are suffering more than anybody else? Yet I can honestly attest that the vast majority of us are guiltless of any merely resentful offense: that, as a rule, when we fail to protect the public it is only

because the public compels us to disregard its interest, its safety. This is what I earnestly entreat the public, for its own sake, candidly to consider.

Candidly means fully. If the public is to be safe from us, if the public is to continue to have our protection from that against which it failed to protect us, then the public must make it possible for us to get — it must certainly cease to make it impossible for the mass of us to get except by subterfuge — what we must have to live. We are neither criminals nor mendicants. We do not ask favors, we merely revolt against a mean and stupid oppression. We revolt against ignorance and against a lie. The public would get rid of us, and thereby makes us inescapable. It would pretend, and would have us pretend, that we are nowhere. It thereby insures that we shall be everywhere. It proscribes us, and thereby admits us.

But how be practical with this most impractical and illogical attitude of the public? Well, I have thought of that. I am practical now, for of course there can be no sweeping change till the public is brought to its senses, and that is what I am trying to help to do. But it is slow business enlightening stupidity, and something should be possible with those who are already enlightened and who have some power of initiative. Something should be immediately possible. I think something is.

The men who, as things stand, can do most for betterment are, I am persuaded, the diagnosticians, and particularly the diagnosticians in the greater cities, who as a rule do not treat the malady themselves, but who do in large measure decide whither we shall first go in our wanderings. It is to these men very largely that the various resorts and the resort specialists

look for their patients and boarders. That gives the diagnosticians power, and I conceive that it also imposes on them a duty to exercise it. They can insist on better provision for us whenever they send us, and to do that intelligently they should personally know more than they now know of how we fare after they have placed us. It is my observation that they now leave such things mainly to the local practitioner, or to the heads of sanitariums. It were better if they themselves kept in closer touch with both of these two arrangements for disposing of us.

In general, it is my opinion that for the mass of us — the well-to-do excepted — the sanitarium is much the better arrangement: but that must be taken with the admission that many so-called sanitariums are not sanitariums at all, but mere T.B. boarding-houses, irresponsibly conducted for profit. The real sanitariums are far too few. They have their own deficiencies. The red tape and reliance upon rules, unfailing marks of every kind of 'institution,' are even exceptionally manifest. I cannot, from my own experience, name a single one where the cookery is really good — as good, say, as one finds in the homes of 'nice' people, even those of very moderate means, and in America. The life is in many ways trying, although everywhere relieved by that resolute cheerfulness — sometimes, I think, a trifle too resolute — which we T.B.'s affect. But for the mass of us a proper sanitarium is best. There alone are in some fashion assembled *all* the factors that make for improvement! — or for keeping us alive. There —

[The author was interrupted and the manuscript was never finished.
— THE EDITORS.]

THE INFLUENCE OF THE PASSING OF THE PUBLIC LANDS

BY WILLIAM J. TRIMBLE

THE United States in our time is undergoing profound and far-reaching changes. The first great chapter of the nation's history is closing with the passing of the public lands. From the earliest years of our national existence almost until the present, the main work of our people was to acquire and to occupy the public domain, continental in extent. The continent, however, is now practically occupied; there are no longer great stretches of free land rich with all manner of unowned, undeveloped resources. We have come, consequently, to new national bases of life, and are forming new national habits. Our country, in truth, has entered a period of fundamental readjustment — economic, social, and political.

So manifold and intricate are the manifestations of this process of adjustment that a thorough discussion of them would be an encyclopædic task; a task, indeed, impossible of accomplishment, since changes are occurring so swiftly as to make our writings out of date while we pen them. The purpose of the present essay is to call attention to the fundamental nature of the process through which we are passing, and to try to discern something of its underlying conditions and consequences.

I

In the period between the close of the Revolutionary War and the adoption of the Compromise of 1850, the

government of the United States acquired title to 1,465,000,000 acres of land, — sufficient, were the whole adapted to agriculture, to make more than nine million farms of one hundred and sixty acres each. Not all of this great estate, it is true, invited settlement; but as a whole the public domain held out on an unrivaled scale the allurements of vast primeval forests, of stores of untouched mineral treasures, and of soils fertilized by the accumulations of the ages.

So vast were these resources that men, thinking in terms of industry as it was equipped before the age of modern machinery, considered the forests and the soils and the mines limitless and inexhaustible. To the man of the axe and the sickle and the freight wagon, they were in fact practically inexhaustible. We can understand, accordingly, why the Secretary of the Treasury in 1827 reported that it would take five hundred years to settle the public domain which we then possessed. To the men of his time the public domain was a challenge; the problem was not that of conservation, but of appropriation and utilization.

The task of occupying the continent, to which our fathers bent their energies, was expedited past all forecast by two remarkable developments: the one in the sphere of government, the other in that of industry.

When the nation was born, the common thought in regard to the dis-

posal of the public domain was that the 'back lands' were to be used for revenue and were to be sold *en bloc* to capitalists and companies. But the vastness of our lands and the comparatively small number of our citizens, together with democratic reactions between the land and the citizens, produced a new theory and practice of land-disposal. According to this, the public lands were to be expropriated for the good of society: they were to be used in such a way as to give to every citizen no matter how poor (or rather because he was poor) the opportunity to get land, and also, in such a way as to 'develop the country.' As part of this practice came the Preëemption Act of 1841 and the Homestead Act of 1862, preceded and accompanied by not a few other enactments.

It is common now to complain bitterly concerning the methods of disposal of our public domain, and every one knows that there has been too much of 'land-grabbing' and fraud; but, on the other hand, we do not always take into account the fact that we are looking back upon a cheap-land age from the point of view of a dear-land age. Our views of the rightfulness of railroad grants, for example, might be greatly modified if we were transported back to the outlook of investors in the sixties, when the best lands along projected lines were high-priced at one dollar an acre. Contrasted with the land policies of Rome, England, Russia, Spain, — with those of any nation uninfluenced by our example, — our land policy, marred though undoubtedly it has been by specific acts to the advantage of greed, yet as a whole has been beneficent and in the interest of individualistic democracy. In whatever light, however, we may now regard this policy, there is no doubt that it immensely stimulated settlement.

The other force which accelerated the progress of settlement was the use of machinery. Our public domain was settled during the time when the gigantic forces of the Industrial Revolution were transforming the civilized world. The steam engine, the railroad, the reaper, and a thousand other devices, gave man undreamed mastery over nature. Utilizing these prodigious forces, and with ever-accelerating speed, the American population (reinforced by millions of immigrants) subdued the forest, opened the mines, threw out daring lines of railway, broke the prairies — and suddenly came to the end of the task which a century before had seemed so unending. By 1890 the frontier had disappeared, and since that time nearly all of our remaining public lands suited to popular use have passed into individual ownership. The annual report of the Department of the Interior for 1910 revealed that, excluding Alaska, our unappropriated and unreserved lands of all kinds then amounted to 343,486,000 acres; and these lands for the most part are inferior. There are no more great stretches of fertile land in the United States inviting occupation. The romance and rush of settlement are over. The real West has vanished. 'The United States has entered a new economic era,' notes a thoughtful editorial in one of our magazines, 'and profound changes are coming in the qualities and character of our people.'¹

II

A primary result of this swift settling of the public lands was that the output of products of the soil, of the forests, and of the mines was increased at a rate unmatched in history. This increase exerted a profound influence not only upon the United States, but upon foreign nations. Our cattle and hogs

¹ *The World's Work*, December, 1912.

gave us meat in abundance and left a large surplus for export. Our wheat crop, which in 1840 amounted to eighty-four millions of bushels, thirty years later came to two hundred and thirty-five millions, and a generation later still reached seven hundred millions. Within less than an ordinary lifetime (1840-1900) our corn production rose from three hundred and seventy-seven millions of bushels to more than two billions and a half. The value of our annual production of lumber increased in the last half of the last century from about fifty million to more than five hundred million. The bullion from our gold-fields enlarged the business of the world, and by gigantic strides we took the first place among the nations in the production of coal and of iron.

Now this enormously increased production insured that the necessities of life should be comparatively cheap. The cheapness and plentifulness of necessities were among the main factors in that great growth of population which, not alone in this country but also in Europe, was one of the most marked and important features of the history of the nineteenth century; and this new plenty helped, moreover, to concentrate that population in large cities. Probably in no period of history were the common people so easily fed, clothed, and sheltered as in the United States during our public-land era.

With the passing of the public lands, however, one general and controlling condition operates powerfully in many directions: this is that the United States, as never before in its history, and with continually increasing necessity, is now confronted by the law of diminishing returns. This law, as is well known, postulates in general that, beyond a certain limit of productiveness, increasing application of labor and capital to given natural resources,

whether soil, timber, or minerals, does not result in proportionate increase of yields. Soils become poorer (unless the tendency is counteracted by costly processes), timber supplies become more remote or of inferior quality, mines become deeper. Consequently, after the virginal fertility of soil is once utilized, after the native growth of large trees which are easily accessible has been cut, after the coal and iron and gold which lie near the surface have been mined, production proceeds at a more halting or more expensive pace.

It is true that the operation of this law may be temporarily postponed by new discoveries in technique (as, for example, modern processes in the production of gold), but in the long run it holds sway. Hitherto in the United States we have been availing ourselves prodigally of the lavish bounties of new soils, untouched forests, and mineral deposits advantageously placed. Now, and in the future, an increasing production at all commensurate to the needs of our growing population must be won only at the price of more painstaking and enlightened methods, by continually bringing to bear fine and well-directed ingenuity, and by re-creating, supplementing, and hoarding our natural resources with the greatest care.

An important result of our being brought more certainly under the law of diminishing returns is the rise in the cost of living — a phenomenon viewed apprehensively by all classes. Now, it is true that the high cost of living is due to many and intricate factors, — among them the disappearance of the simple habits and tastes of pioneer days, — and that the factor operating most widely has been the increased production of gold; but, if the production of gold had remained stationary, the United States would have

experienced a marked rise in the price of necessities because of the passing of our public lands. For example, consider the effect on the supply of cattle: the census of 1910 reported the number of our beef cattle at 41,178,000, an estimate less by ten million head than that of the Department of Agriculture for 1907. The latest estimate, made January 1, 1914, indicates 35,855,000. The total value of this class of animals was estimated in 1910 at \$785,261,000; January 1, 1914, the estimated value was \$1,116,333,000. The number of cattle, therefore, declined 12.9 per cent in four years, while the total value increased 42.2 per cent. Should we wonder at the higher prices of meats and leather? Again, consider that, whereas our population increased 21 per cent between 1900 and 1910, our improved farm acreage increased only 15.4 per cent. Although in the future there may be again years like 1912, when unusually favorable crops may temporarily lower prices, nevertheless the era of extremely cheap food in the United States has passed forever. The same is true also, subject to industrial modifications and temporary reversions, with regard to productions from all our natural resources. There may be a fall in prices due to general financial conditions or unusually favorable crops; but we are not likely again to have large production of the necessities of life won so easily and cheaply as in the past. The sooner we as a people become conscious that we are in a new economic era the better it will be for us. We have come to the time when we may no longer waste; we must conserve.

But, on the other hand, may not the pressure of new conditions lead us to harsh and unjust judgments upon former generations whose work and outlook in life were largely shaped by the apparently illimitable expanse

of new lands? Great production from new lands at times became over-production and resulted in abnormally low prices; and abnormally low prices necessitated utilizing only the cream of our national resources. When coal was less than a dollar a ton at the mine and slack coal could be used only for grading roads, merely the best deposits could be profitably mined. When lumber was a drug on the market, conservation worried no one. The pioneer farmer who had to sell his wheat at fifty cents or less a bushel could not pay high rates of interest and expensive charges of all sorts without depleting the soil. The fact that the value of all manner of natural resources has been enormously enhanced by the passing of the public lands makes conservation now an economic and social necessity; but producers of all sorts were on quite different economic bases so long as they had to meet the competition of new areas.

Indeed, is not the main problem of the whole civilized world, as well as that of the United States, changing in regard to natural resources? Man before the Industrial Revolution was a puny creature feebly attacking with almost naked hands the 'inexhaustible' resources of stern and dominant Nature, exhausting them only in a small degree and within limited areas; now the efficiency of man has been so marvelously strengthened by machinery, and Nature's treasures are subject to such powerful and varied means of attack, that the attitude of the civilized world with regard to its natural resources is changing from one of conquest to one of preservation. Exploitation is giving way everywhere to conservation. But in the United States this general change is made particularly urgent and grave because of the passing of the public lands.

This decisive shifting of the eco-

conomic bases of our life is having other important effects. Monopoly acquires a new and portentous significance when opportunity for competition through the development of new areas is forever closed. The unrestricted private ownership of lands of all sorts is being questioned in the interest of the public good. The processes and factors in distribution from primary producer to ultimate consumer are being closely scrutinized. Pension systems and methods of welfare work are being developed which would have been resented by the individualists of frontier times. Instead of free lands, trade-schools and technical education are to afford to our youth opportunities for getting a start in life and for gaining a competence. Competition for jobs becomes more stern. Efficiency is being insisted upon as never before, both in private and in public life. No longer can easy-going, slipshod, exploitive methods be tolerated. We are engaged, in fact, in a great national stock-taking and housecleaning.

In politics also we have reached a new time. The old Jeffersonian theory that the sphere of government ought to be restricted as much as possible in order to leave the widest possible scope to individuals, is being displaced by the practice of enlarging the functions of government in the interest of the common good. Government, therefore, is becoming less a field for private exploitation and more an instrument of social service. The change is revealed in discussion of specific questions—compare the political platforms of the eighties, for example, with the platforms of the last national campaign. Even the tariff question has taken on a new complexion, as witness the late legislation for reciprocity with Canada, which at bottom was due to desire to prolong the old cheap-food era in the United States and to mollify or stave off the

rigors of the new period by utilizing the fresh areas of Canada. Witness, likewise, the present movement toward free trade in farm-products and in raw materials.

In many other respects also our political life reflects the new conditions. If one will pause for a moment and review in his mind the number, character, and swiftness of the political changes which have occurred since about 1890, he will perhaps be ready to call their sum a revolution. Not all of these changes, to be sure, are directly due to the passing of the public lands, but few of them are wholly unrelated to it, and many are results.

There are two main aspects of our national life and well-being which are of so much importance in themselves, and which appear to be so significantly affected by the process through which we are passing, that I wish to dwell upon them at some length. These are the influence of the passing of the public lands upon agriculture and its influence upon democracy.

III

The first point to be noted in regard to the effect of the passing of the public lands upon agriculture is that there has been in the last decade an astounding rise in farm-values. The aggregate value of all farm property in the United States doubled between 1900 and 1910; that is, in a single decade as much value accrued as in all the years of our preceding history. In some sections the percentage of increase was of course higher than the average: in South Dakota, for example, farm-values in the decade rose 291.9 per cent, and in Idaho 353.9 per cent. The economic and social effects of these great accretions in land-values are bound to be of the utmost importance. Interest charges (which in the past have been met by

rise in values) must now be reckoned in the cost of production; landowners find themselves capitalists; laborers are further removed than ever from ownership of land.

These higher values, it is true, may be due in part to the general rise of prices which has accompanied increased gold production, and the future may possibly see a lowering of prices of farm-lands, should the gold-supply wane. But the supply of good farmland in the United States is now limited, whereas the demand is unlimited; consequently, values of farm-lands in proportion to other commodities have reached a permanently higher level than that of the past.

The increase is accounted for in part, moreover, by higher prices for products. Between 1899 and 1909 the total value of all cereals raised in the United States increased 79.8 per cent, while the total yield increased only 1.7 per cent. Yields and, consequently, prices, will vary from year to year, and it is gratifying to know that (according to the reports of the Department of Agriculture) the per-acre yield in the United States, notwithstanding increasing utilization of inferior lands, is becoming gradually higher. But it must not be forgotten that greater yields due to more scientific farming are won at the cost of expensive processes; 'high' farming must be based on high prices. Very significant, also, is the fact that our cultivated acreage increase, in spite of still active homesteading in some of our western states, is becoming small. Between 1879 and 1889 the area planted to cereals increased sixty-six million acres, between 1889 and 1899 forty-five million acres, but in the past decade there were added only six million acres. In that same decade population increased sixteen millions. Enhanced farm-values, therefore, and higher prices of farm products seem

firmly based upon a disproportionate increase of population and cultivated area. In fact, before agriculture in the United States can be placed upon a permanent footing which will reckon exhaustion of soil capital, producers of staple crops must receive still higher prices than those which they are now receiving. It is this fact, along with prevailing high prices to consumers, which has brought about the great movement which aims at more economical methods of marketing crops.

An important consequence of greater proportionate demand for farm products in this country is the decline in our agricultural exports. Between 1900 and 1910 our exports of wheat fell off 100,000,000 bushels. Mr. G. K. Holmes, an expert statistician of the United States Department of Agriculture, summarizes conditions by saying that, 'most of the cereals and their products, all of the animals and most of the meats and their products, are going down in quantity of exports.' Food-stuffs now constitute only one fifth of our total exports. One effect of this change is that the prices of our leading farm-staples are becoming yearly less dependent upon European markets, and that, consequently, for the first time in our history the tariff is becoming more an object of direct concern to our grain and meat producers. A second effect, manifestly, is that we have come to a time when our imports must be paid for in other than agricultural products. In other words we are becoming preëminently a manufacturing rather than an agricultural nation. It would not be at all surprising, therefore, if our manufacturers should come soon to favor a low tariff.

A marked consequence of the rise in land-values and of higher prices for products is the utilization of inferior lands. Irrigation and drainage are reclaiming fertile spots otherwise waste,

and dry-farming methods have led to a great extension of the farming area (at the expense of the ranges) in all of our plains states; while at the same time there has been an extraordinary reverse movement toward the neglected farming regions of the East. The rehabilitation of the farming industry in the latter section, indeed, is one of the most important and pleasing features of the new era.

In fact a revolution is being effected in agriculture. However natural and often defensible, under the economic conditions of the free-land era, exploitive methods may have been, they are now not only unsuited to the present age, but are reprehensible from the standpoint of its needs and instincts. Instead, scientific methods are displacing the old as rapidly perhaps as we have a right to expect. The full effect of the movement toward a scientific, permanent system of agriculture will probably not be felt until the children and young people who are now being trained in the new agriculture take their places in life. No one who comes into contact with the boys and girls of our great corn-growing and bread-making contests and like movements, or with the earnest students in our agricultural colleges, can fail to appreciate the great renovation of agriculture which is preparing.

As a result partly of the widening influence of our agricultural colleges and partly of numerous coöperating agencies, a new set of ideals is being created with regard to country life. The nation as a whole, in fact, is making a reëstimation of rural life. With the coming of dear lands, city people have awakened to a new interest in country affairs and a new respect for country inhabitants. There is before us in the United States the opportunity to develop perhaps the finest type of rural civilization that the world has

ever known. The ownership of land in past ages has always been most honorable, but the working of it has been regarded generally as degrading. The actual farmers, equipped with their poor, pitiable instruments, and condemned to unceasing and disheartening toil, have been slaves, serfs, heathen, pagans, boors, peasants. But to-day the use of machinery and new facilities for communication make it possible for the same individual to be a tiller of the soil and a gentleman.

There is some question, however, whether this opportunity will be rightly appreciated and used. Farm-tenantry in the United States has increased twelve per cent in the last thirty years, despite homesteading. In some regions self-respecting farmers are being effaced by certain types of foreigners who have a 'more efficient standard of living.' The question is being widely considered, moreover, whether we are not tending to capitalistic ownership of land, and therewith to a tenantry system or to a system of managers and laborers. Some of our leaders of economic thought appear willing to condone the admitted social loss arising from such systems, under the plea of 'economic necessity' or the good of added production. It is true that the latter we must have, and it certainly behooves the individualistic pioneer farmer to recognize the new order of things, change his methods, and bring about greater production, if he would avoid ultimate extermination; but the history of land-tenure in the Roman Republic and in England suggests the very grave danger of allowing economic considerations undue control over social welfare. England is now trying to undo some of the evil working of 'economic necessity' by a forced breaking up of estates under the Small Holdings Act. If there is danger of capitalistic control of our farm-land,

it would be better now to begin to shape our rural system on right and enlightened lines than to hand on to future generations a problem vastly more intricate.

We may possibly find of advantage in the shaping of land-tenure the use of discriminatory taxation for the purpose of social control. Large tracts which are now held unutilized or only partially utilized by speculators — tracts which are a cause of grievous social retardation to some communities — ought to be so heavily taxed that the holders would be compelled either to put them to better use or to sell out. In the second place, taxation might be so arranged as to favor the man who lives on his farm to the disadvantage of the one who does not. And in the third place, we may see our way ultimately to tax the unearned increment, which is a great cause for speculation and instability on the part of our farming population. Forms of taxation such as these, moreover, might tend to keep land-values within reach of those wanting homes and to insure healthful and attractive social conditions in the open country.

Better credit facilities also promise great advantages both for aiding production and for facilitating acquisition of land by the landless. On one point, however, the betterment of rural credits ought to be severely guarded — that they be not used by farmers merely to buy more land. One main desire of most American farmers is to acquire another forty or one hundred and sixty. Lower rates of interest and better terms, if money were used for this purpose, might result simply in more slovenly farming and higher prices of land. Rightly used, however, improved systems of credit and other well-directed devices may bring about both a finer country life and a greater agricultural production — our goals as

we pass from the free-land era to the restricted-land era.

The transformation which is under way in agricultural life is but a part of the vast process of change through which we are passing. In this process the most far-reaching and vital problems have to do with the influence upon American democracy of the passing of the public lands.

IV

The growth of modern democracy has been closely identified with individualism; and in the United States both the *laissez-faire* theory and the occupation of the public lands in the era just closing combined to produce an extraordinary development of individualism. Now, individualism in relation to society has its good and its evil tendencies; and both were apparent in our public-land era.

The virtues of individualism were strongly accentuated in the inhabitants of our new regions. Men became self-reliant, hardy, aggressive. They learned to depend upon their own judgment, courage, and resourcefulness, and to scorn dependence and weakness. They were undaunted by obstacles and acquired the habit of overcoming difficulties. Power of achievement grew within them, and the call of a great country and of a large future impelled initiative and enterprise ever to attempts more bold and more vast. Under the spell which the West cast upon its children, they wrought with hope and enthusiasm and optimism; many a man was lifted by the new country from discouragement and weakness and littleness to valor of heart and health of body and breadth of personality. Hardships were cheerfully and at times heroically undergone, calamities and misfortunes were courageously endured and rapidly re-

paired. Little trammled by the past, the pioneers became versatile and progressive, skilled in adjusting both their lives and their institutions to new environments.

But the individualistic democracy of our era of public lands had also defects. It was often over-self-confident. Ours was the most glorious country in all the world. Our system of government was of such a high degree of perfection that we looked pityingly upon other less fortunate nations — over-looking, with a promoter's disregard, small defects like graft and municipal misgovernment. In free America, moreover, we needed no governing class, no specialists in government, for every American citizen was confident that he could step into almost any office and run it well. Mistakes of all sorts — economic, social, and political — were quickly cured by the unceasing expansion into the great public domain, and prosperity constituted an invulnerable argument in favor of all our policies.

Easily connected with over-confidence was the habit of running risks. An American was willing to take his chances in any sort of enterprise; he loved the excitement of hazard, whether in mining, gambling, real-estate deals, or politics. If he failed, could he not go to some new region and make a fresh start? He often became reckless, moreover, with regard to his own life and the lives of others. 'How about such and such a steamboat?' inquired one miner of another as they stood on the bank of a river in the far West. 'She is good enough for passengers,' was the response, 'but I would n't trust treasure in her.' We were reckless and over-confident in business also. We grew feverish in speculation, and every generation had to have its head cleared by a panic.

Along with speculation went haste

and waste. We boasted of the quickness with which we did things and reckoned not the cost; we reveled in the richness of our resources, and thought not of the morrow. We skimmed our mines and exhausted our soils and slashed our woods, intent only on immediate gain. We became a prey to 'nervous prosperity,' and each hastened to get ahead of the other in occupying and possessing and accumulating.

In the rush for wealth we grew disregarding of the rights of others. The wilderness was no place for weaklings, the prizes were for the strong and the successful. In the rapidity of our settlement of the public domain our population often outran government, and the instruments of social control in new regions were usually weak. We acquired something of contempt for the slow workings of government, and we learned how to evade or to cow the law.

These habits — over-confidence, recklessness, waste, disregard for law — we Americans of the new era recognize as evils which must be inhibited. We have come, indeed, to a time of larger social control. The democracy of the public-land era was individualistic; the democracy of the new time is to be a socialized democracy.

Notwithstanding defects in our pioneer democracy, however, it was a genuine and sincere democracy; and it was so vitally connected with our public lands, that their passing raises profound problems touching the very existence of our democracy.

It would probably be incorrect, nevertheless, to ascribe the growth of democracy in America solely to our public lands; for modern industrialism has permeated the nations with democratic leaven, and particularly in western Europe has produced democratic tendencies in nations which possess no public lands. Other forces also have been at work. Yet it may be worth

while to notice that the example of America has been a considerable incentive to European strivings, and that the escape of great numbers of emigrants out of European conditions has helped to make more impossible the permanent subjection of the European populace. The growth of democracy in European countries at least synchronizes with the great modern migrations to the United States — the greatest migrations known to history. And in this way the public lands of the United States may not have been without influence in the development of a greater measure of freedom in Europe.

Conditions, at any rate, were made favorable for democracy in the United States by our public lands. In the first place, they tended to cause a considerable degree of economic equality among our people. Out on the frontier the conditions were such as to produce a large measure of financial equality, or at least of financial opportunity. Poor men in the East could go out West and take up land or enter business in new communities and in a few years might have a good start in life. In the case of many a young man, the public lands took the place of wealthy ancestors. In thinking of the equalizing tendencies of our public lands, moreover, it should be borne in mind that they not only offered opportunity to farmers and prospectors, but that they gave chances in life also, in new and growing towns, to lawyers, bankers, merchants, carpenters, editors, and in general to men of various callings. The public lands absorbed the surplus in all occupations. The consequence was that not only were the individuals benefited who went forth upon them, but the supply of labor in the older centres, whether physical or professional, was proportionately decreased and therefore better recompensed. While the plaint of the poor

or of the aggrieved was not wanting, few were predestined to poverty without hope of substantial rise; such inequality of wealth as obtained was not felt by individuals or classes to be permanent.

Our public lands, in the second place, tended to produce social equality. On the frontier, a man's standing depended upon his personal prowess and character. 'Family' counted for nothing; one man was just as good as another. 'In the gulch,' observed the *Montana Post* in 1865, 'Major Blank wheels while Colonel Carat fills.' So long as men could migrate from the East to such communities, it was impossible for class-distinctions to become well established, and we had no permanently submerged class. The United States has known little thus far of those sorrowful problems of dire misery and degradation which have so perpetually haunted older countries; nor has it known such grave crises of social agitation. The public lands, in fact, furnished a safety-valve for social discontent.

An example of the healthful effects of the public lands was shown by the ease with which, at the close of the Civil War, our numerous soldiery reentered peaceful pursuits. Thousands of them took up free land or engaged in railroad construction in the West. Contrast our happy experience in this respect with the want and pain and disaster which befell the laboring population of Great Britain when, at the close of the Napoleonic wars, large numbers of discharged soldiers and sailors swelled the labor-supply.

A third tendency was the propagation of political equality. Our nation at its birth was decidedly more aristocratic politically than at present. One man in six then had the franchise, and a host of restrictions aimed to confine office-holding to the 'well-born.' In

the Convention which framed our Constitution there was marked distrust of a popular electorate. 'The people,' urged Roger Sherman, 'should have as little as may be to do about the government'; and Gerry, of Massachusetts, claimed that, 'The evils we experience flow from the excess of Democracy.' Our presidents for the first forty years of our nation were aristocrats. The forces, on the other hand, which have made for equality in our history — anti-federalism, Jacksonian democracy, populism, insurgency, progressivism — were generated principally in the West. The newer areas, likewise, have been areas of constant innovation and experimentation in governmental democracy — witness Oklahoma and Arizona. 'Thus we have from the earliest periods of the trans-Alleghany movement down to the latest period,' says Mr. R. T. Hill in his *Public Domain and Democracy*, 'constant democratic political movements which have successively borne marks of the social and economic conditions peculiar to a new country and particularly to conditions dominating the huge American Public Domain.'

V

If, then, the public lands have conduced to wide democratic equality, what will be in this respect the effect of their passing? Will the new era tend to inequality? Is such inequality inimical to democracy? Can tendencies to inequality, if such develop, be controlled by society? What forms shall social control take, and to what extent can it be healthfully exercised?

He would be very presumptuous indeed who should attempt now to answer these grave questions, but one may at least consider whether there are indications that stratification is proceeding. In the first place we may raise the question as to the so-called

lower classes. Is social distress becoming in our time more persistent and more difficult of amelioration? It is true that, in the past, numbers of the laboring class, caught by habits, occupation, or remoteness from the new lands, lived under conditions which were evil; but there was always a chance for escape to new environment, if not for the sufferers themselves, then for their children. So long as we had great areas of public lands, individuals could escape from untoward conditions, and the formation of a class in permanent inferiority was impossible. To-day the ownership of land, or such change in economic circumstances as will permit an individual laborer to step out of his class, is becoming more and more difficult. In the older time sons of poverty-stricken parents were urged to develop themselves and to aspire to rise higher as individuals; to-day young men are urged to become efficient employees, with the prospect of making a permanent living as employees. The very means of amelioration of bad conditions point not to a man's rising out of his class, but to his betterment as a member of his class. Of such nature are the various phases of social insurance, pension systems, and unionization.

Even in the sphere of education the question is already being raised whether trade and technical schools, indispensable in many respects as they appear to our new democracy, nevertheless may not induct the masses into careers dwarfed of initiative and aspiration. 'Shall we not in giving the vocational training,' suggests Professor A. D. Weeks, 'intensify vocational and professional distinctions and instead of a democracy, consisting, let us admit, of a certain equality of inefficiency, set up a society which will be administratively more perfect, but consisting of impenetrable strata?'

On the other hand, how about the tendency toward the formation of an aristocracy?

There is no doubt that to-day we have enormous inequality of wealth. The greater part of the wealth of the country, and to a still greater extent the control of the wealth of the country, is in the hands of a small minority of the people. That this condition is a result in part of the unrestricted individualism of the public-land era, does not alter the fact. Time was when we thought that the evil of great accumulation of wealth would cure itself; that which the father accumulated the son, or certainly the grandson, would scatter. Cases of this sort did occur in the ups and downs of the period when the wealthy man ran risks along with the rest of us. But present-day aggregations of wealth have been projected over from the period of rapid economic change to the period of greater economic fixation; our great fortunes now run few risks, their gambles are well-nigh sure things. Consequently, personal mediocrity or weakness on the part of the heirs of large fortunes usually cannot seriously endanger those fortunes. Certainly one of the most vital and menacing problems for the democracy of the new era is whether immense fortunes gained in a competitive era by exploitive methods shall be perpetuated and increased in an era in which for the masses there can be no opportunities for exploitation.

While, in general, conditions in rural regions point to the continuance of a middle class upon our farms, yet it is to be noted that the possession of a farm of from eighty to three hundred and twenty acres, with the expensive equipment now required to run it, is quite out of the reach of very large numbers of our population at present prices. It is difficult to avoid the conclusion that even in the country social stratifica-

tion is proceeding by insensible and natural steps; in the cities disparity of fortune and social cleavage are already clearly marked. The tendencies toward economic and social equality which, as we have noted, were marked features of our public-land era, seem fast vanishing into history.

Will the political equality survive? Can the democracy which was created in a period of industrial expansion and social instability, and infused with the *laissez-faire* theory, be effective in a period of comparative industrial limitation and social fixation?

This is our problem, and we are hard at work upon it. We are making use of our political equality to try to gain greater social and economic equality. The strivings of our national life in this endeavor are earnest and strong. Evidences of the effort occur in our reform of the civil service, our secret ballot, our direct primaries; in regulation of railways and corporations, in publicity requirements, in life-insurance safeguards; in employers' liability laws, income and inheritance taxes, and in schemes of social insurance and social betterment. Education is being transformed from the ideal of training for individual success to that of social competence and service. We are apparently beginning to realize also that a new period in the country's development calls for a new policy with regard to immigration. Our democracy must not be weakened by dilutions of poverty and ignorance from abroad if it is to solve the problems with which it is confronted.

In some respects our problems are made more pressing because of our having had public lands in the past. We have lagged behind older countries in making social adjustments. For example, in compulsory or state insurance of the working classes with regard to life, accidents, sickness, non-employment, and old age, we are a generation

behind Germany, England, and a number of other nations.

All along the line, however, our democracy is moving forward. Either voluntarily or through conscription, even our wealthy men are learning to march with the people, for it is one of the most encouraging facts in the outlook that our holders of great wealth are by no means unresponsive to tides

of social feeling. Let our democracy be self-controlled and sane, let it avoid war, let it limit excessive reproduction and immigration, let it redirect education, let it conserve the strength and health and well-being of its citizens, and we may hope for success in the delicate and complicated and trying adjustments which we are making as we pass from the era of public lands.

AN EXPOSITION OF SLEEP

BY FREDERICK PETERSON

'BUT I pray you let none of your people stir me. I have an exposition of sleep come upon me,'— says Bottom in the play.

What is this 'exposition of sleep'? A commonplace natural phenomenon which we accept as we do air and water,—a bafflingly mysterious condition in which we are compelled to pass a full third of our earthly life,—yet sleep, strangely enough, has been little studied or written about in all our compendiums of learning. In the thirty thousand pages of the encyclopædia, which may be looked upon as in a sense a microcosm, an epitome of all the accumulated knowledge of the world, there are but two pages devoted to sleep. This measures the general interest of humanity in the subject. One would think that psychologists would find a special field in this eclipse of the mind for eight hours every day, yet those huge tomes of Baldwin—the dictionary of psychology—devote half a page to sleep. The practical interest of medical men is in the disorders

of sleep, but they treat of it in their medical books almost wholly from the standpoint of therapeutics, seldom or never from that of etiology. The chief literature of sleep seems to be found among the poets, religious devotees and mystics. I shall not quote Shakespeare, but only say that his innumerable references to sleep and dreams and the disorders of sleep prove him to have been an extraordinary observer. An incomparable clinician was spoiled in him when he became a poet. But I shall quote some sentences from the writings of Iamblichus, the mystic, because they do present a theory of sleep that is never mentioned in the works of medical practitioners or physiologists, though believed in by multitudes at the present time.

'The soul has a two-fold life, a lower and a higher. In sleep the soul is freed from the constraint of the body and enters, as one emancipated, on its divine life of intelligence.'

'The nobler part of the soul is thus united by abstraction to higher natures,

and becomes a participant in the wisdom and foreknowledge of the gods.'

'Numbers of sick, by sleeping in the temple of Æsculapius, have had their cure revealed to them in dreams vouchsafed by the god.'

'The night-time of the body is the day-time of the soul.'

The argument is that since we have no knowledge of anything in existence but matter and spirit (force), and since neither of these rests or has need of rest, the only logical explanation of sleep is that it affords an opportunity for the re-creation of the soul by union during the unconscious period with the great reservoir of spirit outside of ourselves in the universe about us.

We must turn to the physiologists for records of the accumulated data on sleep. In these newest books on physiology we find what scientists have to offer at the present time in relation to the subject. The main object of this essay is to present their assumptions and facts with some critical comments.

Since most living things exhibit periods of rest alternating with activity, it is assumed that this is a law of living matter. But is it a true law? Matter itself is apparently never at rest, from the points of force which compose atoms, to the whirling planets and suns; and living matter is made up of the physical atoms that never rest. It is doubtless the phenomenon of sleep that has led the physiologists to the dictum that all living matter must rest.

Since in sleep so many of the most active functions keep on practically unchanged, such as the circulation, respiration, secretion, and digestion, the preformed hypothesis had to be supported by such statements as that the heart gets its rest between the beats. The physiologist says it is a mistake to suppose that the heart needs no rest; that it does need it and obtains it in the pause after the second beat; that

while the sleep of the heart is frequently broken, the heart actually does rest in point of time half of its life, whereas the brain rests only one third of its life, despite its longer periods of sleep! Thus the original hypothesis is even more than satisfied.

'The most important fact of sleep is the partial or complete loss of consciousness, and this phenomenon may be referred directly to a lessened metabolic activity in the brain tissue, presumably in the cortex cerebri.'¹

There are two pure assumptions in this paragraph: first, that consciousness is probably a function of the cortex of the brain; and second, that the phenomenon of sleep depends upon lessened metabolic activity in the brain cortex. I will not go over all the arguments against the first assumption, but merely point out that consciousness is certainly not present in all parts of the cortex at any one time; otherwise all of our memories stored up through the five senses represented in diverse parts of the brain would be in the stream of consciousness simultaneously. In individuals who have lost large portions of the cortex through accident or disease, even to the extent of a hemisphere, consciousness may be unimpaired. The arguments against the second assumption, that sleep depends upon lessened metabolic activity in the brain cortex, are also partly valid against the first assumption. Several experimenters have carefully extirpated the cerebral hemispheres of birds and other animals. Schrader's studies are the best with which I am acquainted. Decerebrated pigeons, after the first shock of the operation, wander about the room untiringly the greater part of the day, perfectly coördinated in flying or walking, with good space-perception, seeing, avoiding obstacles, awake all day and sleeping at

¹ Howell's *Physiology*, 1912.

night. Goltz's dogs without cerebral hemispheres presented the same phenomena of waking and sleeping, very restless when awake, and curling up like normal dogs when asleep.

In two cases of children observed by the writer, where little was left in either of cortex or brain, owing to disease, waking and sleeping conditions were noted. The child without cerebrum described recently by Edinger and Fischer¹ lived to be nearly four years old and lay 'motionless in sleep unless awakened.'

Apparently, then, neither cortex nor cerebrum is essential to sleep.

It is clear that we must restrict our definitions here. We cannot look upon the states of being awake or being conscious and of being asleep or being unconscious as equivalent or synonymous.

Consciousness now is regarded as related only to memory-associations which function in the cerebrum.

Thus, a creature may be awake but not conscious, as in decerebrated animals. On the other hand it may be asleep yet conscious (or, if you prefer, *sub-conscious*), as in dreams and somnambulism. For that matter one might quote James, who says that the quarrel between Descartes and Locke as to whether the mind ever sleeps or not is still unsettled.

Granted that consciousness and being awake are different states, the underlying anatomical and physiological conditions should be different. That summation of activities which we call being awake, evidently not cerebral, but determined by function in the basal ganglia and nerves, may by irradiation into the cerebral hemispheres arouse consciousness also. At any rate we must hereafter distinguish between the concept of sleep and the concept of unconsciousness.

¹ *Archiv für Physiologie*, 1913, p. 535.

Another dictum of the physiologists, emphasized in their latest works, relates to the dangers of sleeplessness. 'Sleep is more important to life than nutrition, and insomnia kills sooner than starvation,'—to quote the exact words of one. This has been a kind of tradition in medicine, and is reiterated again and again in these books, without any real evidence, so far as I know, to support it. Taught to every medical man of older generations and to every medical fledgling of to-day, it finds its way to general public acceptance, begetting in the lay mind terrors of insanity and death which haunt every unfortunate victim of insomnia. The fear of not sleeping is one of the commonest causes of insomnia. Yet I do not know of any medical evidence anywhere of disastrous results from insomnia, and have myself never seen any harm arise from sleeplessness, apart from the harm done by the fears and worries associated with the condition.

So far as I can discover, the only basis for the assumption that sleeplessness is more dangerous to life than starvation, is the experiments made over twenty years ago by Marie de Manasseine on ten young puppies that died after four or five days of provoked insomnia. I do not know what means she used to keep the puppies awake, or how far the methods employed were in themselves injurious, nor do I know of any repetitions of the experiments by others. But I should think that experiments on young puppies that tend to sleep a great deal more than grown dogs after their months of antenatal sleep, would be unsatisfactory criteria for conditions in adult human beings. Not only does our experience with patients with insomnia contradict these deductions, but we all know of long-lived normal human beings whose hours of sleep are far below the average eight hours. Humboldt with his three hours

a day, Edison with four, and John Hunter with three to four hours, are oft-quoted examples. Patrick and Gilbert kept three healthy young men awake for ninety hours, — nearly four days, — and at the end of this time a small extra amount of sleep beyond the normal caused complete restoration.

There seems to be such a thing as intensive sleeping, just as we have intensive gardening and farming. It has been shown experimentally that repose is deepest during the first hour or two, and that sleep becomes more shallow, more superficial, thereafter; and it is conceivable that by sleeping intensively for two or three hours we might secure as much actual rest as we now obtain by dissipating it over seven or eight hours. It would be interesting to know more than we do about comparative sleep in the various animals. The authorities state that birds, despite their enormous activities and more intense metabolism, sleep very little. The dog, which appears to sleep so much, is said to be the most wakable of animals. Man is regarded as the soundest sleeper and the least wakable among all creatures. It has been suggested that this sleep-relation between dog and man, companions from pre-glacial ages, which has been so conducive to their mutual preservation, is another example of that duplex kind of life that we call symbiosis.

Now to a consideration of the theories of sleep. The mystic theory of Iamblichus has already been referred to. Then there is the theory of the psychologist Claparède, that sleep is a phenomenon of nature in the shape of a reaction of defense against fatigue. The theories described in the physiology will, however, interest us most.

One is that the accumulation of acid waste-products in the blood, especially from muscle-activity in the shape of sarcolactic acid, brings on a gradually

increasing loss of irritability in the brain-cells, finally resulting in unconsciousness. Lactic acid or lactate of soda injected into the blood brings on fatigue and finally unconsciousness. This theory assumes an action like that of a narcotic. One would think that one fact of normal sleep would invalidate the theory. That is that a sleeper can be instantly awakened and made as alert as at any hour of the day, in a few seconds of time and at any period of his sleep, which should hardly be the case if his blood is so charged with acid waste-products as to produce unconsciousness.

Another explanation is that the intra-molecular oxygen of the brain-cells is used up more rapidly in the waking state than the blood can supply it, and during sleep the store of oxygen is replenished.

The retraction theory had more vogue a few years ago than it has now. It was thought that the dendritic processes of the brain-cells, by retracting, broke connections so that the cells could be no longer stimulated. This mechanical theory assumes, like the theories just mentioned, that the brain-cells are the seat of consciousness, and that, connections being broken, they cannot be stimulated. But at least the cells of all the senses in sleep are not beyond the reach of stimulation, as the sleeper can at any time be awakened by their stimulation. The sleep-walker sees, hears, feels, walks, thinks, and is yet asleep.

The anæmia theory is pretty well founded. By observation of the brains of sleeping animals and of man also, through openings in the skull made by design or accident, and by the use of the plethysmograph, an actual diminution of blood in the brain and an increase in the extremities has been noted during sleep by many observers. Anæmia may be considered as a con-

comitant of normal sleep, but whether as cause or effect no one has yet determined.

This fact leads to the differentiation of another form of sleep from the familiar normal form. This is hypnotic sleep, in which the face is red, the retina hyperæmic, the arms diminished in volume in the plethysmograph, — conditions opposite to those of normal sleep. A curious condition too in hypnotic sleep is that none of the experiences during the unconscious period are remembered on waking. Many observers have noted increased frequency of respiration and heart-action and dilated pupils in hypnotism, as well as active knee jerks, all of which symptoms are in contrast with those of normal sleep.

I will digress a little further here, simply to refer to another variety or other varieties of sleep, namely, those due to anæsthetics and drugs. While some of the milder drugs induce an artificial sleep that simulates closely natural sleep, there are differences in certain effects of narcotics when we bear in mind the main features of normal sleep, which are, in brief, moderate slowing up of the general physiological functions such as circulation, respiration, digestion, and secretion, anæmia of the brain, contraction of the pupils, rolling up of the eyeballs, and, what is not mentioned in the books though certainly a usual feature of normal sleep, a certain easy wakability. It is much more difficult to awaken a person from these artificial sleeps. Henbane sleep has its special features of hallucinations, dilated pupils, and rapid pulse; haschish sleep its mildly manic exaltation and rapid flow of dream-consciousness; alcohol, ether, chloroform, opium, and so forth, each some distinctive quality in the sleep induced by them. These drugs and anæsthetics are supposed to act chemically upon the ganglion cells by some sort of loose evanes-

cent combination with the lipoids or fatty substances of the cells.

After this digression let us return to the question of the cause of sleep. The authorities seem to seek in vain some explanation of its periodicity. It has never seemed to me that sufficient attention has been given to physical causes outside of the organism, — for instance to the planetary rhythm of day and night, which ordinarily coincides with the periods of activity and inactivity, waking and sleeping. The biologists have been busy a long time with the tropisms which influence all forms of life, and among these heliotropism is probably of the greatest importance. Loeb, in his *Dynamics of Living Matter*, says that 'heliotropism plays a wide rôle in determining the behavior of animals, and there are animals whose life becomes, at certain periods of their existence at least, a function of light.' This is undoubtedly true of plants as well. The turning of plants toward the light is heliotropism.

When lower forms of animal life are experimented with in the laboratory, the tendency is to diminished activity or complete rest (sleep) in the dark and to increased activity in the light. This chemical effect upon protoplasm in general becomes rhythmic with the alternating day and night, and in the hundred million years that led to the evolution of man, the original terrestrial protoplasmic rhythm became an established function of animal life. With the development of a nervous system this regular periodicity of action and inaction was doubtless taken over to a considerable extent by the neurons, as has occurred with other functions of protoplasm. If this be so, may we not look upon sleep, which robs us of twenty-three years of activity in our short lives of three score and ten, as a bad habit, as an incident or rather accident of our existence on this

particular planet? One wonders for instance as to the relations of sleep and activity on a planet like Jupiter, with a ten-hour day (five hours of light and five hours of night), with six years of polar day and six years of polar night, and seasons each three years long. What about sleep on Saturn, with its luminous rings and eight moons, and also five hours of day and five hours of night? How about sleep on planets lit by duplex or triplex suns, or in the solar system of Theta Orionis with seven suns?

That the theory presented cannot be far wrong is borne out by the facts in another type of sleep which I have not yet mentioned, but which is conceded to be due to a terrestrial rhythm, namely the winter sleep and summer sleep of certain animals, — hibernation and æstivation. This seasonal rhythm of inactivity which is exhibited by many different species of animals, such as bats, hedgehogs, dormice, marmots, reptiles and batrachians, brown and grizzly bears, and so on, is physiologically only an exaggeration of normal diurnal sleep. All the functions are slowed down. Respiration, alimentation, and excretion are actually suspended in complete hibernation; circulation continues, but with enormous retardation, and temperature adjustment where such exists at all is in abeyance. The seasonal sleep of plants need only be mentioned as clearly a seasonal or terrestrial rhythm. If physical conditions of the planet determine the function of sleep, then we ought to find in Arctic experience some corroboration of the assumption. The natives of the Arctic regions spend most of the Arctic night in sleep. Nansen, in his *Farthest North*, tells of his companion

and himself sleeping twenty hours out of the twenty-four. They woke up simply for food and to make notes and registrations. Greely says he allowed his officers and men to sleep only fourteen to sixteen hours daily, keeping them employed the rest of the time. It is the oncoming dark, sweeping around the world with each diurnal revolution, that lays all creatures low, like the wind across a field of wheat.

The work of man is a function of light, and since the days of the cave-dwellers, all men have turned in to sleep when the light was gone and there was no stimulus to the senses to overcome the terrestrial rhythm. It is a rhythm that seems to be easily broken and not as important to life as nutrition, for instance. So that, when the need arises, man or animal may reverse the rhythm, work at night and sleep by day, to satisfy hunger or ambition.

Will it always be necessary to sleep the twenty-three years of our short span? With the ferment of mind now going on all over the civilized world, with increasing mental and spiritual work to do, with the introduction of newer and better methods of artificial illumination, will not the tendency be for the hours of sleep to grow shorter and shorter, and the time for the use of the mind longer? Does not the growing tendency to insomnia point to a transition period from the old-time periods of mental torpor to the time when man shall be able to use his cerebral engine every hour of his brief life? Need we worry about insomnia? Perhaps in time, by practice of ascetic economy in sleeping and eating, every one will be able to unlock those stores of reserve power described by James in his *Energies of Men*.

NEWSPAPER MORALS: A REPLY

BY RALPH PULITZER

THE striking article in the March *Atlantic* by Mr. Henry L. Mencken, on 'Newspaper Morals,' is so full of palpable facts supporting plausible fallacies that simple justice to press and 'proletariat' seems to render proper a few thoughts in answer to it.

Mr. Mencken's main facts, summarized, are as follows: that press and public often approach public questions too superficially and sentimentally; that the sense of proportion is too often lost in the heat of campaigns; that the truth is too often obscured by the intrusion of irrelevant personalities; and that after the intemperate extremes of reform waves there always come reactions into indifference to the evils but yesterday so furiously fought.

Mr. Mencken's fallacies are: the supercilious assumption that these weaknesses are not matters of human temperament running up and down through a certain proportion of every division of society, but that, on the contrary, they are class affairs, never tainting the educated classes, but limited to 'the man in the street,' 'the rabble,' 'the mob'; that apparently the emotionalizing of public questions by the press is to be censured in principle and sneered at in practice; that it means a deliberate truckling by the newspapers to the ignorant tastes of the masses when the press fights a public evil by attacking, with argument and indignation mingled, a man who personifies that evil, instead of opposing the general principle of that evil with a wholly passionless intellectualism.

A general fallacy which affects Mr. Mencken's whole article lies in criticizing as offenses against 'newspaper morals' those imperfections which, where they exist at all, could properly be criticized only under such criteria as suggested by 'Newspaper Intellectuals,' or 'Newspapers as the Exponents of Pure Reason.'

Mr. Mencken first exposes and deprecates the 'aim' of the newspapers to 'knock somebody in the head every day,' 'to please the crowd, to give a good show, by first selecting a deserving victim and then putting him magnificently to the torture,' and even to fight 'constructive campaigns for good government in exactly the same Gothic, melodramatic way.'

Now 'muck-raking' rather than incense-burning is not a deliberate aim so much as a spontaneous instinct of the average newspaper. Nor is there anything either mysterious or reprehensible about this. The public, of all degrees, is more interested in hitting Wrong than in praising Right, because fortunately we are still in an optimistic state of society, where Right is taken for granted and Wrong contains the element of the unusual and abnormal. If the day shall ever come when papers will be able to 'expose' Right and regard Wrong as a foregone conclusion they will doubtless quickly reverse their treatment of the two. In an Ali Baba's cave it might be natural for a paper to discover some man's honesty; in a *yoshiwara* it might be reasonable for it to expiate on some

woman's virtue. But while honesty and virtue and rightness are assumed to be the normal condition of men and women and things in general, it does not seem either extraordinary or culpable that people and press should be more interested in the polemical than in the platitudinous; in blame than in painting the lily; in attack than in sending laudatory coals to Newcastle. It scarcely needs remark, however, that when the element of surprise is introduced by some deed of exceptional heroism or abnegation or inspiration, the newspapers are not slow in giving it publicity and praise.

Mr. Mencken finds it deplorable that 'a very definite limit is set not only upon the people's capacity for grasping intellectual concepts, but also upon their capacity for grasping moral concepts'; that, therefore, it is necessary 'to visualize their cause in some definite and defiant opponent . . . by translating all arguments for a principle into rage against a man.' Far be it from me to deny that people and papers are too prone to get diverted from the pursuit of some principle by acrimonious personalities wholly ungermane to that principle. But the protest against this should not lead to unfair extremes in the opposite direction. If Mr. Mencken's ideal is a nation of philosophers calmly agreeing on the abstract desirability of honesty while serenely ignoring the specific picking of their own pockets, we have no ground for argument. But until we reach such a semi-imbecile Utopia it would seem to be no reflection on 'the people's' intellectual or moral concepts that they should refuse to excite themselves over any theoretical wrong until their attention is focused on some practical manifestation of it, in the concrete acts of some specific individual.

May I add, parenthetically, that some papers and many acutely intel-

lectual gentlemen find it far more convenient and comfortable to generalize virtuously than to particularize virtuously? Nor does it require merely moral or physical courage to reduce the safely general to the disagreeably personal. It requires no despicable amount of intellectual acumen as well.

Mr. Mencken next proceeds to 'assume here, as an axiom too obvious to be argued, that the chief appeal of a newspaper in all such holy causes is not at all to the educated and reflective minority of citizens, but to the ignorant and unreflective majority.' On the contrary, it is very far from being 'too obvious to be argued.' A great many persons of guaranteed education are sadly destitute of any reflectiveness whatsoever, while an appalling number of 'the ignorant' have the effrontery to be able to reflect very efficiently. This is apart from the fact that the general intelligence among many of the ignorant is matched only by the abysmal stupidity of many of the educated.

Thus it is that the decent paper makes its appeal on public questions to the numerically large body of reflective 'ignorance' and to the numerically small body of reflective education, leaving it to the demagogic papers, which are the exception at one end, to inflame the unreflective ignorant, and to the sycophantic papers at the other end to pander to the unreflective educated.

As to Mr. Mencken's charge that he knows of 'no subject, save perhaps baseball, on which the average American newspaper discourses with unflinching sense and understanding,' I know of no subject at all, even including baseball, on which the most exceptionally gifted man in the world discourses with unflinching sense and understanding. But I do know this: that, considering the immense range of subjects which the American paper is

called upon to discuss, and its meagre limits of time in which to prepare for such discussion, the failings of that paper in sense and understanding are probably rarer than would be those under the same conditions of Mr. Mencken's most fastidious selection.

'But,' Mr. Mencken continues, 'whenever the public journals presume to illuminate such a matter as municipal taxation, for example, or the extension of local transportation facilities, or the punishment of public or private criminals, or the control of public-service corporations, or the revision of city charters, the chief effect of their effort is to introduce into it a host of extraneous issues, most of them wholly emotional, and so they continue to make it unintelligible to all earnest seekers after truth.' Here again it is all a matter of point of view. If Mr. Mencken's earnest seekers after truth wish to evolve ideological schemes of municipal taxation, or supramundane extensions of transportation facilities, or transcendental control of public-service corporations, or academic revisions of city charters, then, indeed, the newspaper discussions of these questions would be bewildering to these visionary workers in the realms of pure reason. For the newspapers 'presume' to regard these questions, not as theoretical problems, to be solved under theoretical conditions, on theoretical populations, to theoretical perfection, but as workable projects for a workaday world, in which the most beautiful abstract reasoning must stand the test of flesh-and-blood conditions; they regard emotional issues as so far, indeed, from being extraneous that the human nature of the humblest men and women must be weighed in the balance against the nicest syllogisms of the precisest logic. And this is nothing that Mr. Mencken need condescend to apologize for so long as 'newspaper

morals' are under discussion. For it must be obvious that the honest exposition and analysis of public questions from a human as well as a scientific point of view is a higher moral service to the community than an exclusively scientific, wholly unsympathetic search after truth by those who regard populations as mere subjects for the demonstration of principles.

It is precisely the honorable prerogative of newspapers not only to clarify but to vivify, to galvanize dead hypotheses into living questions, to make the educated and the ignorant alike feel that public questions should interest and stir all good citizens and not merely engross social philosophers and political theorists.

But here let me avoid joining Mr. Mencken in the pitfall of generalizations, by drawing a sharp distinction between the great run of decent papers which do honestly emotionalize public questions and the relatively few papers which unscrupulously *hystericalize* these questions.

Mr. Mencken is entirely correct when he admits that this emotionalizing brings these problems down to a 'man's comprehension, and, what is more important, within the range of his active sympathies.' But he again shows a very unfortunate class arrogance when he identifies this man as 'the man in the street.' If Mr. Mencken searched earnestly enough after truth, he would find this man to be about as extensively the man at the ticker, the man in the motor-car, the man at the operating table, the man in the pulpit. In the same vein he continues that the only papers which discuss good government unemotionally 'are diligently avoided by the mob.' If Mr. Mencken only included with his proletariat the mob of stockbrokers and doctors and engineers and lawyers and college graduates generally, who

refuse to read these logical and unemotional discussions, he would unfortunately be quite right. It would be a beautiful thing indeed if we had with us to-day one hundred millions of 'earnest seekers after truth,' all busily engaged in discussing 'good government in the abstract,' 'logically and unemotionally.' If they were only thus dispassionately busied, it is quite true that things would not be as at present, when 'they are always ready for a man hunt and their favorite quarry is a man of politics. If no such prey is at hand, they will turn to wealthy debauchees, to fallen Sunday-school superintendents, to money barons, to white-slave traders.' In those halcyon times the one hundred million calm abstractionists would discuss the influence of Beaumont and Fletcher on bosses, or, failing this, the ultimate effect of wealth on eroticism, the obscure relations between proselyting and decadence, or the effect of the white-slave traffic on the gold reserve.

But in our present unregenerate epoch Mr. Mencken is quite right in holding that it is generally the specific evils of government or society that bring about reform waves, which in turn crystallize themselves into general principles. It is a shockingly practical process, I admit, but then we are a shockingly practical people, who prefer sordid results to inspired theories. And at that we are not in such bad company. For in no country in the world is there such a thing as a 'revealed' civilization. On the contrary, civilization has always been for the most part purely empirical, and progress will ever remain so.

There is, therefore, cause not for shame but for pride when a newspaper reveals some specific iniquity, and by not merely expounding its isolated character to the public intelligence, but also by interpreting its general menace

to the public imagination and bringing home its inherent evil to the public conscience, arouses that public to social legislation, criminal prosecution or political reform.

Mr. Mencken next assaults once more his unfortunate 'man in the street' by declaring that 'it is always as a game, of course, that the man in the street views moral endeavor. . . . His interest in it is almost always a sporting interest.' On the contrary, here at last we have a case where a class distinction can fairly be drawn. 'The man in the street' is a naïve man who takes his melodrama seriously, who believes robustly in blacks and whites without subtilizing them into intermediate shades, for whom villains and heroes really exist. He is the last person on earth to view the moral endeavor of a political or social campaign as a game. It is the supercilious class, with its sophistication and attendant cynicism, to whom such campaigns tend to take on the aspect of sporting events and games of skill.

But there is no need to go into the details of Mr. Mencken's theory as to the depraved nature of popular participation in political reform. Its gist is contained in his truly shocking statement that the war on the Tweed ring and its extirpation was to the 'plain people' nothing but 'sport royal'! Any one who can take one of the most inspiring civic victories in the history, not alone of a city but of a nation, and degrade the spirit that brought it about to the level of the cockpit or the bull ring, supplies an argument that needs no reinforcing against his prejudices on this whole subject.

Mr. Mencken justly deplores the reactions which follow upon reform successes, but unjustly concentrates the blame on the fickleness of 'the rabble.' This evil is not a matter of mob-psychology but of unstable human nature,

high and low. These revulsions and reactions are the shame, impartially, of all classes of our communities. They permeate the educated atmosphere of fastidious clubs as extensively as they do the ignorant miasma of vulgar saloons. If they induce the 'ignorant and unreflective' plebeian to sit in his shirt-sleeves with his legs up, resting his feet on election day instead of doing his duty at the polls, do they not equally congest the golf links with 'earnest seekers after truth' busily engaged in sacrificing ballots to Bogeys?

I wholly agree with Mr. Mencken's strictures on the public morality which holds it to be a relevant defense for a ballot-box stuffer 'that he is kind to his little children.' The sentimentalism which so frequently perverts a proper public conception of public morality is sickening. But here again the indictment should be against average human nature, educated or ignorant, and not against the 'man in the street' as a class and alone. To this man the fact that the ballot-box stuffer is kind to his little children may carry more weight than to the man of education and culture. To the latter the fact that some monopoly-breeding, law-defying, legislation-bribing, railroad-wrecking gentleman is kind to his fellow citizens by donating to them picture galleries and free libraries may carry more weight than to the former. Is not the one just as much as the other 'ready to let feeling triumph over every idea of abstract justice'?

Again, with Mr. Mencken's prescription for making a successful newspaper crusade there can be no quarrel, save that here once more he suggests, by referring to the newspaper as a 'mob-master,' that these methods are exclusively applicable to the same long-suffering 'man in the street.' These methods on which Mr. Mencken elaborates are the rather obvious ones used

by every lawyer, clergyman, statesman, or publicist the world over who has a forensic fight to make and win against some public evil — accusation, iteration, cumulation, and climax. If these methods are used by 'mob-masters,' they are equally used by snob-servants, and incidentally by the great mass of honest newspapers which are neither the one thing nor the other.

At the end of his article, having set up a man of straw which he found it impossible to knock down, Mr. Mencken patronizingly pats it on the back:—

'The newspaper must adapt its pleading to its client's moral limitations, just as the trial lawyer must adapt his pleading to the jury's limitations. Neither may like the job, but both must face it to gain a larger end. And that end is a worthy one in the newspaper's case quite as often as in the lawyer's, and perhaps far oftener. The art of leading the vulgar in itself does no discredit to its practitioner. Lincoln practised it unashamed and so did Webster, Clay, and Henry.'

Alas for this well-intentioned effort at amends! It is impossible to agree with Mr. Mencken even here when he praises press and public with such faint damnation.

A decent newspaper does not and must not adapt its pleadings to its clients' moral limitations. Intellectual limitations? Yes. It is restricted by a line beyond which intelligence and education alike would be at sea, and only specialists and experts would understand. But moral limitations? No. The paper in this regard is less like the lawyer and more like the judge. A judge can properly adapt his charge in simplicity of form to the intellectual limitations of the jury, but it will scarcely be contended that he may adapt his charge in its substance to the moral limitations of the jury. No more can any self-respecting paper palter

with what it believes to be the right and the truth because of any moral limitations in its constituency. Demagogic papers may do it. Class-catering papers may do it. But the decent press which lies between does not thus stultify itself.

And now to Mr. Mencken's condescending conclusion:—

'Our most serious problems, it must be plain, have been solved orgiastically and to the tune of deafening newspaper urging and clamor. But is the net result evil? . . . I doubt it. . . . The way of ethical progress is not straight. . . . But if we thus move onward and upward by leaps and bounces, it is certainly better than not moving at all. Each time, perhaps, we slip back, but each time we stop at a higher level.'

Why, then, sweepingly reflect on the morals of the press, if by humanizing abstract principles, emotionalizing academic doctrines, personifying general

theories, it has accomplished this progress? Granted that in the heat of battle it fails to handle the cold conceptions of austere philosophers with proper scientific etiquette. Granted that it makes blunders in technical statements that to the preciosity of specialists seem inexcusable. Granted that it mixes its science and its sentiment in a manner to shock the gentlemen of disembodied intellects. Granted that the press has many more such intellectual peccadilloes on its conscience.

But if the press does these things honestly, it does them morally, and does not need to excuse them by their results, even though these results are in very truth infinitely more precious to humanity than could be those obtained by the chill endeavors of what Mr. Mencken himself, with the perfect accuracy of would-be irony, describes as 'a Camorra of Utopian and dehumanized reformers.'

MARCO BALDI, OWNER

BY GINO C. SPERANZA

THE highway known as —th Street is justly distinguished merely by a number. Like so many other streets in the Bronx, it would be an offense to name it after anybody or anything, so utterly lacking in character is it. Yet it differs from its neighbors in the fact that it is sparsely built upon, and the wind and sun have more chance to beat down on the backyards of its few houses. In short, this particular street is still attractive to the realty operator and is so situated as to lead him to

seek his prey among the Italians of the neighborhood.

Marco Baldi had had his eye on one of these houses for a long time; somehow a building surrounded by empty lots makes an intending purchaser feel that he is getting a 'view.' Marco Baldi reasoned that, even though the adjoining lots might soon be built upon, he could for at least a year raise the rent of his hypothetical tenants on the ground that every window in the house could be put to practical use.

By which he meant that in each window there would be sun enough to dry peppers and corn and clothes, or to raise *basilico*, and from each window one could lean out and watch America passing by. Baldi had it all carefully calculated, with the aid of his son who could add and subtract; he had competent advice from his *paesano*, who was no less than a Notary Public of the State of New York, as to how to rent a two-family house to five families without getting into trouble with the building laws. In this he had no intention of defrauding his hypothetical tenants; he knew that they would prefer the sociability of a numerous tenantry to the austere segregation demanded by Anglo-Saxon health laws.

Yes, it was an excellent investment in which to place the five thousand dollars asked. But Baldi's exchequer held only two thousand dollars cannily distributed among five solid American savings banks. The broker, however, had most obligingly said that from such a purchaser a three-thousand-dollar mortgage at five per cent would be perfectly acceptable on a sale. A three-thousand-dollar mortgage! How many of us outside of the real-estate brokers know what a synonym of fear that word is to our Italians? It is not merely because of the unthriftiness of a transaction which involves paying interest on what you are supposed to own, but there is also a sort of traditional, bred-in-the-blood shame of such a precarious holding; it is not ownership — it is an evidence of a debt. Taxes seem to them an entirely different kind of burden; in a way, they are a recognition by the sovereign authority that you are a man of parts, of interest to the State; Italians are used to them.

How Baldi coveted that parcel of land! There was not a vineyard in sunny Sulmona as alluring, or a mountain-slope in all the Abruzzi as at-

tractive as No. 549 —th Street in the Bronx. Each day he labored computing possible income as compared with fixed charges; and what labor it was for a man who could not write his name and was only sure of his numbers as far as the count of his fingers. Here he was dealing in hundreds — yea, in thousands — even tens of thousands when measured by the currency of his native land! Oh, dizzying, oh, glorious finance — oh, land of boundless promise! He even forgave that barbarous American law which actually punishes parents who fail to send their children to school; he might have been at the mathematical mercy of strangers, without the aid of his son, a graduate of the primary department of the Clark Street school.

Now, let us see what it all figured up to. Interest and taxes, two hundred and nineteen dollars — there was no play for the imagination in adding up such items. But how limitless was fancy's outlook in computing income! Five families at five dollars each — and who could positively deny that they might be five such small families as to make a sixth tenant possible. Of course he would be a tenant, but his exact location was indefinite; it might be even in a shanty in the yard, to be built in the future.

The ground floor was big enough for two stores — yes, the seller would put up a partition without extra charge. Baldi saw a thriving business in each, and a wave of lordly greed swept over him: he would double the rent then, and it would be '*paga o muori*' for the prosperous shopkeepers.

There was also a space below the store, with steps to the street; foolish Americans called it a dark cellar for storing old things; but ice kept so well in such a place when ice was high and everybody wanted it; and coal and wood require no clean, sunny rooms, —

and no inspectors poke in their noses to see whether such stuff is fresh. How could Battista, his *paesano*, have gone into the milk business and hoped to succeed, with the *Autorità* all the time looking into his cans and a lot of ladies dressed all in white competing with him only five blocks away! *Cosa vuole!* Battista had always been a little queer.

Then there was all the backyard, the entire backyard, all sunny. Some one, — at one of those agreeable evenings spent in front of the counter of the dingy 'bank on Avenue A, when the *pros* and *cons* of America are so vividly discussed by the sociable *clienti*, — some one, he remembered, had said that Americans considered fifty acres the smallest farm a family could live on. The man who had said this had a half interest in the saloon half a block from the 'bank,' and only his exalted status saved him from being thought a daring impostor; but even he had strained the faith of his audience almost to the breaking-point. Now this incredible statement came back to Baldi as he mentally measured that Bronx backyard. 'No, I cannot believe it,' he was cogitating. 'I know the *signore Americano* would change his mind if he could see what I shall raise on my lot, on every inch and in every corner, watching every day. There will be enough for the family, and a bit to sell to neighbors; and in winter a few hens in snug, warm boxes.'

Still, under the most sanguine of mathematical computations things did not foot up to that fateful two hundred and nineteen dollars of fixed charges. Baldi's restlessness between desire and financial clear-headedness was accentuated by the almost daily eloquence of the real-estate agent. This personage was a specialist among his countrymen, an artist at his trade, possessed of infinite patience, avoiding hurrying

and obvious inducements, substituting therefor a somewhat lordly indifference regarding results, but losing no opportunity of speaking of the greatness of America in relation to the development of land-values. The *Reali di Francia* had nothing quite so marvelous as the sale of Manhattan by the Indians as depicted by this strenuous historian. No native writer has ever given us such vivid pictures of the early days of the Livingstons and the Schuylers, of the Jays and the Astors, as this Latin orator drew in describing the lives of the founders of these great families. You could actually *see* them counting out the money to unsuspecting Indian chiefs, who received, '*tenendo conto dei tempi*,' more than was now asked for some improved Bronx property. Yes, he admitted, it was incredible, but how could one doubt him when as a final argument he would say, 'You need not believe it just because I say it; the land is still there where it was — go and see it — some is where the "World" has a palace with a golden dome, and some is where the highest *grattanwole* downtown now stands.' How was it possible to doubt such evidence?

But this learned compatriot knew perfectly well that in Baldi's case the doubt was not as to the attractiveness of the investment but as to the totality of possible income. So he played an entirely different card. With the easy grace of one born to the purple, he invited Baldi one evening to go with him to an open-air cinematograph show. He gave as the excuse for such magnificence toward one with whom he had no possible business interests a friendly solicitude to cheer up his *paesano*. 'What do you worry about?' he asked him. 'There are one million houses in New York, and not one of them can run away. In five years, with what you are saving now, you will be

able to choose between a large brick tenement-house and an office-building. But if you worry and get sick all your hard-earned money will be eaten up by your heirs. Come, let us go to the theatre; they have a fine show of the *bersaglieri* landing in Tripoli.'

It was during one of the short intermissions that the broker said very casually, 'It is wonderful how everything in this country is made to bring in money. Just look at that side of the house back of the picture-screen, — there isn't a window there, just a blank space. In Italy we would plant a vine against it if we had such a thing at all, but here it's different.'

'Could n't they cut open some windows there and raise the rent?' asked Baldi interestedly, trying to fathom the mystery.

'Yes, but that would mean spending money with the chance that next day this lot where we are might be built upon,' explained his host, appearing somewhat bored at such an unpractical question.

'*Ma come fare, dunque,*' questioned Baldi eagerly, 'to make a blank wall pay?'

'Don't you know, my dear friend, that there are large American companies that will pay for space like this, just for the permission to paint beautiful pictures in bright colors, with the name of the biggest stores in America?'

'*Davvero!*' queried Baldi excitedly, 'but painting comes high; who pays the *pittore?*'

'The company pays for the paint and for the artist, and you or whoever has the house sits back and gets a good sum of money for the permission.' The broker stopped a moment before delivering the staggering climax. 'Of course,' he quietly added, 'the painting becomes yours.'

Baldi mopped his head and swallowed hard before he essayed, a bit

huskily, 'How much can you get for it?' But the 'movies' had started again and conversation was forbidden.

As they walked home, Baldi asked the broker to state again all he had said about renting blank walls, and, at the end of the explanation, repeated the vital question, 'How much can you get for it?' The answer was maddening to a man whose desire for ownership was balanced by the wish for mathematical precision: 'So much per square foot — it all depends on your ability to bargain — exactly as we do at home.'

Baldi did not sleep much that night and was up very early the next morning. He went to measure visually the blank spaces on the lateral walls of No. 549 —th Street. He started early enough so as not to lose any time on his day's job, for that would have been bad economy. He walked cheerfully to his labor with the paradisaical vision in his mind of two large paintable spaces, for until the actual inspection of the early morning he had not grasped the fact that the possibilities of an income from American mural painting offered by the coveted property were *double* his expectations, as the house standing alone near the middle of the block could be artistically and financially utilized on *two* sides.

At the lunch hour he deferentially approached the foreman and, pointing to a large advertisement across the way, said, 'Scuse me, how much you pay for dat — avery foot?' The reply was not meant to be unkind but it shed no light on Baldi's researches. The whole day and evening he inquired; it was maddening how nobody seemed to know, not even the banker, not even the notary.

How he wished for that house! But two-hundred-and-nineteen dollars a year was a mathematical certainty against which no wise Italian investor

would take chances with an indefinite income that could not be footed up in actual figures.

Late that evening he went to take another look at his heart's desire. The night was bright and No. 549 rose like a dream of indestructible opulence into the starry night. It fascinated him; it held him; he passed and repassed it and again passed it. He looked up to it, and he looked down as if in his vision he could see each stone of the foundations. Yes, yes, he must see it from the back! He picked his steps carefully, almost stealthily, among the stones and rubbish of the open lots, with his eyes ever fixed on his coveted object.

From out the shadow of a house half a block away, a large form stepped forth quickly, crossed the street at a run, and for an instant seemed to swallow Baldi's aura in its own dark eclipse. The glint of brass buttons and a grip of steel woke the dreamer from his dream and made him realize the dangers of quiet, poetic strolling on the streets of New York City. Baldi, though not yet thoroughly assimilated to American civilization, appreciated the pomp and circumstance of the police power. He submitted quietly; he knew now as well as his captor that the police had been watching for so-called 'blackhanders' in that section of Little Italy, and a man, as he reflected, had no business to be loitering there at night.

The sergeant at the desk—that figure so infinitely more fateful to the captive immigrant than the highest judicial officer in the land—put to him a few questions without waiting for an answer; and Baldi was led to a cell. After some hours of dazed uncertainty and inactivity, Baldi kicked at the bars and shouted, 'Me want to go home.' The man who came to suppress the rumpus said something of which

Baldi understood one word—bail. He had heard of that often at the banker's, and to his mind as well as to his untrained ear it was the same word as 'bill'; he knew it was something involving 'a five-dollar bill,' or a bill of higher denomination. So from his pocket he dug out an envelope on which was printed the address of his friend the banker. The policeman instantly understood—he was no doubt one of the many sociologists and immigration experts on our municipal force. 'I'll 'phone him to-night,' he said, 'and he'll come in the morning; too late for bail now.'

It seemed an interminable night of waiting, for he was worn out by the excitement of realty-dreaming and the worry of being in the hands of justice to meet an unknown charge. How could he imagine that what he had done had been described on the police blotter as disorderly conduct? Might not a learned advocate justly urge that the prisoner had been but obeying the ancient legal maxim of *caveat emptor*?

At last the hour came when a friendly face appeared: it was the banker, an expert counselor in the ways of procedure in the lower courts. With him was Ernesto Castruccio, a flour merchant well known for his real-estate holdings.

'The *signore*,' said the banker, 'is entitled to fifty dollars for giving bail, but he is a friend of mine and so are you, and he has consented to help you for just fifteen dollars.'

Baldi had just that much on his person, wisely distributed at various points thereof to insure the minimum of loss in case of the remote possibility of being the victim of pickpockets. The banker, with that omniscience regarding his clients' habits which seems to characterize his class, had shrewdly guessed the amount Baldi carried and

fixed the cost at that. Baldi undoubtedly would have objected even in his present distress to paying fifteen dollars — a week's wages — except that it was presented to him as a handsome 'mark down' from fifty. So viewed, he gladly accepted Signor Castruccio's services and followed his liberators to the clerk's office. It was his first experience with the ancient English practice of leg-bail, and he watched closely its every step. The flour merchant took out a fat envelope from his pocket and handed it to the clerk who opened it and began reading aloud the description of the premises contained in the deed enclosed.

'Number five hundred and forty-nine —th Street,' and Baldi's breath came short. 'Is that right, house and lot at number five hundred and forty-nine —th Street, Bronx?'

Was it destiny? Was it that fateful power which had clutched all these days at Baldi's heart — was he being freed by his beloved mistress? 'Maddonna!' he whispered excitedly to the banker, '*e proprio quella*.'

He was out! A lawyer would attend to his case; his fears ceased. But he was in a very passion of desire; he hurried, he ran, to his friend the broker. And as he ran he thought,

'It may be sold, it may be sold!' And through his passion piped tunelessly the other note, 'Think how many people the cops arrest every day, every single day — and fifty dollars a day — and no reduction.'

The broker was in; of course he knew nothing of the affair, nothing! He was always out in the morning, but to-day something had told him to stay at home. It would be hard to say where the liar ended and the artist began with him, so natural and plausible was he in his fabrications.

He advised his friend against buying, but of course Baldi was not to be swerved; the contract must be signed this very day.

The broker finally rose, a look of benevolent concession on his face, as if he were dealing with a child who must not be crossed too much. An eloquent shrug and a portentous lifting of the eyebrows told Baldi that all opposition was won. '*Se insisti*,' said the broker, 'I certainly must not stand in your way.'

When the sun went down on that eventful day, Marco Baldi went to bed with the contract for the purchase of No. 549 —th Street carefully hidden in the mattress upon which he passed the happiest night of his life.

QUAI D'ORSAY

A PARISIAN DRY-POINT

BY JOSEPH WARREN BEACH

WHAT children dance by night in Paris gardens?

Black water long has slipped beneath the bridges.
Down the wide alleys of the Tuileries
Yonder the urgent drummer-boy has passed,
And the tall guardians of the public walks,
Inexorable and stern, have driven home
The lovers and solitary loiterers,
This fresh and eager night of June. O June!
Thy chestnuts and thy poplars and thy lindens,
Thy broad-leaved sycamores with mottled boles,
Thine ivy and thy tall aspiring lilacs
Have put on all their green. It is the fête
Of summer joy throughout the spacious city.
Yet was I not prepared for such a vision
In midmost Paris, near the hour of midnight.

Through the barred gateway of this high-walled garden,
Discreet behind its proud hotel, behold
A scene of mild and summer-golden radiance
Such as an airy child's heart might imagine
Along the floor of rosy summer clouds
And in the very embrace of azure heaven.
And truly 't is no paradise imagined
But real heaven to the troops of children
Who foot it lightly up and down the pathways
Threading geranium beds and heliotrope
(There is no wistfulness in childish laughter).

For while their happy little feet all bare
Deliciously do spurn the moistened gravel,
Or linger a moment on the cooler greensward,
And forward bound to strains of hidden music,
They are no longer little girls in Paris,
But charioteers and mettled steeds careering
Along the sunny arch of noonday heaven.
Or now with shifting lights upon them falling
And play of waving veils and sinuous motion,
They are transformed to elemental spirits,
Waters and winds and planetary bodies.
As when the earth, blocking the radiant sun,
Shoots into space its spectral cone of shadow,
And the bright face of the moon darkens and saddens,
So falls the dusk upon these fluttering fleeces —
For but an instant — and the moment after
You see the dazzle of light upon the ocean,
Welter of green and orange and blue and silver:
And ever the circling motion of steady planets
That wheel their orbits round the suns that bore them,
Girdled themselves with moons and phosphorescence.

And yet these are but little girls in Paris,
In midmost Paris, near the hour of midnight.
What little girls? and whence? — a throng of questions —
And whither from this garden to emerge,
From this enchantment into disenchantment?
Whose children? For she cannot be their mother
Who guides their motions in her foreign speech,
Her brisk and uncaressing English tongue,
Nor he the father who, in shrill Parisian,
Commands the shift of lights upon the dancing,
And from his balcony surveys the stage,
Reckoning up perchance his future profits.
From many firesides have they been gathered,
From hearths whereon the fire is extinguished,

CREDO QUIA POSSIBILE

Or hearths whereon no fire was ever lighted.
 How many griefs and shames lurk in the shadow
 For every sparkle of laughter in the light!

Our questions rest unanswered. Backward peering,
 Merciful darkness greets us, and pitiful darkness
 Forward, as this illumined garden stands
 Rounded with dusky Paris, and as life
 Upon our short-lived planet sparkles and glows
 Among the soundless glooms of eternity.
 Only this night of June we hear the voices
 And the fresh laughter of the witless children
 Lost in the joy of motion and sensation,
 And among all the riddles, this is certain,
 That children dance to-night in Paris gardens.

CREDO QUIA POSSIBILE

BY HENRY DWIGHT SEDGWICK

I

THERE is something almost unfilial in the stolid indifference with which we pass by old Christian dogmas. Earnest generations thought, prayed, yearned, over their interpretation of the meaning of life, and fashioned dogmas which they believed would light the steps of their children and their children's children to endless generations, yet we scarce look to see what these dogmas may mean. Creeds of a thousand years are no more heeded than old letters garnered in the garret; yet it may happen that among those old yellowing sheets, franked and seal-

ed, are love-letters which, however dull and childish they may seem to the fancy-free, rekindle old fires in the hearts of those who have loved and lost, or loved in vain.

The dogma-makers lived on our earth, they had faculties like ours, they loved and suffered, they were amazed and confounded; they, too, tried to discover a formula that should prove the key to the mystery of life. The same mystery that confronted them confronts us still. To some men those old dogmas brought peace, self-mastery, power; why may we not linger a little to examine them?

We are not free to use dogmas that

postulate facts inconsistent with the discoveries of science; but science and religion have different duties. Science seeks a formula that shall square with human experience and satisfy the reason; religion seeks a formula that shall minister to what in our ignorance we call the soul's needs and quicken the emotions. May we not find in the old dogmas something not forbidden by science that may still minister to the soul's needs?

The Christian creed says, *Credo in Spiritum Sanctum*. Is there nothing in human experience to justify this dogma? At one time in the Middle Ages there was a sect of men who came under the potent influence of this aspect of the Godhead. They believed that to each Person of the Trinity was allotted his period of divine dominion. God the Father had had his reign, God the Son was still reigning. Both reigns had had their special characters, but neither had been wholly adequate to the soul's needs, therefore there was ground for hope that the Holy Ghost would soon begin to reign, and that the season of children, of lilies, of good men triumphant, was at hand. Were not Abate Gioacchino del Fiore and his disciples right, in thinking that the hope of good tidings for the soul lay in worship of the Holy Spirit? The conception of God the Creator has its difficulties. The Beginning is the deep, permanent mystery; and the creation of a world in which pain and suffering mark every individual life, renders the claims of a Creator to man's gratitude very questionable. Also the idea that Jesus of Nazareth is God is very difficult. But when we turn toward the third Person, to that aspect of Deity which has never yielded to man's anthropomorphic needs, which at best has been represented by a dove, a bringer of peace, do we not discern more light?

II

We look through the telescope at night and see thousands upon thousands of suns, glorious in the surrounding dark. Their majesty inspires us with mingled feelings: fear before the vast unknown, reverence before the very great, exaltation at being a part of this mighty whole. But what, in the end, do we take away except bewilderment at the eternal commotion of the heavens, at the fiery progress of the stars and their restless whirling? There is no peace in the empyrean; there is turmoil, effort, energy. Do we perceive there the presence of God the Father or God the Son? Yet if there is a Divine Spirit, how fit a working-place is this majestic universe for its incessant toil.

We look through the microscope; physicists, chemists, biologists, pry into the inner recesses of matter, only to find energy — energy heaving, tossing, turbulent, imprisoned, perhaps, or bound to other energy, but everywhere, in the egg, in spermatozoa, in the minutest particles of matter, animal, vegetable or inorganic, restless energy, eternal effort. If we turn to the history of past life upon our globe, what do we find but records of energy, whether physical, chemical, or of that seemingly peculiar form which marks living organisms, everywhere energy leaving its trace in innumerable forms. In this history of life, according to our human standards, there has been a long procession, in which the principle of organic life, from the earliest period of vegetable existence, has advanced through manifold forms, upward, upward, in the depths of the sea, in the air, on land, by devious routes and strange passages, up, up, to the fish, to the bird, to four-footed beasts, and finally to man. Gradually, steadily, those mysterious forces which deter-

mine the nature of things, have been shaping gases and solids, crystals, drops of water, the pistil and stamens of the plant, the heart, lungs, eye, hand, and brain of man. In all organic life there are cells in restless energy; cells piled on cells, cells in many kinds of combination, all taking shape according to the will of some strenuous, persistent, experimenting force. The cells of the clover arrange themselves to fashion the flower which shall secrete honey, the cells of the bee to create an insect which shall gather it, the cells of the man to form a creature with an appetite for that honey and also with a yearning to find something divine in the universe. Everywhere that man can peer he finds energy intent upon changing all that is into new forms. This process, different as it looks in the very large and in the very small, in distant stars, in the tides of ocean, in the flora, in sea creatures or in mammals, seems to be one and the same, proceeding through myriad forms of activity, always seeking to effect a change.

If this seeming is true, if all our world, all our universe, is the work-room, or playground it may be, for the same energy, may we not judge it, must we not judge it, by the only part of the pattern that is open to our judgment, by human life within our experience? How can corporeal creatures like ourselves, busily at work turning food into living tissue, entertain but the most remote understanding of elementary gases? What do we know of the ambitions, the enthusiasms, the discouragement, of coral insects? All things that are, seem to be made of the same elements which, by their physico-chemical energy after infinite experiments, have given to the human brain consciousness; but we, who are the products of happier combinations, cannot understand these same potential

energies compounded in lower forms. We must judge the whole process by ourselves, by man. This is the inner meaning of the Greek saying, Know thyself. If we know ourselves, we shall know all.

If, then, this universal process, when we see it at work in the only matters intelligible to us, in ourselves, seems to be an effort to rise, to attain the better, to bring the nobler to birth, — seems to be a struggle to renounce the lower and mount to a higher plane, — must we not suppose that the laborious energies at work throughout the universe are stirring to do the same? Let us look at bits of the pattern that we may perceive what is the design. Take a mother whose life is in her son's life, whose thoughts are all of him, whose hopes are his, who dotes upon his happiness; bid her choose for him between a higher life linked with pain and sorrow, and a lower life loaded with pleasures and worldly success, and will she hesitate? The upward energy that works through all her being will not let her choose a lower plane for her son.

*Fatti non foste a viver come bruti,
Ma per seguir virtute e conoscenza.*

Take the son of such a mother at a time when, young blood flowing through his veins, he has fallen in love. The law of all organic nature is, Be fruitful and multiply. The tree bears fruit, the vines bring forth grapes, the herring spawns, the lioness bears her cubs; all creatures obey the great command, all hand on the miraculous torch of life. But the young lover sees deeper into the heart of things:—

*I struggle towards the light; and ye
Once long'd-for storms of love!
If with the light ye cannot be,
I bear that ye remove.*

He hears the pulsing reverberations of the animal command; and he hears also commands less audible, yet to his soul

still more imperious. He must consecrate himself to the highest, he *must*, even if he is compelled to turn his back on all the happiness that looks so fair before him, the sweet blue eyes, 'the soft, enkerchief'd hair.' Here, in the mother's heart, in the young man's heart, where life beats at its fastest, the need of breaking free from the lower is most peremptory. Such is the pattern wrought by this energy as it appears in human life. Biologists call this force blind, but to the ignorant it seems to see its path 'as birds their trackless way.'

III

What can we infer of this energy which drives the stars headlong, which heaves the ocean, which pushes the sap from branch to twig, and determines the subtle movements in the cortex of the cerebrum, but that it is working to change what is into something higher? All this turmoil, this commotion of earth and heavens, is a discontent, and a struggle. May we not here see, in this endeavor to supplant the lower by the higher, a Holy Spirit at work?

What the source or origin of the universe may be lies beyond human guessing; but there seems to be an imprisoned power struggling to detach itself from base integuments, striving to dominate some hindering medium, aspiring to make the universe anew. Matter, or whatever we call the substance of the phenomena on which our consciousness has dawned, however far from any apparent sympathy with man, however muddy its vesture, however hideous its aspect, is under the control of some energy, which displays itself in heat, light, motion, thought, and love. Even if the proper dogmatic adjective for this energy is physico-chemical, may not the adjective divine be appropriate also? What limit can human foresight assign to its achieve-

ments? And as we watch this energy at work in what seems to us our best and noblest, may we not infer that love is the medium in which this upward impulse finds the least impediment, the least hindrance to its free motions; or, differently put, that love is the highest expression of the universal force which, everywhere and without ceasing, is striving to create a universe of a higher order?

It sounds arrogant and foolish for man to make himself the measure of the universe, to assert that his thoughts and acts are the fruit and crown of things; but he has no choice. He seeks everywhere, and finds nothing that he can call higher or nobler than the expression of this energy in good men. And there can be no more solemn or admonishing sanction for high endeavor than the knowledge that we are the standard-bearers of the divine spirit. It is ennobling to think that if we advance our standards, the divine advances; if we fall back, by so much the divine loses in the battle; that the divine energy manifesting itself in us is one with the energy that whirls the stolid worlds.

Is not this the Holy Spirit that Abate Gioacchino dimly apprehended? Is not this the force that dawned, as in a dream, upon the consciousness of those mystics who have felt a conviction that they were face to face with God? By some favoring juncture of circumstances these holy men suddenly became sensitive to the meaning of the cosmic process, and their souls cried out, Lo, God is here! Is not that which we call prayer the unconscious bending ourselves to act in concord with this universal energy, as heliotropic plants turn to the light? This potential element in the stuff that composes our universe has been able to evolve a lover's abnegation, a mother's devotion, it has created the imagination of

a Shakespeare, it moves to music, and clothes itself in light; surely it is divine. Would it be higher or holier if we could hear the rush of Cherubim or see the gleam upon a Seraph's wings?

Man cannot hope, within his narrow compass of sense, to feel the fullness of the divine spirit. He cannot open his soul wide enough to comprehend what this universal endeavor is, seemingly infinite in extent, infinite in patience, infinite in perseverance. But if of the divine we demand heroism in the face of danger, has there not been, even in the contracted limits of human history, heroism sufficient? If of the divine we demand suffering, we have but to let our thoughts rest for an instant upon the long ages of animal life upon this globe, one long track of blood, in order to shudder at the cruelty endured.

Is not this struggle of the higher against the lower, whether under the waters of ocean, in pre-glacial jungles, or in our own hearts, as wonderful and splendid as the conflict of Michael and the host of heaven against the rebellious angels? Surely, yes.

Suppose that man is the highest life

in all the universe, suppose that his race and all animal life is doomed to destruction as our planet cools off, is it not better to have endeavored and suffered than never to have endeavored at all? Possibly, somewhere, a memory may live of how the human race rose from bestiality and lust, to devotion to beauty, truth, and love. But even if no memory of man shall continue after he has perished, still, throughout the universe, the restless energy that animated him will continue undaunted, making its experiments, striving to change that which is into that which, according to our human judgment, shall be better. Is not this a Divine Spirit, whether it works through visible, tangible, ponderable things, or through spiritual essences; whether it be an archangel or physico-chemical activity that has created the soul of man?

Is not this the aspect of the Trinity that must, as the disciples of Joachim believed, outlive the other aspects, and do most to satisfy the yearning desire of man to find something holy in the universe? May we not all repeat: *Credo in Spiritum Sanctum?*

THE SURVIVAL OF ABILITY

BY ROLLO OGDEN

ALL the way from Cherbourg, the three had, in their after-lunch corner, emitted more talk than smoke. By the time they were nearing New York, they had reknit old friendships and had arrived at a fair notion of each other's way of looking at the world. It was at their final foregathering in the smoking-room, the last day out, that Burgherson remarked to Gray, —

'You'll hardly know your own country, after living abroad twenty years.'

'Oh,' said Gray, 'I've tried to keep myself posted. You must n't think that you've grown and changed "unknownst." Even in Madrid we are pretty familiar with the way lower New York looks to-day. The camera and the illustrated papers don't let one fall far behind the times. If I give any little gasps of surprise as we approach the Battery, it will be out of a polite regard for your expectations, not because I shall be seeing so much that is startlingly novel to me.'

'But, my dear fellow,' protested Burgherson, 'it's not that kind of thing I mean at all. What I had in mind was that you will find the spirit of the American people, the trend of public sentiment, entirely different from what you knew when you went away in 1892.'

'Have you changed all that?' asked Gray lightly.

'Yes,' broke in Erskine, 'and the more we have changed it, the more it has remained the same thing.'

'Don't you believe it,' warned Burgherson. 'We have done much more

than alter in externals during the past twenty years. Our whole national consciousness has been transformed. We have acquired skyscrapers, to be sure, and subways and parks and all that, but the great thing is that we have acquired a new soul. That's something the camera can't tell you anything about.'

'Very true,' said Gray, 'yet you know that I have been in the habit of meeting an occasional fellow countryman in Europe. He usually brings his new soul along with him.'

'Yes,' observed Erskine, 'I saw more than one of him this summer making an indecent exposure of his soul.'

'No one man can exhibit to you the soul I am speaking of,' cried Burgherson. 'It is a collective thing. The change that Gray, here, will find is one in the air that we all breathe, in that attitude of *tout le monde* which is more significant, if not wiser, than that of any single man or group of men.'

'Examples, please,' said Erskine dryly.

'Why,' rejoined Burgherson, 'you know them well enough. Take the new view of corporations that has come in like a flood. Consider the way in which the community now looks upon wealth. We have a common point of view in all these matters entirely changed from what it was a generation ago.'

'I asked for bread, and you gave me a stone,' interposed Erskine. 'I asked for examples and you gave me abstractions. Do come down to the concrete, if you can. Put the thing personally,

so that Gray will know what you are driving at.'

'I will,' said Burgherson. 'It was his father, was n't it, who built the Bay to Forest railroad? Gray has told us how the people of the region could n't do enough for his father. They praised him and fêted him and gave him the freedom of their cities and made him presents. That was scarcely thirty years since. Well, where can you find anything like that attitude to-day manifested toward a railway promoter or manager? It is dead and gone. If Carlyle were alive, he would n't need to utter vociferous laments over the monuments erected to railroad kings like Hudson.'

'That's true,' said Erskine, 'what they want to erect now is a gallows.'

'Do you mean to say,' inquired Gray, laughing, 'that if I went to the scene of my father's triumphs, they would want to hang me?'

'Oh, no,' replied Erskine, 'you are not the original malefactor. All that Burgherson and his kind would wish to do to the second generation is to take away their property.'

'But the Constitution still forbids confiscation, does n't it?'

'Tax, the wise it call. Of course,' went on Erskine, 'they won't strip you of everything. You can fight them off during your lifetime, but I don't know what Burgherson will tell you is likely to happen to your son.'

'He will have to do some useful work,' said Burgherson warmly, 'be a genuine producer and of actual value to society, or else society, instead of letting him clip coupons, will clip his wings for him. Seriously, my dear Gray, I'm not such a desperate radical as Erskine is pleased to make me out, but I see what I see. When the whole world has had the new element injected into its blood it is not to be supposed that the United States can stand

apart, immune. We, too, are in for mighty changes. They are already upon us, in fact.'

'*Música! música!* as Gray's Spaniards say,' exclaimed Erskine. 'Again I ask for particulars. I know that the miserable details are anguish to fellows like Burgherson, but, really, we can't get on without them. Let us take the case of Gray's boy. Being his father's son, we are bound to believe that he has great talent and boundless energy. Oh, don't mention it! I don't know the young rascal, but, for the sake of argument, I am willing to assume that his little finger is thicker than his father's loins. And what I want you to tell me, Burgherson, is exactly what has happened since his grandfather's day, to prevent his ability and ambition from having room and verge enough in the United States.'

'I said nothing,' answered Burgherson, 'to imply that any man is hampered in the vigorous use of his powers, whatever they may be. All I contend for is that the common stock is now the first consideration, and the personal achievement, with the personal reward that goes with it, of less account. If it follows from this that the career is not so open to talent as it once was, then so be it. We cannot be blind to the process going on before our eyes, the individual withering and the community becoming more and more.'

'That sounds very modern,' said Erskine, 'but you will admit that it dates back to that exceedingly antiquated and objectionable person, Early Victoria.'

'What I admit,' rejoined Burgherson, 'is that there were, of course, Socialists before Socialism. But what I want you to admit is that the times have so changed that the individual can no longer run riot. Come now, give us your views about the whole matter. Do it as the last of the individualists.'

'Oh, don't for goodness' sake, call me anything so archaic as that,' protested Erskine. 'I like to think of myself simply as a realist.'

'By that,' said Burgherson, 'I suppose you mean that you keep a keen eye on the actual fact. Very well, go ahead upon that basis. Tell us what you think of the present outlook for high individual endowment and great personal energy as compared with their opportunities forty years ago.'

'I am afraid,' said Erskine, 'that I should only bore you — or else make you angry. However —'

'Let me add my pleadings,' interposed Gray. 'Here I am returning to my own, my native land, and I don't know whether my heart ought to be burning with joy or fear. Enlighten me.'

'I doubt if I can do anything for you,' said Erskine. 'You and I are too old. But there is your *Wunderkind* to think of, and you might pass on to him what I say to you. Well, then, let us suppose, to begin with, that the miraculous son of a commonplace father wants to fling himself into public life. Is there anything in all this stuff that Burgherson has been getting off his chest to show that the very highest political power is less within reach of the political genius to-day than it was in our fathers' time? The pieces on the board have changed, I admit, but the game is what it always was, and the skillful player can win as before. I grant you that nowadays the born political manager has to adopt new methods. He now studies how to deal with masses rather than units. You remember, Gray, your father's friend, Blaine. He was an adroit politician, in his day, but he worked, as it were, on the atomic theory. It was his boast that he could detach here and there an individual voter from the ranks of his opponents. Much was made in 1884 of the occa-

sional 'Blaine Irishman' — a sort of unnatural monster. Well, we have lived to see a successor of Blaine in the leadership of the Republican party who reached out and annexed Irish Democrats by the thousand, who got the support of not merely a stray priest or two but of nearly the whole Catholic hierarchy, and who stretched forth his hand and captured the Hebrew vote in huge blocks. That consummate political talent did n't find himself hampered by the new conditions, did he?'

'No,' answered Burgherson, 'but he confirmed what I say about the vast popular movements of the day being the things that make the biggest political leader look puny. Roosevelt knew how to swim with the tide.'

'Yes,' went on Erskine, 'but he made a big suction where he was swimming. The flotsam felt it! It is not impossible to appear to be merely going with the people when you are really making them follow you. Don't forget what Emerson said about the man of native force being able to bend the oldest and mouldiest conventions to his will. So he can the newest and most dewy reform contrivances. I sometimes smile to think how all those new-fangled popular elections and direct primaries and solemn consultations of the people's will at every turn may be but so many tools in the hands of great political manipulators. If I were a boss I should chuckle over them as devices at once to solidify my power and to give it at the same time a kind of holy authority.'

'Ah,' objected Gray, 'but it must be a ticklish thing to profess to be guided in all things by the people, and yet to shut out the crowd long enough to do your own thinking and planning.'

'Not at all,' rejoined Erskine, 'if you only shut out the crowd in the name of service to the crowd! I seem to recall that our latest President used

to assure the people that he would want them all at the White House, yet they say that he keeps himself very close to his job, and will see only those who he thinks will help him to get on with it.'

'Well, I must say,' remarked Burgherson, 'that I don't see anything very admirable in that.'

'Not at all admirable,' said Erskine, 'to have given the impression that he could do his work in the midst of a mob, but highly admirable to ignore what he had said in order to wreak himself upon the thing to be done. But all this is not to the point. What I was arguing was that your surging masses could be handled as easily by the man with a gift for it as can your separate individuals and your smaller groups. If you accustom yourself to thinking in terms of the million, your problem works out as readily as if you were figuring with hundreds. Human nature remains human nature even among the Broddingnags.'

'You talk as if you had been among them,' said Gray, 'for, like Gulliver after he had got back, everything looks small to you. But I will concede you the politics of it, if you like. I doubt if any son of mine could be so little true to type as to be able to get on in public life under any conceivable conditions. Business is another affair, however. And I wish you would tell me honestly what you think of Burgherson's views on that subject. Is it the fact that the old chances are gone forever? Some of my father's old friends have written me occasionally about this in the most dejected way. No more big fortunes to be hewed out; hampering laws; an air of general suspicion and jealousy of great wealth; attacks on property rights; the powers of corporations sheared away — and so on. What about all that?'

'You said old friends,' replied Er-

skine, 'and I can well believe you. That is the way the men of seventy talk. They recall the "glorious days" of your father, when railroad presidents, as I have heard one of them say, had no law of either State or Nation to bother them, and could be both the law and the profits unto themselves; and because that special kind of opportunity has passed, these men, of lowered vitality and narrowed outlook, think that there will be no more cakes and ale. But you don't hear the men in big business who are under forty talk that way. As a matter of fact, they are not talking very much at all, but they are thinking hard, keeping their eyes open, and their wits about them, and are, so far as I can see, just as hopeful of large achievement, with its fitting reward, as were their fathers before them.'

'If they are,' protested Burgherson, 'they are living in a fool's paradise. However it may be with politics, and, mark you, I do not give in even there so weakly as Gray did, the spirit of a new life has been breathed over business. The old greed and selfishness and extortion and preying upon the needs of the feeble, and exploitation of the common resources, and monopolistic practices, have gone for good. They are not even defended any more. A new civic conscience has been created under the ribs of death, and even if a man were able to-day to coin money out of the wrongs and sufferings of his fellows, he would be ashamed to do it. He could not hold up his head in the community. Piling up wealth without any sense of social obligation or any service to humanity has become the great modern turpitude.'

'Hold on!' cried Erskine, 'Let us stick to the argument. I am not talking about what a man is to do with his money after he has made it. He may give half his goods to feed the poor and

found theological seminaries at will, for all I care. What we were discussing is the question whether the skillful man of affairs can accumulate a fortune to-day and to-morrow as easily as the trick was turned yesterday. It comes down to this: given a brain applied to business, will not the superior brain prove really superior? To deny it is to deny the survival of ability. And ability in large business at present is in no way more clearly shown than in adjusting itself to existing conditions. Gray's father, in building his railroad, had to think only of cuts and fills and tunnels. Railroad managers of the present find their obstacles of a less physical sort — laws, commissions, public opinion. But the latter can be surmounted as were the former; and the new-style railway men are learning how to do it. The great thing is command of the material with which you have to work. It is of one kind for one generation and another for another, but the really able man in either knows how to get along. Never fear that the world will cease to be organized with the better brain on top. And if Burgherson is so sure of all the new spirit having come in, he must n't suppose that the astute and attentive minds in the great business are not as fully aware of it. They know that they must reckon with it and make their plans to accommodate themselves to it; and that is exactly what they have been doing. The new civic conscience? Bless your simple heart! They understand all about that. They are already capitalizing it! Have n't you noticed that the cleverer among them are now talking nothing but full publicity for all corporations? Why, they fairly pine for it, Burgherson, and you must not deceive yourself into thinking that they do not know precisely what profit they are going to get out of it. Your devotion to the

service of society does not exceed theirs a whit. It is almost laughable to note how the current shibboleths are being caught up and put into financial prospectuses and annual reports. The thing gets even into names. One of the snuggest little monopolies I know calls itself the Public Service Corporation. You think this impudence? No, it is only art, though not very magnificent. Have n't you seen more than one People's Bank, or Mutual Trust Company? They are merely trifling signs of the thing I mean — the infinite adaptability of a genius for business to changed conditions. You can't get away from it. The clearest head and strongest wills of any generation simply will be the clearest and strongest. When you concede that, you concede that they will outstrip the men who are muddled and uncertain. None of your changes or artifices can prevent power from cleaving to him who power exerts. If that is obsolete individualism, make the most of it. It will certainly make the most of *you*.'

'Your doctrine,' said Gray, 'is more hard than comforting. I don't know whether it is good news for my son or not.'

'You remind me,' said Erskine with a smile, 'of old Thomas Fuller poring over the genealogies of the Hebrew kings, and discovering that a bad father might have a good son, which, he said, is good news for my son. But I suspect that we'll have to leave that youth of yours to open his own oyster. Nothing is more likely, however, than that, when he is an old man, he will look back upon these decadent and despondent times as a period when it was bliss to be alive and very heaven to be young. But my cigar is out, and my *Lied* was *aus* long ago. So now for a last turn on the deck and meet you at dinner.'

WANTED: AN AMERICAN MINISTER OF MARINE

BY ALEXANDER G. McLELLAN

I

IN view of the lamentable state of the American mercantile marine and the probable early opening of the Panama Canal, one is forced to the conclusion that American legislative efforts, instead of fostering the growth of foreign-going shipping, are a positive encumbrance to it and subject it to hardships such as no maritime nation of Europe would be guilty of imposing upon its own merchant shipping.

In certain directions, it is true, American maritime efforts have been equal in value to those of any nation. A cruise along the Atlantic and Pacific seaboards, a sail up a few of the many navigable rivers, and a call at many of the principal seaports, will soon convince the observer that the lighthouse service of America cannot be excelled, that the channels in the navigable rivers lack for nothing in the way of dredging and buoyage, and that harbor and port facilities provide a quick dispatch when loading or discharging freight. Everything that assists navigation and the quick handling of cargoes is guaranteed to the shipping industry, irrespective of class of vessel or nationality. A fair field and no favor is offered to all who obey port laws and follow a legitimate trade.

Within a very short time America will throw open the Panama Canal to the world's shipping. With certain equitable modifications in favor of American coastal vessels, all shipping will operate on an equal footing. What

this will mean to the world's shipping industry, it is too early to predict. However we look at it, it means at least progress. But progress for whom? The early future, with no uncertain voice, will speak for itself. Conditions for American deep-water ships must alter rapidly if the boon, soon to be conferred on the shipping world, is to benefit ocean-going vessels under the American flag.

The proceedings of the last Congress prove once more that America is too self-centred and cannot see beyond the horizon of her domestic trade. To allow her coastal vessels to ply the Panama Canal free of tolls seems in many ways a wise measure. It may mean, however, that the coastal trade will prove so profitable that capital will fight shy of deep-water ships. If America's ocean-going tonnage is left to paddle its own canoe in view of the concessions granted to coastal vessels, then its plight will be worse than before. As matters stand, its many grievances and handicaps seem to attract but little official notice, while, on the other hand, coastal vessels, already protected by tariff laws, loom large on the official horizon and benefit accordingly. A man used to shipping problems is taken completely aback when confronted with the paradoxical genius of a people who can build a Panama Canal, maintain a chain of efficient ports in two oceans, discover a North Pole, but who have not the wit to own a fleet of ships employed exclusively in the foreign carrying trade. One

hardly knows where to search, or where to turn, for an explanation of this inconsistency. I think myself that the explanation lies in some such whimsical freak of evolution as that which the eugenisists describe as a 'throw back.'

The dead speak! It would seem as if the dead hands of American legislators who were in power as far back as 1792 still grip as in a vice the ocean carrying trade of the United States. Laws which a century ago were designed to compass the exclusion of foreign-built tonnage from the American registry are now quite out of date and positively harmful under the absolutely different economic conditions of the present day. These antiquated tonnage laws frighten capital from the American merchant marine, for it is safe to assume that investors fight shy of an industry that is heavily handicapped by irksome restrictions which breed stagnation.

At the British inquiry into the loss of the Titanic Mr. Ismay, in his evidence, admitted that, in substance, the Titanic was an American vessel flying the British flag. The trust which owned the Titanic — the International Mercantile Marine Company — also owns or controls a million tons of shipping represented by five British lines and two American lines. What is the object of an American trust managing its ships under British laws? Economy in building, running, and manning expenses appears to be the reason. If it is true, as Senator Cummins of Iowa recently pointed out, that the American makers of iron and steel products are taking from the public a hundred million dollars a year more than is needed to maintain present wages and pay a reasonable profit upon the capital invested in the business, then the leakage in the economy of building is easily accounted for and can as easily be rectified. Were economy in building the

only question at issue, we should soon see the Stars and Stripes once more flying in foreign harbors as of old. But obviously it is not the only question. Economy in the running and manning of ships represents a factor quite beyond the control of trusts or individuals. These expenses come directly within the jurisdiction of the National government.

It seems to have escaped official notice that the evolution of maritime law must keep pace with the evolution of ship-building. If the pace of ship-building is forced, the pace of legal reform must be forced. Types of vessels, methods of propulsion, dock, harbor, river, and canal facilities, shipping problems, and the volume of ocean traffic, have all passed through many forms of evolution. During the past sixty years the progress of maritime evolution has been steadily and well maintained. One need not be much of a sailor to know that the laws enacted for the benefit of hard-case Yankee main-skysail-yarders cannot serve the requirements of modern leviathans and toiling tramps. The naval strategy of 1792 will scarcely do for a squadron of 1914 dreadnoughts, so why should the marine laws of a century and a quarter ago be allowed to hamper the movements, and stultify the growth, of modern shipping? Yet America, with certain inadequate modifications, still clings to the tonnage laws of 1792, laws which, obviously, penalize American ocean shipping and are in open conflict with modern business methods and requirements.

The repeal of the enervating marine laws of 1792 appears to be the only way of beginning to resuscitate the American merchant marine so far as ocean-borne commerce is concerned. Repeal is necessary but not sufficient. It must be backed by other measures framed by legal experts and shipping

specialists who have shipping problems at their fingers' ends. Taking into consideration America's great maritime wealth and her natural fitness to fill the rôle of a great maritime power, one is inclined to believe that if, instead of remaining satisfied with her present spirit of Oriental fatalism which manacles her to the marine laws of 1792, she were to follow Canada's lead and appoint a Minister of Marine, much valuable legislation would ensue. A country so rich in seaports, coastline, and rivers, a country which controls the Panama Canal, has no right to be subjected to the unguided whims and idiosyncracies of the legislative branch of a government composed for the most part of men wholly ignorant of the sea. Its case is a special case calling for special legislation, and this can be best secured by the appointment of a Minister of Marine. No cow-puncher, soldier, lawyer, or parson — no matter what his official position in the government may be — is capable of knowing how to set about forcing the American shipping industry into its rightful place. The case is one for a group of specialists formed into an administrative body piloted by a Minister of Marine. No nation can be truly great without an efficient navy, and no navy can be efficient without a merchant marine to support it in time of war.

II

At the present time, the Panama Canal is looming above the horizon and great things are expected of it in the way of redeeming the errors of the past. The control of the Canal is to be vested in a governor and such other officials as the President may deem necessary to discharge the various duties connected with the completion, care, maintenance, and operation of the Canal and the Canal Zone. For the time being

this will serve the purpose, provided that, later, the Governor is placed under the orders of the Minister of Marine, and provided, also, that this office is placed beyond the curse of party politics. In the early days of its career no doubt the Canal will be played with as a child plays with a new toy. This is inevitable. However, of itself, the Canal will not force the pace of shipbuilding. Here, too, wise legislation is essential. It must not be forgotten that, whatever advantages the Canal may confer upon American tonnage, foreign tonnage, also, will reap its share.

President Wilson is in favor of intrusting the management of the Panama Canal to the administrative rather than to the legislative branch of the government. So far, good! If the management of the Canal calls for special favors in the way of administrative control, surely the crying needs of the American merchant marine have a lien on the affections of those in a position to distribute administrative favors. When navigation through the Canal is an accomplished fact, so tremendous will America's maritime interests be that they will require specialized control. It would be absurd to jumble them together with those of the vast American continent.

In America, as in most countries, the need of the day is a business government. Were private industries handled with the same lack of business enterprise that most governments show, chaos would result. From time immemorial, sailors and ships have been the playthings of some landsman holding office, whose only qualification for his position is veneration for the official tradition which insists upon treating sailors and ships as irresponsibles. I trust we are nearing the end of this era. If we are, reform when it comes must come from within the government.

Many public-spirited Americans view with justifiable concern the almost total disappearance of the Stars and Stripes from ships engaged in the deep-water trade. Time, instead of improving matters, only aggravates the evil. Conditions for American ships grow no better. American sailors, like their flag on deep-water ships, are disappearing. And all for the lack of what? American business enterprise? No! American business enterprise is sane enough to keep capital out of ships because it can see only chagrin and loss under the present alarming state of affairs.

There are four factors responsible for the decline of America's merchant service — the Civil War, the substitution of iron and steam for wood and sail, the development of America's internal resources, and the lack of official enterprise, which includes the operation of the navigation laws of 1792 in the year 1914. To-day only one of these adverse factors remains in existence, — America's antiquated and harmful maritime law.

III

At this point in our discussion a comparison between the United States and Germany may prove instructive and leave us with a moral to digest. Harkening back to 1860, we find that Germany had no merchant ships, while as a maritime power America was at the zenith of her career. In those days hard-case Yankee main-skysail-yarders ploughed every ocean and haunted every harbor and creek in the world. Yankee seamanship was unsurpassed and Yankee ships made the smartest passages. It is even doubtful whether Germany's shipping at this time equaled half the tonnage of deep-water ships now flying the American flag.

In the early sixties America fought her Civil War, while in the early seven-

ties Germany was at death grips with France. From about 1860 to the present time both the United States and Germany have been developing their internal resources, but, with this difference: The United States lost sight of her external industries — shipping, for instance — while Germany included in her forward policy the building of a merchant marine of sufficient tonnage to carry her own products from sea to sea. From a position of obscurity in the shipping world Germany has forced herself into the front rank, while America has fallen from her lofty position, and at present seems indifferent to her state of dry rot and insignificance. In sailor vernacular, American merchant marine is stripped to a gantline.

America seems inclined to charge her decline to the losses sustained during the Civil War and to her inability to develop internally and externally at the same time; but the excuse does not cover the facts. What of the Franco-Prussian War? What of Germany's internal developments? And what of Germany's present magnificent merchant marine? History tells us that both nations fought devastating wars, that both passed from the dependent to the independent stage through the development of national resources, and that both built for themselves mighty navies. But during the period under review Germany built a merchant marine and America lost one. Explain this away who can! Remember that Germany's coastline, navigable rivers, harbors, seaports, cannot compare with America's immense endowment in these essentials of sea-power. America too has wealth of her own to fall back on, while Germany's economic fabric is mainly supported by credit. It is only logical to suppose that if America, during the years mentioned, could, in spite of competition, force herself into a position of prominence

in the world of industry and commerce, she could, if interested, reclaim some of her lost glory and move again in the front rank of shipping nations. A fair field and no favor is all that she requires, and a fair field implies freedom from legislative handicaps which discourage enterprise and the investment of capital in ships.

To a plain sailor — not a sea-lawyer — it seems that the Federal government of America cannot devote the necessary time to shipping when such a vast continent demands all its efforts and time. The marine interests of America are so enormous that their requirements cannot be fairly studied and met by a Board of Trade department also held responsible for the safe working of mines, factories, and railroads. The very fact that America is self-supporting may be the cause of the decline of her shipping. But Germany is self-supporting, too, and yet she keeps guard over her merchant tonnage. It is true that Germany is not possessed of a Minister of Marine, but, to all intents and purposes her Emperor fills that office. When a nation is self-supporting the need of a Minister of Marine is imperative, for, in the nature of things, external industries, such as shipping, when not absolutely essential to life and well-being, are apt to be cold-shouldered, and left to work out their own salvation. We find for instance that in 1855 the shipbuilding yards of America turned out three hundred and eighty-one full-rigged ships, barques, and barquentines, together with six hundred fore-and-afters. In 1905 the output included not a single square-rigger and less than two hundred fore-and-aft schooners. With respect to steamship construction, America is not a whit more favorably placed as compared with European nations, for in 1869 she built but one hundred and thirty-four screw steamers, and in

1909 the total increased to only six hundred and forty-two for that year. Furthermore, the great majority of these vessels were built to ply in the coastal and inter-coastal trades. Very few of those added to the American registry, of late years, are intended to serve the purpose of deep-water commerce. Owing to foreign competition and unwise national maritime laws, they could not if they would, and would not if they could. Coming down to 1902, the Frye-Hanna-Payne bill, designed to afford subsidies to American ships, passed the Senate, and seventeen ships for the transoceanic trade were built in American yards in anticipation that the provisions of that bill would become law. The House of Representatives threw out the bill. Since that day not another steamer of the class contemplated by the framers of the bill has been built in America.

The full story of those seventeen vessels added to the American registry under a misapprehension, is instructive and heart-breaking. Three of them are to-day sailing under the Belgian flag, to insure cheaper running, while the ownership remains the same. Three are engaged in the South American coastal trade. Three are laid up in San Francisco, two now belong to the United States government and are employed in connection with the work of the Panama Canal, five are engaged in the transpacific trade, and one was recently lost. Hence we find that after a lapse of a decade only eight of these seventeen vessels remain to the American merchant marine.

IV

Turning to the story of Britain, we find that her merchant marine represents over fifty per cent of the world's shipping. In spite of its being watched over by a department which is bur-

dened by the supervision of mines, factories, and railroads, it has maintained a steady growth throughout the many vicissitudes of the shipping industry. Some may jump to the conclusion that in bringing Britain and its merchant marine into the argument I am forging a weapon that can be turned against myself. This is not so! As an island nation dependent upon other countries for its foodstuffs and raw materials, Britain must keep a watchful eye on her ships and legislate with a view to keeping her course clear of antiquated laws. The President of the British Board of Trade may be without knowledge of the sea, but no matter what the man's credentials may be, it is comforting to know that he is swept along with the flood and must starve with the rest of us if the merchant marine of Britain cannot perform its national function. So, irrespective of party politics, Britain's economic position forces her into her paramount position in the maritime world. In certain unessential details, a British Minister of Marine, instead of a President of the Board of Trade, would prove valuable; but, in essentials, the issue does not lie in his hands, for we Britishers must starve if we cease to interest ourselves in shipping problems. When a nation lives by the sea, the protective instinct which forces its ships into all the nooks and corners of the world is an inheritance which brooks no interference from politicians who have personal axes to grind.

Now, my contention is this: that so vast are America's maritime interests from the Atlantic to the Pacific seaboards, *via*, and including, the Panama Canal, that they call for special legislation and an administrative department governed by a Minister of Marine vested with liberal powers to alter laws which are out of sympathy with modern needs, and to institute new

laws that will aim at putting a stop to the prodigal waste of America's maritime wealth.

As before pointed out, the proceedings of the last Congress were all in favor of ships engaged in the already protected coastal trade. No real concessions were made to deep-water tonnage. The new laws aim at increased safety at sea, but they do not point the way to increased American tonnage. Still they are a sufficient index to prove that if their framers devoted their time to investigating the true causes responsible for the decline of the American merchant marine and were free of the baneful influence of trusts, the American tonnage problem would soon be solved.

Let me call the roll of some of the handicaps, imposed by law on American shipowners, which need no high-power microscope to show their unsympathetic nature:—

A ship may not be purchased from foreigners and placed on the American register.

Owners of an American merchant ship must be American citizens, or a legal corporation organized and chartered under the laws of the United States or of any state thereof, the president and managing directors of which shall be citizens of the United States.

Masters, officers, and pilots of American ships must be American citizens.

American ships, of the tramp class, are required to carry seven hands more than British ships of equal tonnage, and this number increases pro rata with tonnage.

The hydrostatic tests which American steamships must periodically undergo ruin boilers and add enormously to the already heavy running expenses.

All foreign vessels of a certain class—and in certain countries vessels of every class—receive bounties and mileage money, while American ships

of every class have to shift for themselves.

The foregoing are but a few of the many evils which hamper American efforts in the maritime industry.

Commissioner Chamberlain devotes a considerable portion of a recent report to a masterly exposition of the methods employed by maritime nations which promote foreign commerce and shipping by means of subsidies. He considers this kind of expenditure as practiced by the majority of maritime nations, and arrives at the conclusion that the United States might do far worse than adopt certain of the salient features of these methods in order to give life and encouragement to her languishing merchant navy. 'American capital,' declares Commissioner Chamberlain, 'is not predisposed toward the sea at present, much less is labor so predisposed.' And he goes on to say: 'Repeal [of obsolete laws] may be advocated as an academic proposition; it may be advocated because the law is at least a dead letter, and it may be advocated in order to clear the way for subsidies when the inadequacy of the present laws has been shown by actual experience.'

A Minister of Marine unhampered by general legislative work could devote his time solely to shipping problems. As a free lance in the American shipping world he, as well as his subordinates, could within a very short time fully grasp the situation and decide what is worth retaining and what should be dumped overboard.

Germany, like the America of the last half century, is an ardent supporter of the protective principle, yet she has an eye to business, and though she may deplore the necessity of having certain of her ships built in British yards, she can yet see that by admitting these foreign-built ships to the German registry she increases her prestige

and over-sea commerce. Foreign-built tonnage has the same earning capacity as tonnage built in domestic yards. Every day Germany is adding lustre to her flag and breeding sailors, while every day American sailors and shipwrights are becoming scarcer. Norway affords us a splendid example of a poorly equipped country creating a merchant marine through purchasing and building ships.

Soon after the American Civil War, the centre of effort in shipbuilding shifted from America to Europe. The shipbuilding industry travels to positions of equilibrium where the cost can be reduced to a minimum without depreciation in the output and quality of the work. Experience and evolution govern the class of work and the size of new tonnage. So we shall find that when the day dawns for America once again to establish herself in the shipping world, her shipyards, plant, and business methods will be hopelessly out of date owing to the tremendous increase of the tonnage of individual vessels and the methods now employed to run modern leviathans.

In a recent speech the German Emperor said: 'Germany's future is on the sea.' As an intelligent man, he sees that the sea can return a rich harvest. Where is the man in America who dares say that America's future is on the sea? Let America produce such a man and place him at the head of a department that will work fearlessly for the shipping cause. There is tremendous leeway to make up, although American shipping is not yet on a lee shore.

V

It may, I believe, be taken for granted that the internal industries of America are fundamentally in a sound condition and can be trusted to look after themselves for a time, while a little

more time, thought, and money are expended on ships and sailors. The duties falling within the jurisdiction of a Minister of Marine should include wardenship over all the seaports, harbors, rivers, and canals of the United States; maintenance of the lighthouse, life-saving, and revenue services; power to enforce by-laws regulating river, canal, and ocean passenger services; inspection of hulls and machinery; prevention of shipping trusts and freight monopolies and preferential tariffs; examination of masters, officers, and pilots; control of the hydrographic department; furthering of nautical science; protection of fisheries and the maintenance of a limited lien on the revenue derived from ocean commerce; supervision of training schools and ships for boy seamen; power to direct the attention of Congress to old shipping laws which penalize any particular trade or class of vessel, and to suggest the substitution of new laws for old when, thereby, they will encourage shipbuilding in all its branches; power to hold courts of inquiry into wrecks and strandings, and the right to recommend the building of nautical colleges in order to encourage American boys to study American nautical history and take an interest in modern nautical affairs with the idea of, later, following the sea as a calling. In fact, the powers vested in such a minister ought to be not a whit less than those grant-

ed to the head of the army and navy. No Jack-of-all-trades can watch over the welfare of a merchant marine such as America is justified in possessing.

Many contend that the prodigality of America is but a sign of her youth. The excuse is a pitiful one. What of Germany's youth? What of Japan's youth? What would Captain Perry think of Japan to-day? And (what is more to the point) what could he help thinking of America to-day? Refusing to face one's obligations is an extravagance of which only America could be found guilty. When the majority of American citizens appreciate the seriousness of the calamity clearly, as do a few public-spirited men, they will never again have to submit to a humiliating indictment from the Commissioner of Navigation. It deserves quoting, word for word: *'During the year we had but seven steamships regularly crossing the Atlantic to Europe, and recently two of these have been transferred to a foreign flag. Crossing the Pacific regularly we have but six steamships, and we have no steamships under the American flag on routes to South America below the Isthmus and the Caribbean Sea, to Australia, or to Africa.'* Further, *'For several years past we have virtually ceased to build ships for the foreign trade, and the industry owes its existence almost wholly to the laws restricting domestic transportation by water to vessels built in the United States.'*

THE WAGE THAT ATTRACTS CAPITAL

BY RAY MORRIS

I

WHATEVER may have been the sociological and political defects of the *laissez-faire* policy under which modern industry has grown up, the system had at least this merit, that it offered alluring speculative inducements to capital. Investment in railroads, mines, and factories, in the things that we mean when we speak of building up the country, was unstinted, under the old rule of the game that rewarded risk by placing no limits to the profits of success. It is an exceedingly important question whether the new rule, which tends to limit profits without any corresponding abatement of risk, is going to succeed, or whether it is going to break down because new capital cannot be had in adequate amounts for the wage which the government will allow it to receive. As a matter of fact, we are confronting some new problems, of first-rate importance, which have yet to be thoroughly tried out anywhere in the world.

The Hadley Railroad Securities Commission brought this point out rather emphatically, in its bearing on railroad development. The report of the Commission to President Taft (November 1, 1911) shows how this development is now endangered by the 'reluctance of investors to purchase new issues of railroad securities in the amounts required,' and goes on to say:—

'We hear much about a reasonable return on capital. A reasonable return is one which, under honest accounting

and responsible management, will attract the amount of investors' money needed for the development of our railroad facilities. More than this is an unnecessary public burden. Less than this means a check to railroad construction and to the development of traffic. Where the investment is secure, a reasonable return is a rate which approximates the rate of interest which prevails in other lines of industry. Where the future is uncertain the investor demands, and is justified in demanding, a chance of added profit to compensate for his risk. We cannot secure the immense amount of capital needed unless we make profits and risks commensurate. If rates are going to be reduced whenever dividends exceed current rates of interest, investors will seek other fields where the hazard is less or the opportunity greater. In no event can we expect railroads to be developed merely to pay their owners such a return as they could have obtained by the purchase of investment securities which do not involve the hazards of construction or the risks of operation.'

It is interesting to look into this aspect of the question a little further and see if we can determine what capital is requiring to-day; what wage attracts it, and what has occasioned some of the recent variations in its point of view. Indeed, the extreme recency of the existence of liquid capital in really sizable amounts, is one highly important factor in the situation, and one which has received comparatively little

attention. Bagehot, writing in England, in 1873, says: —

‘We have entirely lost the idea that any undertaking likely to pay — and seen to be likely — can perish for want of money; yet no idea was more familiar to our ancestors, or is more common now in most countries. A citizen of London in Queen Elizabeth’s time could not have imagined our state of mind. He would have thought that it was of no use inventing railways (if he could have understood what a railway meant) for you would not have been able to collect the capital with which to make them. At this moment, in colonies and all rude countries, there is no large sum of transferable money; there *is* no fund from which you can borrow, and out of which you can make immense works.’

Liquid capital, available for investment in general development work, as distinct from its intensive use on the farm or in the local industry which created it, depends clearly on three basic factors: order, good communications, and credit in a more or less highly organized form. These factors, in combination, are very modern — considerably less than a hundred years old, and their effect has been cumulative and unprecedentedly rapid in the last fifty years, through the piling up of marginal profits on credit transactions.

This process is thoroughly familiar to all of us, yet at this time it seems worth restatement and analysis, since the attitude of governing bodies is being directed sharply toward these marginal accumulations at two points: at the store of capital in individual hands, through various forms of super-taxes and death duties; and at the source of production, through rate-regulation and the control of monopoly and trade agreements. Thus we have to-day the contrast of an immense supply of floating capital, so harassed by regulative

propaganda, all over the world, that it is harder than it has been in many years to finance enterprises of the most constructive and conservative sort. Nor must we forget, in speaking of ‘liquid capital,’ that this essential characteristic of fluidity, or availability, has been increased out of all proportion to the world’s total store of capital, by credit organization in connection with the basic factors mentioned above.

When the Fuggers, of Augsburg, built up their banking aristocracy that financed popes and emperors, capital available for development work was much more nearly synonymous with bullion. The Fuggers equipped fleets to trade in the East; they operated mines, and dealt in gold, silver, and copper, as well as in the cloth stuffs that were the foundation of their greatness; and their business was exceedingly profitable: the capital of the house increased from 200,000 florins, in 1511, to 2,000,000 in 1527 and 5,000,000 in 1546. But when they developed a mine, or traded in the East, without the modern distribution of risk and profit attendant upon the use of stock, bonds, or parcel loans, their capital worked slowly, although the profit margin was so high that a modern merchant-banker, who turns his capital over twenty times as often, would scarcely do as well. Modern banking, in fact, works exactly the other way, and seeks quickness of turn-over for a small marginal profit, with risk distributed through the re-pledge of purchased securities, so that a million dollars of banking capital (which is, or should be, the most liquid kind) will probably serve to float as many ventures to-day as twenty millions would have done in the sixteenth century.

But the very perfection of the devices for assembling capital and getting the utmost service out of it, has

undoubtedly been a cause of social friction; money has seemed to flow into certain channels too readily, as compared with the individual worker's difficulty in obtaining it. Meantime, with ever-widening suffrage and ever-increasing newspaper appeal, the world has about given up the doctrine of *laissez faire*, and is forging ahead pretty rapidly in social experiment. Since the beginning of the second Roosevelt administration in this country, programmes of governmental control and restriction of enterprises that depend on the constant influx of new capital, have played a new and a highly important part, and there is every indication that they are going further. The wage which commercial enterprise holds out to capital has been modified, perhaps more than we realize; modified so much that certain kinds of development have been retarded seriously, pending determination of the point where capital, when eager for employment, will or will not work under the terms and conditions established by the government.

II

The extent of these changes is easy to forget, unless we make a general survey of the investment field and note what has happened to each component part of it during the last few years. Thus, we might fairly group the bulk of general, unspecialized investment in this country, somewhat as follows:—

Land and buildings.

Government, state, and municipal obligations.

Transportation companies and other 'public utilities.'

Industrials.

Of these classifications, real estate has probably been affected least, but increases in taxation have been progressive and exceedingly rapid, and we

cannot feel that our governing bodies will be likely to work either more cheaply or much more efficiently as the years go on. Indeed, there are indications, both strong and numerous, that public benefits at the taxpayer's cost are in their infancy in this country, and have much further to go even in those parts of Europe where the tax rate is already far higher than it is in the most reckless American communities. We have yet to contend with any substantial programme of municipal housing, for example, although it has been really forced on many congested foreign cities, usually at a very considerable net cost to the taxpayer.

Land and buildings bear the brunt of this sort of thing. They pay the bulk of the taxes, owing to their unhappy inability to be concealed; and their owners recognize the likelihood that they are pretty sure to be prominent contributors to all the programmes of social betterment arising from the changing tendencies of civic responsibility.

In the case of transportation and other public-utility investments, the present-day changes are, of course, very marked. We see a clear governmental disposition to limit profits to an assumed normal interest rate (as described in the Hadley report) in spite of the economic absurdities which the process may entail. For example, the United States Supreme Court, in the so-called Minnesota Rate Cases, specifically permitted the Minneapolis and St. Louis, which was not earning what the court considered to be a fair return on the investment, to maintain a higher schedule of rates than the Great Northern and Northern Pacific in the same territory. Of course this permission was not worth much to the Minneapolis and St. Louis, which, in open territory, is economically and commercially obliged to maintain rates at least as low as its competitors, or even

that business which it has will be taken away from it! Yet this unique commercial maxim, that the proper procedure for weak competitors is to charge more than their strong competitors do, is the goal you must needs arrive at if you determine rates in competitive territory by limiting invested capital to a fixed return; there is no escaping it. The rate that will just permit the best located, best built, and best operated road to earn six per cent, will quite certainly fall short of a living wage for the less fortunate roads in the same district, although they are sure to be performing indispensable transportation services to the farmers and manufacturers along their lines.

Turning this question around, the investor naturally asks why he should contribute any capital to the upbuilding and extension of the weaker roads, and the government has, as yet, no answer to give him. Nor is any inducement held out to capital to perfect the stronger roads. In the Kansas City Southern case, decided in November, 1913, the Supreme Court held that portions of a railroad abandoned in the process of grade-revision work cannot be counted as part of the capital investment (on which the court in the Minnesota cases computed the normal interest return).

Let us see how this works out. The Central Pacific Railroad, as originally located, ran around the north end of Great Salt Lake, through mountainous country, where grades and curvature put a constant burden on traffic. After the Union Pacific consolidations were completed, and the credit of the Central Pacific, through its affiliation, had become strong, the company's engineers undertook and carried through to successful completion a most extraordinary exploit. At a cost of some \$9,000,000, they built a new railroad, 104 miles long, straight across Great

Salt Lake on an immense trestle and embankment, and thereby cut off almost 44 miles of linear distance besides taking out some four thousand degrees of curvature and reducing the maximum grade from 89.76 feet to 21.12 feet per mile. The old, crooked, roundabout line naturally lost most of its utility after the cut-off was built, although it was built as well as the resources of its period permitted, and undoubtedly represented an investment of a sum comparable with that which was spent on the cut-off, when we take into account both the first cost and the heavy rehabilitation work which took place under the Harriman control.

Now, to intensify the illustration, let us regard this section of the Central Pacific, from Ogden to Lucin, as an independent railroad, and let us assume that the old roundabout line was, in fact, discarded and dismantled as part of the transportation machine. Under these circumstances, the application of the Supreme Court's Kansas City Southern ruling would apparently require the Ogden-Lucin cut-off to carry freight and passengers free. It could charge rates which would net six or seven per cent on the capital invested in the new line after deducting the cost of the discarded line. But as the costs of the new and the old lines were substantially the same, such deduction would wipe out the new investment, and a seven per cent return on zero equals zero!

The reader will observe that an escape is provided from this dilemma if the useless mileage be kept alive technically, and if occasional trains are run over it, although this kind of operation is exceedingly costly. The vital point remains, that the discarded-mileage policy set forth in the Kansas City Southern decision encourages piecemeal improvement work (since betterments which do not involve abandon-

ment of line can be added to the investment account on which interest and dividends can be paid if earned); but we cannot doubt that it tends sharply to discourage the root-and-branch reconstruction which has brought about the rapid building up of the American transportation system to its present efficiency.

It is no part of this study to enter into the controversial field of railroad-rate regulation, and enough has been said to show how the inducements for new capital to enter railroad development have been cut down. Indeed, the issuing of share capital for new construction has been all but shut off, partly for the reasons outlined and partly because of the difficulty, under various state laws, of getting stock out below par. The promoter and speculative developer have been forced away from stock, which is what ought to be sold for hazardous development, and into bonds, which ought not to be sold for hazardous development. It has been the inalienable right of the American railroad developer, from the earliest times, to be wiped-out for the benefit of the community, but the bondholder recognizes no such privilege. He is a creditor, not a proprietor, and when his bonds default he stands squarely in the path of progress and readjustment until he is taken care of.

It must not be overlooked in this connection that the recent noteworthy extensions of governmental supervision over American industry, the effects of which have undoubtedly been cumulative in the last two years, have fallen concurrently with a world-wide period of economic readjustment, and that the two things have no necessary connection with each other, although it is clear that both have worked together to depress securities and alarm the investor.

Thus an analysis of the present rail-

road situation discloses many familiar points, mixed up with some of the new ones to which reference has been made. Ever since the recovery from the panic of 1907, operating expenses have pressed net earnings hard, so that the immense increases in gross earnings have been almost entirely absorbed by the increased cost of labor and materials. So far, this is entirely familiar; it had a counterpart in 1903, and has quite regularly followed our successive periods of industrial activity, as in 1890, 1884, and 1873. In each of these years there was the same discouragement, the same feeling that the railroads were being obliged to go ahead very rapidly in order to remain in the same place. In each case, also, the readjustment followed promptly. Industry declined; traffic fell off; labor became abundant and efficient instead of scarce and inefficient; the cost of materials (especially those in which the labor cost is relatively high) fell off, so that the roads did a diminished business at less cost, and in many instances were able to give a good account of net profits.

Then, in each case, the return of industrial activity yielded a few exceptionally profitable years, before increasing costs neutralized the traffic gains. This much is familiar, and history can be counted on to repeat itself. The new factor to-day is the double government supervision under the Interstate Commerce Act and the Sherman Act, both of which are duplicated and reduplicated in their essentials by a mass of state legislation. The Erdmann Act, in its application to wage-increases, is also a new factor, but scarcely a first-class one.

The reluctance of the Commerce Commission to allow rate advances has received abundant comment; much less attention has been paid to the reluctance of the railroads to enter into

rate wars, as they habitually used to do in periods of declining traffic. The fact that they are no longer free to make voluntary advances has made them give up entirely the struggle for temporary gain through voluntary decreases, such as characterized the demoralization of the whole rate structure in the early eighties. Most happily deprived of the rebate weapon, the weak roads have sometimes been able to gain special traffic by giving special service; in other instances they have gone along a narrow path with little in prospect but ultimate starvation, but their struggles have not embroiled the whole competitive situation, as they used to do.

The matter may fairly be summed up with the comment that the early conception of the Interstate Commerce Commission as a St. George to the railroads' dragon—as it has been well characterized—seems to be working around to a point where public policy is beginning to distinguish between regulation and chastisement. Yet it is quite plain that the 'fair-return' doctrine is in for a trial, and will carry with it a full measure of indirect chastisement for the unoffending weak roads; the very ones that have never yet been able to pay a legal rate, if indeed they have paid any rate at all, on their original cost of construction.

From an investment standpoint, however, there are certain important offsets to be considered. The gradual development of the 'fair-return' point of view (which, of course, does not propose that the receipt of the fair return shall be guaranteed to anybody) has been exceedingly discouraging to new enterprise. This is bad for the country, especially for the undeveloped portions of it, but in so far as it checks speculative movements for competitive railroad building, as, for example, the paralleling of the New York Central by the West Shore, it will be viewed

with complete satisfaction by the existing roads. With an embargo on new ventures, it would not take many years for normal traffic growth to make profitable railroads out of most of the country's weak mileage.

Thus we have presented the clear paradox of a governmental policy which elaborately goes to work to break up railroad combination (as in the Union Pacific case) in the supposed interest of competition, while it effectively shuts off the real, virile competition which follows new construction, by removing the incentive to construct. Many observers see government ownership as the only ultimate solution for difficulties of this sort; difficulties which crowd one another's heels when safety regulation, wage regulation, and rate regulation, on the one hand, are combined with stock and bond regulation and restricted return on investment, while there is constant effort to find means of disrupting existing railroad systems under the Sherman Act.

III

But government ownership is not a question that specially concerns the investor to-day. The financial programme which would be involved in out-and-out purchase of the lines seems unworkable just now, although a system of leases with a guarantee of dividends on an agreed basis, perhaps lower in some cases than existing rates, might possibly be worked out. This, however, is clearly a matter for future years; neither the necessity for so hazardous an experiment nor any real demand for it is apparent now. In no case should the prospect hold any special terrors for the investor.

I cannot avoid the conclusion that railroad securities in this country are going to find their way back again, cautiously but surely, to the place of

preëminence. It is worthy of note that, if the government makes a serious attempt to restrict the total of interest and dividends to a specific return on capital invested, most of the mileage of the country will fall short of a fair return, to-day, on its total investment, so that most roads have room for legal progress upwards, while the inducement to new competition would not be apparent. Moreover, I should rather anticipate the gradual growth of a public policy that would permit rate-increases to balance wage-increases, on honestly managed roads, up to the standard of the statutory six or seven per cent. How this is going to be accomplished, nobody knows, for, as has been pointed out, the rate scale that will just enable the strong road to earn its seven per cent will usually bankrupt its weaker competitor—and bankrupt roads are not a campaign asset for the party that did it. But if we make the daring assumption that the government, through physical valuation, can fix the rate of return as a statutory principle, I cannot see that it menaces the security holders of the strong roads. Viewed as a matter of public policy, the idea seems almost ludicrously bad, but with that we are not concerned.

The inferior position of the weak roads has already been discussed. But here rises traffic density as a silent, unnoticed champion for them, if only new capital can be kept from competing. Traffic density rests on population, not on legislation, and is, in fact, quite unterrified by the latter. The number of roads which the growth of the country has taken from the weak group and definitively placed in the strong group since 1900 is quite extraordinary; that phase of the situation has received but little attention.

It must be noted that the rehabilitation of some of these roads, such as the Northern Pacific, the Union Paci-

fic, the Santa Fé and the Kansas City Southern, was immensely facilitated by the pouring into them of great sums of speculative capital, which will perhaps be less easy to come by when the next group of weak but growing roads seek rehabilitation funds from their bankers. The difficulty which such roads have had, during the past two years, in getting any sort of financial accommodation has, of course, been apparent to everybody; but it is impossible, just now, to separate the respective weights of government policy from those of world-wide credit strain, in determining the final cause of this. I think it would not be hazardous to assert that both factors have worked together.

If the roads mentioned above had abundant resource to speculative capital, however, another group, almost equally successful, has been able to develop without it, by the use of current earnings supplemented by short-term borrowings. The Southern Railway, the Seaboard Air Line, and the Erie, have done this with conspicuous success, although the Erie perhaps came as near bankruptcy in 1908 as any road that has ever escaped it.

Given a deterrent to competitive speculative enterprise, and a rapidly growing country, and I am inclined to think that the railroads will work out their problems successfully, even with the curious economic handicap of a public policy which seeks to limit capital's maximum return to a low percentage, without any compensating guarantee of a minimum return. It may be taken for granted that we shall have to face, as we have already faced, much that is crude, in the outworking of the governmental policies; much, too, that is unnecessarily harsh, and, in places, grossly unfair. But there is just as much precedent for thinking that the details of administration will become

progressively less burdensome and more intelligent, after they find their way into routine channels, and are removed from the sphere of active political discussion.

Thus, I should imagine that capital seeking a high degree of security as its wage (coupled with a broad market and ready convertibility) would find these essentials in railroad securities in the future to even a greater degree than in the past. On the other hand, if speculative capital, which has played so vital a part in building up the country, is to be, for a time, driven away from new ventures, it can still seek its profits in the swings of the market on existing railroad shares, and in purchase of railroad securities which seem to be on the verge of going from the weak class to the strong, with consequent likelihood of appreciation. Few speculative investors are as much concerned with dividend rates as they are with appreciation of principal; a point of view which is entirely sound, in relation to the larger chances of profit.

IV

Government, state, and municipal securities have also been affected profoundly, although in quite a different direction, by the socialistic drift of the last decade. Governmental extravagance, resting on the easy principle of spending somebody else's money, has increased progressively to a point where the annual output of securities to provide funds for public betterment work looms up out of all proportion to what would have been regarded as a normal increase, even a few years ago. Public obligations of the best grade have always commanded the highest prices of all investment securities, but for many years past, the holder of such bonds has seen new issues come on the market in ever-increasing amounts, while

prices have steadily declined. This fact, combined with the world's tremendous conversion of capital into fixed forms, has had the practical result of lessening the market for public obligations at the same time that the output has increased. The holder knows that his security is unquestioned, but he does not want to lose his profits by buying in a falling market, and he is well aware of the fact that state and municipal bonds of the highest grade, bought ten years ago and sold to-day, show a loss of ten to twenty points; a loss which would, in many cases, reduce the total return on the investment close to the vanishing point.

Moreover, the buyer of state and municipal bonds must close his eyes to degrees of bad book-keeping and un-economic finance which would never be tolerated in the administration of a railroad. State highway bonds, issued for a long term to pay for roads which motor-traffic may be counted on to destroy in about three years, are a case in point. Nor is there any relief in sight for this general situation of heedless, irresponsible public finance, except, perhaps, in an extension of the 'city manager' plan of government, which has been utilized abroad with conspicuous success, and has already made small but hopeful beginnings in this country.

Just now, the market for public obligations is better than it has been in several years, although prices are far from former levels. The stimulus was given by the provision in the income-tax law which not only exempts our government, state, and municipal securities, but does not require them even to be reported in the taxpayer's list. The feeling is undoubtedly widespread that the government is, in effect, conducting an inquisition, and that future social legislation is apt to utilize the information brought out, especially as

affecting the surtax. As a matter of fact, local taxes, at the present time, are nominally much more burdensome than the income tax, but the investor, except when handling trust funds, does not ordinarily disclose his list to the tax-collector. Instead, he often compounds on an arbitrary assessment, which local authorities fear to press to the limit because of the ease with which legal residence can be changed, or bonds converted into tax-free stocks. But the payer of the income surtax feels singularly friendless and devoid of representation, and does not altogether like the look of things ahead.

The matter may perhaps be summarized fairly by saying that public securities owe much of their new-found popularity to the fact that capital does not have to admit owning them, but that their broader economic status leaves a good deal to be desired.

V

The ramifications of the new democracy have reached industrial investments from still another angle. Bonds and stocks of small industrial companies have always been regarded as extra-hazardous, for a number of reasons. The ability of the management is a factor of immense importance, and may change overnight. But fully as serious an obstacle, from the investor's stand-point, has been the risk attendant upon changing market and competitive conditions. And it is frequently as difficult to sell a hundred shares of local industrial stock as it is to sell the company.

For these reasons, and a good many others which need not be enumerated here, investors have usually preferred large industrial ventures to small ones, although it is not much more than fifteen years that the securities of industrial corporations have been regard-

ed as suitable investments for general funds in this country.¹

But the recovery from the 'long drag' after 1893, brought with it the conception of industrial consolidation and finance on a grand scale, — and it was grandly overdone. In 1901 and 1902, it seemed as if any sort of consolidation would be sure to break new barriers of prosperity if only you could get everybody into it, so that prices could be controlled, trade-arrangements dominated, and 'overhead' reduced, by concentrating in one super-human office the problems that had kept fifty offices busy. It was amazingly easy to sell the securities of these ventures, and the arguments for their existence were plausible, and in many cases correct. Only within the last year or two have the doubters openly maintained that great consolidations do not necessarily gain in efficiency what they lose in flexibility, although 1903 and 1904 demonstrated how slight their control of prices was apt to be.

Yet in the condition of pandemonium now enveloping the great industrial companies because of the hit-and-miss character and application of the Sherman Act, there can be very little doubt that the thing they are being punished for (that is, alleged price-control) is just the thing that they have been least successful at, although it would be greatly to the advantage of trade if they could manage it. Healthy competition has a great deal better chance of staying healthy in a trade where prices tend to be stable than in one

¹ This statement like most generalization about investments, needs qualification. The New England textile stocks furnish an excellent example of small industrials, and they have been regarded in New England almost like semi-trustee investments, for nearly half a century. Brewery shares had a similar vogue in Great Britain until they suffered a series of reverses, partly due to increasing temperance on the part of the British public. — THE AUTHOR.

where price wars periodically demoralize the industry and kill off the little fellows.

The upshot of the matter seems to be that the industrial organizers of a dozen years ago went too far in their assumptions of the efficiency and the potential trade-control of immense aggregations of manufacturing and distributing units, while they clearly overlooked the fact that they were generating a feeling of suffocation on the part of the small dealer and the consumer which would sooner or later lead to legislative retaliation. On the other hand, any observer of the erratic interpretation and administration of the Sherman Act would be apt to feel that the government, in its efforts to break up trade-conspiracy, has been chasing a good many economic butterflies, and that its harsh utilization of a law which comes near making it unlawful for two competitors to discuss together any programme of mutual trade-benefit, has been of more service to politics than to honest business.

We are not at present concerned with any aspect of the Sherman Act except its effect on the innocent and bewildered investor, but I think nobody will dissent from the proposition that the law and its sensational methods of enforcement have come near removing entirely from the field of conservative investment a considerable group of industrial enterprises which would otherwise attract capital, to the benefit of all concerned. Nor is there any prospect of real relief from this situation until the public ceases to believe that the ideal state of affairs exists when steel companies and coal companies and beef-packers are educated to overproduce, break one another's prices, and rush down a steep place into the sea of bankruptcy. The salient point is that the investor is quite clear in his desire to avoid the kind of

situation which the Sherman Act, as at present interpreted, seems to foster.

Attention is being concentrated, just now, on the interests, or supposed interests, of the consumer, and nobody is thinking much about the producer. Yet when we try to find the consumer and congratulate him, he almost always turns out to be producing something himself. We are pretty sure to reach the conclusion, eventually, that the consumer who does not also produce is as insignificant, numerically and politically, as the man who pays the surtax. In fact, we find ourselves face to face with the terrible suspicion that the non-producing consumer is nobody in the world but the surtaxpayer himself—and surely nobody intended to give him legal protection.

Yet when capital cries out in a loud voice that it will be forced to remain inactive because of the new hazards which have been attached to investment by socialistic governments engaged in the pursuit of votes, we know that this threat, while logical, will not be carried out. Whatever else capital does or does not do, it can be counted on not to remain idle, except during temporary periods when it is severely frightened. It must go out into the world as any other worker does, and struggle for its wage, even though all governments (to paraphrase Professor Sumner) shall unite in authorizing A and B to instruct C how to spend D's money. But there are a great many parts of the world where capital can find profitable and safe employment to-day, and it seems to me that the tendencies of national development, in this country and elsewhere, are going to be governed to a somewhat larger extent than we realize, by the respective pains which are taken to keep visiting capital well fed and well housed, and, in general, satisfied with the conditions of its employment.

A SCOTTISH GARDEN

BY SARAH N. CLEGHORN

LOWLAND garden,
Sunk in beechwoods,
Lichen-walled,
Espaliered, ivied;
Where the wee burn,
Bridged and arbored,
Winds through blue-bells:
In its dulcet
Wave, reflecting
Rhododendron,
Oleander:
Here at even
Dimly wandering,
Shadowy forms
Of olden ladies
Pass and hover:
Soft the trail of floating panier,
India muslin:
Faint the scent
Of heaping baskets,
Sweet geranium,
Cinnamon roses:
Silver fall
Along the beechwood,
Mingled voices,
Hidden calls
And dream-like laughter: —
“Arabella!”
“Theodora!”
“Juliana!”
“Leonora!”

IVY OF THE NEGATIVES

BY MARGARET LYNN

MALDY was away for the afternoon. That was a very rare thing, for Maldy clung to the place as if it were a citadel left to her guarding. She held all visiting in contempt,—partly because of her own long experience with visitors,—and as for her scanty shopping, she summarily relegated that to my mother, her only requirements in garments being that they should wear well and should look just like her last ones. But at one point my mother demurred: she would not buy Maldy's shoes,—so she said after a few experiments,—and have her hobbling about in toe-pinching or heel-rubbing foot-leather. So twice a year, after Maldy's needs had for many days been pointed out to her, she, with many postponements and great final reluctance, went to town with my mother. This was one of those occasions.

She had looked back many times before she was out of sight, and we, out of sheer kindness to her, had maintained a virtuous state of conspicuous idleness on the front porch as long as she could see us. It would be a comforting vision for her to carry with her to the unacceptable experiences of the afternoon.

With Maldy out of sight and a change of atmosphere, we immediately relaxed. Meditation fell upon us. We were not really casting about for anything lawless to do; but still so rare an occasion as this deserved some unwonted employment. It would be unappreciative and tame not to use it appropriately. Uneasiness sat even on

Henry, while we all tacitly and inactively awaited a worthy inspiration.

Our meditation was interrupted by the appearance of Ivy Hixon, the daughter of one of the renters, coming on one of her borrowing errands. I had heard my father say that the Hixons were practical Socialists; I don't know what he meant, but it was obviously connected with borrowing customs. Ivy now carried a black-cracked teacup in her hand.

'Mom wanted to know would your ma borrow her some saleratus,' she delivered herself.

Questioning revealed that she wanted some baking soda. I arose with as good an imitation of my mother's air as I could manage, and led the way into the house. Mary followed us, and finally John. Henry, who found no delight in the freckled Ivy, and had in fact compared her appearance to that of a grass-burr, sent an indifferent glance after us and then took himself off to the stables. For Henry the company of horses never staled.

In the big store-room off the kitchen—a mere pantry could not hold stores for a household of our numbers—we found the soda, and with as many manners as I could take on, I gave Ivy a liberal helping.

Ivy lingered to look around. 'You've got lots of things to eat,' she said.

That had never seemed to me a cause for pride, but I tried to look affluent. However, I thought it better to edge Ivy back into the kitchen. My mother never talked to the renter women

about the things we had. But even in the kitchen Ivy found much to comment on and linger over. I was uneasy at first; my mother was full of kindly attentions to the renter families, but the children never came to the house much. However, that prohibition appeared to belong to Maldy's administration, and to allow Ivy to remain for a while seemed to be a privilege of the day. Soon we were all talking freely, and enjoying Ivy's admiration of the number and size of our kitchen utensils. She applauded the kitchen stove especially. Maldy's stove was no doubt a thing to admire, although at that time, not having the housekeeping point of view, we did not realize its praiseworthiness.

The fire had been left, in Maldy's hurried after-dinner departure. Even its heat, as we assisted Ivy to admire it, seemed of a peculiarly efficient sort. Assuming technical knowledge, we displayed dampers and drafts and oven-depths. Ivy looked appreciatively into the still warm oven.

'Mom made a cake onst,' she said, 'when Uncle Jake's folks come.'

It was not for us to speak of cakes.

'Can you cook?' she asked me.

'Some,' I answered conservatively. I had once mixed up corn-bread under Maldy's impatient direction.

'I can fry side-meat, and potatoes, and make saleratus biscuits.'

We had heard that renters lived chiefly on hot biscuit; when I add that they called bread 'light bread' always, I have sufficiently indicated their social standing in our eyes.

'We could make a cake right now,' said Ivy. She spoke as one suggesting an enterprise, but a merely natural one to undertake.

I was silent, as of course Mary was also.

Said John in a moment, 'Let's make a cake.'

John had no culinary self-respect to preserve. Anyway, he was thinking less of the adventure than of the desirable result.

'You put eggs in it, and milk and lots of sugar and flour and butter if you got it, and lard if you ain't,' said Ivy glibly. 'I bet you folks got all them things.'

'Oh, yes,' I answered hastily. 'We've got everything.'

That seemed to be acquiescence, and we stood somehow committed to the undertaking. Anyhow adventure, the more lawless the better, had been calling to us.

However, Ivy Hixon was not going to dictate to us in our own kitchen. Having made the suggestion, her officiousness expanded and threatened to take control of us all. I prepared to assert myself.

'You beat the eggs first,' said Ivy. 'Mom took three.'

While I considered, Mary, the methodical, climbed to a shelf and brought down a cook-book. The possession of a cook-book was merely a concession to convention on Maldy's part, for she was never seen to use it and had been heard to speak contemptuously of it. Mary's little forefinger traveled down the index column to cakes.

'There's a good many,' she said. 'What kind do we want? Here's Brown Stone Front and Nancy Hanks and Five Egg and Good White Cake and Jelly Cake and Chocolate Layer and Marble and Fairy Lily —'

'Let's have that,' I said.

Mary turned to it. 'Whites of seven eggs, cup and a half of sugar,' she began.

'What do you do with the yolks?' I interrupted. I had supposed that an egg was a unit in cooking.

Mary laboriously followed through the list of items and figures. 'It don't say,' she said.

'Mom put 'em in,' said Ivy. 'Mom's cake was yallow. It was n't no lily cake,' she finished contemptuously. With the advent of the cook-book authority seemed likely to slip from her. 'Mom put three whole eggs in hern.'

'Let's make a big cake,' said John.

'Read the five-egg one,' I dictated.

'Five eggs beaten separately —' began Mary.

'That's awful funny,' said Ivy.

We all looked dubious, in fact.

Mary finished out the proportions of the cake, — conventional enough, I suppose. The final statement, that the recipe would make a very large cake, was decisive for every one.

'All right,' I said briskly.

I really was not, for my part, eager for the result, but the situation began to please me.

'John, you fix up the fire, and don't take Maldy's cobs. Mary, we've got to wash our hands first.'

That was not sheer virtue; a look at Ivy's had suggested it. Ivy joined us in common ablution, and I think saw the complexion of her hands for the first time in many a day.

'We must clean our finger-nails,' added Mary gently, to my surprise.

Ivy plainly thought that unnecessary, but followed suit, matching the novel enterprise from her own experience, however, with, 'Mom digs out the baby's nails sometimes.'

But that concession to elegance over, Ivy quickly resumed her place. I turned from the towel to find her setting out a flat crock for a mixing-bowl, a row of five tea-cups, and a fork.

'What are those for?' I asked.

'To beat the eggs in. The book says so.'

I had never seen a process like that, and was doubtful; but still, many an operation went on in the kitchen on which I did not trouble to cast my eye. I was not in a position to contradict,

but I tried at least to awe Ivy by reaching down an egg-beater instead of the fork. Ivy looked at it a moment, tested its movement and, unimpressed, accepted it as a matter of course. She hung over the cook-book, business in her mien, energy radiating from her elbows.

Nature had dealt but meagrely with Ivy. Her hair was sandy, — sandy to the touch, too, I fancied, — her face was sandy, her hands looked sandy. Her dress, to my embarrassment, was an old one of my own; I tried to act as if unconscious of the fact. It hung loosely from her round shoulders and — although she was nearly as old as I — was far too long for her; but as she was barefooted, that was a good thing. Her scratched feet looked sandy too. Her hair was tied with a white string, which was braided in for two or three inches from the end. I had suggested that means of security to Ellen when she braided my hair, but she did not accept the suggestion, although it would doubtless have saved me from many a reproof. Whether because of this device or not, Ivy's scrawny little braid turned sharply outward from her meagre shoulders and, with her quick, jerky movements, bobbed about like a question-mark incessantly questioning. Before we got through with our enterprise, that curled-up arc of hair seemed to me to be making the cake, it was so active, so ubiquitous.

Ivy turned briskly from the cook-book and disappeared into the storeroom. She was back almost instantly.

'Say, there ain't but six eggs, and if we'd take them they'd know for sure. You go and get some more. I bet there's a plenty.'

Dignity compelled me to pass the order on to John. Assuming initiative, I proceeded to get out the other ingredients, but always with Ivy at my elbow, making additional suggestions.

'When you're gettin' get a plenty. That's what Aunt Em says. But Mom says when you ain't got no money — Say, ain't you folks got lots of sugar! Say, you could have a cake every day.'

Her eyes saw every article in the store-room, and her tongue commented without trammel. Between times she issued orders with freedom and decision. I was always just going to, but Ivy steadily forestalled me. It seemed as if, whenever I turned to do a thing, Ivy's arc of braid was always bobbing just ahead of me. Information which I imparted to her became her own as completely as if it had never been mine. Within a few minutes she knew all the household equipment as well as Mary and I put together. It need not be supposed that I acquiesced readily in this system of precedence; but when there is no crevice in the front of authority where one can interpose opposition, and when one is hampered by hospitality besides, where is one going to begin to assert one's independence?

The mixing-spoon was hardly ever out of Ivy's hands. She stirred and beat and sifted and stirred, in a housewifely ecstasy of creation. The words 'a plenty' rolled lusciously from her tongue constantly when she caught sight of our household stores. Only steady self-control kept her from altering the proportion of ingredients, when abundance of butter or sugar came into view. It seemed a pity not to use more when there was 'a plenty.' Her imagination reached forward, and she hinted at something else to be done when the cake was off our hands. But this time even John did not rise to the suggestion.

I should not have supposed that one person could find sufficient orders for three. I found myself obeying in a sort of bewilderment. Mary was kept busy washing dishes, because, as Ivy said,

the elders would not want to find the kitchen 'all gaumed up when they come back.' It did seem wise to remove our traces. The eggs were beaten separately — that is, individually — and the process took some time. John thought it unnecessary but Ivy overruled him with the words of the book. For one of comparatively limited acquaintance with literature, Ivy had remarkable reverence for the printed word. She seemed to take pride in having cooking thus connected with her stunted accomplishment of reading.

At last everything was in, stirred and beaten, and beaten and stirred. Everybody, even John, had been allowed to take a hand at this; but it was Ivy's freckled little arms which gave the last loving strokes. At this moment Henry strolled in.

We had got so used to Ivy that we had forgotten to miss Henry. But John, going out to find another egg to replace one which somebody had dropped on the floor, — we regretted it, but Ivy said there were plenty more, — had mentioned to Henry that an enterprise was afoot within. After a little time for consideration, Henry decided to enter. He came loafing in, his hands in his pockets and a general air of mature leisure about him. I had just got out a cake-pan and Ivy had taken it from me and was buttering it with flying whisks of her fingers. She was putting a good deal of butter on it.

Henry eyed the process a moment with a remotely critical air. I think it was the first time he had noticed the operation at all, but it was for him to suggest improvement now that he was here.

'You're putting too much butter on that,' he said briefly, without introduction.

Ivy paused and looked at him, every freckle darting out surprise. She rubbed her nose with the back of her

hand and eyed him above her buttery fingers.

'You never made no cake,' she answered.

'Cake should n't taste of butter,' said Henry, speaking calmly but succinctly, as an expert authority. 'It'll make it fall,' he added.

Ivy, determined not to be impressed, continued to eye him as she ran her fingers round and round the pan. Henry took one hand from its pocket, lifted the mixing-spoon and let the batter drip from it while he scrutinized the compound intelligently.

'It's too thin,' he delivered judgment.

'It's just like the book says, I guess,' returned Ivy forcibly.

Ivy was really misnamed. We were all responsible for the cake, but Ivy seemed to be its natural defender.

His attention called to the cookbook, Henry turned to peruse it. He wore the air of a passing authority who had no personal interest in pointing out error. He did not keep us waiting long, however, before he spoke again.

'Lots of cakes have raisins in them. Let's put raisins in this.'

Let *us*! Even we who knew Henry well had never seen him adopt an exploit with greater promptness. But then we were used to Henry; many a time had he gathered us to his banner as sheep to a cause. Ivy alone found him a novelty.

'The book never said nothin' about puttin' in no raisins,' she said. 'This ain't that kind of cake.'

With the air of one who was bloodied but spiritually unbowed, she stirred the cake again and bade me look at the fire. A few minutes before she would have given the order to John. Whether she acknowledged it or not, masculinity seemed to be in a stage of readjustment.

Mary, returning, reported that there

were no raisins in store. It was embarrassing to us to admit that there was anything we did not have. Henry considered. Was there a substitute? He detained the putting of the cake into the oven with a glance and a wave of the hand, while he meditated.

'Raisins are nothing but grapes,' mused John, 'but grapes are n't ripe yet.'

Henry turned his eye on the window. The rest of us indicated the stages of our mental processes by discussion. Henry merely announced his results.

'We'll get some cherries,' he said.

Ivy, who had been impatientlyheeling and toeing beside the kitchen-table, burst forth, 'I never heard of no cherries in no cake. I bet they'd spoil it.'

'They'll make it thicker,' said Henry, conceding a reply to her evident depth of feeling.

Ivy continued to stand by the table, smoothing and patting the surface of her cake — her cherished cake — while Henry marshaled the rest of us out to the Early Richmond cherry trees. As a precaution he added her to the party, although she declared that the cake would fall while we were gone.

It took only a few minutes, however, for the five of us to gather and stone a quart or more of cherries. Henry dumped the lot, reeking juice, into the batter and stirred them in.

'It's thinner'n ever,' wailed Ivy, 'and it looks like all git out.'

Henry scrutinized it carefully. 'It is n't any thinner, but it's too thin yet. We'll get some more cherries.'

This time we got two quarts. Henry stirred them in.

Another wail broke from Ivy. 'It's thinner'n ever,' she almost sobbed. 'You've done and spoiled it.'

'You did n't put flour enough into this,' said Henry. 'That's what's the matter.'

'We put all the book said,' said I. Between wrath and grief Ivy was almost beyond speech.

'Well, it takes more of some kinds than others. I guess this is a thin kind.'

We put in three more cups of flour, while Ivy stood in the background, a mute angry spirit of protest. When the flour was all in, we each inserted — not the first time — a finger at the edge of the batter and tasted our compound. It tasted queer, and floury. Ivy frankly made a face.

'You did n't put enough sugar in this,' said Henry. 'Cakes take a lot of sugar.'

'We put in all the book said,' we answered once more.

'It ain't sweet enough,' said Henry, tasting again. 'We'll put in more sugar.'

We put in two more cups of sugar. The batter was now almost running over the crock, and needed very careful stirring. The cake-pan which had been ready before was now out of the question; Henry found a small dishpan and bade me grease it. Mary washed the other and put it away. John made up the fire once more and the cake went into the oven. We thought it polite to offer Ivy the crock to scrape, but she briefly declined it. Half an hour before each of us had had an eye on that crock; but now no one cared for it. Mary washed it and put it away. She also washed up the table and everything else, and as far as we could see there was nothing to tell the tale of us except the cake in the oven.

At the end of ten minutes, as the cake did not seem to be near baked, we settled down in various ways. No further enterprise seemed desirable. We really wished that Ivy would go home, but as she did not seem inclined to do so I read her *Ali Baba*. She interrupted occasionally to say, 'I bet that ain't

never happened.' Her attitude surprised me; I did not mind its apparent discourtesy, but I did not see why anyone should demand fact in a narrative.

Any occupation we had on hand was interrupted frequently while we looked into the oven. Mary took a doll and went about some serious maternal business. The rest of us collectively looked into the oven every three minutes. If that cake had ever intended to do itself credit, it lost its chance through the embarrassment of our steady watching. As it was, the baking process was curious. We watched eagerly for the moment of rising, but it never came. It did once break its temporary shell to spout up in the middle with a small geyser-like formation, distinguished from the hopeless depression of the rest of the surface. The rest of the time it sank and sank, until it seemed likely to go through the bottom of the oven. The substance of the whole was of such consistency that it would have taken a chemical analysis to tell whether it was baked or not. Like other Benjamin Wests we nearly decimated the newest broom for straws, — each of us used several every time we opened the oven door, — but every time we withdrew them gummy and unpalatable.

Time was wearing rapidly away. They might be home at any moment. Ivy declined any further tales and crouched steadfastly by the oven door.

At last the cake began to recede from the sides of the pan and Henry, returning from a brief visit to his pony, announced that it was all drying up and must be taken out immediately. Anticipation swelled among us. We forgot to watch the drive. Eagerness secured a burnt hand for each of us. But at last the cake was transferred from the oven to the kitchen-table. One last problem arose. How did one take a cake from the pan? The natural thing seemed to be to take it by the little knob in the

centre and lift it out. That proved unsuccessful. Henry and Ivy each had a theory; it is needless to say that Henry's was to be tried first, even over Ivy's final protest.

'Now you all stand back,' Henry was saying, as he selected a knife, 'and I'll —'

Voices and wheels were heard outside. We looked at each other in consternation — consternation quite out of proportion to the offense. Panic fell upon us. Henry snatched up the cake, pan and all, and with his usual quickness of resource, made for the regions of the kitchen-garden, which lay near. It was on the other side of the house from the drive, and was screened from it by some lilac bushes. At the very nearest place to the house, a bit of soft, fine-delved ground lay waiting a later sowing of something, turnips probably. Henry seized a hoe which was conveniently at hand, made a hole in the soft earth, and in an instant that cake, with all its promise unfulfilled and its suspense still unanswered, was in its tomb. The dishpan was thrown to a convenient place under the lilac-bushes, and, the whole affair cleared up, we turned back to welcome the home-comers with as interested an air as if we had spent the afternoon merely waiting for their return.

Ivy had stood looking on at the interment as if she were the embodiment of all possible mourners. Tragedy sat on her brow and grief trembled on her lips. The moment anticipated all the afternoon was snatched from her as the child of her hands went under the soil. Even her braid had uncurled itself and hung straight and pendulous as any braid. As we turned away, I had a glimpse of pursed-up lips and hard-winking eyes, and I suspected that a tear fell on the unworthy grave of that cherry cake, the first and last of its kind.

For us it was all over. We should have liked to see how that cake tasted, but Maldy always got an unusually good supper when she came back from town, as if to show her scorn of all she had seen in her absence. Anyway, we had had doubts about the cake from the first. I never had believed that we could make a cake, even when we were doing it.

As we went into the house again, everybody eagerly assisting in carrying in the packages, — with surreptitious squeezes and fingerings to help surmises as to contents, — I saw Ivy darting homeward through the orchard. Her braid hopped up and down on her shoulders, and her slim skirt wrapped and flapped about her thin legs. The impetuosity of her movement suggested more than mere hurry, I thought, remembering certain moments of my own.

The evening went off very well, considering everything. After my mother had been away for a whole afternoon, we always had a very good time in the evening, and were allowed to sit up a little later than usual. And yet I went to bed with a sense of something impending. Certain matters had already called for remark. Henry explained that we had the fire on in order to have it ready when they came home. Such thoughtfulness should have brought out approbation, but Maldy made no comment. As for the cup of soda — well, Ivy Hixon had come for it, but why she went away without it, no one knew. Maldy was no questioner, I will say that for her. But she went about the kitchen that evening with a roving eye which promised no good for us. Our sin, which had seemed mild in the beginning, hardly equal to the occasion in fact, began to assume the appalling proportions of a crime. I went to bed meditating confession.

Mary lay still for a while in her usual

little fashion and then went off to sleep. Our room was at the back of the house, and I could hear Maldy moving about below, setting all ready for the morning. Who knew what she might be discovering? Had we put away the flour-sifter and closed the sugar-bin and restored the baking powder to its place? I followed her steps in my imagination, picturing what she was looking at. Her steps seemed to grow heavier and more portentous. What was she seeing now?

Even when everything grew quiet underneath, I still listened for signs to reassure or terrorize. I sat up in bed embracing my knees, while my strained attention was fixed below. But everything was so still down there, that my alertness finally relaxed and my eyes wandered to the moon-lighted spaces below my window. Even the corner of the kitchen-garden which I could see, had a sort of agreeableness, with the moonlight and the moon-made shadows upon it. I mused awhile, watching the glorified lawn, and finally, with elbows on knees and chin on hands, began to make up a story about what I was going to do when I was twenty-five.

Suddenly I sprang from the bed and ran to the window. Out in that garden corner some one was moving. I could n't see very plainly at first, but undoubtedly there was a moving figure there. How had Maldy ever discovered? But as I looked I saw that it was Ivy. She was groping around for the hoe we had used in the afternoon. I was indignant. Of course somebody would see her — and then! She did not find the hoe, and stood for a moment undecided. Then she dropped to her knees and began to dig away at the soft earth with her hands. I condemned her entirely. She had got us into this and now she was going to get us caught. And digging up cake out of the ground, too! I felt contempt.

A step sounded heavily on the porch below. Maldy always walked with a curious unbending tread. She stalked straight out by the path and around by the lilac-bushes. Now Ivy Hixon *had* done it! She, too, heard by this time, and sat back on her heels to listen. Thus she was when Maldy rounded the lilacs and came upon her. Then she jumped up with a cry. I was almost sorry for her then, for I knew Maldy's summary handling of the renter children. Still, Ivy had brought this on herself.

Maldy questioned abruptly and gruffly, standing with her hands on her hips and her elbows squared. Ivy answered, her speech all running together, until it ended in a high little wail, with a tragic gesture toward the ground at her feet. Maldy questioned further, her attitude tentative. Ivy answered again, her voice each time running up to its pathetic little wail at the end, and her hands making their tragic movement. This was not the effective Ivy of the afternoon. I could imagine her ending with, 'And I never got none of it!' To my relief, however, Maldy seemed to be relaxing. She spoke briefly, but with reserve.

Presently she turned toward the house, Ivy following her, evidently at her bidding. Ivy waited on this side of the lilac-bushes while Maldy went into the kitchen, to get the cracked cup and the soda, I supposed. I really was relieved, though not on Ivy's account alone.

Maldy returned, her bearing still amicable. But what was this she was bringing? The cup of soda, to be sure, and with it the remnant of the fresh sponge cake she had beaten up for supper — and a piece of *fruit cake*! I nearly fell out of the window as it came to view. Fruit cake was Maldy's choicest and best-concealed treasure. I suspected that even my mother asked her

permission to use it. It was the top-most crown of our rarest social occasions. Maldy seemed always to have some, but we never caught her making it. When I have said that we never even asked her for it, I have said all.

She was giving it to Ivy. She said, 'Don't you eat this to-night, but you put it away and have it some time.' Then she relapsed into her renter-children tone, 'Now you better go right along home. Don't be hanging around here.'

Ivy went, cutting across the lawn and down through the shadowy orchard spaces. Her disposing of the

sponge-cake as she went did not seem to interfere with her speed.

The next morning Henry himself slipped the dishpan down to the yards and washed it in the watering-trough. Unfortunately Maldy happened to be in the kitchen when he cautiously brought it in, and her eye required an explanation of him.

'Why, I took this out yesterday to pick cherries in,' he began —

'Huuf,' said Maldy, and turned her back on him. She gave the dishpan a proper washing with soap and hot water, and hung it up in its place without another word.

AN EXPERIMENT IN COÖPERATIVE LIVING

BY RANDOLPH S. BOURNE

I

THERE is developing in England a movement which seems to suggest in an extraordinarily fruitful way the solution of some of the most difficult of urban problems by what might be called the practical application of private socialism. Much has been written about the 'garden city' in a way which presents the idea as rather in the nature of a fad, of a dilettante effort of a few fortunate people, slightly over-developed æsthetically, who wish to surround themselves with flowers and gardens and play at building villages which are sternly impossible to the majority of the great human herd. But an examination of the strands, economic, artistic, and sociological, which are uniquely combined to form such a

community as the Hampstead Garden Suburb, for instance, in the north of London, convinces me that there is much more than playing going on here, — that we have rather an experimental laboratory offered in coöperative living which, if successful, is bound to affect profoundly our conceptions of city life, and to make over gradually some of the squalid deserts of English urban communities.

Assuming a certain familiarity on the part of the reader with the 'garden-city idea,' as worked out sporadically in England and America, and with the town-planning movement in Germany, it will be my purpose here to analyze the methods by which the effects are brought about which culminate in so beautiful an expression of community life as Hampstead, and to suggest the

practicality of the widespread imitation of the socialist and æsthetic principles by which it is built, to the new towns of the future in America or the new environs of the old towns.

For if the English city presents in its congestion, its ugliness, its discomforts, a horrible warning to American life, experiments like this at Hampstead present a hope and an inspiration, and a way of avoiding the urban evils which followed in England the mad deluge of the Industrial Revolution. For the chief value of building beauty into the collective life of a city is that thus the ideas and principles which animate that beauty are given the most effective and dramatic form. Every one can feel the charm of open spaces, of effective vistas and the harmonious grouping of buildings; a village like Hampstead attracts immediate and widespread attention, and becomes the leaven which leavens a broad lump. Though it is the external forms and not the inner spirit and motive which are being copied, already in the countryside about the village are to be seen the inspiration of the model: new building estates are being developed in the frankest imitation of the Hampstead principles, while pioneer rows of unregenerate brick villas stand tenantless, unable to compete with the new ideas. And if a village composed on these principles can permeate its own vicinity so quickly and so completely, it almost guarantees itself as a model and inspiration for the builders of the cities which men of the twentieth century will find fit to live in.

Those principles are partly artistic, partly economic, and partly sociological. It was largely from the artistic side that the proposer of the garden city, Ebenezer Howard, made his appeal, and it is perhaps on account of the over-emphasis on this aspect that the whole idea got itself surrounded with a cer-

tain dilettante atmosphere. But in the newer villages like Hampstead, the original 'garden' idea has coöperated with the very beautiful science of town-planning developed in Germany, and with the copartnership building societies, which owe their origin primarily to workingmen. That the fusion of these strands makes possible a practical city, embracing all classes of the population and all industrial and commercial pursuits, is shown by the experience of the famous town of Letchworth, which is already in successful operation. Many other new building schemes and model villages express these principles partially, — in particular the workmen's villages of Bournville and Port Sunlight. But these latter, having been built as quasi-philanthropic enterprises by capitalists, differ radically in economic principle from those we are discussing, and do not suggest the step in private socialism which makes Hampstead and Letchworth so peculiarly significant.

The urgent need of finding some solution for the problems of congestion and confusion caused by the haphazard extension of the English industrial cities in the last century, had attracted the attention of English architects to the work of scientific town-planning carried out in German cities like Frankfurt and Cologne, and the garden city represents the application of some of the principles there discovered. By the coöperation of the architect and the landscape gardener, the engineer and the urban administrator, and given drastic powers of regulating the purposes for which land shall be used, and even of altering boundaries in the interest of the general scheme, the whole plot may be designed in advance to meet in the highest possible way the sanitary needs, the comfort, and the amenities of the community. What this new attitude means is evident to any one

who feels keenly the apparent lack of any really indigenous feeling for civic art in either England or America.

The English cities are well-known monuments of barrenness, congestion, and discomfort; Boston and New York, with all their artistic possibilities, have very few fine vistas or open spaces, and Washington, designed in the stately French style of the eighteenth century, is distorted from what might have been developed in the spirit of the original plans. On the other hand, the continental towns are full of beautiful vistas and cunningly composed pictures, many of them consciously designed, but many of them also seemingly unconscious, and testifying, it would appear, to some deep-seated social sensitiveness to communal beauty and civil design. There is often a homogeneity of material, a unity of effect, combined with a charming picturesqueness of variety, which makes the town or village as perfect a work of art as the most classic painting or statue. The plans or maps of some of the towns of Germany and Italy show a balancing of parts and a combination of details that make them notable achievements in the way of pure design.

It is an attempt to revive this vanished art which animates the artistic efforts of the builders of our new garden cities, and to that end they have made a careful study of the means by which the effects have been produced in the mediæval models of Europe. For in the towns of Hampstead and Letchworth, which we are taking here as our fittest examples of the movement, it is evident that the designers have been most deeply influenced by the villages of Southern Germany. The extraordinary charm of this countryside lies in the effect which each village makes as a clear-cut unit, separated sharply from the surrounding

fields either by a city wall or by a line as sharp as one. The red-roofed and white-walled village, clustering about its oriental church-steeple, and set in a fair and flowing environment of yellow fields, broken only by the dark green cluster of a thick forest of firs, presents the model for the outer visage of the new garden village, which shall express in this tangible, compact way the homogeneity of the social life within it, and not suggest, as does the struggling American town and loose countryside, the sprinkling of feebly coöperating individuals over the land. That charming effect of overlapping and culminating roofs on a flat perspective which the village presents when seen from afar has been reproduced in the English villages with rare fidelity and sensitiveness, though one may feel, looking over Hampstead from a nearby hill, the superiority of unconscious over conscious art. Just something spontaneous seems to be lacking, though the effect of the mounting roofs and the harmony of tones and lines is beautiful enough.

Within the village the streets are found grouped in relation to a central market-place, which is usually closed, so that, though several streets may pass into and out of it, no outlet is visible from the centre. Surrounded by buildings of a homogeneous picturesqueness or dignity, surmounted by the tower of the church or municipal building, the closed place signifies a sort of inner shrine of the community, its social heart. Standing in a market-place such as that of the Hôtel de Ville at Brussels, one gets an overwhelming sense of social cohesion; this place is not merely a spot where produce is bought and sold, but the centre of a community, with a tenacious interwoven life of its own, ministering to all its members and sufficient unto itself. No house is isolated; each depends for

its beauty and meaning upon its grouping with others. The little church-tower of the smallest village attains a dignity of effect, by rising not from its own slender body but from a clustered group of houses. Everything gains by being seen as part of a designed whole.

These principles can be applied in our new garden cities because the organization of the village in a central trust or corporation ensures the control of the whole design by one expert. This economic foundation I shall discuss later; just now we are concerned with the artistic benefits which this possibility of prevision insures. The tract of land is laid out according to a prearranged scheme. The direction and width of the streets is regulated according to the volume of traffic. The allotment of open spaces and the restriction of certain buildings, such as factories and shops, to certain areas, the natural existing features of the landscape, the existing trees, and even the direction of the prevailing winds, are taken into account in the designing of the streets and the blocks. In order to insure homogeneity of design, it is stipulated that the individual houses must either be designed by the community architect or approved by him; in this way the harmony of the surroundings is secured, while scope is left for a large measure of individual judgment and taste, to the builder or tenant.

Nothing is perhaps more opposed to the ideas of rapid individualism and callousness to the social appeal, under which our modern cities have grown up, than this central supervision of taste, and yet nothing is more necessary — in default of that instinctive feeling of the past centuries which we seem to-day to have lost — if we are to live in beautiful surroundings. We cannot afford, in this twentieth century, to let men inflict their own depraved artistic taste upon the community,

any more than we can afford to let them give expression to their debased moral sense.

II

Coming a little closer to the details of planning and ornament of the new village, one finds that a walk about a community such as Hampstead is like studying the art of a well-composed picture. It is attended by the delight which comes from seeing any clear operation of intelligence; for what is good art but the expression of a luminous intelligence lighting up and interpreting a stodgy mass of experience which would be worthless and meaningless without the long opening vistas which the touch of the master hand reveals?

In the new village there is none of that checkerboard arrangement of streets that makes our American towns so depressing with their long vanishing perspectives. There is instead a graceful swelling curve, so that one has constantly ahead of the eye a cluster of houses and gardens. Or, if the street happens to be straight, it is closed at the end with a picturesque building or house-corner, so that the vanishing perspective culminates in some arresting figure, and achieves a climax instead of a defeat. There is one street at Hampstead which leads straight up a little slope to the brick clubhouse. Though the houses are monotonous and the street line is without variation, this charming little building with its two plane trees before the door gives character and tone to the entire street, and satisfies the eye which would otherwise roam fruitlessly out into empty sky.

Where the street, however, runs down hill into open country, it is left open, in order that the vista of green fields may block the picture. I shall never forget the vistas at Quebec down the long hill on the east, into sweet glimpses of fields and winding roads studded

with white houses. It was the revelations of that day in what is perhaps the only composed and artistic town we have in America, which opened my eyes to this most beautiful of arts, town-building.

A large part of the charm of Quebec and the continental towns is due to the fact that the houses are not detached, as in American suburbs, but that the street instead presents a long, connected, if irregular, line. The houses in our new village are thus built in blocks of four or five, and a unity and solidity is given to the village street, which is absent both from the rows of detached boxes in the American town, and from the monotonous sameness of the average English street. For, by building thus in blocks, the building line may be cunningly varied, and combinations of overlapping gables and projecting fronts secured, which increase the effect of pleasing picturesqueness. In some places a block of a dozen houses will be set back at some distance from the road and fronted by a long unenclosed lawn of green turf. Sometimes the houses are built in the form of a stately regular quadrangle about a lawn and surmounted on the street side by an arched gateway.

Much attention is devoted to the street corners, for these are usually the keystones of a vista. Where the streets form an acute angle, a little grassy open space may be left, surrounded with low brick walls upon which climb vines and flowers. Where the angles are less acute, houses are built, not rectangulary in the unpromising way of cities, but diagonally across the corner, while the triangular space is filled with grass or flowers. And even a right-angled crossing can be made into a centre of considerable dignity and charm, simply by rounding the corners concavely. By these simple devices the corner gives a picture, no

matter from what point of the intersecting streets it is seen, and the blank uncertain effect of the ordinary street corner is avoided. And even the unimportant right-angled corner one finds treated here with many a charming little detail, — a small grass-plot indenting the house, or a picturesque gable which relieves the straight corner line. Everywhere the street line is drawn with a skillful hand comparable to the drawing in a picture.

The effect of the street line is, of course, enhanced by the brick walls and hedges and gardens which distinguish the garden city. It is one of the principles of the village that each house shall have its garden plot behind it, bounded by a characteristic English hedge, while in front of the house is a similar courtyard, usually covered with a riot of flowers. The effect of the low, broad, red-roofed, and wide-gabled houses, their white walls covered with nasturtiums or roses, even in November, has a charm almost too great to be conveyed in words.

One of the important officials of the village is the gardener, who provides expert advice as to the selection and arrangement and planting of shrubbery and vines and flowers. The result of this coöperative gardening is that the village at Hampstead, though only six years old, already presents the mellow, well-planted look of an old-settled community. The small number of houses permitted to the acre allows at the centre of every block a playground or tennis court which is shared in common by the inhabitants of the houses surrounding it. And these recreation grounds are reached by winding footpaths which intersect the block and, besides making communication easier, reduce the number of roads required. From these footpaths one gets the view of the real garden city, — the hedgerows, the flower and vegetable

gardens, and the playgrounds, the inner life behind the houses, which are as charming when seen from the rear as from the street.

The central square toward which all the main roads take their trend is placed at the highest point, and at Hampstead, with its two imposing churches facing each other across the little park, affords many a beautiful vista up a long street or over a pile of clustered red roofs. This Hampstead square is to be surrounded eventually by shops and public buildings, toward which a beginning has been made in the way of an Institute. The houses in the vicinity of the square assume the statelier character of the solid Georgian style in red and gray brick, in contrast to the homely white stucco of the ordinary houses, which, with their overhanging eaves and expanse of roof, suggest the old English thatched cottage, modified by a touch of the German. From this commanding square one has charming views of the rolling country of Middlesex, with spires and towns in the misty distance. In another direction one looks out over a tract of land owned by the village trust and destined to be built upon eventually as the village grows from its present population of six thousand to its ultimate twenty-five thousand.

Such are some of the artistic principles in accordance with which the village has been built. Almost every one represents an idea which, though it might have been applied in developing a private estate, is practically unique in its public application. The economic foundation of the village seems no less revolutionary and important.

III

From one point of view the land system of the new village — and this is the case not only at Hampstead and

Letchworth, but at all the smaller estates organized on copartnership principles — is simply an extension of the joint-stock company. But few people realize how extremely socialistic an institution the joint-stock company or corporation is; and as a joint-stock company, the economic organization of the village represents a radical experiment in the purely socialistic ownership of land. For none of the land is owned privately. The freehold is held by a trust, which is itself a joint-stock company, and the land is leased by it to building companies or individuals.

These building companies are, most of them, organized on what is called the copartnership plan. The tenants of the village, or of the tract which the company has leased, do not hold the lease, but hold stock in the company. Each prospective tenant must become a shareholder in the company and subscribe to a certain amount of stock, — in the Hampstead companies, fifty pounds. The shareholders elect the board of management, but no individual may hold more than two hundred pounds' worth of shares. In this way an approximately equal distribution of wealth and power is insured. The tenant pays a fixed rent, but receives — out of the surplus profits of the company, after sums have been set aside for sinking fund, interest on shares and loans, repairs, upkeep, and administration — a rent-dividend which in 1910 amounted to one shilling sixpence in the pound in one of the Hampstead companies.

When the tenant moves away, he disposes of his stock to the new tenant investor, and thus the coöperative landlord system is kept intact. It is true that at Hampstead the trust will lease to individuals, and the companies will receive investments from non-resident investors. But in practice, most of the land is held by the co-

partnership companies, and the shares in the companies are practically all held by tenants, so that the application of the socialistic principle is for once more rigid than the theory. And though in theory the tenant may continue to hold his stock after he moves away, he receives for it only a minimum of interest, while the new tenant receives the rent-dividend out of the company's surplus.

Now it is evident that we have here something approximating the socialistic ownership of land on what may be called a private scale. For the village represents a federation of companies in each of which the tenants hold equal rights of ownership in the land, represented by shares in a joint company which possesses the legal title. The important economic advantage which the tenant-owner derives is that he shares as a member of his group in the increasing value of the land; the unearned increment does not pass away into the hands of non-resident landlords to be lumped together into a landed fortune, but remains as a social value to be expended by the group in public utilities, or to be returned to the tenant in the form of rent-dividend. Such a system of organization evidently represents a long step toward the application of socialistic principles to land-ownership. To the Englishman it suggests little more than the extension of coöperation — which has been so successful in England with societies of consumers — in the ownership of land and the building of homes.

To the American it will suggest inevitable affinities with the single-tax idea of Henry George; but it differs of course from this in the fact that his system involved the coörganization of the land-owning group with the governmental powers, so that rent and taxes should be synonymous. But in England there is no attempt yet to give the

new village political powers, though it seems inevitable that a complete city like Letchworth, when it attains its full development, will demand urban organization; then perhaps some approximation to the single-tax would be made. It is rather from the socialistic point of view that this copartnership of land and building is so important. For the difference between private unrestricted ownership of capital and coöperative ownership by actual users, represents almost the totality of the contrast between the individualistic and socialistic ideals.

IV

Besides the economic advantages derived from the social ownership of the land increment in the copartnership village, there are economies due to the building of a large number of houses by one builder and under the supervision of one architect; these are said to be between five and ten per cent. Actual economic advantage flows to the tenant-owner from the limitation of the number of houses to the acre — an important feature of all town-planning and garden-city schemes. By limiting this number to an average of from twelve to twenty per acre, not only are all the artistic details and open spaces made possible, but the saving in the cost of the roads is enormous. So much less land is required for road-space that tenants living on land supporting only twelve houses to the acre actually pay rent on a lower expenditure of capital than if the same land were laid out in straight rows of houses set back to back, fifty-six to the acre, and involving the use of a third or more of the land for expensive roads, laid out in accordance with the demands of the English by-laws. And the town-planner is enabled to make still greater economies of road-space by employing

footpaths and narrow carriage roads where little traffic passes; whereas the ordinary builder, with long lines of houses on both sides of each street to serve, must make his roads all equally serviceable and complete.

The sociological possibilities of a community organized on such artistic and economic foundations are evident. For not only is there the *esprit* arising from the possession of so novel and notable a dwelling-place, which attracts visitors and strangers and wins almost unstinted praise, — this popularity and pride would be sufficient to create a public spirit, even if the social institutions did not cultivate it, — but there is also the permanent gain in central control and in social wealth which enables public enterprises to be developed from the beginning. In the original scheme at Hampstead, for instance, the Club and the Institute took an important place. The Club, which is democratically open to all the residents, provides a meeting-place for all social gatherings, sports, dances, exhibitions, and so forth. The Institute provides classes in practical arts and languages, lectures, concerts, public conferences and conversation groups, kindergarten, dramatic societies, amateur orchestra, and public reading-room.

These interests are not imposed, but are offered freely; one cannot but feel the immeasurable advantage of the common social ownership and initiation of these institutions, in contrast with those poor halting ones of the ordinary individualistic community, which must wait, not only until some group has felt the need of some cultural interest, but until it has persuaded a very much larger body around it to give it financial support. Instead of waiting until the clash of private interests has settled into an equilibrium, the socialistic community can incorpo-

rate these interests in the very body and life of the society from the start.

Coöperative living is in operation, too, along the most practical lines at Hampstead. A large quadrangle of small apartments, built primarily for intellectual workers of small means, possesses a common kitchen and dining-room and domestic staff. This plan seems very simple and practicable, but when thought of in connection with the mania for privacy which afflicts the Anglo-Saxon, and with the derided Utopias in which this very form of co-operative living has figured largely in the past, the idea appears little short of revolutionary. Organized in a somewhat similar fashion is the Orchard, a quadrangle of apartments built in the most charming way around a lawn and walks which were rioting with nasturtiums in November, and intended particularly for elderly people or people living alone. Outside galleries run all around both stories of the low brick quadrangle, and the life suggested is rather that of an Oxford college than of a series of separate homes. And the houses of workingmen's flats, charmingly situated on the edge of the open country, with their broad unfenced allotment gardens stretching behind them, suggest similarly a more closely unified communal life than even the centred English village, and so infinitely much more than the ordinary English workingmen's district, that one feels almost a different civilization. The thorough application of these principles of coöperative living, I feel sure, would produce a different one.

I have scarcely had time to do more than sketch the outlines of this new and beautiful sociological movement which finds its best expression in such a garden village as Hampstead. The three coöperating strands, — the garden-city idea of a community of cottages surrounded by open spaces and

flowers; the town-planning idea, involving the designing of the entire territory to be built on, and now made possible by the Parliamentary act of 1909 to all the municipal authorities of Great Britain and already in process of adoption by more than a hundred of them; and the copartnership-tenants idea, which, beginning as a workmen's building society, has proved so popular and feasible that there are now over forty societies in Great Britain, with over eight thousand houses already built, — brought together in such a community, present an experiment in private socialism of the utmost importance.

The immeasurable superiority of this scientific provision and design, the artistic details, the collective ownership, the social spirit, expressed in such a community, is evident when comparison is made with the work of the building-and-loan societies which are so popular in the United States. Valuable as they have been in providing families of small means with homes, they are inferior at practically every point to such organizations as these in England. Building individually, they are wasteful economically, and lack all the artistic and social advantages of the co-operative community. It will not do to say that they do provide the artisan with a home, while the garden city is only for the wealthier man. The first copartnership society was composed of artisans and developed its small estate at Ealing in the thoroughly orthodox and benighted way; but the new ideas were adopted immediately on their appearance, so that Ealing to-day stands as a practical object-lesson

of the feasibility of the garden city for workmen.

It would greatly enrich American life, if some means were found of making over the building-and-loan society into a copartnership society, working on the lines sketched out above. There would be little purpose in sketching them if one did not believe that institutions which already exist for providing thrifty persons with homes could be made infinitely more valuable if they were to be socialized and permeated with a true coöperative and artistic spirit.

I have called it an experiment, because the experience of seven or eight years does not of course put the final seal of approval upon success. One can hardly doubt, however, the soundness of the principles involved, or the ability of the managers in charge of the societies and communities. The latter include distinguished publicists and social workers in England; behind the communities are responsible associations for publicity and financial aid. The copartnership societies of the kingdom are strongly federated into a central council, which exercises supervision and gives advice and organizes new societies. The garden cities and town-planning associations keep in touch with the movement in other countries by means of conferences and congresses, and issue literature of real scientific value. One feels one's self in the presence of a big idea which has caught hold in the world, and which if it does not prove the entering wedge of a new civilization, at least cannot fail immensely to fertilize and beautify the life of the old.

REDWOOD CANYON

BY HENRY SIEDEL CANBY

I WAS weary from toiling all day long over the sharp ridges which border the south fork of the King's River, and uncertain of my way, when I came by chance into the sequoia forest of Redwood Canyon. The air was only dimly luminous beneath the vast red columns of the trees, but through the gloom I could see bright bars of sunset sky, and hurrying onward among the great trunks I came to a tiny meadow between their knees, bright with grass and white violets. At the farther end, two sequoias met in the sky to make an arch through which the eye ranged in purple sunset air to nameless peaks and snow-clad cliffs of the high Sierras. I dropped my pack and scrambled up a fallen sequoia which stretched like a wall across the meadow.

Sitting there, listening to the distant wind among the high plumes of the sequoias and the quail fluting mournfully in the manzanita, I felt an almost personal regret that Audubon and Thoreau, those lovers of American woods, had never seen this great forest. And Wordsworth, what would he have made of it? When his spirit was still fiery, he might have put Redwood Canyon into words! By moonlight, the shimmering stream bathing the feet of that ancient company of giants, the meadow gleaming softly, — by moonlight, Keats would have caught the magic, for in this California forest there is the beauty of proportion, the easy grace, the classic touch which he could turn into romantic verse. Cole-

ridge's imagination was too fantastic for such a scene. Tennyson would have made of it an English park. Milton might have given these lofty shades to his fallen angels for their high discourse on

Fixed fate, free will, foreknowledge absolute —

Certainly the vast trunks that glowed now intensely red in the evening sunlight, were companions more fitting for a Satan as tall as a mast and thunder-scarred, than for a mere manling, whose tiny form was lost in their shadow, who shivered and lit his pipe, glad of the little circle cast by the friendly blaze of the match.

How should the poet give life to this American forest? Dryads, nymphs, Bacchus and Artemis, are too tiny, too slight for its great spaces; elves and gnomes too grotesque. I do not know what mythology we may use for the Sierras; and yet, like all stirring scenery, it calls for some kind of anthropomorphism to interpret the human imprisoned in its beauty. There must be some spiritualizing of the natural forces at work there; some play of the imagination over the powerful trees and the stubborn mountains, before they can enter into our life like the English country, or the Alps, or the headlands and fountains of Greece. But, great God, — to quote from Wordsworth's sonnet, — I'd rather see a dozen poetlings fill these magnificent vistas with inappropriate figures from outworn faiths, than find — as now in the tourist groves — the names of local celeb-

rities tacked to the knees of each noble redwood.

Our poets of American nature have lacked vigor for the task. Our sweet singers of nature were left behind, like piping seabirds on the sands, when the last great tide of the romantic movement swung outward. It would be well for many of them if they could be purged and strengthened in Redwood Canyon. For here one cannot be content to pipe; one cannot blink the immensity of the world or the scope and sweep of nature's plan. The work of wind and water and heat is clear; the great trees grow by law where moisture lets them; their seeds die on in the slopes which the swing of the earth or the sun has made sterile for their kind. In the placid home country of the lowlands, or in the hacked and brush-grown forests of the East, the imagination is easily dulled or frozen by realizing that the cliff is only worn calcium carbonate, and the tree a compound hydrocarbon. Here one comprehends without disillusionment the immutable laws of matter. Here the symbolic beauty of the great trees carries the thought into further speculation; drives it from the petty sentimentality of the mere nature enthusiast into serene breadth. A French decadent would write verse as noble as beautiful in the Sierras — if indeed he could write at all. A magazine poet of the undergrowth would rise above sentiment and egoism. A scientist would reach beyond facts into beauty, as is proven by the work of such pioneers in these splendid mountains as John Muir and the geologist Clarence King.

It is not easy for us to feel the quivering mystery, the immanent spirit of the world in nature, as Wordsworth felt it. The whole of nineteenth-century science lies between his day and ours; and though we have rejected the easy solutions of materialism, we are more likely

to analyze than to worship. We know far more of the force which built his mountains, dug his lakes, and made his cowslip. We know too much for easy wonder. We know too little to pass easily beyond the consciousness of mechanism in the waterfall, of chemistry in the plant, and slavish reaction in the animal, to a contemplation of the mysterious power behind or an application of the symbolic beauty of the result. Forests where Wordsworth found the mood

In which the burthen of the mystery,
In which the heavy and the weary weight
Of all this unintelligible world,
Is lightened, —

where he felt

a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man, —

such forests must first appear to us as mere coteries of cell-forms each following inevitable laws of growth, inevitably conditioned by heredity and environment. And by the time we have traced out the natural causes which make one cliff vertical and another sloping, or which determine the location of pine and cedar, cactus and wild rose, the mind is weary and the mood of wonder and spiritual refreshment may escape.

This mood of disillusionment, — so I thought as I sat on the ledge and looked down through the temple aisles where the great sequoia trunks glowed in the forest twilight, — this modern disillusionment should be brought to the Sierra forest. Redwood Canyon is medicine for minds sick of tracing cause and effect. We moderns who have seen nature go into the laboratory and come out in elements, who know the history of the world for a million years, and can explain the shape of that godlike peak by the action of

water and fire, or repeat the formation of the river-bed below in a box of sand, — we find the sense of the sublime elusive; for us the burthen of the mystery is in the text-books we have to study. The world has become a picture puzzle. When we have put together the few pieces that science has given us, we are often too pleased with our success to be impressed by the result. We seem to need an excess of natural beauty, if any real exaltation is to follow. We need trees far larger, far more graceful than the hemlocks which thrilled us as boys. We need vast cliffs and dazzling peaks. We need such triumphs of nature as this Redwood Canyon, which has been maturing for five centuries, and has reached its ripest beauty just as we are craving a stronger stimulus lest our sense of the wonder of the world be submerged in a puny knowledge of the cogs and cranks of the great machine.

As I sat on the great log, my mind freed itself from the dullness of routine labor, rose above analysis, and triumphed in the beauty of Redwood Canyon. A young sequoia soared gracefully before me, and flung its great arms proudly into the high air; the forest floor glowed with flowers; the thrushes sang more loudly in the wild lilacs; and a flight of little birds swung through the last sunshine above the dreamy meadow, curved upwards, and shot out into the space above the great valley of the King's.

Redwood Canyon, so they tell me, is utterly destroyed. This spring the lumbering railroad was pushed around the headlands of the greater canyon of the King's River and reached its foot. Saw and axe have fallen upon its trees; the redwoods have crashed down, smashing the forest and themselves; the vast logs, hauled by a screeching donkey engine, have ripped and torn the undergrowth to ruin; the meadow

is a desolate pile of bleaching, broken lumber; the stream has spread out in slimy mud; the canyon walls are scarred and channeled deserts; the flowers are dead, the birds gone. Where the arch looked outward over the deep King's valley, the slovenly shacks of the lumber crew surround a pile of tin cans and dry-goods boxes. Redwood Canyon is an ugly scar on the face of the Sierras.

A thousand years will not remake this little canyon. Was it wise to destroy it? I followed last year the logs from an earlier onslaught upon a less beautiful valley, down into the lowlands. At \$30 a thousand feet they were building houses, shingling roofs, doing a hundred useful things for the multitudes crowding in on the Pacific Coast. Each thousand-year sequoia toppled from its twenty-foot stump helped to make prosperity for swarming towns whose population doubles each decade. Hundreds of thousands of feet of fine timber came from that lumbering, — all marketable, all needed, all used in making the world more comfortable. Our forestry service, whose duty it is to conserve our resources of timber, would have approved of the turning of those ripe trees into commodities for man's use, although they might well have deplored the wasteful methods of the lumber-men. Was the devastation of Redwood Canyon, then, expedient, necessary, inevitable?

I try to put out of my memory the solemn glories of the Canyon forest, and to forget the clear blue air of the Sierra washing through the sequoia arch and rippling over the deep meadow grass, so that I may consider fairly the ruin of this mountain garden. It was a great cutting, in which hundreds of Greeks and Slavs earned their three dollars daily through a long summer. It was a plenteous river of rich red boards sent flowing down the mountain flumes; dividends for a few, roofs

and walls for many. The total results will look well in the pamphlets advertising Fresno County next year; and they mean that a good round sum has been drawn from nature, the earth's savings-bank, and put to active work. For each forest cut down, for each river dammed, for each wild valley ploughed, the population can increase or live more easily. An economist might reckon a sequoia grove in terms of children, one baby more allowed for each tree turned into timber and then into cash; or a redwood valley as equal to a new village in the lowlands. He would scarcely exaggerate. You can see the little towns clustering north and south along the great forest belt of the Sierras, sucking on its fatness; and they get but the first runnings, — the bulk of the nourishment goes on below, and east and west as far as Australia. We cannot eat our forest and have it too. We cannot make the world more comfortable without hacking and hewing; and the swarming multitudes pouring over the railroad passes (and soon through the Canal) must be sheltered, must have materials with which to work. Only the sentimentalist fails to approve the sacrifice of dead beauty for the vital needs of humanity. But was the beauty of Redwood Canyon dead, incapable of active good; is redwood timber at \$30 a thousand one of humanity's vital needs?

I think that the ruin of this little canyon was a tragedy, — slight in itself perhaps, but great in its significance. I am radical (or conservative) enough to deny that there is anything great, or godlike, or even intrinsically useful in the increase of population. The 'doubling each decade' of the census-rolls of the coast cities seems to me just as important or as unimportant as the decline in the French birth-rate. It all depends upon the results. To make two blades of grass

grow where one grew before, is surely no achievement unless the grass is good grass. Undoubtedly they are striving to raise the quality as well as the quantity of the population in the West; striving harder, it appears, than in the East, or in much of Europe. But did the death of Redwood Canyon help them? You can knock out the stained-glass windows of a cathedral, and thereby get more light; or dig out the gravel bottom from a garden pool, so that it will hold more water. But is the result worth the sacrifice?

The case of Redwood Canyon is typical. Its loss is the loss of one more resource of inspiration and idealism, swept away by the rising tide of vulgar needs. I laud, I praise democracy. I see, as every man must, that the many must be vulgar in the good old sense of the word, must delight in the common things before the uncommon. And yet, what will become of democracy if all our Redwood Canyons are destroyed in making it? How shall its average be raised if we vulgarize all art, all literature, all religion, all thought, and even all nature, until the round world contains nothing popular but mediocrity? Whence will come the salt to savor it? Will an overpopulated world be worth the gain, and the loss?

The dreamers who see visions by day and night of doubled incomes, boosted towns, and jumping census-rolls, are a menace to America. They dream that a big city is better than a small one; that ten people with a million dollars each are happier and more useful than one; and they cut, burn, dig, level, — and occasionally cheat and lie, — in the pursuit of a fallacious ideal. But the practical man considers that it is easier to breed and support ten men than to make one good member of society. He realizes that a love of nature, or a sense of humor, or a taste for reading, or merely a knowledge of the difference

between what is worth while in this life and what is not,—all have a determinable value. An old house in a Connecticut town preserving the standards of a more tasteful generation, is an asset. When it is wrecked to make room for a moving-picture theatre, he figures up the losses. When the fields beside the railroad lines begin to be choked with banal sign-boards, he figures up the losses. When America seeks quantity instead of quality, he cannot fail to figure up the losses.

The practical man wants, not more brute life swarming on the globe, but a life better worth living. He would have seen that the meadow garden beneath its thousand-year sequoias had a cash value in terms of rest and inspiration for the finer minds who think and feel for the democracy. He would have seen the power it had to touch the hearts and lift the thoughts of the campers swarming up in summer from the hot plains; simple folks,—farmers, mechanics, clerks,—the vanguard of

democracy, seeking relief from routine, seeking without knowing it an escape from mediocrity. All this he would have weighed against the net returns of capitalist, retailer, and ultimate consumer of redwood timber,—and his conclusions would have come rapidly.

It was an economic error to cut down the trees of Redwood Canyon, since it is always an error to destroy great ultimate values for smaller immediate gains. A more imaginative race than ours would have fancied strange shapes of ancient grandeur hovering over the broken trunks of that forest; and shimmering spirits darting like frightened birds from the flowers of the torn meadow. But the practical American should be sufficiently moved by still another instance of beauty turned to ugliness without due returns to the race; another pattern shattered which cannot be replaced; another reservoir of inspiration emptied uselessly in a night. Lavish, wealthy America is still too poor for such extravagance.

THE MILLS

BY JOSEPH HUSBAND

FROM the car-windows, as the train crosses the arched stone bridge, you can see the mills piled high above the south bank of the river. Vast and dingy, the broken roofline notches high against the blue Minnesota sky. Like the battlements of some feudal castle, the stone and brick walls tower upward, here and there the square shaft of a grain-storage tank rising turret-like above the roofs. At the foot of the

cliff, although the mills seem to rise abruptly from the very edge of the water, the river courses in bent and broken streams, diverted and trained in the harness of industry; through a hundred mill-races in thick black torrents; a white blue shimmer over the apron-dam across the river.

Gathering strength in every mile of its course, the great river, rising in the silent waters of Itasca to pour a

torrent twenty-five hundred miles away into the Gulf of Mexico, pauses here for a brief minute to stroke into life the mighty turbines of the flour-mills. Above the dams that hold the river in check, the water, deep and silent, floods back between wide banks; below the tail-races of the mills it spurts noisily in a shallow bed, far down between high bluffs of weathered stone. But at the falls the mills, silent and apparently devoid of life or activity, mark the measure of its flow. And from that ceaseless flowing energy comes the power to grind the grain for a nation's bread.

Like a shelf against a wall the railroad tracks cling to the cliff. Above the clanking of freight cars and the mutter of the river, a vibrant murmur of myriad muffled wheels fills the shadow of the mills. Beside the tracks thin streaks of wheat gleam yellow on the grimy ballast. Here two great floods are meeting! From the flat reaches of the Dakotas, from the wheat lands of Minnesota and the rolling fields of Montana, from Manitoba, Saskatchewan, and the banks of the Athabaska, the tide of grain is at the flood. Unceasing, mightier by far than the 'father of waters,' one hundred thousand freight cars, fat and heavy with their rich lading, are emptying the season's harvest. And from the shipping platforms fifteen million barrels of flour go out each year into the markets of the world.

The freight cars are unloading. From the wide doors the scoops are pushing a stream of yellow grain. Like liquid it pours over the car-sills and down between the steel grills beside the tracks. Never has the touch of human hands defiled it. Born of the soil, it has been reaped and winnowed by the clean blades of wood and steel; never in the long process which will transform it into flour, will the touch of man's hand stain its perfect purity.

From bins below the tracks, endless conveyors were already gathering the grain in a long flow upward, up above the mill-roofs, far up to the tops of giant elevators, there to fall, a vast measured treasure, into the storage tanks beneath. With the assistant head miller, I climbed slowly to the top. The windows were misted with the dust of harvest, and even at that great height there was a fine powder of ivory flour on the floor and ledges. He pushed up a window. In the warm afternoon sunlight the mill-roofs lay below me. Far down beyond, the river, blue and sparkling, swirled in soft eddies about the dams and forebays. Beyond, the city stretched away to the rolling green of the low hills. And above was the blue of a cloudless sky.

Here, almost two hundred and fifty years ago, the captive Hennepin dedicated to his patron, St. Anthony of Padua, these falls where for so many years, in a cavern beneath, had dwelt that Great Unk-te-hee who created both man and earth. Gone is the guileful father of the Recollets; gone are the Sioux, whose tepees clustered about the cataract; gone even is that sheer leap of the river down forty feet, where now the low slant of the apron-dam smoothes the water in its descent. The ranges of the buffalo are rich with golden grain. It pours through the grills beside the elevators. From the skein of mazing tracks the wail of a freight engine shrills loud and clamorous.

A conveyor was lifting grain from one of the tanks; on an endless belt it passed through a long high-swung gallery from the elevators to the mill. We followed to watch its progress. At the far end of the gallery the crawling belt with its steady rivulet of grain entered the top floor of the mill and disappeared in a ponderous machine. Above the roar of belts and wheels the miller called to me. His hand was filled

with stones and nails and little flakes of wood, a heterogeneous mass of refuse. Here the grain was cleaned, all foreign impurities removed. Across the low ceiling, up and down, slanting at every angle, the 'legs,' long box-like tubes through which the flour is carried from floor to floor, cluttered the great room. Down the centre a battery of strange objects, bristling with rings of pipes like spokes in a row of rimless wheels, fluttered with unseen life. They looked like a misshapen organ, and I half expected to hear the notes of some strange music echo from the pipes. The dust-collectors.

On the floor below, the maze of the legs grew more bewildering. Here the purifiers were ranged in mighty companies, and the fine white smoke of flour tinged the air. Like soft snow it dusted my shoulders. The miller pushed back a slide in one of the machines; within, a reel of silk was slowly turning, and through its fine meshes the flour sifted continuously. He scooped up a handful and held it out to me. It seemed fine and white, but the grinding and purifying were only half completed.

Every machine was in quiet motion. But the mill seemed deserted. On the vast floors a few men wandered in and out among the machines. In the mel-low half-light and the comparative stillness, unaided, almost unattended, these stolid workers of wood and steel performed their laborious functions. In the apparent confusion of a perfect system, all natural order seemed reversed: up a floor or two through the twisting legs, the flour flowed to the next machine, then back again, and again up to a higher floor. It was incomprehensible. The scheme was lost in the multiplicity of operations.

The monotony of the murmuring machines was suddenly broken. Wear-

ied of only the silent turning of hidden wheels, a roomful of huge barrel-like creatures suspended between roof and floor had burst suddenly into impassioned life. Reeling and swaying like drunken dancers, the bolters vibrated with angry tumult. In their allotted places they dizzily shook their dusty sides, flinging madly about in a rotary motion.

The days of the big mill-stones have vanished; corrugated steel-rolls have usurped their places. In aisles, the roller-mills filled the floor, like stocky pianos in a salesroom. Between the fine teeth of the long steel rolls, the clean grain flaked to flour. Here a series crushed the outer husk of the wheat berry; another battery ground fine the clean meal; and still others there were, each grinding finer and finer, endlessly. And between these grindings came the processes I had seen above, scouring, bolting, separating, and purifying.

Beyond the open doors of the shipping platforms long lines of freight cars were waiting, half filled with sacks and barrels of flour. Here at last was life and activity. In white caps and uniforms the millers were packing the finished product. Between high-piled sacks, trucks trundled noisily. The floor was white with flour. On slow-moving belts the filled sacks passed out from beneath machines which filled and weighed the contents to the fraction of an ounce. With long looping stitches the sewers fastened the tops.

Beside the door two huge mill-stones lay half buried in the earth. With the wandering father of the Recollets, they were already but memories of a mighty past. Behind the city the sun had set in a strong clear yellow light. Up in the mill-windows, electric lights were twinkling. The night run had begun. Ceaselessly, day and night, forever, to grind corn for a nation's bread.

SUNDAY IN ANDALUSIA

BY GRANT SHOWERMAN

As you pass from the shadow of the great Rock with the British guns upon it, to begin your first day's journey in Spain — ah, Spain at last! — the sun is just rising over the sandy neutral zone to its north, and the first fine thing he does for you is to illuminate the girl with flame-colored hair who stands on the pier with two baskets of strawberries in her hands, and trays of carnations and lilies beside her. She has a lily herself — in her bosom — and carnations and a rose in her hair.

Your guide-book tells you that second class in Spanish trains is none too good, that the third-class carriages are occupied almost exclusively by the lower orders, and that first is the only proper class for ladies. But you are not a lady, and you come from a land where class distinctions are not so much in vogue as here; and besides, you have many times found the lower orders of Europe agreeable enough; and so you defy the book once more and buy a third-class ticket; and when you have crossed the little bay in the light and cool of romantic morning and taken the train at the farther pier — why, you find yourself in a compartment with two dainty American ladies who also have been defiant. They are a bit nervous at thought of the daring, and clearly apprehensive; but one of them remarks, after covert scrutiny of yourself and other dark specimens of the Spanish lower classes, 'Well, I believe it's going to be all right. They don't look half bad.'

This is pleasant, and you are as-

sailed by the impulse to say, 'Thank you'; but you have n't been introduced, and you don't know what part of America she is from. And besides, at the moment a pair of *carabineros* climb up, in gray-green uniforms with red facings, and *sombreros de tres picos* with the front one of the three *picos* strangely omitted, and the back turned up in a very graceless way that does not at all accord with the grave and proper demeanor of their wearers.

There are numerous other people about, and it looks as if the compartment would be filled. 'Oh, dear!' exclaims the younger of the ladies, 'there are some more going to get in with us. Why don't they get into one of the other compartments? Every one wants to crowd in here. That's just the way it is! They always go where they see —'

She finishes the sentence only in her mind, not quite liking to say, 'where they see the best people,' and blushes just a little, being of democratic nurture, and conscientious.

There is a little programme of bell-ringing by the station-master, horn-blowing by the guard, and whistling by the engine and the conductor, and you roll into Spain at fifteen miles an hour.

This is something of a novelty, even after a year's experience in southern Europe, and you forgive it because it is a novelty — as you forgave the charming flame-colored hair at the pier for obtruding in a land where hair and eyes of proper breeding are black. Besides, it is early morning, and Sunday

morning, and there are fresh green fields on both sides, with clean white roads, and all the land is lying under the caress of a genial sun in a clear blue sky.

It is almost too cool at first, but it warms a little by the time you have passed the first few stations, especially as you enter a valley, whose walls intercept the slight breeze from the sea. On the roads are Spanish cavaliers on gray donkeys, and at the stations are knots of people with Sunday clothes and Sunday faces. The women are fresh and smiling in black and white, with black hair, big dark eyes, and heavy arched brows that do not meet, and with cheeks where red and white are beautifully mingled, and with flowers in their hair.

And the little Andalusian girls are like them. Yonder, a few yards from your window, hanging on the closed gate beside the station-house, with a background of marguerites, rosebushes in bloom, and orange-trees, are two little girls with an elder sister, all with dark Spanish eyes, round rosy cheeks, and smiles — and flowers in their hair. They don't know what a beautiful picture they make — what a fine detail in the purity and freshness of the morning.

The men are clean in fresh Sunday shirts; there are many corduroys to be seen, and red sashes, and *capas* of deep colors over rugged shoulders, and stiff, straight-brimmed, flat-crowned, oval Andalusian hats. They are rather angular, these men, with faces full of character, and they move with natural dignity, and — or but — all smoke cigarettes.

'I declare I'm enjoying every minute of this!' exclaims the lady again. 'Just see how the red and blue set off that gray donkey there — the one with the rider in red sash and corduroys! And I counted sixteen kinds of flowers

while we were waiting at that station!'

She might have counted a thousand, bless her, had there been a thousand; there was time enough. The Spanish train is in no hurry. Even the *expreso* and the *lujo*, which make twenty-five miles an hour, only seem to hurry on account of the brighter uniforms and the red in the engine-wheels. The *correo*, which carries the mail, has a name that promises motion, but it never much exceeds its promise. The *mercancia* and the *mixto*, which you can hardly hope to escape, run somewhat faster than a very tall man with very light luggage could walk. The demands their schedule makes are so very moderate that they would never disappoint, were it not for an amiable weakness of falling asleep at stations.

The train this morning is a *correo*, but everything is so new that you feel no more hurried than the train, and rather enjoy its ways. It creeps into the station quietly and carefully, as if in fear that some hen might have laid one of those numerous fine Spanish eggs on the track, and it might get broken in a too reckless approach. Sometimes — but this does n't happen frequently — it slows up when near to one of the smallest of the multitudinous stations, and sneaks by without stopping, as if ashamed or afraid.

When it does come to a standstill, it listlessly slides back a bit, then slides forward a bit, then rights itself once more, and then straightens up with a jerk — as if it were tired, and its muscles not obedient to its will. Then, for a few moments, every one cautiously waits to see what further it intends.

About the time it is thoroughly stopped, some one pulls at the cord attached to the tongue of the station-bell, and gives three signals — to let the passengers, and any one else who may be interested, know that the train has officially arrived; and a station

employee calls out, '*San Pablo, ocho minutos!*' — meaning that there will be eight minutes of waiting.

But the clock already points at leaving-time, and you wonder why the train does not go. There are a few men sauntering about and chatting, but there is no baggage, and the postal agent from the town has already handed over his little wallet of a dozen letters and received as many in return — if it is a brisk day for mail in Andalusia. After a few weeks of experience, you will come to the conclusion that trains have habits, and that this was why you waited at San Pablo.

In the course of time, some one signals again with the bell, and you sit back expectant. But nothing happens. A man passes the length of the train, chanting in a long-drawn sacerdotal tone, '*Señores viajeros al tren!*' that is the Spanish 'All aboard!' You look out, but no one is doing anything, and you see nothing going forward of a nature either to hinder or promote departure. In a few minutes more there is another signal, and you sit back again — and again nothing happens.

Just as you are making ready to lower the window and look out once more, there is the trill of a trainman's whistle up ahead, and now you feel sure you are going. But there is still a half minute, with no sound and no movement; and then, though nothing new has happened, the engine whistles sharply, and in a few seconds resumes its labors. As you move away, a station-hand, perhaps the dignified *jefe de estación* himself, blows three blasts on a little horn, and now there is no doubt that you are off.

At the last station, a man with a milk-can and two chickens got in. The latter he tumbles under the seat, with legs tied, scattering a little grain before their beaks; the milk-can he deposits in the rack overhead, where a soldier

who is moving to another post has already placed two bird-cages and several boxes, and where a woman — with flowers in her hair — has laid a bunch of green onions and a big bouquet. You rightly argue that the baggage provisions for third-class passengers in Spain are very liberal.

The ladies are amused, but worried. 'I was awfully afraid he'd get that milk-can against my dress,' says the elder. 'I wish I had put on a third-class traveling-suit. Don't you think we'd better tip the conductor, so he won't let any one else come in with us? I think I'll give him a *peseta* at the next station.'

At the next halting-place, as at some of the preceding, there is a little booth on the platform, with shutter raised to shade it, and behind its counter of gleaming glasses and bottles stands another fresh-faced woman — with flowers in her hair. There is a lively and good-humored trade in various liquids — water for one cent, and others for two.

'Look, there is a place with drinks!' cries the younger lady; and after a while, very earnestly, 'I believe that what she is filling those little glasses with is anisette, and it's awfully good. I'm going to have some.'

'Hey!' She calls to the conductor, who happens to be looking, 'anisette? anisette?' and motions him to bring some. She has n't discovered yet that a loud and alarming '*Ps-s-s-st!*' is the Spanish way of attracting attention.

The conductor has plenty of time, of course, and goes over to the booth, and the fresh-faced woman with flowers in her hair carefully rubs till they sparkle even more two little glasses, and sends them brim full to the car. The lady puts a *peseta* into the conductor's hand, he pays the woman four cents, and brings back fifteen cents in coppers — *perras gordas* and *perras chicas*, 'big

dogs' and 'little dogs,' as the royal lions on them are named by popular Spanish humor.

The lady waves him off, crying out, 'No, no! That's all right! That's all right!' And he does n't know what to do, and tries to pour the pieces into her hand, or into her lap, and is still protesting, half injured and half mystified, when the train moves away. Can it be that there is a mortal in Mediterranean lands who will not take a tip?

At the next station there is no little booth, but a woman — with flowers in her hair — passes under the window with a big stone jug held against her hip, and a '*Quién quiere agua?*' and pours a few glasses of water for a *perra chica* apiece. She calls but once or twice, and then stands quietly waiting to see whether any one else is thirsty, being, like most of her countrymen, not greatly concerned about her gains.

Another woman standing near, as little concerned, has a basket of oranges. You have no idea what they cost, and hold up a *perra gorda*, and she brings you three of the never-to-be-forgotten oranges of Andalusia — so rich and juicy and tender that you can't get the peel off without shedding their golden blood in streams.

'They are awfully hard to eat,' remarks the younger lady to her companion, as she sees your plight.

Here a woman and a calm-eyed little girl get on — with flowers in their hair. The woman, on passing through the door, lifts a pleasant face toward all, and says a greeting in the manner of her people: '*Buenos estad*' — be you well! Or perhaps it is the more universal, '*Buenos dias!*' or the still shorter, '*Buenos!*' that often takes its place; for the Spaniard wastes no words. When he wants to be especially cordial, he expands into, '*Muy buenos!*' still leaving the *dias* for the party of the second part to supply — thus

dividing the labor of greeting, so to speak.

'How precious you are!' says the woman, who is clearly a grandmother, kissing the face of the calm-eyed child, and hugging her close.

Another woman has two children, one of them very small. An interested neighbor asks the mother to 'do her the favor' of letting her hold the baby, and beams with pleasure at a response which is given with conscious hospitality. The conductor, with cigarette stuck over his ear, stops to pat the infant's cheek, and to inquire its gender. 'Is it a *chico* or a *chica*?' 'A *chico*,' promptly responds the mother, and volunteers to the passengers in general that both children were born in Argentina, and that the elder — *pobrecita!* — still was nursing when the younger was born, and had to be put on the bottle. This sounds like an apology, and seems, from the look on the faces round about, to be received as such.

At a certain station, the woman and the calm-eyed child descend, and there stands the father, with a kiss for greeting. As she leaves the car, she wishes you 'Good continuation,' or, more probably, utters the universal Spanish, '*Vaya Usted con Dios*' — may you go with God! — a leave-taking with seeming implication that it is less difficult for man to follow the way of God than for God to follow the way of man.

A soldier, too, gets out, from the car ahead, just home from Africa. A crowd is waiting on the platform, and he is rushed upon by friends and relatives, who jump and caper, laughing and weeping and crying, '*ay! ay! ay!*' without the least thought of restraint, and almost rending him with kisses and embraces. Another soldier has just got in, and his wife, with streaming eyes, holds the baby up to the window for a last kiss as the train moves

on. A great surprise, such unrestraint in this grave, impassive-looking people; but you learn that this is their way when the springs of affection are touched.

The valley is narrower now, and you sometimes follow close to the stream, and the limestone barriers are not far distant, and you enjoy charming visions of gleaming white-walled villages in the gray verdure at their base. At the stream-banks begin green grass, and fruit and olive trees, and little fields of grain, and gardens, and they in turn are bordered by round green hills with trees, which would be mountains, but cannot quite succeed. Beyond these, far up and treeless, silver-gray tinged faintly with red, and spotted with a shrub or two, are the real mountains, rising until their lines cut sharply into the clear blue brightness of the sky, that seems so void. You have come to Spain from the sea, and somehow it seems as if there could be nothing beyond those mountain ridges but blue waters — on one side the Midland Sea, on the other the Streams of Ocean. You feel yourself surrounded by blue sea, secluded from the rest of the world.

There are lunches on the train, and you are made acquainted with another pleasant custom of the Spanish people. Your neighbor draws forth his bread and cheese, or *salsichón*, or pimento-red *chorizo*, or other form of sausage, with bottle of wine, looks amiably about, and says, '*Ustedes gustan?*' — would you like? It is only formal, of course, but pleasant. At an *empalme*, where the line branches, is a railway restaurant, with a wait of half an hour; but there is no gong, no one rushes after your patronage, and you are as welcome to buy a few cents' worth of fruit and bread and cheese as to take the regular meal at fifty cents. You are beginning to remark to yourself

that Spain, of all the countries you have traveled in, seems least greedy.

You are through the mountains now, and in the midst of a wide and sunny plain, with very red soil showing in the railway banks, and contrasting strongly in the fields with green grain and vines and gray-green olives. At the northern border of the plain a sierra cuts the sky.

And now you descry a low-lying, whitewashed city with a beautiful bell-tower rising high above its only massive building, and in a moment are at your journey's end. You alight in the city of the great Mosque.

The siesta hours are long to-day, and you are almost alone in the warm and quiet streets — warm and quiet and clean, and perfumed with orange and locust blossom. You pass through the Gate of Pardon into the warm, wide garden-court before the Mosque, where locust and orange are more fragrant still, and the fine old fountain is purling to itself, and one or two priests are walking under the opaque trees, and the silence is rich.

Inside the Mosque, in the dim recesses among the hundreds and hundreds of columns, are groups of two and three who are walking or standing in awe: the columns are so interminable, the light and the distances so mystic, and the music of vespers is just beginning. Even here you get the scent of orange, of carnation, or of rose, as a knot of women pass, with flowers in their hair.

When you emerge again into the old *patio*, the black shadows of the orange trees have lengthened, and the women of the quarter about the Great Sanctuary are filling their big jars at the fountain, and children are running about — with flowers in their hair. Out in the street, a girl with oval face and dancing dark eyes and a carnation in the knot of her hair, stops with her jar, to assail

you with Andalusian sauciness: '*Ah Señorito muy simpático*, give me a *perra gorda*!' Assuredly you will. This is even better than being called '*Senor Caballero*' by the most courtly men of Europe. And out in the *paseo* by the broad banks of the Guadalquivir are more women and girls and children — and all with flowers. You never really knew before what roses and carnations were for.

In the narrow streets with the clean cobble pavement, bordered by one and two-story stuccoed and whitewashed houses, you get the perfume of flowers again. The sidewalks are narrow, and there is no space for plants, and balconies and windows are few, for the Andalusian town has streets almost as blank as those of the Moors. You wonder whence the perfume comes, until you happen to glance through a portal or two, and see the most beautiful patios within, with clean, bright marble floors, and light from the azure sky above, and shrubs and plants in brilliant bloom.

When the twilight comes, you see a figure standing alone by the wall of a house some distance ahead. But he is not alone. He is at a *reja*, and on the other side of the *reja* is a girl of Andalusia with flowers in her hair. Be sure he scents them, though you may not. This is the courting through the grate

that you have so many times witnessed before as you traveled Spain in the finely naturalistic page of Valdés in the modern Spanish novel. In passing, you catch the subdued ripple of the hidden senorita's laugh as the witty *requiebros* of her lover call it forth.

Everything to-day has been subdued and mellow — a leisurely train, subdued sunlight, subdued sounds in the Mosque and its fine old court, mellow perfumes, mellow laughter, — subdued and mellow by nature, not from taking thought. When the twilight has deepened, it does not give place to dark, but to the subdued light of a mellow round moon. The breeze, too, is so subdued that it stirs no ruffle on the broad, calm bosom of the Guadalquivir, and only carries to your nostril the delicate scent of locust and orange from patio and garden — and of the flowers in women's hair.

The American ladies alighted at a little mountain town, and in a few hours were going back to the Rock with the British guns upon it, and so to America.

'I think we are making a great mistake not to travel in Spain,' one of them had said. As you sit in the patio of the Spanish *fonda*, eating an Andalusian dinner in a bower of roses and green plants, you are sure that the lady was right.

HALL-MARKED¹

A SATIRIC TRIFLE

BY JOHN GALSWORTHY

CHARACTERS

HERSELF.	THE RECTOR
LADY ELLA.	THE DOCTOR
THE SQUIRE.	JARVIS, the Driver.
MAUD.	MARTHA, the Maid.
EDWARD, a Scotch Terrier.	
HANNIBAL, a Bull Dog.	

The scene is the sitting-room and verandah of Her Bungalow.

The room is pleasant, and along the back, where the verandah runs, it seems all window, both French and casement. There is a door Right, and a door Left. The day is bright; the time, morning. The stage is empty. HERSELF, dripping wet, comes running along the verandah, through the French window, with wet EDWARD in her arms. She vanishes through the door Left. A little pause, and LADY ELLA comes running, dry, thin, refined, and agitated. She halts where the tracks of water cease at the door Left. A little pause, and MAUD comes running, fairly dry, stolid, breathless, and dragging HANNIBAL, wet, breathless, and stout, by the crutch end of her en-tout-cas.

LADY ELLA. Don't bring Hannibal in till I know where she's put Edward!

MAUD (*brutally, to HANNIBAL*). Bad dog! Bad dog!

HANNIBAL *snuffles*.

LADY ELLA. Maud, do take him out!

Tie him up. Here! (*She takes out a lace handkerchief.*) No — something stronger! Poor darling Edward! (*To HANNIBAL*). You are a bad dog!

HANNIBAL *snuffles*.

MAUD. Edward began it, Ella. (*To HANNIBAL*). Bad dog! Bad dog!

HANNIBAL *snuffles*.

LADY ELLA. Tie him up outside. Here, take my scarf. Where is my poor treasure? (*She removes her scarf.*) Catch! His ear's torn; I saw it.

MAUD (*taking the scarf, to HANNIBAL*). Now! (*HANNIBAL snuffles. She ties the scarf to his collar.*) He smells horrible. Bad dog — getting into ponds to fight!

LADY ELLA. Tie him up, Maud. I must try in here.

THE SQUIRE and RECTOR come hastening along the verandah.

MAUD (*to THE RECTOR*). Smell him, Bertie. (*To THE SQUIRE*). You might have that pond drained, Squire!

She takes HANNIBAL out, and ties him to the verandah. THE SQUIRE and RECTOR come in. LADY ELLA is knocking on the door Left.

HER VOICE. All right! I've bound him up!

LADY ELLA. May I come in?

HER VOICE. Just a second! I've got nothing on.

LADY ELLA *recoils*. THE SQUIRE and RECTOR make an involuntary movement of approach.

LADY ELLA. Oh! There you are!

¹ Copyright, 1914, by the Atlantic Monthly Company.

THE RECTOR (*doubtfully*). I was just going to wade in —

LADY ELLA. Hannibal would have killed him, if she had n't rushed in!

THE SQUIRE. Done him good, little beast!

LADY ELLA. Why did n't *you* go in, Tommy?

THE SQUIRE. Well, I *would* — only she —

LADY ELLA. I can't think how she got Edward out of Hannibal's awful mouth!

MAUD (*without — to HANNIBAL, who is snuffling on the verandah, and straining at the scarf*). Bad dog!

LADY ELLA. We must simply thank her tremendously! I shall never forget the way she ran in, with her skirts up to her waist!

THE SQUIRE. By Jove! No.

LADY ELLA. Her clothes must be ruined. That pond — ugh! (*She wrinkles her nose.*) Tommy, *do* have it drained.

THE RECTOR (*dreamily*). I don't remember her face in church.

THE SQUIRE. Ah! Yes. Who is she? Pretty woman!

LADY ELLA. I must get the vet. to Edward. (*To the SQUIRE*). Tommy, *do* exert yourself!

MAUD *reënters*.

THE SQUIRE. All right! (*Exerting himself.*) Here's a bell.

HER VOICE (through the door). The bleeding's stopped. (*They listen.*) Shall I send him in to you?

LADY ELLA. Oh! please. Poor darling!

LADY ELLA *prepares to receive* EDWARD. THE SQUIRE and RECTOR *stand transfixed*. The door opens, and a bare arm gently pushes EDWARD forth. He is bandaged with a smooth towel. There is a snuffle — HANNIBAL has broken the scarf, outside.

LADY ELLA (*aghast*). Look! Hanni-

bal's loose! Maud — Tommy. (*To THE RECTOR.*) You!

THE THREE *rush to prevent HANNIBAL from reëntering*.

LADY ELLA (*to EDWARD*). Yes, I know — you'd like to! You *shall* bite him when it's safe. Oh! my darling, you do —

(*She sniffs.* MAUD and THE SQUIRE *reënter*.)

Have you tied him properly this time?

MAUD. With Bertie's braces.

LADY ELLA. Oh! but —

MAUD. It's all right; they're almost leather.

THE RECTOR *reënters, with a slight look of security*.

LADY ELLA. Rector, are you sure it's safe?

THE RECTOR (*hitching at his trousers*). No, indeed, Lady Ella — I —

LADY ELLA. Tommy, *do* lend a hand!

THE SQUIRE. All right, Ella; all right! He does n't mean what you mean!

LADY ELLA (*transferring EDWARD to THE SQUIRE*). Hold him, Tommy. He's sure to smell out Hannibal!

THE SQUIRE (*taking EDWARD by the collar, and holding his own nose*). Jove! Clever if he can smell anything but himself. Phew! She ought to have the Victoria Cross for goin' in that pond.

The door opens, and HERSELF appears; a fine, frank, handsome woman, in a man's orange-colored motor-coat, hastily thrown on over the substrata of costume.

HERSELF. So very sorry — had to have a bath, and change, of course!

LADY ELLA. We're so awfully grateful to you. It was splendid.

MAUD. Quite.

THE RECTOR (*rather holding himself together*). Heroic! I was just myself about to —

THE SQUIRE (*holding EDWARD*). Little beast *will* fight — must apologize — you were too quick for me —

He looks up at her. She is smiling, and regarding the wounded dog, her head benevolently on one side.

HERSELF. Poor dears! They thought they were so safe in that nice pond!

LADY ELLA. Is he very badly torn?

HERSELF. Rather nasty. There ought to be a stitch or two put in his ear.

LADY ELLA. I thought so. Tommy, do —

THE SQUIRE. All right. Am I to let him go?

LADY ELLA. No.

MAUD. The fly's outside. Bertie, run and tell Jarvis to drive in for the vet.

THE RECTOR (*gentle and embarrassed*). Run? Well, Maud — I —

HERSELF. The doctor will sew it up. My maid can go round.

HANNIBAL appears at the open casement with the broken braces dangling from his collar.

LADY ELLA. Look! Catch him! Rector!

MAUD. Bertie! Catch him!

THE RECTOR *seizes HANNIBAL, but is seen to be in difficulties about his garments. HERSELF, who has gone out Left, returns, carrying a leather strop in one hand, and a pair of braces in the other.*

HERSELF. Take this strop—he can't break that. And would these be any good to you?

She hands the braces to MAUD and goes out on the verandah and hastily away. MAUD transfers the braces to the RECTOR, goes out, draws HANNIBAL from the casement window, and secures him with the strop. The RECTOR sits suddenly, with the braces in his hand. There is a moment's peace.

LADY ELLA. Splendid, is n't she? I do admire her.

SQUIRE. She's all there.

THE RECTOR (*feelingly*). Most kind.

He looks ruefully at the braces and at LADY ELLA. A silence. MAUD reappears at the door, and stands gazing at the braces.

THE SQUIRE (*suddenly*). Eh?

MAUD. Yes.

THE SQUIRE (*looking at his wife*). Ah!

LADY ELLA (*absorbed in EDWARD*). Poor darling!

THE SQUIRE (*bluntly*). Ella, the Rector wants to get up!

THE RECTOR (*gently*). Perhaps — just for a moment —

LADY ELLA. Oh! (*She turns to the wall.*)

THE RECTOR, *screened by his wife, retires to the verandah, to adjust his garments.*

THE SQUIRE (*meditating*). So she's married!

LADY ELLA (*absorbed in EDWARD*). Why?

THE SQUIRE. Braces.

LADY ELLA. Oh! Yes. We ought to ask them to dinner, Tommy.

THE SQUIRE. Ah! Yes. Wonder who they are?

THE RECTOR and MAUD *reappear.*

THE RECTOR. Really very good of her to lend her husband's — I was — er — quite —

MAUD. That'll do, Bertie.

They see HERSELF returning along the verandah, followed by a sandy, red-faced gentleman in leather leggings, with a needle and cotton in his hand.

HERSELF. Caught the doctor just starting. So lucky!

LADY ELLA. Oh! Thank goodness!

DOCTOR. How do, Lady Ella? How do, Squire — how do, Rector? (To MAUD). How de do? This the beast? I see, quite. Who'll hold him for me?

LADY ELLA. Oh! I!

HERSELF. D'you know, *I think I'd*

better. It's so dreadful when it's your own, is n't it? Shall we go in here, Doctor? Come along, pretty boy!

SHE takes EDWARD, and they pass into the room Left.

LADY ELLA. I dreaded it. She is splendid!

THE SQUIRE. Dogs take to her. That's a sure sign.

THE RECTOR. Little things — one can always tell.

THE SQUIRE. Something very attractive about her — what! Fine build of woman.

MAUD. I shall get hold of her for parish work.

THE RECTOR. Ah! Excellent — excellent! Do!

THE SQUIRE. Wonder if her husband shoots? She seems quite — er — quite —

LADY ELLA (*watching the door*). Quite! Altogether charming; one of the nicest faces I ever saw. (*THE DOCTOR comes out alone.*) Oh! Doctor — have you — is it —

DOCTOR. Right as rain! She held him like an angel — he just licked her, and never made a sound.

LADY ELLA. Poor darling! Can I? — (*She signs toward the door.*)

DOCTOR. Better leave 'em a minute. She's moppin' 'im off. (*He wrinkles his nose.*) Wonderful clever hands!

THE SQUIRE. I say — who is she?

DOCTOR (*looking from face to face with a dubious and rather quizzical expression*). Who? Well — There you have me! All I know is she's a first-rate nurse — been helpin' me with a case in Ditch Lane. Nice woman, too — thorough good sort! Quite an acquisition here. H'm! (*Again that quizzical glance.*) Excuse me hurryin' off — very late. Good-bye, Rector! Good-bye, Lady Ella! Good-bye!

He goes. A silence.

THE SQUIRE. H'm! I suppose we ought to be a bit careful.

JARVIS, *flyman of the old school, has appeared on the verandah.*

JARVIS (*to THE RECTOR*). Beg pardon, sir. Is the little dog all right?

MAUD. Yes.

JARVIS (*touching his hat*). Seein' you've missed your train, m'm, shall I wait, and take you 'ome again?

MAUD. No.

JARVIS. Cert'nly, m'm.

He touches his hat with a circular gesture, and is about to withdraw.

LADY ELLA. Oh! Jarvis — what's the name of the people here?

JARVIS. Challenger's the name I've driven 'em in, my lady.

THE SQUIRE. Challenger? Sounds like a hound. What's he like?

JARVIS (*scratching his head*). Wears a soft 'at, sir.

THE SQUIRE. H'm! Ah!

JARVIS. Very nice gentleman, very nice lady. 'Elped me with my old mare when she 'ad the 'ighsteria last week — couldn't 'a been kinder if they'd 'a been angels from 'eaven. Wonderful fond o' dumb animals, the two of 'em. I don't pay no attention to gossip, meself.

MAUD. Gossip? What gossip?

JARVIS (*backing*). Did I make use of the word, m'm? You'll excuse me, I'm sure. There's always talk where there's newcomers. I takes people as I finds 'em.

THE RECTOR. Yes, yes, Jarvis — quite — quite right!

JARVIS. Yes, sir. I've — I've got a 'abit that way at my time o' life.

MAUD (*sharply*). How long have they been here, Jarvis?

JARVIS. Well — er — a matter of three weeks, m'm. (*A slight involuntary stir. Apologetic.*) Of course, in my profession, I can't afford to take notice of whether there's the trifle of a ring between 'em, as the sayin' is. 'T is n't 'ardly my business like.

A silence.

LADY ELLA (*suddenly*). Er — thank you, Jarvis; you need n't wait.

JARVIS. No, m' lady! Your service, sir — service, m'm. (*He goes.*)

A silence.

THE SQUIRE (*drawing a little closer*). Three weeks? I say — er — was n't there a book?

THE RECTOR (*abstracted*). Three weeks — I certainly have n't seen them in church.

MAUD. A trifle of a ring!

LADY ELLA (*impulsively*). Oh, bother! I'm sure she's all right. And if she is n't, I don't care. She's been much too splendid.

THE SQUIRE. Must think of the village. Did n't quite like the doctor's way of puttin' us off.

LADY ELLA. The poor darling owes his life to her.

THE SQUIRE. H'm! Dash it! Yes! Can't forget the way she ran into that stinkin' pond.

MAUD. *Had she a wedding ring on?*

They look at each other, but no one knows.

LADY ELLA. Well, I'm not going to be ungrateful!

THE SQUIRE. It'd be dashed awkward — must n't take a false step, Ella.

THE RECTOR. And I've got his braces!

He puts his hand to his waist.

MAUD (*warningly*). Bertie!

THE SQUIRE. That's all right, Rector — we're goin' to be perfectly polite, and — and — thank her, and all that.

LADY ELLA. We can see she's a good sort. What does it matter?

MAUD. My dear Ella! 'What does it matter'! We've got to know.

THE RECTOR. We do want light.

THE SQUIRE. I'll ring the bell.

He rings. They look at each other aghast.

LADY ELLA. What did you ring for, Tommy?

THE SQUIRE (*flabbergasted*). God knows!

MAUD. Somebody'll come.

THE SQUIRE. Rector — you — you've got to —

MAUD. Yes, Bertie.

THE RECTOR. Dear me! But — er — what — er — How?

THE SQUIRE (*deeply — to himself*). The whole thing's damn delicate.

The door Right is opened and a maid appears. She is a determined-looking female. They face her in silence.

THE RECTOR. Er — er — your master is not in?

THE MAID. No. 'E's gone up to London.

THE RECTOR. Er — Mr. Challenger, I think?

THE MAID. Yes.

THE RECTOR. Yes! Er — quite so!

THE MAID (*eyeing them*). D' you want — Mrs. Challenger?

THE RECTOR. Ah! Not precisely —

THE SQUIRE (*to him in a low, determined voice*). Go on.

THE RECTOR (*desperately*). I asked because there was a — a — Mr. Challenger I used to know in the nineties, and I thought — you would n't happen to know how long they've been married? My friend mar —

THE MAID. Three weeks.

THE RECTOR. Quite so — quite so! I shall hope it will turn out to be — Er — thank you — Ha!

LADY ELLA. Our dog has been fighting with the Rector's, and Mrs. Challenger rescued him; she's bathing his ear. We're waiting to thank her. You need n't —

THE MAID (*eyeing them*). No. (*She turns and goes out.*)

THE SQUIRE. Phew! What a Gorgon! I say, Rector, did you really know a Challenger in the nineties?

THE RECTOR (*wiping his brow*). No.

THE SQUIRE. Ha! Jolly good!

LADY ELLA. Well, you see! — it's all right.

THE RECTOR. Yes, indeed. A great relief!

LADY ELLA (*moving to the door*). I must go in now.

THE SQUIRE. Hold on! You goin' to ask 'em to — to — anything?

LADY ELLA. Yes.

MAUD. I should n't.

LADY ELLA. Why not? We all like the look of her.

THE RECTOR. I think we should punish ourselves for entertaining that uncharitable thought.

LADY ELLA. Yes. It's horrible not having the courage to take people as they are.

THE SQUIRE. As they are? H'm! How can you till you know?

LADY ELLA. Trust our instincts, of course.

THE SQUIRE. And supposing she'd turned out not married — eh?

LADY ELLA. She'd still be *herself*, would n't she?

MAUD. Ella!

THE SQUIRE. H'm! Don't know about that.

LADY ELLA. Of course she would, Tommy.

THE RECTOR (*his hand stealing to his waist*). Well, it's a great weight off my —!

LADY ELLA. There's the poor darling snuffling. I must go in.

She knocks on the door. It is opened, and EDWARD comes out briskly, with a neat little white pointed ear-cap on one ear.

LADY ELLA. Precious!

HERSELF comes out, now properly dressed in flax-blue linen.

LADY ELLA. How perfectly sweet of you to make him that!

HERSELF. He's such a dear. And the other poor dog?

MAUD. Quite safe, thanks to your strop.

HANNIBAL appears at the window, with the broken strop dangling. Following her gaze, they turn and see him.

Oh! there, he's broken it. Bertie!

HERSELF. Let me! (*SHE seizes HANNIBAL.*)

THE SQUIRE. We're really most tremendously obliged to you. Afraid we've been an awful nuisance.

HERSELF. Not a bit. I love dogs.

THE SQUIRE. Hope to make the acquaintance of Mr. — of your husband.

LADY ELLA (*to EDWARD, who is straining*). Gently, darling! Tommy, take him. (*THE SQUIRE does so.*)

MAUD (*approaching HANNIBAL*). Is he behaving? (*She stops short, and her face suddenly shoots forward at HERSELF's hands which are holding HANNIBAL's neck.*)

HERSELF. Oh! yes — he's a love.

MAUD (*regaining her upright position, and pursing her lips; in a peculiar voice*). Bertie, take Hannibal.

THE RECTOR takes him.

LADY ELLA (*producing a card*). I can't be too grateful for all you've done for my poor darling. This is where we live. Do come — and see — (*MAUD, whose eyes have never left those hands, tweaks LADY ELLA's dress*). That is — I'm — I —

HERSELF looks at LADY ELLA in surprise.

THE SQUIRE. I don't know if your husband shoots, but — if — (*MAUD, catching his eye, taps the third finger of her left hand*) — er — he — does — er — er —

HERSELF looks at THE SQUIRE, in surprise.

MAUD, turning to her husband, repeats the gesture with the low and simple word, 'Look!'

THE RECTOR (*with round eyes, severely*). Hannibal!

He lifts him bodily, and carries him away.

MAUD. Don't squeeze him, Bertie!
(*She follows through the French window.*)

THE SQUIRE (*abruptly — of the unoffending EDWARD*). That dog'll be forgettin' himself in a minute.

He picks up EDWARD, and takes him out. LADY ELLA *is left staring.*

LADY ELLA (*at last*). You must n't think, I — you must n't think, we — Oh! I *must* just see they don't let Edward get at Hannibal. (*She skims away.*)

HERSELF *is left staring after LADY ELLA, in surprise.*

HERSELF. What *is* the matter with them?

The door is opened.

THE MAID (*entering, and holding out a wedding-ring — severely*). You left this, m'm, in the bath room.

HERSELF (*looking, startled, at her finger*). Oh! (*Taking it.*) I had n't missed it. Thank you, Martha.

The MAID goes.

A hand, slipping in at the casement window, softly lays a pair of braces on the window-sill. HERSELF *looks at the braces, then at the ring. Her lip curls, and she murmurs deeply:*

Ah!

CURTAIN.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

THE GRADUATE'S CHOICE

IN this omphalos of knowledge which is known as Princeford college,
The fatuous 'Post Graduate' pursues his golden dream
Down the broad highway of learning, till an unexpected turning
Brings him up before two mighty gates of loveliness supreme.
The one is gilt, rococo — with Cupids, frills, barocco;
The other cold white marble in the strictest Doric style:
On the pediment gigantic of the first is writ 'Romantic';
The second blazons 'Classic' from its Parian peristyle.
While the youth, perplexed, is gazing at these barriers amazing,
Soft, seductive strains of Wagner float pulsating down the wind,
And from out the gate Romantic, with gestures Corybantic,
Dance professors clad in rosy gauze like Bayaderes of Hind.
Their heads are crown'd with blossoms of rare Odontoglossums —
Their limbs swing free in rhythm isadoraduncanesque,
And, mellifluously tooting on their tibias soft-fluting,
They address the startled student in symphonic arabesque:—

'Come, sweet stranger, to these bowers furnish'd forth with fairest flowers,
 Where the slumbrous breath of poppies hovers heavy on the air:
 We will feed you on narcotics, we'll instruct you in erotics
 And the art of snuffing perfumes from a dream-girl's purple hair.
 You shall live in ivory towers, where the pageant of the hours
 From Nirvana to Nirvana trails its jasmine-scented length;
 And we'll prove by intuition and the Bergson proposition
 That in reason lies all weakness, in the senses lies all strength.
 We'll converse in purest Swinburne with a warmth to make your skin burn
 (For our morals are quite Futurist, if not to say relaxed);
 And to Schoenberg's orchestration we'll extol Imagination,
 Wearing gowns designed by Poiret, in a *mise-en-scène* by Bakst.
 If you care for problems burning, you can cultivate a yearning
 In the best Tolstoïan manner for th' entire human race:
 Enter, friend! You need not fear us! Come and sample our chimeras —
 Come and tango with the Muses to the end of time and space!'

'Lead me to them!' cries the student, whom excitement makes imprudent,
 And he rushes gayly forward to this poikile paradise —
 But from out the Classic gateway there assails his hearing straightway
 A stern chorus contrapuntal such as Bach might improvise,
 And forth issues a procession, an orderly progression
 Of professors garbed in togas that are well 'within the law';
 They address him in a fashion quite devoid of any passion,
 And the chiselled niceness of their speech rings forth without a flaw:—

'Stop and listen, hapless stranger! You are facing mortal danger!
 Don't allow those jaded hedonists to take you off your guard!
 They are rabid nympholeptics — they are hopeless epileptics,
 And their paradise is nothing but a psychopathic ward!
 Their happiness is rotten with ideals misbegotten —
 The décadent creation of a sophist's monstrous dream;
 Their words are an eruption of unspeakable corruption,
 Hiding depths of black depravity beneath a specious gleam.
 Spurn that trull Imagination! Come and worship Moderation —
 Come and practice Imitation till the Classic Spirit dawns!
 Here we offer you diversion all unspotted by perversion
 When we dance our decent minuets on closely shaven lawns.
 As the secret of true pleasure in decorum lies and measure,
 You may conjure up chaste visions of a geometric bliss:

If your passions need expressing, you may let off steam by pressing
On the feet of the Stagirite *one short, cold, Platonic kiss!*

Our poor student, torn asunder 'twixt these offers, stood in wonder
Till the hostile bands, descending, tried to carry him away;
They pulled him and they hauled him, they jerked him and they mauled him,
And the dust of battle rose in clouds around the frightful fray.

When at last the fight abated and the forces separated,
The student who had caused the strife was nowhere to be found.
Had they torn him all to tatters? — Not that it really matters —
For each side claimed the victory with certainty profound!

DEAD ON THE FIELD OF BATTLE

WE buried him to-day, the last day of the year, my old friend the veteran. To me he was never anything but the crippled old soldier whom I used to meet on the road between his home and the grocery at the corner, rarely elsewhere; that was his daily walk, the limit of his strength as he hobbled leaning on his cane. When he had done his errands at the grocery, or perhaps had been as far as the post-office, his day's work was over. I cannot think of him as young, exultant, free from pain and bodily infirmity; I cannot think of him as like other men, free to choose his acts, free to undertake, to plan, to accomplish, even to fail.

But he must have been young once. Fifty years ago, when he marched off to war, he certainly was young and very much alive. They say he was seventy or more when he died — but time meant nothing to him; it drifted over him; you would have been surprised to see to-day how young his face was. Was he still but one and twenty, as when he marched off to war?

That's the whole of it; life stopped

there for him; it is fifty years since he came back, but to him they might have been fifty days or fifty centuries for all that he could do with them. There was no free life for him, no ambitions, no hopes, no plans, nothing but to eat and sleep and pass the time. Even a man in prison hopes to get out and whets his brain in planning an escape. For this man there was no escape but death. Many men in his condition would have married for their own satisfaction; he did not so. Some would have studied, winning an escape by thought: that was not his bent, and he lacked opportunity.

The din of the heavy artillery that he served had deafened him, so that he was deprived even of the pleasures of conversation: he would guess that his friends remarked upon the weather and, rain or shine, would tell them that it was a fine day. Can you imagine a life like that, stripped of everything, even of the irritations which make a man defiant against his fate? But this man seemed never to rebel.

Daily we met him and passed the greetings of the day, or just smiled and nodded. Daily we left him behind us,

stationary, while we forged ahead. We grew up; we tried our wings; we took our flights; and when we came back to the old home it was to see him still hobbling to or from the grocery on his daily errands. In our youth we flouted him—not for us such a useless existence; not for us such an idle round; we forgot, if we ever knew, that at one and twenty *he* had marched off to the war, brave and hopeful. But as time wore on, we came to value our veteran more.

There was something appealing in his helplessness. There was something tragic in his patience. But his smile always defended him from our pity. We came to notice that we did not speak of him with patronage. A man who could always smile back into the face of a relentless fate could not be treated condescendingly, even if he never did any work in the world. But was not his work just to smile, never to complain, never to show disheartenment? He did not let even his deafness fret him. When he could not hear what we shouted into his ear, he would take down his cupped hand and shake his head and smile. 'No use,' he would say, as it if were a joke upon himself.

We came to depend upon that man. We depend just so upon the sun and the dew and the breeze. Only twice in all the years of our acquaintance, though I often saw the sadness in his face at rest, do I remember his uttering it in words. 'There was not much glory in it for most of us,' he said once, as we gazed at the procession on Memorial Day, referring to the fifty years which had followed his brief attempt to serve his country. His promotion to sergeant was something like a blank drawn in the lottery of war, and so long as his infirmities forbade his marching with the other veterans, many did not know why he was a cripple. The other time it was also Memorial

Day, and we stood side by side before the tall Soldiers' Monument, looking at the tablets filled with names. 'I used to know every one of those boys,' he said. And he added, with wistful reminiscence, looking off at the river, 'We were all *boys* then.' His voice broke, but his face told the story. They had been mercifully taken in their youth; they were heroes, their names carved for all the world to read. He was but a stranded wreck, no hero; and the tablets on the monument were already full; he had given all and had got nothing. But he did not utter the thought. A moment later he smiled and waved his hand in parting as he hobbled off; he did not envy even his comrades who had died on the field of battle.

But was he not all his life living on the field of battle? Was he ever mustered out to the ordinary duties and distractions of life? When we remember how he bore himself among us, how simple and sincere and blameless, how kind and cheerful and uncomplaining, when patience and cheerfulness were all that he was able to give his country, do we not feel that he was still serving her; that he had made of his own maimed life a battlefield and was fighting to the end without thought of retreat or surrender; that he fell at last in the same service he had entered in the flush of youth?

It would have pleased and surprised him if he could have known how many came to bid him farewell to-day: the church was needed for the service. He, of all persons, would have least expected such a tribute of respect and affection. True, a stranger praised him with harmless platitudes, trying not to say the wrong thing, not knowing how to utter the right one, which scores of us might have spoken for him. We who knew the man desired no generalities; there was nothing to evade; but only

those who had known him long knew how much there was to say. Yet the occasion did not pass without its witness. Through the stained-glass window above him as he lay with the bright flag on his casket, the westering sun, in its decline, shot into the dark church a slanting, sidewise ray that lingered long. All the other symbols of the faith avoiding, it fell fair and long on a crown of gold set in a blood-red field. It was his crown of martyrdom, bright and ready for him. Seeing, we understood that he was lying where he must so often have desired to be, dead on the field of battle.

THE SERVANTLESS COTTAGE

STAIRS are done for. Observe the growing popularity of bungalows. Observe the multiplication of apartment houses. Listen to the words of the man who has lately built, and written about, what he calls a servantless cottage: —

‘Climbing is oftentimes all too strenuous for a happy housewife, so there must be no stairs.’

For a few more decades, miserable women, unhappy housewives, and, by inference, undesirable mothers, will continue to drag out painful existences in houses of more than one story.

‘No stairs! No stairs!’ the young wife cried,
And clapped her hands to see
A house as like a little flat
As any house could be!

And observe also the end of the servant-problem. For in the servantless cottage, says the satisfied designer, ‘milady need fear no drudgery. A very few hours will suffice for housekeeping and cookery. Work becomes a pleasure and a maid becomes undesirable.’

Well, well! there are solutions and solutions of this servant-problem, and of the always interesting question of how other people ought to live. The question being somewhat personal to

myself, I have examined a good many of these solutions without finding that any of them solved it to my personal satisfaction.

There is, of course, much to be said for the servantless cottage, although to solve a problem by giving it up is no very startling triumph of domestic mathematics. The experience of innumerable couples with kitchenettes proves that life is possible under this solution, but the frank admission of discontent among these experimenters indicates that it leaves much to be desired. My own domesticity is of the kitchenette kind in winter, but expands in summer to a modest establishment in the country with real stairs and a real cook in a real kitchen. I can see therefore — so at least I believe — not only the possibilities of the servantless cottage, its economy of effort in the details of housework, and its excellent adaptability to a small family unaccustomed to any other standard of living, but also its complete, unwitting abnegation of some of the finer things in human existence.

Now, if this man, in describing his servantless cottage, had contented himself with a plain and simple statement of its advantages, I dare say I should have read his description in the most friendly spirit imaginable; and certainly with no desire to criticize his results. It was that silly remark about milady that aroused opposition. We live in a republic and we are most of us reasonably self-respecting men and women, not a milady among us, unless she happens to be making a visit — in which case, one place she is not visiting is a servantless cottage. And so, in a word, the servantless cottage ceases to be an honest, more or less successful effort to provide a home in which the housewife can most conveniently do her own work, and becomes a neat little example of snobbish absurdity. Work be-

comes a pleasure to the happy housewife for whom climbing a flight of stairs is oftentimes all too strenuous — so keen and persistent a pleasure that domestic service becomes 'undesirable!' Is anybody really expected to believe it? Or is domestic service itself a phase of domesticity that can be so cheerfully eliminated? Has the servant — and, bless you! the word has often enough been a term of honor — no really fine and enduring place in the scheme of gracious and cultivated domestic management?

For many generations, stairs and service have been inseparable from the amenities of domestic living. One has only to imagine these two essentials suddenly eliminated from literature to experience a pained sensation at the care-free way in which the man of the servantless cottage gets rid of them. And one has only to look about the world as it stands at present, servant-problem and all, to realize that it is the value of good domestic service which actually creates and keeps alive the problem itself. For even if the happy housewife enjoys every single item of housekeeping and cookery, there are times when her personal attention to them is obviously undesirable.

Imagine our servantless cottage as an example. Milady sings at her work. The portable vacuum cleaner — milord keeps up with all the latest improvements — gratefully eats up its daily dust. The fireless cooker prepares the meals 'with a perfection and deliciousness unrealized in the old days.' *A bas* mother and the way she used to cook! But in serving these meals of a hitherto unrealized perfection and deliciousness, milord and milady must needs chase each other between kitchen and dining-room. The guest at dinner, if he is luckily accustomed to picnics, carries his own plate and washes it afterward. I have myself entertained many a guest

in this fashion, and he has carried his own plate, and, being that kind of a guest or I would n't have invited him, he has cheerfully helped wash the dishes, wearing a borrowed apron. But it would be absurd to claim that this performance, indefinitely repeated, is an improvement upon an orderly, efficiently served dinner-party. Conversation at dinner is more desirable than a foot-race between the courses; nor do I believe that life under such conditions can possibly 'become so alluring that one day the great majority of us will choose it first of all.'

Concerning stairs: I perhaps have more feeling for them than most; but I am quite sure that I speak at least for a large minority. It is the flatness of the flat, its very condensed and restricted cosiness, its very lack of upstairs and downstairs, which prevents it from ever attaining completely the atmosphere of a home. The feet which cross the floor above my head are those of another family; the sounds which reach me from below are the noises of strangers; the life horizontal of the flat serves its convenient use but only emphasizes the independence and self-respect of the life vertical, master of the floor above, master likewise of the basement. I feel more human, less like some ingeniously constructed doll, when I can take my candle in hand and go upstairs to sleep. I want no bungalow. There is something fine in going to sleep even one flight nearer the stars — and away from the dining-room.

And observe further, if you please: this servantless cottage necessarily has no attic. Has the man no feeling whatever for the joys of his possible grandchildren? Or is the stairless, servantless cottage — 'truly the little house is the house of the future' — meant also to be childless? An examination of the plan shows a so-called bedroom marked 'guest or children,' which indicates that

the happy housewife must exercise her own judgment. There are accommodations for one guest or two children, but it seems fairly evident that guest and children exclude each other. Milord and milady must decide between hospitality and race-suicide, or two children and no week-end visitor. Some will choose guest; some will choose children. Personally I hope they will all choose children, for, even without an attic, there is plenty of playground. 'People with tiny incomes' must always be careful not to purchase too small a lot; and so we find that the servantless cottage has paths, and a lawn, and flowers, and shrubbery, and a sundial, and an American elm, and a 'toadstool canopy' between the poplars and the white birches, and an ivy-covered 'cache' to store the trunks in. I am glad there is going to be such a domestic convenience as a sun-dial; and perhaps, when there is a guest, the trunks can be taken out on the lawn and the children put to bed in the 'cache.'

But I guess that, after all, stairs will survive, and attics, and the servant-problem. Innumerable families are already living in servantless houses, with stairs, and it does n't even occur to them that they are solving any problem whatsoever. Innumerable housewives are about as happy under these conditions as most of us get to be under any conditions. The servant-problem itself is not the young and tender problem that many of us imagine. An examination of old newspapers will show anybody who is sufficiently patient and curious that a hundred years ago there was much indignant wonder that young women, visibly suited for domestic service, preferred to be seamstresses! What is more modern is the grave enthusiasm with which so many persons are trying to decide how the rest of us shall live with the maximum amount of comfort and culture for the

minimum expenditure. And one interesting similarity between many of these suggestions is their passive opposition to another important group of critics.

'Have large families or perish as a nation!' shriek our advisers on one hand. 'Have small families or perish as individuals!' proclaim our advisers on the other.

For this servantless cottage is typical of a good many other housing suggestions in which the essential element is the small family; and even the possibility that the children may live to grow up seems to have been left out of consideration. Milord and milady, I imagine, have chosen children instead of a guest. These children (a boy and girl, as I like to picture them) grow up; marry; settle in their own servantless cottages, and have two children apiece. There are now a grandfather and a grandmother, a son and a daughter, a son-in-law and a daughter-in-law, and four grandchildren. In each servantless cottage there is that one bedroom marked 'guest or children.' Granting all the possibilities of the ivy-covered 'cache,'—and now the trunks will simply *have* to be taken out and stood on the lawn even if the snow does fall on them,—milord and milady, come Christmas or other anniversary, can entertain a visit from two grandchildren and their father and mother. And by utilizing the 'cache' a son or daughter can receive a short visit from the aged parents, not too long, of course, or it would ruin the trunks. As for any of the hearty, old-fashioned, up-and-down-stairs hospitality—I may be an old fogey myself, but the servantless cottage shocks me.

'Our bedroom resembles a cosy state-room on board ship.' Oh! la-la-la-la! Why does n't somebody solve the problem of domestic living by suggesting that we all live in house-boats?

TRAVELING LIKE A GENTLEMAN

THE nineteenth century has seen the passing of the democracy of travel. With the twentieth, has come a return to the aristocratic methods of the eighteenth century, when a gentleman, if he wished to tour the continent, did so in his own coach. Friends in the country, inviting a lady of quality to visit them, wrote asking where horses should meet her. She naturally came in her own carriage. When Miss Edgeworth's heroine 'Helen' wished to pay her debts, her principal asset was her traveling chaise.

In the youth of our own grandfathers, the truly great, enshrined in an aristocratic vehicle, refused to descend from it even when on shipboard. The opera-singer, Grisi, crossed the Channel in her own coach, while her dutiful husband stood on deck at the coach-window, holding the harmless, necessary basin. The individual vehicle was a hall-mark of distinction.

There has been an interval when people were content to herd together in railway trains, but it has already passed away. We have returned to the private, the special, the personal; in a word, we have gone back to the eighteenth century. Now, as then, a gentleman travels in his own conveyance.

These reflections were brought home forcibly to me last summer, when a friend from Denver nearly ran over me on Rue des Pyramides, with his triumphal chariot in which he was joyously making the grand tour. He had sailed with it in June (f.o.b. from Detroit).

Once again the truly fortunate can

taste the delights of exclusive travel. Unhampered by time-tables, unfettered by iron rails, what limitless vistas, what alluring possibilities are theirs!

The world is all before them where to choose
Their changing course, and Standard Oil their guide.

Will the Pullman car soon join the well-appointed carriage as a museum curiosity? Perhaps so. In the meantime, a change in public monuments and memorials should be made to meet changing conditions, for that art only is true which reflects the vital needs of life. Think of the memorial drinking-fountains erected near country estates! They are already obsolete. A free gasoline station, however, would be a memorial worthy of a modern, public-spirited millionaire. Instead of meeting our guests with free horses, let us send them free petrol and prove ourselves possessed of true hospitality.

Alas! had I lived in the old coaching-days, I could not have afforded my own chaise, unless I had risked being sold up like Miss Edgeworth's Helen. So to-day I belong in the rapidly diminishing class of the motorless, having so far declined to join the ranks of those progressive souls who keep a chauffeur but no cook. Yet the railroads seem to be going out of commission. Soon they will confine their attention to freight, which they assure us ought to pay even if it does n't. Already our local line has taken off eighteen suburban trains. What is a motorless person to do?

In this dilemma I fortify myself with the memory of that noble saying of the late Ward McAllister, 'A gentleman can always walk.'

051. a 88

5.113

3552
Mrs A. T. Wales

FEB 10

NOV 14
NOV 28

051. a 88 5.113

Attleborough Public Library

The Record Below Must Not be Made Nor
Altered by the Borrower.

FEB 10

NOV 14



